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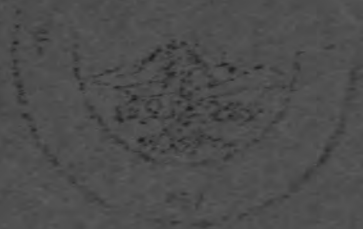


Once a week

SEWING

D.M.





ONCE A WEEK

1868

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS

JANUARY TO JUNE

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CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
FOUL PLAY. Chapters I. to LXIX. By CHARLES		THEATRES IN PARIS. <i>Illustrated</i>	101, 123
READE and DION BOUCICAULT. <i>Illustrated by</i>		HISTORY AND FICTION	106
GEORGE DU MAURIER . I, 23, 45, 67, 89, 111,		THE KING OF YVETÔT	118
133, 155, 177, 199, 221, 243, 265, 287, 309,		USEFUL MEDIOCRITY	119
331, 353, 375, 397, 419, 441, 463, 485, 507,		THE LIFE-BOAT. <i>Drawn by E. DUNCAN</i>	122
527.		OLD DICKSON	127
ON A SPITEFUL LETTER. By ALFRED TENNY-		CONCERNING FLOWERS	141
SON, D.C.L.	13	THE ONLY CONQUEST OF KÖNIGSTEIN.	
NEW YEAR'S DAY VOWS	13	<i>Illustrated</i>	146
THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD	15	STARLIGHT	150
TABLE TALK. <i>Illustrated</i> . 20, 41, 65, 86, 108,		STREET SINGERS OF LONDON	161
129, 152, 174, 196, 218, 240, 262, 284, 306,		BEE HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA	165
328, 351, 372, 394, 416, 438, 460, 482, 504,		WEST TARRING CHURCH. <i>Drawn by R. T.</i>	
523, 546, 564.		PRITCHETT	166
SHOOTING OVER A BULL-DOG	32	HE WOULD BE AN ATHLETE	167
WHAT MONSIEUR SAW IN ENGLAND.		LEGEND OF THE SAFFRON	169
<i>Illustrated</i>	33	UNTER DEN LINDEN	186
CURIOSITIES OF SOUND	36	BRITISH OYSTERS AT ROME	186
WAITING DINNER	40	MY BAIRNS	190
SNOWED UP. <i>Drawn by M. E. E.</i>	44	JACK AND THE BEANSTALK	192
WASTE	58	HERO WORSHIP IN THE STREETS	204
WITCHCRAFT IN DEVON	61	A PROVINCIAL MANAGER	208
OFFENBACH'S MUSIC	75	A LAZY FELLOW. <i>Drawn by FRANCIS WALKER</i>	211
THE SIREN'S MUSIC HEARD AGAIN	78	MATTERS OF FORM	212
DEATH DEALING ARROWS. <i>Drawn by</i>		THE CELLARS OF SALURN	214
J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.	79	SORROW AND JOY	218
THROUGH A MATCH FACTORY	80	LIVING A NATURAL LIFE	226
PRETTY MARUSCHKA	82	SILK IN ENGLAND	228, 250, 276
IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS	93	SEARED	231
SERVANTS' FEES	96	THE DEXTEROUS WEDDING	232, 254
THE CHILLINGHAM CATTLE. <i>Illustrated by</i>		THE LAMBTON WORM	238
B. BRADLEY	98		

	Page		Page
THE CASTAWAY. <i>Drawn by F. W. LAWSON</i>	242	LACE	413
INSULT AND INJURY	260	THE FUTURE OF PHOTOGRAPHY	428
LETTER WRITING	275	CAPTAIN CORKER'S WILL	431, 456
MILD WINTERS	282	THE EVENING STAR	450
INVERTED COMMAS	293	HIT OR MISS, AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.	
TALKING OF DIPLOMATISTS	296	<i>Drawn by ALFRED THOMPSON</i>	452
HUNTING. <i>Illustrated by G. BOWERS</i>	298	FAMILY SECRETS	453
OSBORN'S PIPE	300	THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG	470
THE CAM REVISITED	304	THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE	471
THE WITCHWIFE'S SON	316	AT THE ACADEMY. <i>Drawn by A. THOMPSON</i>	475
I'M AFLOAT	317, 339	THE QUEEN OF SHEBA	476
THE PARISIAN WORKMAN	320	SOHO ECONOMIES	480
THE RAILWAY DILEMMA	322	REASON IN ANIMALS	490
THE GENTLE CRAFT	326	THE ANGEL ISRAFIL	494
TOYS	343	THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.	
ANOTHER DAY'S WORK DONE. <i>Drawn by</i>		<i>Drawn by A. THOMPSON</i>	496
B. BRADLEY	346	THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.	
THE UNTAMEABLE SHREW	347	<i>Drawn by A. THOMPSON</i>	497
CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCH HASCHISCH		THE SIRE DE JOINVILLE	499
EATER	349	A PERIOD OF TRANSITION	502
SENSIBILITY OF PLANTS	360	THE MOON AND THE WEATHER	512
THE ARMOURER. <i>Drawn by JOHN GILBERT</i>	364	THE FLOWER SHOW. <i>Drawn by M. E. E.</i>	516
RIDDLES	365, 382	THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND	517
SOCIABLE SILENCE	369	LADY CHRISTIAN ACLAND	520
WYATT'S LAMENT FOR ANNE BOLEYN	372	A NOVELIST'S TRIALS	537
THE WAY OF THE WORLD	386	ASCOT. <i>Drawn by G. BOWERS</i>	539
SCIENTIFIC DARING	387	THE WILD MAN OF VIENNA	540
MY LANDLORD	391	BIRDS	543
A LITERARY MISS	405	THE TRAGEDY AT MERE HALL	549
OPENING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.		LEECH IN PARIS. <i>Illustrated</i>	554
<i>Drawn by M. E. E.</i>	409	LITTLE WORRIES	560
THE DUTCH FISHERIES	410, 434	NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	562

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 1.

January 4, 1868.

Price 2d.

FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER I.



HERE ARE places which appear at first sight inaccessible to romance : and such a place was Mr. Wardlaw's dining-room in Russell Square. It was very large, had sickly green walls, picked out with aldermen, full length; heavy maroon curtains; mahogany chairs; a turkey

carpet an inch thick : and was lighted with wax candles only.

In the centre, bristling and gleaming with silver and glass, was a round table, at which fourteen could have dined comfortably; and at opposite sides of this table sat two gentlemen, who looked as neat, grave, precise, and unromantic, as the place : Merchant Wardlaw, and his son.

Wardlaw senior was an elderly man, tall, thin, iron-grey, with a round head, a short thick neck, a good brown eye, a square jaw that betokened resolution, and a complexion so sallow as to be almost cadaverous. Hard as iron : but a certain stiff dignity and respectability sat upon him, and became him.

Arthur Wardlaw resembled his father in figure, but his mother in face. He had, and has, hay-coloured hair, a forehead singularly white and delicate, pale blue eyes, largish ears, finely chiselled features, the under lip much shorter than the upper; his chin oval and pretty, but somewhat receding; his complexion beautiful. In short, what nineteen people out of twenty would call a handsome young man, and think they had described him.

Both the Wardlaws were in full dress, according to the invariable custom of the house ;

and sat in a dead silence, that seemed natural to the great, sober room.

This, however, was not for want of a topic ; on the contrary, they had a matter of great importance to discuss, and in fact this was why they dined *à-à-à-à* : but their tongues were tied for the present ; in the first place, there stood in the middle of the table an epergne, the size of a Putney laurel tree ; neither Wardlaw could well see the other, without craning out his neck like a rifleman from behind his tree : and then there were three live suppressors of confidential intercourse, two gorgeous footmen, and a sombre, sublime, and, in one word, episcopal, butler ; all three went about as softly as cats after a robin, and conjured one plate away, and smoothly insinuated another, and seemed models of grave discretion ; but were known to be all ears, and bound by a secret oath to carry down each crumb of dialogue to the servants' hall, for curious dissection, and boisterous ridicule.

At last, however, those three smug hypocrites retired, and, by good luck, transferred their suffocating epergne to the side-board ; so then father and son looked at one another with that conscious air which naturally precedes a topic of interest ; and Wardlaw senior invited his son to try a certain decanter of rare old port, by way of preliminary.

While the young man fills his glass, hurl we in his antecedents.

At school till fifteen, and then clerk in his father's office till twenty-two, he showed an aptitude so remarkable, that John Wardlaw, who was getting tired, determined, sooner or later, to put the reins of government into his hands. But he conceived a desire that the future head of his office should be an university man. So he announced his resolution, and to Oxford went young Wardlaw, though he had not looked at Greek or Latin for seven years. He was, however, furnished with a private tutor, under whom he recovered lost ground rapidly. The Reverend Robert Penfold was a first-class man, and had the gift of teaching.

The house of Wardlaw had peculiar claims on him, for he was the son of old Michael Penfold, Wardlaw's cashier; he learned from young Wardlaw the stake he was playing for, and, instead of merely giving him one hour's lecture per day, as he did to his other pupils, he used to come to his rooms at all hours, and force him to read, by reading with him. He also stood his friend in a serious emergency. Young Wardlaw, you must know, was blessed, or cursed, with Mimicry; his powers in that way really seemed to have no limit, for he could imitate any sound you liked with his voice, and any form with his pen or pencil. Now, we promise you, he was one man under his father's eye, and another down at Oxford; so, one night, this gentleman, being warm with wine, opens his window, and, seeing a group of undergraduates chattering and smoking in the quadrangle, imitates the peculiar grating tones of Mr. Champion, vice-president of the college, and gives them various reasons why they ought to disperse to their rooms and study. "But, perhaps," says he, in conclusion, "you are too blind drunk to read Bosh in crooked letters by candle-light? In that case——" And he then gave them some very naughty advice how to pass the evening; still in the exact tones of Mr. Champion, who was a very, very strict moralist; and this unexpected sally of wit caused shrieks of laughter, and mightily tickled all the hearers, except Champion ipse, who was listening and disapproving at another window. He complained to the president. Then the ingenious Wardlaw, not having come down to us in a direct line from Bayard, committed a great mistake—he denied it.

It was brought home to him, and the president, who had laughed in his sleeve at the practical joke, looked very grave at the falsehood; Rustication was talked of, and even Expulsion. Then Wardlaw came sorrowfully to Penfold, and said to him, "I must have been awfully cut, for I don't remember all that; I had been wining at Christchurch. I do remember slanging the fellows, but how can I tell what I said? I say, old fellow, it will be a bad job for me if they expel me, or even rusticate me; my father will never forgive me; I shall be his clerk, but never his partner; and then he will find out what a lot I owe down here. I'm done for! I'm done for!"

Penfold uttered not a word, but grasped his hand, and went off to the president, and said his pupil had wined at Christchurch, and could not be expected to remember minutely. Mimicry was, unfortunately, a habit with him. He then pleaded for the milder construction,

with such zeal and eloquence, that the high-minded scholar he was addressing admitted that construction was *possible*, and therefore must be received. So the affair ended in a written apology to Mr. Champion, which had all the smoothness and neatness of a merchant's letter. Arthur Wardlaw was already a master in that style.

Six months after this, and one fortnight before the actual commencement of our tale, Arthur Wardlaw, well crammed by Penfold, went up for his final examination, throbbing with anxiety. He passed; and was so grateful to his tutor that, when the advowson of a small living near Oxford came into the market, he asked Wardlaw senior to lend Robert Penfold a sum of money, much more than was needed; and Wardlaw senior declined without a moment's hesitation.

This slight sketch will serve as a key to the dialogue it has postponed, and to subsequent incidents.

"Well, Arthur, and so you have really taken your degree?"

"No, sir; but I have passed my examination: the degree follows as a matter of course—that is a mere question of fees."

"Oh. Then now I have something to say to you. Try one more glass of the '47 port. Stop; you'll excuse me; I am a man of business; I don't doubt your word; Heaven forbid! but, do you happen to have any document you can produce in further confirmation of what you state; namely, that you have passed your final examination at the University?"

"Certainly, sir;" replied young Wardlaw. "My Testamur."

"What is that?"

The young gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and produced his Testamur, or "We bear witness;" a short printed document in Latin, which may be thus translated:—

"We bear witness that Arthur Wardlaw, of St. Luke's College, has answered our questions in humane letters."

"Geo. Richardson,

"Arthur Smythe,

"Edward Merivale,

Examiners."

Wardlaw senior took it, laid it beside him on the table, inspected it with his double eyeglass, and, not knowing a word of Latin, was mightily impressed, and his respect for his son rose 40, or 45, per cent.

"Very well, sir;" said he. "Now listen to me. Perhaps it was an old man's fancy; but

I have often seen in the world what a stamp these Universities put upon a man. To send you back from commerce to Latin and Greek, at two and twenty, was trying you rather hard; it was trying you doubly; your obedience, and your ability into the bargain. Well, sir, you have stood the trial, and I am proud of you. And so now it is my turn: from this day and from this hour, look on yourself as my partner in the old established house of Wardlaw. My balance-sheet shall be prepared immediately, and the partnership deed drawn. You will enter on a flourishing concern, sir; and you will virtually conduct it, in written communication with me; for I have had five and forty years of it: and then my liver, you know! Watson advises me strongly to leave my desk, and try country air, and rest from business and its cares."

He paused a moment; and the young man drew a long breath, like one who was in the act of being relieved of some terrible weight.

As for the old gentleman, he was not observing his son just then, but thinking of his own career: a certain expression of pain and regret came over his features; but he shook it off with manly dignity. "Come, come," said he, "this is the law of Nature, and must be submitted to with a good grace. Wardlaw junior, fill your glass." At the same time he stood up and said, stoutly, "The setting sun drinks to the rising sun;" but could not maintain that artificial style, and ended with, "God bless you, my boy, and may you stick to business; avoid speculation, as I have done; and so hand the concern down healthy to your son, as my father there (pointing to a picture) handed it down to me, and I to you."

His voice wavered slightly in uttering this benediction; but only for a moment: he then sat quietly down, and sipped his wine composedly.

Not so the other: his colour came and went violently all the time his father was speaking, and, when he ceased, he sank into his chair with another sigh deeper than the last, and two half-hysterical tears came to his pale eyes.

But presently, feeling he was expected to say something, he struggled against all this mysterious emotion, and faltered out that he should not fear the responsibility, if he might have constant recourse to his father for advice.

"Why, of course," was the reply. "My country house is but a mile from the station: you can telegraph for me in any case of importance."

"When would you wish me to commence my new duties?"

"Let me see; it will take six weeks to prepare a balance-sheet, such as I could be con-

tent to submit to an incoming partner. Say two months."

Young Wardlaw's countenance fell.

"Meantime you shall travel on the continent, and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you," said young Wardlaw, mechanically, and fell into a brown study.

The room now returned to what seemed its natural state. And its silence continued until it was broken from without.

A sharp knocking was heard at the street-door, and resounded across the marble hall.

The Wardlaws looked at one another in some little surprise.

"I have invited nobody," said the elder.

Some time elapsed, and then a footman made his appearance, and brought in a card.

"Mr. Christopher Adams."

Now that Mr. Christopher Adams should call on John Wardlaw, in his private room, at nine o'clock in the evening, seemed to that merchant irregular, presumptuous, and monstrous. "Tell him he will find me at my place of business to-morrow, as usual," said he, knitting his brows.

The footman went off with this message; and, soon after, raised voices were heard in the hall, and the episcopal butler entered the room with an injured countenance.

"He says he *must* see you; he is in great anxiety."

"Yes, I am in great anxiety," said a quavering voice at his elbow; and Mr. Adams actually pushed by the butler, and stood, hat in hand, in those sacred precincts. "Pray excuse me, sir," said he, "but it is very serious; I can't be easy in my mind till I have put you a question."

"This is very extraordinary conduct, sir," said Mr. Wardlaw. "Do you think I do business here, and at all hours?"

"Oh no, sir: it is my own business. I am come to ask you a very serious question. I couldn't wait till morning with such a doubt on my mind."

"Well, sir, I repeat this is irregular and extraordinary; but, as you are here, pray what is the matter?" He then dismissed the lingering butler with a look. Mr. Adams cast uneasy glances on young Wardlaw.

"Oh," said the elder, "you can speak before him. This is my partner; that is to say, he will be as soon as the balance-sheet can be prepared, and the deed drawn. Wardlaw junior, this is Mr. Adams, a very respectable bill discounter."

The two men bowed to each other, and Arthur Wardlaw sat down motionless.

"Sir, did you draw a note of hand to-day?" inquired Adams of the elder merchant.

"I dare say I did. Did you discount one signed by me?"

"Yes, sir, we did."

"Well, sir, you have only to present it at maturity. Wardlaw & Son will provide for it, I dare say." This with the lofty nonchalance of a rich man, who had never broken an engagement in his life.

"Ah, that I know they will if it is all right; but suppose it is not?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Wardlaw, with some astonishment.

"Oh, nothing, sir. It bears your signature: that is good for twenty times the amount; and it is endorsed by your cashier. Only what makes me a little uneasy, your bills used to be always on your own forms, and so I told my partner: he discounted it. Gentlemen, I wish you would just look at it."

"Of course we will look at it. Show it Arthur first; his eyes are younger than mine."

Mr. Adams took out a large bill-book, extracted the note of hand, and passed it across the table to Wardlaw junior. He took it up with a sort of shiver, and bent his head very low over it; then handed it back in silence.

Adams took it to Wardlaw senior, and laid it before him, by the side of Arthur's Testamur.

The merchant inspected it with his glasses.

"The writing is mine, apparently."

"I am very glad of it," said the bill-broker, eagerly.

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Wardlaw. "Why, what is this? For two thousand pounds! and, as you say, not my form. I have signed no note for two thousand pounds this week. Dated yesterday. You have not cashed it, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say my partner has."

"Well, sir, not to keep you in suspense, the thing is not worth the stamp it is written on."

"Mr. Wardlaw!—Sir!—Good heavens! Then it is as I feared. It is a forgery."

"I should be puzzled to find any other name for it. You need not look so pale, Arthur. We can't help some clever scoundrel imitating our hands; and as for you, Adams, you ought to have been more cautious."

"But, sir, your cashier's name is Penfold," faltered the holder, clinging to a straw. "May he not have drawn—is the indorsement forged as well?"

Mr. Wardlaw examined the back of the bill, and looked puzzled. "No," said he. "My cashier's name is Michael Penfold, but this is endorsed 'Robert Penfold.' Do you hear, Arthur? Why, what is the matter with you? You look like a ghost. I say there is your tutor's name at the back of this forged note. This is very strange. Just look, and tell me

who wrote these two words 'Robert Penfold?'"

Young Wardlaw took the document, and tried to examine it calmly, but it shook visibly in his hand, and a cold moisture gathered on his brow. His pale eyes roved to and fro in a very remarkable way; and he was so long before he said anything, that both the other persons present began to eye him with wonder.

At last he faltered out, "This 'Robert Penfold' seems to me very like his own handwriting. But then the rest of the writing is equally like yours, sir. I am sure Robert Penfold never did anything wrong. Mr. Adams, pray oblige *me*. Let this go no further till I have seen him, and asked him whether he endorsed it."

"Now don't you be in a hurry," said the elder Wardlaw. "The first question is, who received the money!"

Mr. Adams replied that it was a respectable looking man, a young clergyman.

"Ah!" said Wardlaw, with a world of meaning.

"Father!" said young Wardlaw, imploringly, "for my sake, say no more to-night. Robert Penfold is incapable of a dishonest act."

"It becomes your years to think so, young man. But I have lived long enough to see what crimes respectable men are betrayed into in the hour of temptation. And, now I think of it, this Robert Penfold is in want of money. Did he not ask me for a loan of two thousand pounds? Was not that the very sum? Can't you answer me? Why, the application came through you."

Receiving no reply from his son, but a sort of agonised stare, he took out his pencil and wrote down Robert Penfold's address. This he handed the bill-broker, and gave him some advice in a whisper, which Mr. Christopher Adams received with a profusion of thanks, and bustled away, leaving Wardlaw senior excited and indignant, Wardlaw junior ghastly pale, and almost stupified.

Scarcely a word was spoken for some minutes, and then the younger man broke out suddenly. "Robert Penfold is the best friend I ever had; I should have been expelled, but for him, and I should never have earned that Testamur but for him."

The old merchant interrupted him. "You exaggerate: but, to tell you the truth, I am sorry now I did not lend him the money you asked for. For, mark my words, in a moment of temptation, that miserable young man has forged my name, and will be convicted of the felony, and punished accordingly."

"No, no; oh, God forbid!" shrieked young

Wardlaw. "I couldn't bear it. If he did, he must have intended to replace it. I must see him; I will see him directly." He got up all in a hurry, and was going to Penfold to warn him, and get him out of the way till the money should be replaced. But his father started up at the same moment and forbade him, in accents that he had never yet been able to resist.

"Sit down, sir, this instant," said the old man, with terrible sternness. "Sit down, I say, or you will never be a partner of mine. Justice must take its course. What business and what right have we to protect a felon? I would not take *your* part if you were one. Indeed it is too late now, for the detectives will be with him before you could reach him. I gave Adams his address."

At this last piece of information Wardlaw junior leaned his head on the table, and groaned aloud, and a cold perspiration gathered in beads upon his white forehead.

CHAPTER II.

THAT same evening sat over their tea, in Norfolk Street, Strand, another couple, who were also father and son; but, in this pair, the Wardlaws were reversed. Michael Penfold was a reverend, gentle creature, with white hair, blue eyes, and great timidity; why, if a stranger put to him a question, he used to look all round the room before he ventured to answer.

Robert, his son, was a young man, with a large brown eye, a mellow voice, square shoulders, and a prompt and vigorous manner. Cricketer. Scholar. Parson.

They were talking hopefully together over a living Robert was going to buy; it was near Oxford, he said, and would not prevent his continuing to take pupils. "But, father," said he, "it will be a place to take my wife to if I ever have one; and, meantime, I hope you will run down now and then, Saturday to Monday."

"That I will, Robert. Ah! how proud *she* would have been to hear you preach; it was always her dream, poor thing."

"Let us think she *can* hear me," said Robert. "And I have got *you* still; the proceeds of this living will help me to lodge you more comfortably."

"You are very good, Robert; I would rather see you spend it upon yourself; but, dear me, what a manager you must be to dress so beautifully as you do, and send your old father presents as you do, and yet put by fourteen hundred pounds to buy this living."

"You are mistaken, sir, I have only saved four hundred; the odd thousand—but that is a secret for the present."

"Oh, I am not inquisitive: I never was."

They then chatted about things of no importance whatever, and the old gentleman was just lighting his candle to go to bed, when a visitor was ushered into the room.

The Penfolds looked a little surprised, but not much. They had no street door all to themselves; no liveried dragons to interpose between them and unseasonable or unwelcome visitors.

The man was well dressed, with one exception: he wore a gold chain. He had a hooked nose, and a black, piercing eye. He stood at the door and observed every person and thing in the room minutely, before he spoke a word.

Then he said quietly, "Mr. Michael Penfold, I believe."

"At your service, sir."

"And Mr. Robert Penfold."

"I am Robert Penfold. What is your business?"

"Pray is the 'Robert Penfold' at the back of this note your writing?"

"Certainly it is; they would not cash it without that."

"Oh, you got the money, then?"

"Of course I did."

"You have not parted with it, have you?"

"No."

"All the better." He then turned to Michael and looked at him earnestly a moment. "The fact is, sir," said he, "there is a little irregularity about this bill, which must be explained, or your son might be called on to refund the cash."

"Irregularity about—a bill?" cried Michael Penfold, in dismay. "Who is the drawer? Let me see it. Oh, dear me, something wrong about a bill endorsed by you, Robert?" and the old man began to shake pitiously.

"Why, father," said Robert, "what are you afraid of? If the bill is irregular, I can but return the money. It is in the house."

"The best way will be for Mr. Robert Penfold to go at once with me to the bill-broker; he lives but a few doors off. And you, sir, must stay here, and be responsible for the funds, till we return."

Robert Penfold took his hat directly, and went off with this mysterious visitor.

They had not gone many steps, when Robert's companion stopped, and, getting in front of him, said, "We can settle this matter here." At the same time a policeman crossed the way, and joined them; and another man, who was in fact a policeman in plain clothes, emerged from a door-way and stood at Robert Penfold's back.

The Detective, having thus surrounded him,

threw off disguise. "My man," said he, "I ought to have done this job in your house. But I looked at the worthy old gentleman, and his grey hairs. I thought I'd spare him all I could. I have a warrant to arrest you for forgery."

"Forgery! arrest me for forgery!" said Robert Penfold, with some amazement, but little emotion; for he hardly seemed to take it in, in all its horrible significance.

The next moment, however, he turned pale, and almost staggered under the blow.

"We had better go to Mr. Wardlaw," said he. "I entreat you to go to him with me."

"Can't be done," said the Detective. "Wardlaw has nothing to do with it. The bill is stopped. You are arrested by the gent that cashed it. Here is the warrant: will you go quietly with us, or must I put the darbies on?"

Robert was violently agitated. "There is no need to arrest me;" he cried: "I shall not run from my accuser. Hands off, I say. I'm a clergyman of the Church of England, and you shall not lay hands on me."

But one of the policemen did lay hands on him. Then the Reverend Robert Penfold shook him furiously off, and, with one active bound, sprang into the middle of the road.

The officers went at him incautiously, and the head-detective, as he rushed forward, received a heavy blow on the neck and jaw, that sounded along the street, and sent him rolling in the mud; this was followed by a quick succession of staggering facers, administered right and left, on the eyes and noses of the subordinates. These, however, though bruised and bleeding, succeeded at last in grappling their man, and all came to the ground together, and there struggled furiously; every window in the street was open by this time, and at one the white hair and reverend face of Michael Penfold looked out on this desperate and unseemly struggle, with hands that beat the air in helpless agony, and inarticulate cries of terror.

The Detective got up and sat upon Robert Penfold's chest; and at last the three forced the handcuffs upon him, and took him in a cab to the station-house.

Next day, before the magistrate, Wardlaw senior proved the note was a forgery, and Mr. Adams's partner swore to the prisoner as the person who had presented and endorsed the note. The officers attended, two with black eyes a-piece, and one with his jaw bound up, and two sound teeth in his pocket, which had been driven from their sockets by the prisoner in his desperate attempt to escape. Their evidence hurt the prisoner, and the magistrate refused bail.

The Reverend Robert Penfold was com-

mitted to prison, to be tried at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of felony.

Wardlaw senior returned home, and told Wardlaw junior, who said not a word. He soon received a letter from Robert Penfold, which agitated him greatly, and he promised to go to the prison and see him.

But he never went.

He was very miserable, a prey to an inward struggle. He dared not offend his father on the eve of being made partner. Yet his heart bled for Robert Penfold.

He did what might perhaps have been expected from that pale eye and receding chin—he temporised. He said to himself, "Before that horrible trial comes on, I shall be the house of Wardlaw, and able to draw a cheque for thousands. I'll buy off Adams at any price, and hush up the whole matter."

So he hoped, and hoped. But the accountant was slow, the public prosecutor unusually quick, and, to young Wardlaw's agony, the partnership deed was not ready when an imploring letter was put into his hands, urging him, by all that men hold sacred, to attend at the court as the prisoner's witness.

This letter almost drove young Wardlaw mad. He went to Adams, and intreated him not to carry the matter into court. But Adams was inexorable. He had got his money, but would be revenged for the fright.

Baffled here, young Wardlaw went down to Oxford and shut himself up in his own room, a prey to fear and remorse. He sported his oak, and never went out. All his exercise was that of a wild beast in its den, walking restlessly up and down.

But all his caution did not prevent the prisoner's solicitor from getting to him. One morning, at seven o'clock, a clerk slipped in at the heels of his scout, and, coming to young Wardlaw's bedside, awoke him out of an uneasy slumber by serving him with a subpoena to appear as Robert Penfold's witness.

This last stroke finished him. His bodily health gave way under his mental distress. Gastric fever set in, and he was lying tossing and raving in delirium, while Robert Penfold was being tried at the Central Criminal Court.

The trial occupied six hours, and could easily be made rather interesting. But, for various reasons, with which it would not be good taste to trouble the reader, we decide to skim it.

The indictment contained two counts; one for forging the note of hand, the other for uttering it, knowing it to be forged.

On the first count, the Crown was weak, and had to encounter the evidence of Undercliff, the distinguished Expert, who swore that the

hand which wrote "Robert Penfold" was not, in his opinion, the hand that had written the body of the instrument. He gave many minute reasons, in support of this; and nothing of any weight was advanced contra. The judge directed the jury to acquit the prisoner on that count.

But, on the charge of uttering, the evidence was clear, and, on the question of knowledge, it was, perhaps, a disadvantage to the prisoner that he was tried in England, and could not be heard in person, as he could have been in a foreign court; above all, his resistance to the officers eked out the presumption that he knew the note had been forged by some person or other, who was probably his accomplice.

The absence of his witness, Wardlaw junior, was severely commented on by his counsel; indeed, he appealed to the judge to commit the said Wardlaw for contempt of court. But Wardlaw senior was recalled, and swore that he had left his son in a burning fever, not expected to live; and declared, with genuine emotion, that nothing but a high sense of public duty had brought *him* hither from his dying son's bedside. He also told the court that Arthur's inability to clear his friend had really been the first cause of his illness, from which he was not expected to recover.

The jury consulted together a long time; and, at last, brought in a verdict of "GUILTY;" but recommended him to mercy, on grounds which might fairly have been alleged in favour of his innocence; but, if guilty, rather aggravated his crime.

Then an officer of the court inquired, in a sort of chant or recitativo, whether the prisoner had anything to say why judgment should not be given in accordance with the verdict.

It is easy to divest words of their meaning by false intonation; and prisoners in general receive this bit of sing-song in dead silence. For why? the chant conveys no idea to their ears, and they would as soon think of *replying* to the notes of a cuckoo.

But the Reverend Robert Penfold was in a keen agony that sharpened all his senses; he caught the sense of the words in spite of the speaker, and clung wildly to the straw that monotonous machine held out. "My Lord! my Lord!" he cried, "I'll tell you the real reason why young Wardlaw is not here."

The judge put up his hand with a gesture that enforced silence:—"Prisoner," said he, "I cannot go back to facts; the jury have dealt with them. Judgment can be arrested only on grounds of law. On these you can be heard. But if you have none to offer, you must be silent, and submit to your sentence."

He then, without a pause, proceeded to point out the heinous character of the offence, but admitted there was one mitigating circumstance: and, in conclusion, he condemned the culprit to five years' penal servitude.

At this the poor wretch uttered a cry of anguish that was fearful, and clutched the dock convulsively.

Now a prisoner rarely speaks to a judge without revolting him by bad law, or bad logic, or hot words. But this wild cry was innocent of all these, and went straight from the heart in the dock to the heart on the judgment seat. And so his lordship's voice trembled for a moment, and then became firm again, but solemn and humane. "But," said he, "my experience tells me this is your first crime, and may possibly be your last. I shall therefore use my influence that you may not be associated with more hardened criminals, but may be sent out of this country to another, where you may begin life afresh, and, in the course of years, efface this dreadful stain. Give me hopes of you; begin your repentance where now you stand, by blaming yourself, and no other man. No man constrained you to utter a forged note, and to receive the money; it was found in your possession. For such an act there can be no defence in law, morality, or religion."

These words overpowered the culprit. He burst out crying with great violence.

But it did not last long. He became strangely composed all of a sudden; and said, "God forgive all concerned in this—but one—but one."

He then bowed respectfully, and like a gentleman, to the judge, and the jury, and walked out of the dock with the air of a man who had parted with emotion, and would march to the gallows now without flinching.

The counsel for the Crown required that the forged document should be impounded.

"I was about to make the same demand," said the prisoner's counsel.

The judge snubbed them both, and said it was a matter of course.

Robert Penfold spent a year in separate confinement, and then, to cure him of its salutary effect (if any), was sent on board the hulk "Vengeance," and was herded with the greatest miscreants in creation. They did not reduce him to their level, but they injured his mind; and, before half his sentence had expired, he sailed for a penal colony, a man with a hot coal in his bosom, a creature embittered, poisoned; hoping little, believing little, fearing little, and hating much.

He took with him the prayer-book his

mother had given him when he was ordained deacon. But he seldom read beyond the fly-leaf: there the poor lady had written at large her mother's heart, and her pious soul aspiring heavenwards for her darling son. This, when all seemed darkest, he would sometimes run to with moist eyes; for he was sure of his mother's love, but almost doubted the justice of his God.

CHAPTER III.

MR. WARDLAW went down to his son, and nursed him. He kept the newspapers from him, and on his fever abating, had him conveyed by easy stages to the seaside, and then sent him abroad.

The young man obeyed in gloomy silence. He never asked after Robert Penfold, now; never mentioned his name. He seemed, somehow, thankful to be controlled mind and body.

But, before he had been abroad a month, he wrote for leave to return home and to throw himself into business. There was, for once, a nervous impatience in his letters, and his father, who pitied him deeply, and was more than ever inclined to reward and indulge him, yielded readily enough; and, on his arrival, signed the partnership deed, and, Polonius-like, gave him much good counsel; then retired to his country seat.

At first he used to run up every three days, and examine the day-book and ledger, and advise his junior; but these visits soon became fewer, and at last he did little more than correspond occasionally.

Arthur Wardlaw held the reins, and easily paid his Oxford debts out of the assets of the firm. Not being happy in his mind he threw himself into commerce with feverish zeal, and very soon extended the operations of the house.

One of his first acts of authority was to send for Michael Penfold into his room. Now poor old Michael, ever since his son's misfortune, as he called it, had crept to his desk like a culprit, expecting every day to be discharged. When he received this summons he gave a sigh and went slowly to the young merchant.

Arthur Wardlaw looked up at his entrance, then looked down again, and said coldly, "Mr. Penfold, you have been a faithful servant to us many years; I raise your salary 50*l.* a year, and you will keep the ledger."

The old man was dumfounded at first, and then began to give vent to his surprise and gratitude; but Wardlaw cut him short, almost fiercely. "There, there, there," said he, without raising his eyes, "let me hear no more about it, and, above all, never speak to me of that cursed business. It was no fault of yours,

nor mine neither. There—go—I want no thanks. Do you hear? leave me, Mr. Penfold, if you please."

The old man bowed low and retired, wondering much at his employer's goodness, and a little at his irritability.

Wardlaw junior's whole soul was given to business night and day, and he soon became known for a very ambitious and rising merchant. But, by-and-by, ambition had to encounter a rival in his heart. He fell in love; deeply in love; and with a worthy object.

The young lady was the daughter of a distinguished officer, whose merits were universally recognised, but not rewarded in proportion. Wardlaw's suit was favourably received by the father, and the daughter gradually yielded to an attachment, the warmth, sincerity, and singleness of which were manifest; and the pair would have been married, but for the circumstance that her father (partly through Wardlaw's influence by-the-bye) had obtained a lucrative post abroad which it suited his means to accept, at all events for a time. He was a widower, and his daughter could not let him go alone.

This temporary separation, if it postponed a marriage, led naturally to a solemn engagement; and Arthur Wardlaw enjoyed the happiness of writing and receiving affectionate letters by every foreign post. Love, worthily bestowed, shed its balm upon his heart, and, under its soft but powerful charm, he grew tranquil and complacent, and his character and temper seemed to improve. Such virtue is there in a pure attachment.

Meanwhile the extent of his operations alarmed old Penfold; but he soon reasoned that worthy down with overpowering conclusions and superior smiles.

He had been three years the ruling spirit of Wardlaw & Son, when some curious events took place in another hemisphere; and in these events, which we are now to relate, Arthur Wardlaw was more nearly interested than may appear at first sight.

Robert Penfold, in due course, applied to Lieutenant-General Rolleston for a ticket of leave. That functionary thought the application premature, the crime being so grave. He complained that the system had become too lax, and for his part he seldom gave a ticket of leave until some suitable occupation was provided for the applicant. "Will anybody take you as a clerk? If so—I'll see about it."

Robert Penfold could find nobody to take him into a post of confidence all at once, and

wrote the general an eloquent letter, begging hard to be allowed to labour with his hands.

Fortunately, General Rolleston's gardener had just turned him off : so he offered the post to his eloquent correspondent, remarking that he did not much mind employing a ticket of leave man himself, though he was resolved to protect his neighbours from their relapses.

The convict then came to General Rolleston, and begged leave to enter on his duties under the name of James Seaton. At that General Rolleston hem'd and haw'd, and took a note. But his final decision was as follows :—"If you really mean to change your character, why the name you have disgraced might hang round your neck. Well, I'll give you every chance. But," said this old warrior, suddenly compressing his resolute lips just a little, "if you go a yard off the straight path *now*, look for no mercy—Jemmy Seaton."

So the convict was re-christened at the tail of a threat, and let loose among the warrior's tulips.

His appearance was changed as effectually as his name. Even before he was Seatoned he had grown a silky moustache and beard of singular length and beauty ; and what with these, and his working man's clothes, and his cheeks and neck tanned by the sun, our readers would never have recognised in this hale, bearded labourer the pale prisoner that had trembled, raged, wept, and submitted in the dock of the Central Criminal Court.

Our Universities cure men of doing things by halves, be the things mental or muscular ; so Seaton gardened much more zealously than his plebeian predecessor : up at five, and did not leave till eight.

But he was unpopular in the kitchen—because he was always out of it : taciturn and bitter, he shunned his fellow-servants.

Yet working among the flowers did him good ; these his pretty companions and nurselings had no vices.

One day, as he was rolling the grass upon the lawn, he heard a soft rustle at some distance, and, looking round, saw a young lady on the gravel path, whose calm but bright face, coming so suddenly, literally dazzled him. She had a clear cheek blooming with exercise, rich brown hair, smooth, glossy, and abundant, and a very light hazel eye, of singular beauty and serenity. She glided along, tranquil as a goddess, smote him with beauty and perfume, and left him staring after her receding figure, which was, in its way, as captivating as her face.

She was walking up and down for exercise, briskly, but without effort. Once she passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but

her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener ; and so she passed and repassed, unconsciously seeing this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void ; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unreasonable joy, that often runs before folly and trouble.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit. She walked in the garden every day, and Seaton watched her, and peeped at her, unseen, behind trees and bushes. He fed his eyes and his heart upon her, and, by degrees, she became the sun of his solitary existence. It was madness ; but its first effect was not unwholesome. The daily study of this creature, who, though by no means the angel he took her for, was at all events a pure and virtuous woman, soothed his sore heart, and counteracted the demoralising influences of his late companions. Every day he drank deeper of an insane, but purifying and elevating passion.

He avoided the kitchen still more ; and that, by-the-bye, was unlucky ; for there he could have learned something about Miss Helen Rolleston, that would have warned him to keep at the other end of the garden, whenever that charming face and form glided to and fro amongst the minor flowers.

A beautiful face fires our imagination, and we see higher virtue and intelligence in it, than we can detect in its owner's head or heart when we descend to calm inspection. James Seaton gazed on Miss Rolleston day after day, at so respectful a distance, that she became his goddess. If a day passed without his seeing her, he was dejected. When she was behind her time, he was restless, anxious, and his work distasteful ; and then, when she came out at last, he thrilled all over, and the lawn, ay, the world itself, seemed to fill with sunshine. His adoration, timid by its own nature, was doubly so by reason of his fallen and hopeless condition. He cut nosegays for her ; but gave them to her maid Wilson for her. He had not the courage to offer them to herself.

One evening, as he went home, a man addressed him familiarly, but in a low voice. Seaton looked at him attentively, and recognised him at last. It was a convict called Butt, who had come over in the ship with him. The man offered him a glass of ale ; Seaton declined it. Butt, a very clever rogue, seemed hurt : so then Seaton assented reluctantly. Butt took him to a public-house in a narrow street, and

into a private room. Seaton started as soon as he entered, for there sat two repulsive ruffians, and, by a look that passed rapidly between them and Butt, he saw plainly they were waiting for him. He felt nervous; the place was so uncouth and dark, the faces so villainous.

However, they invited him to sit down, roughly, but with an air of good fellowship; and very soon opened their business over their ale. We are all bound to assist our fellow-creatures, when it can be done without trouble; and what they asked of him was a simple act of courtesy, such as in their opinion no man worthy of the name could deny to his fellow. It was to give General Rolleston's watch-dog a piece of prepared meat upon a certain evening: and in return for this trifling civility, they were generous enough to offer him a full share of any light valuables they might find in the general's house.

Seaton trembled, and put his face in his hands a moment. "I cannot do it," said he.

"Why not?"

"He has been too good to me."

A coarse laugh of derision greeted this argument; it seemed so irrelevant to these pure egotists. Seaton, however, persisted, and on that one of the men got up and stood before the door, and drew his knife gently.

Seaton glanced his eyes round in search of a weapon, and turned pale.

"Do you mean to split on us, mate?" said one of the ruffians in front of him.

"No, I don't. But I won't rob my benefactor: you shall kill me first." And with that he darted to the fire-place, and in a moment the poker was high in air, and the way he squared his shoulders and stood ready to hit to the on, or cut to the off, was a caution.

"Come, drop that," said Butt, grimly; "and put up *your* knife, Bob. Can't a pal be out of a job, and yet not split on them that is in it?"

"Why should I split?" said Robert Penfold. "Has the law been a friend to me? But I won't rob my benefactor—and his daughter."

"That is square enough," said Butt. "Why, pals, there are other cribs to be cracked besides that old bloke's. Finish the ale, mate, and part friends."

"If you will promise me to 'crack some other crib,' and let that one alone."

A sullen assent was given, and Seaton drank their healths, and walked away. Butt followed him soon after, and affected to side with him, and intimated that he himself was capable of not robbing a man's house who had been good to him, or to a pal of his. Indeed this plausible person said so much, and his sullen comrades had said so little, that Seaton, rendered

keen and anxious by love, invested his savings in a Colt's revolver and ammunition.

He did not stop there; after the hint about the watch-dog, he would not trust that faithful but too carnivorous animal; he brought his blankets into the little tool-house, and lay there every night in a sort of dog's sleep. This tool-house was erected in a little back garden, separated from the lawn only by some young trees in single file. Now Miss Rolleston's window looked out upon the lawn, so that Seaton's watch-tower was not many yards from it; then, as the tool-house was only lighted from above, he bored a hole in the wooden structure, and through this he watched, and slept, and watched. He used to sit studying theology by a farthing rushlight till the lady's bed-time, and then he watched for her shadow. If it appeared for a few moments on the blind, he gave a sigh of content, and went to sleep, but awaked every now and then to see that all was well.

After a few nights, his alarms naturally ceased, but his love increased, fed now from this new source, the sweet sense of being the secret protector of her he adored.

Meantime, Miss Rolleston's lady's maid, Wilson, fell in love with him after her fashion; she had taken a fancy to his face at once, and he had encouraged her a little, unintentionally; for he brought the nosegays to her, and listened complacently to her gossip, for the sake of the few words she let fall now and then about her young mistress. As he never exchanged two sentences at a time with any other servant, this flattered Sarah Wilson, and she soon began to meet and accost him oftener, and in cherrier-coloured ribbons, than he could stand. So then he showed impatience, and then she, reading him by herself, suspected some vulgar rival.

Suspicion soon bred jealousy, jealousy vigilance, and vigilance detection.

Her first discovery was, that, so long as she talked of Miss Helen Rolleston, she was always welcome; her second was, that Seaton slept in the tool-house.

She was not romantic enough to connect her two discoveries together. They lay apart in her mind, until circumstances were about to relate supplied a connecting link.

One Thursday evening James Seaton's god-mother sat alone with her papa, and—being a young lady of fair abilities, who had gone through her course of music and other studies, taught brainlessly, and who was now going through a course of monotonous pleasures, and had not accumulated any great store of mental resources—she was listless, and languid, and

would have yawned forty times in her papa's face, only she was too well bred. She always turned her head away when it came, and either suppressed it, or else hid it with a lovely white hand. At last, as she was a good girl, she blushed at her behaviour, and roused herself up, and said she, "Papa, shall I play you the new quadrilles?"

Papa gave a start and a shake, and said, with well-feigned vehemence, "Ay, do, my dear," and so composed himself—to listen; and Helen sat down and played the quadrilles.

The composer had taken immortal melodies, some gay, some sad, and had robbed them of their distinctive character, and hashed them, till they were all one monotonous rattle. But General Rolleston was little the worse for all this. As Apollo saved Horace from hearing a poetaster's rhymes, so did Somnus, another beneficent little deity, rescue our warrior from his daughter's music.

She was neither angry nor surprised. A delicious smile illumined her face directly; she crept to him on tip-toe, and bestowed a kiss, light as a zephyr, on his grey head. And, in truth, the bending attitude of this supple figure, clad in snowy muslin, the virginal face and light hazel eye beaming love and reverence, and the airy kiss, had something angelic.

She took her candle, and glided up to her bed-room. And, the moment she got there, and could gratify her somnolence without offence, need we say she became wide-awake? She sat down and wrote long letters to three other young ladies, gushing affection, asking questions of the kind nobody replies to, painting, with a young lady's colours, the male being to whom she was shortly to be married, wishing her dear friends a like demi-god, if perchance earth contained two; and so to the last new bonnet and preacher.

She sat over her paper till one o'clock, and Seaton watched and adored her shadow.

When she had done writing, she opened her window and looked out upon the night. She lifted those wonderful hazel eyes towards the stars, and her watcher might well be pardoned if he saw in her a celestial being looking up from an earthly resting-place towards her native sky.

At two o'clock she was in bed, but not asleep. She lay calmly gazing at the Southern Cross, and other lovely stars shining with vivid, but chaste, fire in the purple vault of heaven.

While thus employed she heard a slight sound outside that made her turn her eyes towards a young tree near her window. Its top branches were waving a good deal, though

there was not a breath stirring. This struck her as curious, very curious.

Whilst she wondered, suddenly an arm and a hand came in sight, and after them the whole figure of a man, going up the tree.

Helen sat up now, glaring with terror, and was so paralysed she did not utter a sound. About a foot below her window was a lead flat that roofed the bay window below. It covered an area of several feet, and the man sprang on to it with perfect ease from the tree. Helen shrieked with terror. At that very instant there was a flash, a pistol shot, and the man's arms went whirling, and he staggered and fell over the edge of the flat, and struck the grass below with a heavy thud. Shots and blows followed, and all the sounds of a bloody struggle rung in Helen's ears as she flung herself screaming from the bed and darted to the door. She ran and clung quivering to her sleepy maid, Wilson. The house was alarmed, lights flashed, footsteps pattered, there was universal commotion.

General Rolleston soon learned his daughter's story from Wilson, and aroused his male servants, one of whom was an old soldier. They searched the house first; but no entrance had been effected; so they went out on the lawn with blunderbuss and pistol.

They found a man lying on his back at the foot of the bay window.

They pounced on him, and, to their amazement, it was the gardener, James Seaton. Insensible.

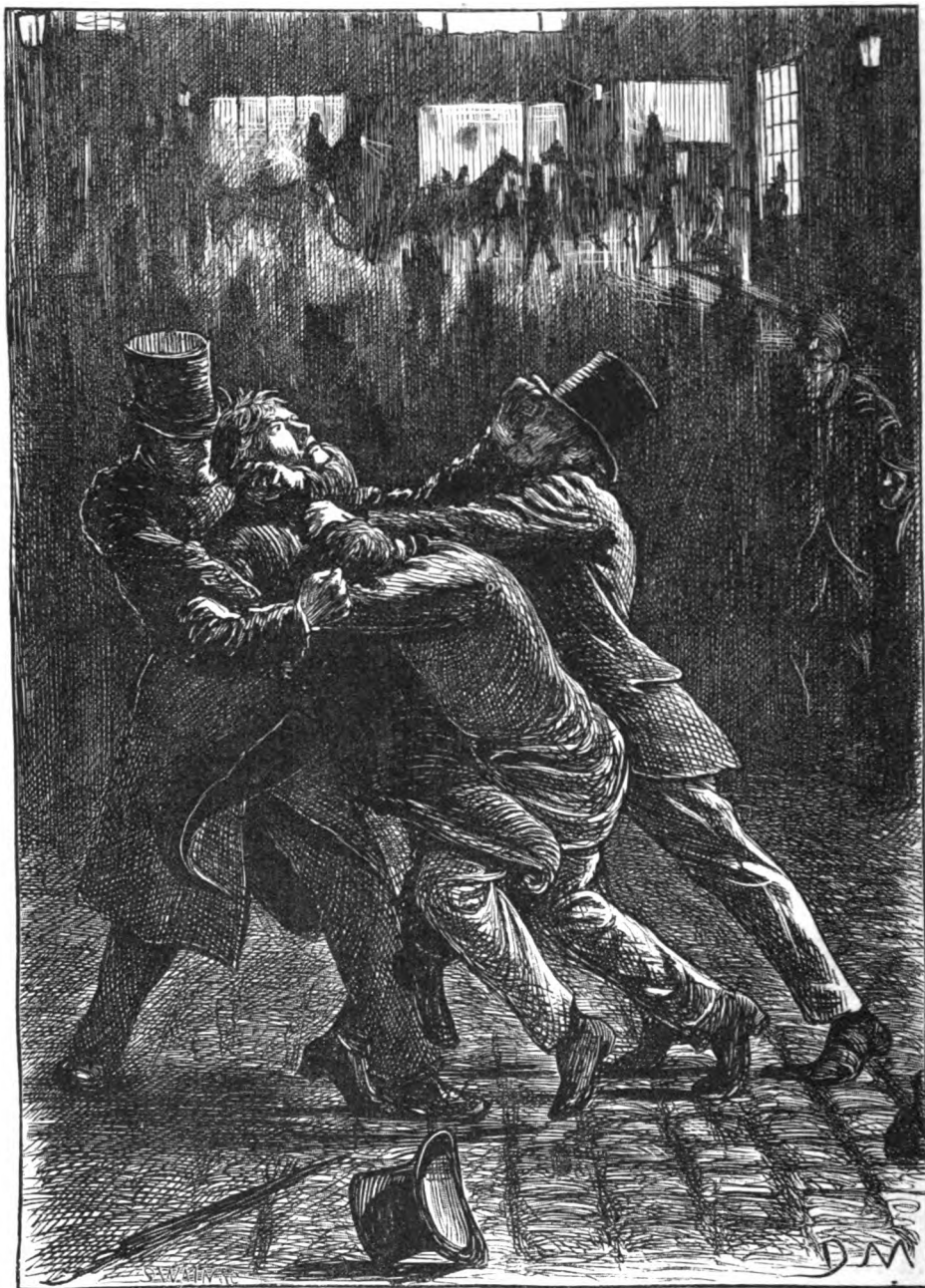
General Rolleston was quite taken aback for a moment. Then he was sorry. But after a little reflection, he said very sternly, "Carry the blackguard in-doors; and run for an officer."

Seaton was taken into the hall, and laid flat on the floor.

All the servants gathered about him, brimful of curiosity, and the female ones began to speak all together; but General Rolleston told them sharply to hold their tongues, and to retire behind the man. "Somebody sprinkle him with cold water," said he; "and be quiet, all of you, and keep out of his sight, while I examine him." He stood before the insensible figure with his arms folded, amidst a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Sarah Wilson, and of a sociable housemaid who cried with her for company.

And now Seaton began to writhe and show signs of returning sense.

Next he moaned piteously, and sighed. But General Rolleston could not pity him; he waited grimly for returning consciousness, to subject him to a merciless interrogatory.



See page 6.

He waited just one second too long. He had to answer a question instead of putting one.

The judgment is the last faculty a man recovers when emerging from insensibility ;

and Seaton, seeing the general standing before him, stretched out his hands, and said, in a faint but earnest voice, before eleven witnesses, "Is she safe? Oh, is she safe?"

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

HERE, it is here—the close of the year,
 And with it a spiteful letter.
 My fame in song has done him much wrong,
 For himself has done much better.

O foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
 If men neglect your pages?
 I think not much of yours or of mine :
 I hear the roll of the ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
 My rhymes may have been the stronger.
 Yet hate me not, but abide your lot :
 I last but a moment longer.

O faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
 What room is here for a hater?
 Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
 For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry?
 And I shall live to see it.
 Well, if it be so, so it is, you know ;
 And if it be so—so be it !

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
 But this is the time of hollies.
 And my heart, my heart is an evergreen :
 I hate the spites and the follies.

NEW YEAR'S DAY VOWS.

NATURE has given to the least imaginative of men a certain share of idealism which at no time so strongly betrays itself as towards the end of one year and the beginning of another. That transitional period has in itself no more moral significance than the turning over of a sheet of blank paper ; and yet we manage to invest it with all sorts of imaginary attributes. New Year's Day throbs with vague anticipations. Society awakes, rubs its eyes, and looks forward to the coming year through a roseate mist of hope, which, for the time, dispels the vapours of our muggy English weather. If I am a labourer, I am confident that this year will bring me an additional two shillings a week, increased possibilities in beer, constant work, and fewer quarrels with my wife. If I am a tradesman,

this year is to witness my removal to a drier house ; my eldest girl will free herself from that dangerous cough, at which the doctor shakes his head ; my business will improve rapidly, and I shall have funds wherewith to send her to the sea-side. If I am a clerk, this year is to see my straitened circumstances grow easier ; my master will moderate the rancour of his tongue ; and Saturday afternoons must yield me the pleasantest of excursions. If I am a merchant, this year shall bring brisk markets, banish dishonoured bills, and give my wife that additional horse to her brougham for which she has been pining so long. Or I am a lawyer, and my clients will this year multiply, my three hundred guinea hunter need not be sold, and I shall double the size of the shooting I rent in Moray. Or I am a shareholder, and my mines shall this year leap upward ; my dinners shall be noised abroad for their brilliancy, and my wine-cellar shall be

choicely replenished. Or I am a statesman, and I shall have this year to consider nothing but projects of universal amelioration. Or I am a king, and this year my treasury shall overflow, land will be ceded to me, and the enemies of my peace shall fall into disfavour with the people. Proteus, in all his disguises, remains Proteus. We have come through troubled times; we look forward to rest and peace. In the past years we have laboured with sail and oar; this year shall bring us to the Lotos-land, and we shall lie and dream in the magic atmosphere, careless of mankind.

These, however, are mere blind impulses—the unconscious feelers of our present unrest. A far more definite form of anticipation is that series of resolves with which nearly every man and woman begins the new year. At the end of December we compound with our consciences, and make the most solemn promises of amendment. There shall be no more sluggishness. We are about to erect our standard of duty, and work incessantly until we attain it. The poet says to himself that he will no longer trifle; all his energies are to be concentrated on one grand effort that shall send his name abroad, publish his fame, and pay his creditors. The clergyman makes up his mind to a more resolute investigation of the lake-dwelling period; no power in heaven or earth shall move him from this set purpose. His wife, sighing over the fulness of her Christmas dinner, and thinking of their poor parishioners, is determined that nothing shall prevent her beginning, in the new year, the long-talked of night-schools for the boys and girls of the neighbourhood. The country squire, with a series of unnecessary ejaculations, vows, as he has vowed any time these three years back, to write a letter to the *Field* about that curious moor-hen's nest which has been weighing on his mind ever since he saw it; while Miss Emily says to herself that nothing shall be left undone to bring up her touch to perfection, so that she may not be ashamed to play the "Sonata pathétique" before her town cousins; and Miss Jane inwardly declares that she *shall* jump Rosemary over the hurdles in the paddock, morning after morning, until she is able to go with the hounds as boldly as Sir Heathcote's girls, who, after all, are fit for little else. Sir Heathcote, on the other hand, lies in his easy-chair on this last night of the year, a cigar in his hand, his pet dry sherry on the table. He is thinking of a certain young person, the daughter of his father's steward, with whom he used to fall madly in love every time he came home from

school or college. She married a poor tradesman down in Sussex, lived a year or two, then died, leaving a son behind her. This lad, Sir Heathcote knows, is still in that small southern town; and many a time he has resolved to go down there, hunt him up, and put him in the way of getting a good situation. But hitherto nothing has come of these intentions. It is now the last day of December; the sherry was never drier; the cigar is at its best—that is to say, half smoked through; his daughters are playing a four-handed waltz in the room opposite; he himself is in a sleepily-comfortable, easily-generous mood, and the thought of this boy occurs to him. He reproaches himself bitterly for his previous neglect. He will sin no more. The very first bright day of the New Year he will take horse, and ride down to that Sussex town, and remain there till he has discovered the lad, and dowered him with his generosity.

"I hate a *cui bono* man," says somebody in Boswell's Johnson. And yet the question naturally presents itself—what is the particular good of these resolutions? We know they never achieve their special aim: have they any effect at all? As certainly as the climate of next year shall approximate to that of this year, so certainly shall the sum of our actions next year differ very slightly from that of this. Men may work for a time by spasmodic efforts; but the general tendencies of their constitution reassert themselves and maintain the old accustomed level. For a brief season after the new year a niggardly man, saturated with the reading of Christmas stories and the genial influences of the season, may become generous; but his niggardliness returns and prompts him to atone for his temporary mania by a more stringent watchfulness for the future. The man of indolent habits rouses himself from his ordinary coma, and makes a superhuman effort to achieve something; but the enthusiasm dies away, the natural sluggishness of the blood pulls down his idealisms, and he sinks into his former self. The anticipations of which I spoke at the beginning of this article are no less illusory. The Lotos-land is as far off as ever; we have yet to toil with sail and oar. The crimson vapour which floated before our eyes gives place to the grey density of English fog; and our dreams of happier days are only followed by a little additional bitterness in waking. Our projects somehow break down, and our next year is found on the whole to bear a wonderful resemblance to its predecessor. Nay, if we examine and compare a number of these years, we shall find that in some one particular year

we had more reason to be satisfied than in any other before or since. Were we satisfied? No; for the demon of unrest kept painting glorious stage-scenes, and threw lime-light on them, and called them the drama of the future. We were not satisfied with our present sphere; we longed to be in those charming scenes, and to have supernaturally pink cheeks like the heroine, supernaturally strong arms like the hero, and supernaturally good fortune like all the virtuous people in the play. Night after night, the demon showed us this living picture; and night after night we sate and grew sorrowful. The distance between the stalls and the stage was never lessened; the only difference perceptible was a gradual lowering of lights in the theatre. The spectacle is always there. It never alters. But the light overhead becomes dimmer, we can no longer distinguish the forms of the players, the scene gradually disappears from our view, and finally there falls a deep darkness, and we have no more interest, either in stall or stage.

The moral of my sermon is contentment with present possibilities. "It is common-place," says everyone. So much the worse, if by common-place be meant a truth which everybody accepts as granted, and dismisses therefore as useless. So much the better if it be meant that everybody actually holds this common-place in his mind. If we were only satisfied that vague anticipations are practically worthless; that the facts of the present are what we have to do with; that great changes in luck are rare and not to be depended upon, there would be less expectation and consequent disappointment and regret. Of New Year's Day vows I would say—let them be as plentiful as possible. The chances are that they do not get accomplished; but they provoke at least a temporary improvement in a man's character. Some residue of good must remain from this mingling of worthy purposes.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD.

I.—BLUE BEARD'S CASTLE.

ONE of those fortunate authors who make their entrance into the world to continue there for twenty generations, whilst greater men are often forgotten in half as many years—Perrault, the poet-mason, has gathered amongst the phantasmagoria with which he filled his book of fairy tales, an old Breton tradition which it must be confessed has become in his hands little masterpiece. We refer to his tale of Blue Beard, which everyone knows by heart, and

the hero of which is not a purely fanciful creation like Riquet with the Tuft, and Hop o' my Thumb. Barbe-Bleue really existed and was a powerful lord and a great friend of the monks and the clergy. In his chapel, one of the most beautiful in all France, there was a blaze of gold and precious stones, and he solicited the Pope to be allowed a cross-bearer to precede him whenever he went abroad on his travels.

If the reader should ever visit Nantes, and ascend the Erdre in a boat, in the course of half an hour he will arrive at La Journalière, a hamlet composed of a number of *guinguettes* where every Sunday the Nantais come to eat *fritures* and drink white wine. Following the course of the river he will notice behind a little turf embankment, and suspended over a smoky doorway, a rudely painted signboard representing a large greenish tinted rock and a ferocious looking man; underneath it the inscription AU BARBE BLEUE.

The famous rock represented on the signboard is some little distance further on, and is separated from La Journalière by a winding rivulet which flows into the Erdre. It is masked by a coppice of thick underwood traversed by narrow winding paths where one only meets a few idle saunterers who have strolled there in search of shade and privacy. Peering out from amongst the brushwood are several ruined stone walls, which are more or less obscured by brambles and blackberry bushes, and which shelter in their mossy crannies thousands of snakes and green lizards. These are the remains of the old Chateau de la Verrière, one of the residences of Gilles de Raiz, surnamed Blue Beard. Penetrating the wood, one arrives at a little flight of stairs cut in the rock and leading to a room carpeted with ivy. The country people say that this is the very room in which Blue Beard kept the corpses of his murdered wives. Seven funeral trees, planted long since by some pious hand, are there to confirm, as it were, the tradition, all false though it be. But Perrault cared little about his narrative agreeing with the chronicle of the Benedictines. What use was there in reading Dom Lobineau, when some old fisherman of the Erdre could give him his tale ready made? Certainly the history of the Sire de Raiz is one of the most singular of a period fertile in singular men; but unfortunately it bears no resemblance to the main incidents of Perrault's tale. Blue Beard had only one wife, Catherine de Thouars, whom he respected as a knight of the days of the Fair Dunois respected his lady love. Good-bye then to the marvellous terrors

of the tradition ; good-bye to the magic key with the stain which would not wash off ; good-bye, above all, to the charming and popular dialogue between the poor wife and sister Anne whilst the monster of a husband is sharpening his formidable sword. It is true that in place of these there were many other things to relate, but they were things that could not be told to children.

II.—BLUE BEARD'S ANCESTORS.

BETWEEN Poitou, Maine, and the left bank of the Loire, there is a beautiful and fertile tract of country, with only a few patches of moorland here and there, to give to the rest of the district an additional charm. It is watered throughout its extent by the Sèvre, one of the prettiest streams that ever gave life and variety to a landscape. Now-a-days, this tract of country is an unimportant section of the department of the Loire Inférieure; formerly it was styled the barony of Raiz.

The Sires de Raiz were amongst the first of the Breton nobility. They even claimed the title of senior barons of Brittany—a title however to which their right was disputed by the Sires de Chateaubriand. We hear of the Pays de Raiz in the days of Charles the Bald, who conferred it upon Hérispoë; and since then the names of the Sires de Raiz may be found more or less mixed up in all the warlike deeds connected with the history of their country. Giraud Chabot, lord of Raiz, followed Philip the Bold into Spain in 1284; and in the great quarrel between Penthievre and Montfort, the Sires de Raiz, as a matter of course, espoused the cause of the French candidate. A Sire de Raiz was taken prisoner at the battle of Roche-Derien, at which Charles of Blois was slain. Another was taken captive at Auray. At the same period Jean de Raiz held Redon for the French king, and the name figures moreover amongst the Bretons who, with Du Guesclin at their head, fought bravely against the English. The grandfather of him whose history we are about to compile, was selected as one of the escort of that famous wooden town, three thousand paces in diameter, the pieces of which had been gathered on the quay of Harfleur by the uncles of Charles VI., preparatory to their shipment, with the view of being put together in England. Still, in this long line of historic ancestors, the family of Raiz could only point to men of secondary importance. Though first in the crowd, none had ever stepped forth from it. At last, there came one who advanced further than any of

the others—who was Marshal of France and Lieutenant-General of Brittany; who was the companion in arms of the Maid of Orleans, and the friend of Richmond, father of our Henry VIIth. By an inconceivable fatality, this successful warrior, who rendered the family of Raiz so powerful, and who appeared destined to inscribe his name in letters of gold upon the genealogical tree, was precisely he who tarnished the scutcheon of the family and brought about the fall of his house.

III.—BLUE BEARD'S EPOCH.

GILLES DE RAIZ, the hero of the tale, was born in 1396, the epoch when the rude and simple customs of feudalism were beginning to mingle with the more refined manners of chivalry; a singular period, when the coarseness of former days was veiled in luxury. Beneath their polished armour, their long robes of cloth of gold, their expensive furs, and despite their sentimental jargon, borrowed from the troubadours, men were still little else than barbarians. Lays and virelays filled the courts of Love with their languishing notes, but the *Jacquerie* vomited forth upon towns and castles a horde of ferocious beasts, and the Maillotins gave France a foretaste of the days of the Terror. In this conflict between the manners of the past and of the present, a kind of intoxication seems to have seized upon all. The ties which had bound the old society closely together were relaxed, and nothing had as yet replaced them. Of the old forms of the feudal code which apparently still ruled the world, the letter alone survived. It was no longer the same as when all were, so to speak, one family; when the suzerain was father of his vassal; when every one kept his place; when kings were without ambition, and the common people without effrontery. Royalty had sought to tear this solemn pact into fragments; and the people had renounced it in unmistakable terms.

Feudal law still existed in France, unassociated, however, with that confiding belief which helped to soften in some degree its cruelties and its caprices. Religious law had undergone an entirely different transmutation, for belief remained after all observance or the precepts of Christianity had ceased. The pious and humble faith, too, of the days of St. Louis might be sought for in vain. There had crept into the minds of men, not new beliefs, but new mental wants. Italy had already sent forth those mysterious priests in whom many of the great lords of the Continent believed even down to the time of Cagliostro—adepts in occult

science, ministers of the evil one at a pinch. Charles V., the wise king, boldly installed at the Hotel Saint-Pol his reader of horoscopes, who came from Pisa to Paris accompanied by his daughter, the famous Christina of Pisano. Demons were invoked at first with doubt and trembling, and then people resigned themselves entirely up to them, as Louis XI. and Catherine de Medicis did later. That which was asked of these dreaded powers was the return of youth, with its tumultuous passions, and an abundance of gold. Money and pleasure were the fixed ideas of the men of this disorganised society, which built handsome churches and at the same time invoked the fiend; which was capable of dispatching an enemy by the hands of assassins, but first had him shrived by a confessor. To indulge in their intemperate luxury, money at any price was absolutely necessary. Louis of Anjou did not wait until the shroud of his brother Charles V. was sewn, before, sword in hand, he caused the million of treasure hidden in the Bastille to be handed over to him.

The details of this picture may be seen clearly in the life of Gilles de Raiz. All may be found there—faith in God, and faith in the father of lies; unbridled luxury, secret debauchery, lettered ignorance, and the imperious question of money dominating all. Barbe-Bleue was emphatically a man of his time.

IV.—BLUE BEARD'S GLORIES.

OUR hero was born in 1396. He was the eldest son of Guy de Laval, lord of Raiz, and Marie Craon de la Suze. The death of his father, which occurred in 1416, left him at twenty years of age lord and master of the paternal fortune, which he administered like the prodigal son. Fond of pomp and splendour, giving with both hands, and never counting the cost of pleasure, his household was on the same scale as that of a prince. He was constantly attended by an escort of two hundred horsemen. His table, open to all comers, became the rendezvous of a band of libertines, who gaily helped him to consume his inheritance. To divert these wearied debauchees, he would, when flushed with wine, and the fancy seized him, have pompous mysteries, got up at great cost, performed in the court of his stately castle.

One already remarks a great difference between Gilles de Raiz and the terrible lord of Perrault's tale, with his solitary castle and his formidable sword; but this is not all. The historical Blue Beard had a splendid chapel, with choristers, musicians, and chaplains;

nothing, indeed was lacking; and the coffers of more than one sacristy could have shown far fewer copes, crosses, pyxes, chalices, monstrances, and religious ornaments of all kinds. All was silk, gold, silver, and precious stones. He had even a portable organ, without which he never travelled. His chaplains had three or four hundred crowns for yearly salary. He robed them in scarlet vestments, trimmed with miniver, so that one would have taken them for dignitaries of the church; and in order to render the illusion more complete, he bestowed upon them the titles used in cathedral chapters. He made them deans, archdeacons, choristers, and schoolmasters, and his chief chaplain had been created by him a bishop. To crown all, the pious lord even solicited from the court of Rome permission for them to wear mitres, like the canons of the cathedral of Lyons.

This dissipated life, and these puerilities, did not however hinder Gilles de Raiz from nobly supporting his rank at the court of Brittany. "He was," says D'Argentré, "a man of good understanding, of noble presence and well mannered, of much importance, and rich among the richest, having beautiful houses, and he was not merely valorous, but a skilful and daring captain." His military life is not one of the least illustrious of that epoch of perpetual strife. In 1420 he made his first campaign in the little wars of the country; in 1425 he followed the movement which led the Bretons, companions of Du Guesclin and Clisson, into France. Two years afterwards he carried the Castle of Lude by storm, and slew the commander with his own hand. The same year he took Rennefort and Malicorne in Maine from the English. In 1429 Blue Beard entered Orleans at the side of Joan of Arc, two strange names to be found in juxtaposition. Gilles was also at the capture of Jergeau with his brother René de Laval. Some time afterwards he was made Marshal of France, and in this quality, at the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, he had the signal honour of carrying the holy ampulla from the Abbey of St. Remy to the cathedral. He was subsequently at the Siege of Melun, and at the great rising in arms in favour of the royal cause instigated by his friend Richmond in 1433. Throughout the whole of this turbulent career his organ, his chaplains, and his choristers accompanied him wherever he went.

Two years after the death of his father, Gilles married Catherine de Thouars, sole heiress of the powerful house of Craon. The death of Catherine's grandfather, Jean de

Craon, in 1432, filled up the deficit which the reckless prodigality of Gilles had already caused in his finances. Machecoul, Pornie, Chantocé, Mauléon, Saint Etienne de Malemort, and many other castles and estates, fell at once into his hands. It was then that he was really "rich among the richest." Of furniture alone he had more than a hundred thousand crowns' worth. His revenue from his lands amounted to thirty thousand livres, equal to more than three hundred thousand today. This was without counting his salary as Marshal of France, and a host of fees, fiefs, fines, and seigniorial rights, which would alone have sufficed to maintain more than one noble family. Nevertheless, nearly the whole of this speedily went where the rest had gone before. Gilles, reduced to one expedient after another, had sold his immense inheritance bit by bit. The bishop of Nantes, the chapter of the cathedral and of the collegiate church, bought part; and the Duke of Brittany, Jean V., secured so much for his share that the family of Gilles grew alarmed, and obtained from the French king, Charles VII., a formal edict prohibiting any one from buying land of the spendthrift. Riotous living and the expenses of his chapel had had equal shares in bringing about this frightful ruin, which had reached even the royal ears.

V.—BLUE BEARD'S CRIMES.

It was at this period that the spirit of evil seized upon our proud feudal baron. Wanting money he began to seek the philosopher's stone. An Englishman, one Messire Jean, assisted him in the process, and, the better to ensnare his dupe, fixed mercury in his presence. The operations were carried on at Tiffanges, and the "philosophical egg" was already formed over an ardent furnace, when the Dauphin suddenly arrived. As the "grand work" demanded above all things the most mysterious solitude, Messire Jean cried out that all his labour was lost, broke the furnaces, and departed like a madman. After the alchemist came the treasure seeker. A doctor of Poitou undertook to ask for information from the fiend himself. Clothed in complete armour he conducted Gilles to a wood, where he traced circles and magical figures on the ground. He then caused every one to withdraw and dashed boldly into the thicket, making a loud noise meanwhile by striking his sword against his armour. After some time he came forth pale and agitated. He had seen the fiend, he said, who had passed close to him in the shape of a furious leopard, but without speaking.

Something was still lacking to his magical science to enable him to compel the enemy of mankind to speak, and it was only in his own country that he could obtain it. Gilles gave him all the money that he asked for, and never saw him again.

Things were in this state when a priest of the diocese of St. Malo returned from Rome, bringing with him a Florentine named Francisco Prelati, a great alchemist and magician, whom he introduced to the Sire de Raiz. The superstitious curiosity of the Breton baron had been thoroughly aroused by the treasure seeker; he sought the aid therefore of the magician in preference to the alchemist. This time the hands into which Gilles fell were not those of a vulgar intriguer. The cunning Prelati understood at a glance all that he might derive by cleverly practising on the credulous imagination of his patron; he resolved therefore to install himself for ever in this house of eternal feasting. By means of a book given to him by a wise man of his own country he pretended that he saw Satan and spoke to him; nay more, he was beaten by him, and showed the marks of the blows. Satan, he said, appeared to him in the shape of a young man of twenty, and under the name of Baron. One day Prelati affirmed that he had given him a black powder upon a slate, with orders to tell the Marshal to carry it constantly about his person. Another day he pointed out a spot where a number of ingots of gold were buried, but when the workmen dug, they found only yellow earth. All this was not of a nature to satisfy the needy lord. He wanted to see Satan in his turn, and wrote with his blood a note of hand, by which he gave himself up to the evil one, with all that he possessed. He took care however to except his life and, like a good Christian, his soul from the bond. Prelati informed him that he had caused the note of hand to reach its address; but it was a far less easy thing for the wily Florentine to put Gilles into direct communication with his new master. The Breton seigneur was bigoted and brutal, and no one dared run the risk of playing the chief part in so dangerous a comedy. Happily pretexts were not altogether lacking. At one time he had made the sign of the cross on stepping within the magic circle; at another he had been caught muttering an "Alma redemptoris mater;" or else Satan was irritated against him on account of his attachment to his chapel, which, spite of everything, he continued to maintain upon the old footing. Add to this that he had one day said "devils were serfs and unworthy of holding communion

with a man of quality." It was moreover known in the lower regions that Gilles had serious thoughts of reconversion, and that he was even preparing for a voyage to the Holy Land.

In addition to his skill as alchemist and magician, Prelati had brought with him from Italy the knowledge of other mysteries which we will not name, and in which he initiated Gilles de Raiz. No very long time had elapsed since Prelati's arrival, ere the retainers of the Marshal found themselves engaged in a strange sort of business. They attracted children to the castle by means of dainties and sweetmeats, and when once the drawbridge was raised behind them, the children disappeared for ever from the outside world. Some of Gilles's agents visited the neighbouring villages, and when they saw a beautiful child in the cabin of some poor peasant, they asked it of its parents under the pretext of making it one of their master's pages, but if entrusted to their hands it was never heard of more. All these poor innocents were murdered. The horrible details may be read in the records of the trial of the Sire de Raiz. Gilles hung his victims, and before they had expired he let them down and then hoisted them up again, and, when tired of this atrocious amusement, he would plunge a long needle into their necks and take delight in beholding them in their last convulsions. Then he had their heads cut off and placed upon the mantel-piece, and on the top of his bed. He himself avowed that he had frequently chatted with Prelati as to which were the pleasantest looking. The bodies were thrown into the moats of his castles. Forty-six were found at Chantocé, eighty at Machecoul. When Gilles was travelling the bodies were burnt and the ashes scattered to the winds. These atrocious practices were carried on for eight years, and during this time how many weeping mothers must there not have been throughout Brittany! In the midst of all these infamies, Gilles had in no wise neglected the due observance of that external piety which had been the ruling passion of his life. The portable organ accompanied the anthems of his choristers, and it was at this precise epoch that he sought to obtain mitres for his chaplains. For the dignity of the human race one ought to believe that actual madness had seized upon the ardent and weak-minded man in the midst of the trials and experiments with which Prelati and others had unsettled his reason. His relations, always striving to set bounds to his prodigality, wished to have him declared incapable of managing his affairs,

and stated in court that he had been frequently met wandering about the streets like a madman.

VI.—BLUE BEARD'S SENTENCE AND DEATH.

IN 1440 Gilles de Raiz seems to have been touched by a temporary repentance. He received the sacrament at Easter at Machecoul, solemnly engaged to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and then proceeded to Nantes. Some time afterwards five or six children in the town disappeared. The citizens, less timid than the poor peasants of Machecoul and Chantocé, murmured openly and so loudly that the procureur of the duke took the matter up; and as all the traces pointed to the Hotel de la Suze, where the Marshal was residing, he was arrested, together with Prelati and his servants, and imprisoned in the Château de la Tour-Neuve. Interrogated by the Bishop of Nantes and Brother Jean Blouin, delegates of the Inquisition of Faith in France, Gilles at first burst into a furious passion, and called them simoniacs and ribalds, crying out that "he would rather be hung by the neck than answer such judges, and that he knew the Catholic faith better than they did." The terror of excommunication, however, wrenched from him some avowals, and the fear of torture did the rest. Brought face to face with Prelati, Gilles embraced him in tears, and bade him adieu in words which would beseem a saint. "Farewell, François, my friend, we shall never see each other again in this world. I pray God that he may give you good patience and knowledge. And be certain that if you have good patience and hope in God, we shall see each other in the great joy of Paradise. Pray to God for me, and I will pray for you."

It was on the 25th October, 1440, that the sentence condemning Gilles to be burnt for heresy, sorcery, and other crimes, was read to him. He was confided to the care of a confessor, and a general religious procession was immediately ordered throughout the town to obtain for the great criminal the necessary fortitude to undergo his sentence. Brought to the "prée de Biesse," at the end of the bridge of the Madeleine, where the pile had been raised, Gilles was tied by the neck to a post with a stool under his feet. The moment the pile was lighted the stool was withdrawn, and the victim strangled. The family had succeeded in obtaining the concession that the body of Gilles should not be injured by the flames. Four or five pious maidens who were there to receive the corpse, bore it to the Carmelite church, where it was solemnly interred amidst

the tolling of bells and the chanting of the choir.

"Finally," to quote the quaint language of D'Argentré, "God was so displeased with the house, which was very great, that there were no descendants came from it, and it died away."

TABLE TALK.

NITRO-GLYCERINE, concerning which so much painful curiosity has lately been excited, is not quite such a novelty as has been supposed. It was discovered by Sobrero, an Italian chemist, in 1847, and was introduced into this country at least as far back as 1851. In that year we find one Dr. J. E. de Vry describing its properties to the British Association then assembled at Ipswich, and astounding the meeting with its terrible powers, made manifest by placing a drop on a piece of paper and striking it with a hammer. It is a harmless looking liquid of yellowish brown colour, and slightly sweet aromatic flavour; if swallowed it produces violent headaches. To manufacture it the chemist takes strong nitric and sulphuric acid, and mixes therewith ordinary glycerine, afterwards stirring the mixture with water, when the destructive fluid is precipitated as a heavy oil. Nobel, a Swedish engineer, first applied it to blasting purposes in 1864, and now it is so used in all parts of the world; the extent to which the manufacture is carried must be alarming. Various reports have given its explosive energy as from five to twelve times that of gunpowder. Familiarity with the use of it evidently breeds contempt for its deadly power. While the report of the Newcastle explosion is fresh in our minds, there comes news from America of a still more dreadful catastrophe, brought about by the utter carelessness of a workman employed in making a railway cutting in New Jersey. A canister of the explosive had become congealed by cold, which it does at 40° F., and to thaw it, a stupid fellow took the canister to a blacksmith's shop and placed it in a vessel of water. To warm the water he thrust into it red-hot bars of iron. In an instant the oil exploded, blowing the shop, its contents, and tenants, so completely to atoms that no trace of their previous existence could be recognised. Eight lives paid the penalty for this mad freak. Nitro-Glycerine is rendered harmless by solution in two or three times its bulk of wood naphtha: when required for use it is only necessary to add water to the solution, when the oil separates in all its integrity, and

can be drawn off for use. The explosive has several "aliases," amongst which are "glön-oïne," "nitroleum," and "blasting oil."

SCIENCE is continually turning out new compounds of such fearful energy for mischief as would appal any but a scientific man, especially when he has not found out the way to control or to safely direct these bottled earthquakes. So the new combination of ideas to which social and political change have given rise has condensed in certain classes of the community terrible latent forces capable of bursting forth with the direst results, not to be controlled by any political wisdom yet at hand. Place the one at the command of the other, and the probable outcome must give us pause.

To destroy society in order to get a better place in it is a scheme truly Hibernian; and one which only an Americanised Irishman would have had the conceit to attempt.

AMONG the means adopted for recruiting the Fenian funds, it is said that money was collected under the guise of Peter's pence. Meaning, of course, salt-petre.

A GOOD motto for the communistic Republic of the Emerald Isle—one and invisible—would be "making the green—one red."

THERE is a colour much in vogue just now called *Céladon*. It is a sort of dull sea-green—something like green jade; and it plays a prominent part in all French decorations; but chiefly in porcelain. I never met an Englishman who knew the meaning of the term; and I have asked dozens of Frenchmen to explain it, without success. Yet the explanation lies on the surface. *Céladon* is the name of a personage in D'Urfé's romance of *L'Astrée*, distinguished for the extravagance of his love, and from him any languishing lover—soft even to stupidity—came to be called a *Céladon*. When the tint of a dull sea-green was brought under the notice of the fine ladies of France they said that here was their *Céladon* again. It was a tint characteristic of him,—it had all his *tendresse fade*,—his heavy sort of tenderness,—and it should be called *Céladon*. *Céladon* is a colour that has reached the point of tenderness, but it is the tenderness of a neutral tint that does not pretend to be lively.

PROFESSOR CHURCH recently made a curious communication to the Chemical Society about the colouring matter of birds' plumage. A certain bird known as the Cape Lory, the *Touracus albocristatus* of ornithologists, has upon its pinion feathers some crimson spots popularly supposed to be blood stains. Mr. Church has extracted the dye from these and analysed it; and strangely enough, finds that it contains the metal copper in some organic form of combination. No other parts of the feathers besides the red stains gave any trace of the metal. Further experiments are stayed for want of materials. Only a grain and a half of the pigment is procurable from a single bird, at the cost of half a guinea; so that there is not much fear of the poor bird being hunted for the riches it will yield. Perhaps, however, some other denizen of the air carries more precious gifts upon its wings. With the foregoing facts before us may we expect that as we now get the pearl from the oyster we shall some day obtain its setting from the golden plumes of a bird?

COUNTRY-FAIR jugglers exhibit a little instrument which they persuade their dupes will enable them to see through a brick or a board or any other equally opaque body, whereas the fact is that the magic contrivance consists merely of a number of hidden mirrors so arranged that the observer actually looks round the obstruction. Without any magic or jugglery, however, a method has lately been found for virtually looking into the interior of a mass of iron, in order to detect cracks or flaws in its structure. A compass needle is the searching eye. It is well known that any mass of iron held at a certain inclination to the magnetic equator becomes temporarily a magnet. If the structure of the iron be perfect, *i. e.* without breaks of continuity, either external or internal, the mass will behave just as an ordinary steel magnet, and will deflect a compass needle passed around it in a regular and orderly manner. But if there be breaks of continuity there will be corresponding breaks of magnetism, and the needle will be vagarious in its behaviour, always performing some immethodical movement just at the spot beneath which the flaw is situated. Mr. Saxby, R.N., lately proposed to apply the principle to the testing of iron forgings and castings: his proposal was favourably reported on by the Astronomer Royal, and a series of experiments to determine the validity of the process has been prosecuted at the Chatham and Sheerness dockyards. These have been eminently successful as far as they have gone, and give great hopes that one

of the greatest difficulties mechanical engineers have to cope with, that of ascertaining the perfection of a weld or the soundness of a casting, will ultimately be removed.

A CORRESPONDENT who has gone to Abyssinia, gives a strange account of the Post Office at Suez. Read it in his own words. "Arrived at Suez about 2.30 P.M. Most disgraceful mismanagement on the part of the Post Office, or the P. & O. agents. Regular scramble for letters from England and India. All a mere chance whether you ever get your letters or not. Anybody goes and helps himself to whatever letter or letters he chooses to pick out; they are all heaped into an old box without a lid—no one there to superintend; every one scrambling away at this box; intense excitement; many letters torn to shreds."

He also gives a pleasing account of the condition of one of the steam-vessels that ply on this route. "Two steamers awaited us," he says, "the Mooltan and the Bengal. The former is a splendid screw, the finest in the service. The other is a wretched old tub, hardly fit for service. We have to escort her all the way, for fear she should break down." Again: "The Bengal passed under our stern—we are doing half speed to let her keep up." Yet again: "Bengal about twelve miles off, making as usual a prodigious smoke." Once more: "Bengal about fifteen miles astern." The Bengal seems to be the very ship we want to help us on to another Balaklava.

ANOTHER correspondent: "Have you ever had your hair singed? That is the last new invention of the hair-dresser. I went to Marsh's the other day to have my hair cut, and was much astonished when I was asked if I should like also to have it singed. 'No, thank you' I said at once and decidedly, feeling rather offended at the notion of being treated like a horse. But then I remembered that the Houyhnhnms are after all a civilised race of beings; I proceeded to inquire further into this matter; and in the end I had my hair singed for eighteenpence. The attendant lighted a long taper, and taking the hair upon his comb tuft by tuft as he had already done in cutting it, burnt all its extremities. The supposition is that the hair so treated is sealed up at the points, becomes more moist and vigorous, and also less liable to split. About this I know nothing. But the process was new to me and I thought it worthy of a note."

A THIRD : "Can you tell me what is the law of supply and demand which makes truffles in London about three times the price of what they are in France? I am addicted to truffles, and now after the frost has set in is the time for them. But why must I pay fourteen shillings a pound for them at the only shop in London where they can be had good, when I see that in France they are selling for five or six francs?" It is not easy to understand the mystery of the prices charged in London for French goods. One of the most singular vagaries of price will be found in the book-trade. By paying ready money we can get a reduction of twopence from every shilling in the price of any English book—that is to say, the shillings will be charged to us as francs. But when we buy a French book, there is a shilling charged to us for every franc which the volume fetches in Paris. Express the difference in the form of a percentage and it comes to this: that the London booksellers allow their customers a discount of nearly 17 per cent. on the price of English books, and lay on a premium of 20 per cent. on the price of French books.

THE Westminster Play is always performed in a dormitory. I know some plays more modern than Terence's, and some actors other than Westminster boys, that would in such a theatre be the right things and the right people in the right place.

CAROL at my elbow observes, "If the municipal authorities had not been so vigilant lately in a certain northern town, instead of a dismal but limited catastrophe, science would have been able to contemplate a New Castle in the air." The pun is too obvious; but it reminds me of one of the most extraordinary attempts at rhyme in the English language. More than a dozen years ago a certain Sergeant Longlands was supposed to be possessed of poetic fire, and was induced to publish a poem called *Othello Doomed*. The Moor, dying, was supposed to have departed to a place as sooty as himself. The moment he arrived, being in an exceedingly bad temper, he began to curse all round. He cursed the locality, he cursed his companions, he cursed the extreme heat of the apartments. Then suddenly he stopped to correct himself. It occurred to him that in such a domicile, anathemas might be a needless superfluity. "Oh," said Othello, as imagined by this untutored genius—

Oh, but this is sending coals to Castle New,
And thou, Beelzebub, accused be you!

PEOPLE talk a great deal at the end of the year about making both ends meet. Why not make one of them drink?

AN extremely witty man said the other evening: "Christmas time makes all candid, from orange peel to poulterers." I most humbly confess that I did not at once see the point of this. Laborious study has at length revealed to me the meaning of it, and I now quote it as a curious example of the intricacy of wit which the modern school of punsters affect. How can orange peel be candid? By means of the sugar which crystallizes on it. How are poulterers candid? Because at this particular season they like to show their game. But this is to darken sense, to make wit an occult science, and to make necessary for all heads that surgical operation which Sydney Smith deemed to be requisite only for the Scotch.

HAPPIER is another Christmas saying of the same wit. "It is the blessed season of peace and goodwill. Yes: all men are brothers—Cains and Abels."

It is also the blessed season of crackers and mottos. May I conclude this rambling conversation with the motto of ONCE A WEEK, suggested by its title—a good Shakespearian motto, which we hope may prove to be not inappropriate?

What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights?
Eight-score-eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
O, weary reckoning!

NOTICE.

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER IV.



WILSON left off crying, and looked down on the ground with a very red face. General Rolleston was amazed. "Is she safe! Is who safe?" said he. "He means my mistress," replied Wilson, rather brusquely; and flounced out of the hall.

"She is safe, no thanks to you," said General Rolleston. "What were you doing under her window at this time of night?" And the harsh tone in which this question was put showed Seaton he was suspected. This wounded him, and he replied, doggedly, "Lucky for you all I was there."

"That is no answer to my question," said the General, sternly.

"It is all the answer I shall give you."

"Then I shall hand you over to the officer, without another word."

"Do, sir, do," said Seaton, bitterly; but he added more gently, "you will be sorry for it when you come to your senses."

At this moment Wilson entered with a message. "If you please, sir, Miss Rolleston says the robber had no beard. Miss have never noticed Seaton's face, but his beard she have; and oh! if you please, sir, she begged me to ask him—Was it you that fired the pistol and shot the robber?"

The delivery of this ungrammatical message, but rational query, was like a ray of light streaming into a dark place: it changed the whole aspect of things. As for Seaton, he received it as if Heaven was speaking to him through Wilson. His sullen air relaxed, the water stood in his eyes, he smiled affection-

ately, and said in a low, tender voice, "Tell her I heard some bad characters talking about this house—that was a month ago—so, ever since then, I have slept in the tool-house to watch. Yes, I shot the robber with my revolver, and I marked one or two more; but they were three to one; I think I must have got a blow on the head; for I felt nothing——"

Here he was interrupted by a violent scream from Wilson. She pointed downwards, with her eyes glaring; and a little blood was seen to be trickling slowly over Seaton's stocking and shoe.

"Wounded," said the General's servant, Tom, in the business-like accent of one who had seen a thousand wounds.

"Oh! never mind that," said Seaton. "It can't be very deep, for I don't feel it;" then, fixing his eyes on General Rolleston, he said, in a voice that broke down suddenly, "There stands the only man who has wounded me to-night, to hurt me."

The way General Rolleston received this point blank reproach surprised some persons present, who had observed only the imperious and iron side of his character. He hung his head in silence a moment; then, being discontented with himself, he went into a passion with his servants for standing idle. "Run away, you women," said he, roughly. "Now, Tom, if you are good for anything, strip the man and staunch his wound. Andrew, a bottle of port, quick!"

Then, leaving him for a while in friendly hands, he went to his daughter and asked her if she saw any objection to a bed being made up in the house for the wounded convict.

"Oh, papa," said she, "why of course not. I am all gratitude. What is he like, Wilson? for it is a most provoking thing, I never noticed his face, only his beautiful beard glittering in the sunshine ever so far off. Poor young man! Oh yes, papa! send him to bed directly, and we will all nurse him. I never did any good in the world yet, and so why not begin at once?"

General Rolleston laughed at this squirt of

enthusiasm from his staid daughter, and went off to give the requisite orders.

But Wilson followed him immediately and stopped him in the passage. "If you please, sir, I think you had better not. I have something to tell you." She then communicated to him by degrees her suspicion that James Seaton was in love with his daughter. He treated this with due ridicule at first; but she gave him one reason after another till she staggered him, and he went down stairs in a most mixed and puzzled frame of mind, inclined to laugh, inclined to be angry, inclined to be sorry.

The officer had just arrived, and was looking over some photographs to see if James Seaton was "one of his birds." Such, alas! was his expression.

At sight of this, Rolleston coloured up; but extricated himself from the double difficulty with some skill. "Hexham," said he, "this poor fellow has behaved like a man, and got himself wounded in my service. You are to take him to the infirmary; but mind, they must treat him like my own son, and nothing he asks for denied him."

Seaton walked with feeble steps, and leaning on two men, to the infirmary; and General Rolleston ordered a cup of coffee, lighted a cigar, and sat cogitating over this strange business, and asking himself how he could get rid of this young madman, and yet befriend him. As for Sarah Wilson, she went to bed discontented, and wondering at her own bad judgment. She saw, too late, that, if she had held her tongue, Seaton would have been her patient and her prisoner; and as for Miss Rolleston, when it came to the point, why she would never have nursed him except by proxy, and the proxy would have been Sarah Wilson.

However the blunder, blind passion had led her into, was partially repaired by Miss Rolleston herself. When she heard next day where Seaton was gone, she lifted up her hands in amazement. "What *could* papa be thinking of to send our benefactor to a hospital?" And, after meditating awhile, she directed Wilson to cut a nosegay and carry it to Seaton. "He is a gardener," said she, innocently. "Of course he will miss his flowers sadly in that miserable place."

And she gave the same order every day with a constancy that, you must know, formed part of this young lady's character. Soup, wine, and jellies were sent from the kitchen every other day with equal pertinacity.

Wilson concealed the true donor of all those things, and took the credit to herself. By this means she obtained the patient's gratitude, and

he showed it so frankly, she hoped to steal his love as well.

But no! his fancy and his heart remained true to the cold beauty he had served so well, and she had forgotten him, apparently.

This irritated Wilson at last, and she set to work to cure him with wholesome but bitter medicine. She sat down beside him one day, and said, cheerfully, "We are all '*on the key-foot*' just now. Miss Rolleston's beau is come on a visit."

The patient opened his eyes with astonishment.

"Miss Rolleston's beau?"

"Ay, her Intended. What, didn't you know she is engaged to be married?"

"She engaged to be married?" gasped Seaton.

Wilson watched him with a remorseless eye.

"Why, James," said she, after a while, "did you think the likes of her would go through the world without a mate?"

Seaton made no reply but a moan, and lay back like one dead, utterly crushed by this cruel blow.

A buxom middle aged nurse now came up, and said, with a touch of severity, "Come, my good girl; no doubt you mean well, but you are doing ill. You had better leave him to us for the present."

On this hint Wilson bounced out, and left the patient to his misery.

At her next visit she laid a nosegay on his bed, and gossiped away, talking of everything in the world except Miss Rolleston.

At last she came to a pause, and Seaton laid his hand on her arm directly, and looking piteously in her face spoke his first word.

"Does she love him?"

"What, still harping on *her*?" said Wilson; "well, she doesn't hate him, I suppose, or she would not marry him."

"For pity's sake don't trifle with me! Does she love him?"

"La, James, how can I tell? She mayn't love him quite as much as I could love a man, that took my fancy" (here she cast a languishing glance on Seaton); "but I see no difference between her and other young ladies. Miss is very fond of her papa, for one thing; and he favours the match. Ay, and she likes her partner well enough: she is brighter like now he is in the house, and she reads all her friends' letters to him ever so lovingly; and I do notice she leans on him out walking, a trifle more than there is any need for."

At this picture James Seaton writhed in his bed like some agonized creature under vivi-

section ; but the woman, spurred by jealousy, and also by egotistical passion, had no mercy left for him.

"And why not?" continued she ; "he is young, and handsome, and rich, and he dotes on her. If you are really her friend, you ought to be glad she is so well suited."

At this admonition the tears stood in Seaton's eyes, and, after a while, he got strength to say, "I know I ought, I know it. If he is only worthy of her : as worthy as any man could be."

"That he is, James. Why, I'll be bound you have heard of him. It is young Mr. Wardlaw."

Seaton started up in bed. "Who? Wardlaw? what Wardlaw?"

"What Wardlaw? why the great London Merchant, his son. Leastways he manages the whole concern now, I hear ; the old gentleman, he is retired, by all accounts."

"CURSE HIM ! CURSE HIM ! CURSE HIM !" yelled James Seaton, with his eyes glaring fearfully, and both hands beating the air.

Sarah Wilson recoiled with alarm.

"That angel marry *him* !" shrieked Seaton. "Never, while I live : I'll throttle him with these hands first."

What more his ungovernable fury would have uttered was interrupted by a rush of nurses and attendants, and Wilson was bundled out of the place with little ceremony.

He contrived however to hurl a word after her, accompanied with a look of concentrated rage and resolution that haunted her for years.

"NEVER, I TELL YOU—WHILE I LIVE."

At her next visit to the hospital, Wilson was refused admission, by order of the Head Surgeon. She left her flowers daily all the same.

After a few days, she thought the matter might have cooled, and, having a piece of news to communicate to Seaton, with respect to Arthur Wardlaw, she asked to see that patient.

"Left the hospital this morning," was the reply.

"What, cured?"

"Why not? We have cured worse cases than his."

"Where has he gone to? Pray tell me."

"Oh, certainly." And enquiry was made. But the reply was, "Left no address."

Sarah Wilson, like many other women of high and low degree, had swift misgivings of mischief to come. She was taken with a fit of trembling, and had to sit down in the hall.

And, to tell the truth, she had cause to

tremble ; for that tongue of hers had launched two wild beasts—Jealousy and Revenge.

When she got better she went home, and, coward-like, said not a word to living soul.

That day, Arthur Wardlaw dined with General Rolleston and Helen. They were to be alone for a certain reason ; and he came half an hour before dinner. Helen thought he would, and was ready for him on the lawn.

They walked arm-in-arm, talking of the happiness before them, and regretting a temporary separation that was to intervene. He was her father's choice, and she loved her father devotedly ; he was her male property ; and young ladies like that sort of property, especially when they see nothing to dislike in it. He loved her passionately, and that was her due, and pleased her, and drew a gentle affection, if not a passion, from her in return. Yes, that lovely forehead did come very near young Wardlaw's shoulder, more than once or twice, as they strolled slowly up and down on the soft mossy turf.

And, on the other side of the hedge that bounded the lawn, a man lay crouched in the ditch, and saw it all with gleaming eyes.

Just before the affianced ones went in, Helen said, "I have a little favour to ask you, dear. The poor man, Seaton, who fought the robbers, and was wounded—papa says he is a man of education, and wanted to be a clerk or something. *Could* you find him a place?"

"I think I can," said Wardlaw ; "indeed, I am sure. A line to White & Co. will do it ; they want a shipping clerk."

"Oh, how good you are !" said Helen ; and lifted her face all beaming with thanks.

The opportunity was tempting ; the lover fond : two faces met for a single moment, and one of the two burned for five minutes after.

The basilisk eyes saw the soft collision ; but the owner of those eyes did not hear the words that earned him that torture. He lay still and bided his time.

General Rolleston's house stood clear of the town, at the end of a short, but narrow and tortuous lane. This situation had tempted the burglars whom Seaton baffled ; and now it tempted Seaton.

Wardlaw must pass that way on leaving General Rolleston's house.

At a bend of the lane two twin elms stood out a foot or two from the hedge. Seaton got behind these at about ten o'clock, and watched for him with a patience and immobility that boded ill.

His preparations for this encounter were singular. He had a close-shutting inkstand and a pen, and one sheet of paper, at the top of which he had written "Sydney," and the day of the month and year, leaving the rest blank. And he had the revolver with which he had shot the robber at Helen Rolleston's window; and a barrel of that arm was loaded with swan shot.

CHAPTER V.

THE moon went down; the stars shone out clearer.

Eleven o'clock boomed from a church clock in the town.

Wardlaw did not come, and Seaton did not move from his ambush.

Twelve o'clock boomed, and Wardlaw never came, and Seaton never moved.

Soon after midnight, General Rolleston's hall-door opened, and a figure appeared in a flood of light. Seaton's eyes gleamed at the sight, for it was young Wardlaw, with a footman at his back holding a lighted lamp.

Wardlaw, however, seemed in no hurry to leave the house, and the reason soon appeared; he was joined by Helen Rolleston, and she was equipped for walking. The watcher saw her serene face shine in the light. The General himself came next; and, as they left the door, out came Tom with a blunderbuss, and brought up the rear. Seaton drew behind the trees, and postponed, but did not resign, his purpose.

Steps and murmurings came, and passed him, and receded.

The only words he caught distinctly came from Wardlaw, as he passed. "It is nearly high tide. I fear we must make haste."

Seaton followed the whole party at a short distance, feeling sure they would eventually separate and give him his opportunity with Wardlaw.

They went down to the harbour and took a boat; Seaton came nearer, and learned they were going on board the great steamer bound for England, that loomed so black, with monstrous eyes of fire.

They put off, and Seaton stood baffled.

Presently, the black monster, with enormous eyes of fire, spouted her steam like a Leviathan, and then was still; next the smoke puffed, the heavy paddles revolved, and she rushed out of the harbour; and Seaton sat down upon the ground, and all seemed ended. Helen gone to England! Wardlaw gone with her! Love and revenge had alike eluded him. He looked up at the sky, and played with the pebbles at his feet, stupidly, stupidly. He wondered why

he was ever born; why he consented to live a single minute after this. His angel and his demon gone home together! And he left here!

He wrote a few lines on the paper he had intended for Wardlaw, sprinkled them with sand, and put them in his bosom, then stretched himself out with a weary moan, like a dying dog, to wait the flow of the tide and, with it, Death. Whether or not his resolution or his madness would have carried him so far cannot be known, for even as the water rippled in and, trickling under his back, chilled him to the bone, a silvery sound struck his ear. He started to his feet, and life and its joys rushed back upon him. It was the voice of the woman he loved so madly.

Helen Rolleston was on the water, coming ashore again in the little boat.

He crawled, like a lizard, among the boats ashore to catch a sight of her: he did see her, was near her, unseen himself. She landed with her father. So Wardlaw was gone to England without her. Seaton trembled with joy. Presently his goddess began to lament in the prettiest way. "Papa! Papa!" she sighed, "Why must friends part, in this sad world? Poor Arthur is gone from me: and, by-and-by I shall go from you, my own papa." And at that prospect she wept gently.

"Why, you foolish child!" said the old General, tenderly, "what matters a little parting, when we are all to meet again, in dear old England. Well then, there, have a cry; it will do you good." He patted her head tenderly, as she clung to his warlike breast; and she took him at his word; the tears ran swiftly and glistened in the very star-light.

But, oh! how Seaton's heart yearned at all this.

What? musn't *he* say a word to comfort her; he who, at that moment, would have thought no more of dying to serve her, or to please her, than he would of throwing one of those pebbles into that slimy water.

Well, her pure tears somehow cooled his hot brain, and washed his soul, and left him wondering at himself and his misdeeds this night. His guardian angel seemed to go by and wave her dewy wings, and fan his hot passions as she passed.

He kneeled down and thanked God he had not met Arthur Wardlaw in that dark lane.

Then he went home to his humble lodgings, and there buried himself; and from that day seldom went out, except to seek employment. He soon obtained it as a copyist.

Meantime the police were on his track, employed by a person with a gentle disposition, but a tenacity of purpose truly remarkable.

Great was Seaton's uneasiness when one day he saw Hexham at the foot of his stair ; greater still, when the officer's quick eye caught sight of him, and his light foot ascended the stairs directly. He felt sure Hexham had heard of his lurking about General Rolleston's premises. However, he prepared to defend himself to the uttermost.

Hexham came into his room without ceremony, and looking mighty grim. "Well, my lad, so we have got you, after all."

"What is my crime now?" asked Seaton, sullenly.

"James," said the officer, very solemnly, "it is an unheard of crime this time. You have been-running-away-from a pretty girl. Now that is a mistake at all times ; but, when she is as beautiful as a angel, and rich enough to slip a fiver into Dick Hexham's hands, and lay him on your track, what is the use? Letter for *you*, my man."

Seaton took the letter, with a puzzled air. It was written in a clear but feminine hand, and slightly scented.

The writer, in a few polished lines, excused herself for taking extraordinary means to find Mr. Seaton ; but hoped he would consider that he had laid her under a deep obligation, and that gratitude *will* sometimes be importunate. She had the pleasure to inform him that the office of shipping clerk, at Messrs. White & Co.'s was at his service, and she hoped he would take it without an hour's further delay, for she was assured that many persons had risen to wealth and consideration in the colony from such situations.

Then, as this wary but courteous young lady had no wish to enter into a correspondence with her ex-gardener, she added—

"Mr. Seaton need not trouble himself to reply to this note. A simple 'yes' to Mr. Hexham will be enough and will give sincere pleasure to Mr. Seaton's

"Obedient servant and well wisher,

"HELEN ANNE ROLLESTON."

Seaton bowed his head over this letter in silent but deep emotion.

Hexham respected that emotion and watched him with a sort of vague sympathy.

Seaton lifted his head, and the tears stood thick in his eyes. Said he, in a voice of exquisite softness, scarce above a whisper, "Tell her, 'yes,' and 'God bless her.' Good-bye. I want to go on my knees, and pray God to bless her, as she deserves. Good-bye."

Hexham took the hint, and retired softly.

CHAPTER VI.

WHITE & CO. stumbled on a treasure in James Seaton. Your colonial clerk is not so narrow and apathetic as your London clerk, whose two objects seem to be, to learn one department only, and not to do too much in that ; but Seaton, a gentleman and a scholar, eclipsed even colonial clerks in this, that he omitted no opportunity of learning the whole business of White & Co., and was also animated by a feverish zeal, that now and then provoked laughter from clerks, but was agreeable, as well as surprising, to White & Co. Of that zeal, his incurable passion was partly the cause. Fortunes had been made with great rapidity in Sydney ; and Seaton now conceived a wild hope of acquiring one, by some lucky hit, before Wardlaw could return to Helen Rolleston. And yet his common sense said, if I was as rich as Croesus, how could she ever mate with me, a stained man? And yet his burning heart said, don't listen to reason ; listen only to me. Try.

And so he worked double tides ; and, in virtue of his University education, had no snobbish notions about never putting his hand to manual labour : he would lay down his pen at any moment, and bear a hand to lift a chest, or roll a cask. Old White saw him thus multiply himself, and was so pleased that he raised his salary one-third.

He never saw Helen Rolleston, except on Sunday. On that day he went to her church, and sat half behind a pillar, and feasted his eyes and his heart upon her. He lived sparingly, saved money, bought a strip of land, by payment of £10 deposit, and sold it in forty hours for £100 profit, and watched keenly for similar opportunities on a larger scale ; and all for her. Struggling with a mountain : hoping against reason, and the world.

White & Co. were employed to ship a valuable cargo on board two vessels chartered by Wardlaw and Son, the Shannon, and the Proserpine.

Both these ships lay in Sydney harbour, and had taken in the bulk of their cargoes ; but the supplement was the cream. For Wardlaw, in person, had warehoused eighteen cases of gold dust and ingots, and forty of lead and smelted copper. They were all examined and branded by Mr. White, who had duplicate keys of the gold cases. But the contents, as a matter of habit and prudence, were not described outside : but were marked Proserpine and Shannon, respectively ; the mate of the Proserpine, who

was in Wardlaw's confidence, had written instructions to look carefully to the stowage of all these cases, and was in and out of the store one afternoon just before closing, and measured the cubic contents of the cases, with a view to stowage in the respective vessels. The last time he came he seemed rather the worse for liquor; and Seaton, who accompanied him, having stepped out a minute for something or other, was rather surprised on his return to find the door closed, and it struck him Mr. Wylie (that was the mate's name) might be inside; the more so as the door closed very easily with a spring bolt, but could only be opened by a key of peculiar construction. Seaton took out his key, opened the door, and called to the mate, but received no reply. However, he took the precaution to go round the store, and see whether Wylie, rendered somnolent by liquor, might not be lying oblivious among the cases: Wylie however was not to be seen, and Seaton finding himself alone did an unwise thing; he came and contemplated Wardlaw's cases of metal and specie. (Men will go too near the thing that causes their pain.) He eyed them with grief and with desire, and could not restrain a sigh at these material proofs of his rival's wealth: the wealth that probably had smoothed his way to General Rolleston's home, and to his daughter's heart; for wealth can pave the way to hearts, ay even to hearts that cannot be downright bought. This reverie no doubt lasted longer than he thought, for presently he heard the loud rattle of shutters going up below: it was closing time; he hastily closed and locked the iron shutters, and then went out and shut the door.

He had been gone about two hours, and that part of the street, so noisy in business hours, was hushed in silence, all but an occasional footstep on the flags outside, when something mysterious occurred in the warehouse, now as dark as pitch.

At an angle of the wall stood two large cases in a vertical position, with smaller cases lying at their feet; these two cases were about eight feet high, more or less. Well, behind these cases suddenly flashed a feeble light, and the next moment two brown, and sinewy, hands appeared on the edge of one of the cases—the edge next the wall; the case vibrated and rocked a little, and the next moment there mounted on the top of it, not a cat, nor a monkey, as might have been expected, but an animal that in truth resembles both those quadrupeds, *viz.*, a sailor; and need we say that sailor was the mate of the Proserpine. He descended lightly from the top of the case

behind which he had been jammed for hours, and lighted a dark lantern; and went softly groping about the store with it. This was a mysterious act, and would perhaps have puzzled the proprietors of the store even more than it would a stranger: for a stranger would have said at once this is burglary, or else arson; but those acquainted with the place would have known that neither of those crimes was very practicable. The enterprising sailor could not burn down this particular store without roasting himself the first thing; and indeed he could not burn it down at all: for the roof was flat, and was in fact one gigantic iron tank, like the roof of Mr. Goding's brewery in London: and by a neat contrivance of American origin, the whole tank could be turned in one moment to a shower bath, and drown a conflagration in thirty seconds or thereabouts: nor could he rifle the place; the goods were greatly protected by their weight, and it was impossible to get out of the store without raising an alarm, and being searched.

But, not to fall into the error of writers who underrate their readers' curiosity and intelligence, and so deluge them with comments and explanations, we will now simply relate what Wylie did, leaving you to glean his motives as this tale advances.

His jacket had large pockets, and he took out of them a bunch of eighteen bright steel keys, numbered, a set of new screw-drivers, a flask of rum, and two ship biscuits.

He unlocked the eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., and, peering in with his lantern, saw the gold dust and small ingots packed in parcels and surrounded by Australian wool of the highest possible quality. It was a luscious sight. He then proceeded to a heavier task; he unscrewed, one after another, eighteen of the cases marked Shannon, and the eighteen so selected, perhaps by private marks, proved to be packed close, and on a different system from the gold, *viz.*, in pigs, or square blocks, three, or in some cases four, to each chest. Now, these two ways of packing the specie and the baser metal respectively, had the effect of producing a certain uniformity of weight in the thirty-six cases Wylie was inspecting: otherwise the gold cases would have been twice the weight of those that contained the baser metal; for lead is proverbially heavy, but under scientific tests is to gold as five to twelve, or thereabouts.

In his secret and mysterious labour Wylie was often interrupted. Whenever he heard a step on the pavement outside, he drew the slide of his lantern and hid the light. If he had ex-

amed the iron shutters, he would have seen that his light could never pierce through them into the street. But he was not aware of this. Notwithstanding these occasional interruptions, he worked so hard and continuously, that the perspiration poured down him ere he had unscrewed those eighteen chests containing the pigs of lead. However, it was done at last, and then he refreshed himself with a draught from his flask. The next thing was, he took the three pigs of lead out of one of the cases marked Shannon, &c., and numbered fifteen, and laid them very gently on the floor. Then he transferred to that empty case the mixed contents of a case branded Proserpine 1, &c., and this he did with the utmost care and nicety, lest gold dust spilled should tell tales. And so he went on and amused himself by shifting the contents of the whole eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., into eighteen cases marked Shannon, &c., and refilling them with the Shannon's lead. Frolicsome Mr. Wylie! Then he sat down on one of the cases Proserpine, and ate a biscuit and drank a little rum; not much: for at this part of his career he was a very sober man, though he could feign drunkenness, or anything else.

The gold was all at his mercy, yet he did not pocket an ounce of it; not even a penny-weight to make a wedding-ring for Nancy Rouse. Mr. Wylie had a conscience, and a very original one it was; and, above all, he was very true to those he worked with. He carefully locked the gold cases up again, and resumed the screw-driver, for there was another heavy stroke of work to be done; and he went at it like a man. He carefully screwed down again, one after another, all those eighteen cases marked Shannon, which he had filled with gold-dust, and then, heating a sailor's needle red-hot over his burning wick, he put his own secret marks on those eighteen cases—marks that no eye but his own could detect. By this time, though a very powerful man, he felt much exhausted, and would gladly have snatched an hour's repose. But consulting his watch by the light of his lantern, he found the sun had just risen. He retired to his place of concealment in the same cat-like way he had come out of it—that is to say, he mounted on the high cases, and then slipped down behind them, into the angle of the wall.

As soon as the office opened, two sailors, whom he had carefully instructed over-night, came with a boat for the cases; the warehouse was opened in consequence, but they were informed that Wylie must be present at the delivery.

"Oh, he won't be long," said they; "told us he would meet us here."

There was a considerable delay, and a good deal of talking, and presently Wylie was at their backs, and put in his word.

Seaton was greatly surprised at finding him there, and asked him where he had sprung from.

"Me!" said Wylie, jocosely, "why, I hailed from Davy Jones's locker last."

"I never heard you come in," said Seaton, thoughtfully.

"Well, sir," replied Wylie, civilly, "a man does learn to go like a cat on board ship, that is the truth. I came in at the door like my betters; but I thought I heard you mention my name, so I made no noise. Well, here I am, any way, and—Jack, how many trips can we take these thundering chests in? Let us see, eighteen for the Proserpine, and forty for the Shannon. Is that correct, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, if you will deliver them, I'll check the delivery a-board the lighter there; and then we'll tow her alongside the ships."

Seaton called up two more clerks, and sent one to the boat, and one on board the barge. The barge was within hail; so the cases were checked as they passed out of the store, and checked again at the small boat, and also on board the lighter. When they were all cleared out, Wylie gave Seaton his receipt for them, and, having a steam-tug in attendance, towed the lighter alongside the Shannon first.

Seaton carried the receipt to his employer.

"But, sir," said he, "is this regular for an officer of the Proserpine to take the Shannon's cargo from us?"

"No, it is not regular," said the old gentleman; and he looked through a window, and summoned Mr. Hardcastle.

Hardcastle explained that the Proserpine shipped the gold, which was the more valuable consignment; and that he saw no harm in the officer, who was so highly trusted by the merchant (on this and on former occasions), taking out a few tons of lead and copper to the Shannon.

"Well, sir," said Seaton, "suppose I was to go out and see the chests stowed in those vessels?"

"I think you are making a fuss about nothing," said Hardcastle.

Mr. White was of the same opinion, but, being too wise to check zeal and caution, told Seaton he might go for his own satisfaction.

Seaton, with some difficulty, got a little boat and pulled across the harbour. He found the Shannon had shipped all the chests marked

with her name ; and the captain and mate of the *Proserpine* were beginning to ship theirs. He paddled under the *Proserpine's* stern.

Captain Hudson, a rough salt, sang out, and asked him roughly what he wanted there.

"Oh, it is all right," said the mate ; "he is come for your receipt and Hewitt's. Be smart now, men ; two on board, sixteen to come."

Seaton saw the chests marked *Proserpine* stowed in the *Proserpine*, and went ashore with Captain Hewitt's receipt of forty cases on board the *Shannon*, and Captain Hudson's of eighteen on board the *Proserpine*.

As he landed he met Lloyd's agent, and told him what a valuable freight he had just shipped. That gentleman merely remarked that both ships were underwritten in Sydney by the owners ; but the freight was insured in London, no doubt.

There was still something about this business Seaton did not quite like ; perhaps it was in the haste of the shipments, or in the manner of the mate. At all events, it was too slight and subtle to be communicated to others with any hope of convincing them ; and, moreover, Seaton could not but own to himself that he hated Wardlaw, and was, perhaps, no fair judge of his acts, and even of the acts of his servants.

And soon a blow fell that drove the matter out of his head and his heart. Miss Helen Rolleston called at the office, and, standing within a few feet of him, handed Hardcastle a letter from Arthur Wardlaw, directing that the lady's cabin on board the *Shannon* should be placed at her disposal.

Hardcastle bowed low to Beauty and Station, and promised her the best possible accommodation on board the *Shannon*, bound for England next week.

As she retired, she cast one quiet glance round the office in search of Seaton's beard. But he had reduced its admired luxuriance, and trimmed it to a narrow mercantile point. She did not know his other features from Adam, and little thought that young man, bent double over his paper, was her preserver and *protégé* ; still less that he was at this moment cold as ice, and quivering with misery from head to foot, because her own lips had just told him she was going to England in the *Shannon*.

Heart-broken, but still loving nobly, Seaton dragged himself down to the harbour, and went slowly on board the *Shannon* to secure Miss Rolleston every comfort.

Then, sick at heart as he was, he made inquiries into the condition of the vessel which was to be trusted with so precious a freight ; and the old boatman who was rowing him, hearing him make these inquiries, told him he himself was always about, and had noticed the *Shannon's* pumps were going every blessed night.

Seaton carried this intelligence directly to Lloyd's agent ; he overhauled the ship, and ordered her into the graving dock for repairs.

Then Seaton, for White & Co., wrote to Miss Rolleston that the *Shannon* was not seaworthy, and could not sail for a month, at the least.

The lady simply acknowledged Messrs. White's communication, and Seaton breathed again.

Wardlaw had made Miss Rolleston promise him faithfully to sail that month in his ship the *Shannon*. Now she was a slave to her word, and constant of purpose ; so, when she found she could not sail in the *Shannon*, she called again on Messrs. White, and took her passage in the *Proserpine*. The essential thing to her mind was to sail when she had promised, and to go in a ship that belonged to her lover.

The *Proserpine* was to sail in ten days.

Seaton inquired into the state of the *Proserpine*. She was a good, sound vessel, and there was no excuse for detaining her.

Then he wrestled long and hard with the selfish part of his great love. Instead of turning sullen, he set himself to carry out Helen Rolleston's will. He went on board the *Proserpine* and chose her the best stern cabin.

General Rolleston had ordered Helen's cabin to be furnished, and the agent had put in the usual things, such as standing bedstead with drawers beneath, chest of drawers, small table, two chairs, wash-stand, looking-glass, and swinging lamp.

But Seaton made several visits to the ship, and effected the following arrangements at his own cost. He provided a neat cocoa-mat for her cabin-deck for comfort and foot-hold ; he unshipped the regular six-paned stern windows, and put in single pane plate glass ; he fitted venetian blinds, and hung two little rose-coloured curtains to each of the windows ; all so arranged as to be easily removed in case it should be necessary to ship dead lights in heavy weather. He glazed the door leading to her bath-room and quarter gallery with plate glass ; he provided a light, easy chair, slung and fitted with grummetts, to be hung on hooks screwed into the beams in the midship

of the cabin. On this Helen could sit and read, and so become insensible to the motion of the ship; he fitted a small case of books, having a batten, secured from falling out by a button, which could be raised when a book might be wanted; he fixed a strike-bell in her maid's cabin, communicating with two strikers in Helen's cabin; he selected books taking care that the voyages and travels were prosperous ones. No "Seaman's Recorder," "Life boat Journal," or "Shipwrecks and Disasters in the British Navy."

Her cabin was the after-cabin on the star-board side; was entered through the cuddy, had a door communicating with the quarter gallery; two stern windows, and a dead-eye on deck. The maid's cabin was the port after-cabin; doors opened into cuddy and quarter gallery. And a fine trouble Miss Rolleston had to get a maid to accompany her; but at last a young woman offered to go with her for high wages, demurely suppressing the fact that she had just married one of the sailors, and would have gladly gone for nothing. Her name was Jane Holt, and her husband's Michael Donovan.

In one of Seaton's visits to the Proserpine he detected the mate and the captain talking together, and looking at him with unfriendly eyes—scowling at him would hardly be too strong a word.

However, he was in no state of mind to care much how two animals in blue jackets received his acts of self-martyrdom. He was there to do the last kind offices of despairing love for the angel that had crossed his dark path, and illumined it for a moment, to leave it now for ever.

At last the fatal evening came; her last in Sydney.

Then Seaton's fortune, sustained no longer by the feverish stimulus of doing kindly acts for her, began to give way, and he desponded deeply.

At nine in the evening he crept upon General Rolleston's lawn, where he had first seen her. He sat down in sullen despair, upon the very spot.

Then he came nearer the house. There was a lamp in the dining room; he looked in and saw her.

She was seated at her father's knee, looking up at him fondly; her hand was in his. The tears were in their eyes: she had no mother; he no son; they loved one another devotedly. This, their tender gesture, and their sad silence, spoke volumes to anyone that had

known sorrow. Poor Seaton sat down on the dewy grass outside, and wept, because she was weeping.

Her father sent her to bed early. Seaton watched, as he had often done before, till her light went out; and then he flung himself on the wet grass, and stared at the sky in utter misery.

The mind is often clearest in the middle of the night; and all of a sudden he saw, as if written on the sky, that she was going to England expressly to marry Arthur Wardlaw.

At this revelation he started up, stung with hate as well as love, and his tortured mind rebelled furiously. He repeated his vow that this should never be; and soon a scheme came into his head to prevent it; but it was a project so wild and dangerous, that, even as his heated brain hatched it, his cooler judgment said, "Fly, madman, fly! or this love will *destroy* you!"

He listened to the voice of reason, and in another minute he was out of the premises. He fluttered to his lodgings.

When he got there he could not go in; he turned and fluttered about the streets, not knowing or caring whither; his mind was in a whirl; and, what with his bodily fever, and his boiling heart, passion began to overpower reason, that had held out so gallantly till now. He found himself at the harbour, staring with wild and blood-shot eyes at the Proserpine, he, who an hour ago, had seen that he had but one thing to do—to try and forget young Wardlaw's bride. He groaned aloud, and ran wildly back into the town. He hurried up and down one narrow street, raging inwardly, like some wild beast in its den.

By-and-by, his mood changed, and he hung round a lamp-post, and fell to moaning and lamenting his hard fate, and hers.

A policeman came up, took him for a maudlin drunkard, and half-advised, half-admonished him, to go home.

At that he gave a sort of fierce, despairing snarl, and ran into the next street, to be alone.

In this street he found a shop open, and lighted, though it was but five o'clock in the morning. It was a barber's, whose customers were working people. HAIR-CUTTING, SIX-PENCE. EASY SHAVING, THREE-PENCE. HOT COFFEE, FOUR-PENCE THE CUP. Seaton's eye fell upon this shop. He looked at it fixedly a moment from the opposite side of the way, and then hurried on.

He turned suddenly and came back. He crossed the road and entered the shop. The barber was leaning over the stove, removing a can of boiling water from the fire to the hob.

He turned at the sound of Seaton's step, and revealed an ugly countenance, rendered sinister by a squint.

Seaton dropped into a chair, and said "I want my beard taken off."

The man looked at him, if it could be called looking *at* him, and said, drily, "Oh, do ye? How much am I to have for that job?"

"You know your own charge."

"Of course I do; three-pence a chin."

"Very well. Be quick then."

"Stop a bit: that is my charge to working folk. I must have something more off you."

"Very well, man, I'll pay you double."

"My price to you is ten shillings."

"Why, what is that for?" asked Seaton, in some alarm; he thought in his confusion, the man must have read his heart.

"I'll tell ye why," said the squinting barber. "No I won't; I'll show ye." He brought a small mirror, and suddenly clapped it before Seaton's eyes. Seaton started at his own image; wild, ghastly, and the eyes so blood-shot. The barber chuckled. This start was an extorted compliment to his own sagacity. "Now wasn't I right?" said he; "did I ought to take the beard off such a mug as that—for less than ten shillings?"

"I see," groaned Seaton; "you think I have committed some crime. One man sees me weeping with misery; he calls me a drunkard: another sees me pale with the anguish of my breaking heart; he calls me a felon. May God's curse light on him and you, and all mankind!"

"All right," said the squinting barber, apathetically; "my price is ten bob, whether or no."

Seaton felt in his pockets. "I have not got the money about me," said he.

"Oh, I'm not particular; leave your watch."

Seaton handed this squinting vampire his watch without another word, and let his head fall upon his breast.

The barber cut his beard close with the scissors, and made trivial remarks from time to time; but received no reply.

At last, Extortion having put him in a good humour, he said, "Don't be so down-hearted, my lad. You are not the first that has got into trouble, and had to change faces."

Seaton vouchsafed no reply.

The barber shaved him clean, and was astonished at the change, and congratulated him. "Nobody will ever know you;" said he, "and I'll tell you why; your mouth it is inclined to turn up a little; now a moustache it bends down, and that alters such a mouth as yours entirely. But, I'll tell you what, taking

off this beard shows me something: *you are a gentleman*. Make it a sovereign, sir."

Seaton staggered out of the place without a word.

"Sulky, eh?" muttered the barber. He gathered up some of the long hair he had cut off Seaton's chin with his scissors, admired it, and put it away in paper.

While thus employed, a regular customer looked in for his cup of coffee. It was the policeman who had taken Seaton for a convivial soul.

SHOOTING OVER A BULL-DOG.

ONE morning in April, 1857, I left Pavia for Piacenza in a little one-horse carriage, driven by a dwarf called Ferdinand Hercules Goodcomfort. The roads were heavy from rain, and all the saints in the Italian calendar were invoked to get the old white animal in the shafts along. When we arrived at the banks of the Po, the ferry boat was, of course, on the opposite side. Ferdinand Hercules divested himself of his great blue cloak lined with green baize, and commenced a noise to attract the ferrymen, a noise like the yelling of the first-mate of a timber ship that is being loaded with cargo. When perfectly black in the face and speechless, he sat down in despair, and I had to take his place. After three-quarters of an hour of this pleasant occupation, the ferrymen came slowly out of a small hut, and pretending that they had just heard us, proceeded to bring the boat over the river. Evidently, the white horse did not inspire them with much confidence as to a *buonamano*. Ferdinand Hercules, having by this time recovered the use of his lungs, commenced cursing the people very freely, and went on doing so until we arrived at St. Giovanni Castello, where we stopped to bait the white horse and breakfast. The house was half farm-house, half inn, of the sort common in Italy in out-of-the-way places.

In a large vaulted kitchen, which served for dining-room and drawing-room combined, we got a very good meal of Milanese cutlets, omelette well powdered with onions, strachino cheese, and country wine. As I was finishing breakfast, I heard an odd cracking noise coming down the stairs, the cause of which shortly appeared in the shape of the landlord of the place, clad in full sporting costume—a velveteen jacket and waistcoat; thick gamboge-coloured leather breeches and gaiters, (the former the cause of the noise;) a carnas-

sière with muzzle and dog whip attached to it ; two powder horns ; two shot belts ; a blue cotton umbrella, about the size of those used for carriages, in one hand ; and a single-barrelled, brass-mounted, flint-locked gun in the other. He announced his departure for the chase, and invited me to accompany him. On my stating that my time was limited, he said that it was of no consequence, as the game was in close proximity to the house, and, his first beat being by the high-road, my carriage could pick me up without loss of time. Having then loaded his gun with about two ounces of powder, a sheet of brown paper, and plenty of No. 3 shot, he emerged from the kitchen, and, blowing a shrill whistle, desired one of his men to unchain Bobbi. I remarked that at the first sound of the whistle, a series of fat pigs comfortably reposing in the central mud of the farm-yard, got up and retreated to a far corner, forming themselves into a hollow square, ready for emergencies. A powerful bark in the distance announced the arrival of a dog of some sort ; when, almost immediately a great saffron-coloured bull-dog, with brindled legs, and the most repulsive set of features I ever saw, came bounding into the place. He had on a collar well furnished with spikes and bells. The landlord assured me that he was *molto bravo*, and of that pure breed used by all English lords when at the chase. The animal at once gave evidence of his sporting qualities by chasing all the ducks and chickens into a pond, out of which the latter had to be got with poles. Being then pacified by a block of meat, he consented to accompany us to fulfil his duties.

The game did lie close to the house ; for we had hardly entered the first field, when I saw my friend the landlord stand still and look about with a puzzled appearance. "I hear him," he said, "but I cannot see him." Presently he started, threw out his left leg, got his body well fixed in the muddy ground, and slowly brought his gun to the shoulder. After a most deliberate aim, the gun went off, with a prolonged fizz, like a damp squib, and the game—a small hedge-sparrow distant twenty yards—fell to the ground. Bobbi at once rushed in and began to eat him ; nothing but incessant showers of stones would induce him to relinquish his prey, which he did at last, growling fiercely as he retreated. The landlord then stepped in and recovered the beak, tail, and one leg of the bird, which he put carefully away in the carnassière. He then said that Bobbi's conduct was quite insupportable, and sent in for more meat, with a view to putting on the muzzle.

A long piece of bullock's pipe being furnished to him, he said to me, "Caro Signore, oblige me by muzzling him while I load my gun."

I did not much fancy this job ; but getting behind the dog with the muzzle in both hands, just as he had finished the last three inches of meat, I slipped it over his head, and I believe (from the gurgling noise) buckled the meat into his throat. This made him very sulky, and we were in full cry after a blackbird, when two cows yoked to a small cart turned the corner of the road, a fat man asleep inside the vehicle. Bobbi at once rushed at the cows, turned them short round, and the whole concern was upset into the ditch. Ferdinand Hercules arriving with the carriage, we succeeded in getting the cart righted ; the fat man gave Bobbi a tremendous crack on the head with his goad which sent him yelping home, and abused us for owning such a vicious brute. The real owner was far away in the distance, having fired ten successive shots at the blackbird without effect.

WHAT MONSIEUR SAW IN ENGLAND.

ON the two following pages there have been thrown together a few sketches borrowed from one of the most popular of the French periodicals, *La Vie Parisienne*. Pictures of the English as they appear at home and abroad are in great favour among our French neighbours, and afford them endless amusement. Nor is this amusement, though it has the tinge of satire, unkindly. We have our laugh at what we conceive to be the foibles of Monsieur, and we may indulge Monsieur when he makes merry with us. He thinks us very odd, and is never tired of wondering at our ways. We and the Germans are his chief butts. He has little to say of the people of other countries—Spaniards, Italians, Russians. But mein Herr and my Lord are his delight, and his raillery of them is of the heartiest.

In the sketches we now show, Monsieur gives us first of all his idea of the mothers of perfidious Albion. He declares that their teeth are always large, that their cheek-bones are always prominent, and that they are of elephantine, not to say megatherian, size. Then we have three heads of the daughters of Albion—fair of skin, abundant of eye, apt to show the teeth, but rather long in the neck, ridiculously dressed, and gawky in manner. Underneath these we have a mother and daughter together. Who can believe it? This





fat lady once loved Keats, and adored Mario. Now she loves only her daughter, and she adores lobster-salad. Again, who will believe it? This fair girl of hers, who now sighs over the poets, sings like a siren, and steals the hearts of men, will one day become an enormity like her mother, and forget sentiment for supper. These English girls are particularly fond of out-door amusements. They are archers, and do infinite damage with the bow. Their arrows with their glances fly forward, but their hair, more fatal, streams behind. The worst, however, of shooting with the bow is, in the opinion of the French artist, that it exhibits with remarkable clearness, the angularities and awkwardness of the long, lithe, lean, and lank damsel whom he likes to call "Meess." But to see an English Miss to the greatest advantage, you should be present when she bathes in the sea. Behold her plunge in the succeeding sketch. She is generally attended by a crop-eared bull-terrier—a bouledogue—who stands at the door of the bathing-machine, and gazes with admiration at the performances of his mistress. It may be, indeed, that the English Miss will not be content with an insignificant terrier, and glories in a Newfoundland. In that case, you will no doubt some day see her out at sea swimming calmly among the billows, and holding on by the tail of her Newfoundland. The less active English girls take to croquet, which is a noble but stupid game, says the Frenchman. And so he proceeds from one amusement to another—to boating, to riding, to gymnastics. In all these sketches, of which we now give a first instalment, he dwells chiefly on our women. Englishmen amuse, but do not



interest him. At least he does not like us. He thinks us gross and coarse. The readiness with which we use our fists on the slightest provocation is, no doubt, a great point in our favour. But pugnacity, however amusing, is seldom attractive. Monsieur, as in duty bound, takes much more kindly to our women. He exhibits them to the admiration of their better dressed rivals in France; but on the whole he likes the English ladies. He likes their fresh looks, their high spirit, their courage, their activity; and if he is astonished at the shape of their garments, thinks their bearing in society odd, and very much dislikes their reserve of manner, it is to be hoped that they can forgive him, and may remember the desire of the poet,

O, would kind Heaven the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

This article is instigated by a perusal of Professor Tyndall's admirable series of Lectures on Sound, delivered at the Royal Institution in the spring of last year, and lately published by Messrs. Longmans. We can give but a poor idea of the store of information comprised in this work, and of the captivating style in which it is, by simile and illustration, set before the reader. It is a book that will interest alike musician, student, and admirer of philosophical research.

TO our limited understandings it sometimes seems that Nature delights in curious freaks; but when we come to analyze her apparent vagaries they resolve themselves into mere instances of the working of simple laws. Imagine the whispered secrets of a confessional being proclaimed to an unwilling hearer in a distant part of a cathedral. Such a thing once occurred in the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily. A visitor to the edifice accidentally came upon a spot where he heard every word that a fair penitent was uttering to a closeted priest, in a remote quarter of the building. Here was a seeming freak; but when the case came to be examined it was clear that the whispers were scattered over the curved roof, which, acting like a concave reflector in the case of light, converged the sounds to a focus; and so the mystery revealed itself as an instance of the convergence of sound. The eaves-dropper used to delight in taking his friends to hear the revelations of the penitents; but one day he and they heard too much, for—unfortunate coincidence!—his own wife knelt upon the penitential stool, and the betraying roof made him acquainted with secrets anything but amusing: the scandal that ensued brought about the removal of the confessional to a more secret spot. This was not a case of mere echo; the sound was actually brought to a focus at one particular spot, just as the image of a candle is projected upon a wall by a concave reflector or by a lens.

Echoes are reflections of sounds; a flat surface like a blank wall is to sound what a looking-glass is to light. A sounding-board placed over a speaker's head catches the sounds that would otherwise be dispersed in the space above him, and reflects them down upon the audience beneath. The voice is echoed, but we do not hear both the direct and reflected sound because the interval between them is too short. The reflecting surface must be at some distance to allow an appreciable time to elapse for the sound to travel to it and come back again to the ear. The travelling rate of sound in air is about 1100 feet a second, and reflected sound

travels at the same speed as direct; hence by noticing the time which elapses between a sound and its echo we may estimate how far off the echoing surface is situated. Of remarkable echoes many are known. There is the celebrated one in the Gap of Dunloe, where the sounds are reflected again and again, so that when a trumpet is blown at the proper place the return notes reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadences. Alpine travellers, too, tell of wonderful warblings of echoes in the Swiss mountains. The rolling and pealing of thunder is due to echoes of the primary clap, which are generated in the clouds. A curious echo occurs at the London Colosseum. Mr. Wheatstone found that a syllable pronounced close to the upper part of the wall of this structure was repeated a great many times. A single exclamation sounded like a peal of laughter, and the tearing of a sheet of paper like the patter of hail.

We have said that sound travels through the air at the rate of about 1100 feet a second; but this speed depends upon the elasticity and density of the air; and as the elasticity depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperature its rate is 1090 feet a second; at 80° Fahrenheit, it is 1140 feet. So that sound travels slower in winter than in summer. Its velocity through other substances than air is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4160 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times this speed.

In travelling through space, sound diminishes in intensity, and, like light and other actions, it does this in proportion to the square of the distance traversed. A man two yards from a bell only hears one-fourth of the sound that reaches an ear distant one yard. A man three yards off only catches one-ninth of it; another four yards distant a sixteenth, and so on. The reason of this rapid rate of diminution and of this invariable proportion is obvious. If a certain sound will fill a sphere one yard in diameter with a certain intensity, that same sound, dispersed through a sphere six yards in diameter and therefore spreading over thirty-six times as much space, will be, as it were, diluted to a thirty-sixth of its strength.

But this decrease only, takes place in free air. In a room the sound is confined, and its lateral diffusion is prevented, so that the rule, although perfectly true as regards the sound

coming directly from the musical source, is not quite applicable to the general effect produced by the reflection and dispersion of the sonorous waves. Indeed sound confined, or prevented from dispersing, may be conveyed to great distances. There seems to be no limit to the actual distance to which it may be carried in a tube. The French philosopher, Biot, experimenting on the transmission of sound through the empty water-pipes of Paris, found that he could hold a conversation in a low voice through an iron tube 3120 feet in length; the lowest possible whisper could be heard at this distance.

The leading of sound through tubes was practised in early times, and no doubt speaking images and oracular responses depended upon this acoustical phenomenon. In our own time we have had talking heads. But modern sight-seers know all about tubes; so the heads have been isolated from solid supports, and carried by suspending chains. No matter. The mouth of the figure has been made hollow, or a trumpet bell has been placed in it; the sound has been led by a tube to some concealed orifice directly in front of this bell-mouth, and being as it were injected thereinto, has been thrown out again towards the astonished audience, who have thus been made to believe that the talking has been the result of some highly ingenious mechanism contained within the image. Nevertheless, successful attempts have been made to imitate the human voice by mechanical instruments. In the last century the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg proposed as a prize subject an inquiry into the nature of the vowel sounds and the construction of an instrument for artificially imitating them. The question was solved by M. Kratzenstein, who showed that all the vowels could be pronounced by blowing through a reed into tubes or chambers of various forms. At about the same time a Viennese mechanic, M. Kempelen, made a series of elaborate experiments which led to the construction of a machine that could be made to utter not merely vocal sounds, but words and even some few complete sentences, such as *opera, astronomy, Constantinopolis, vous êtes mon ami, Romanorum imperator semper Augustus, &c.*

Sound is produced by certain vibrations or pulsations communicated to the atmosphere. When we pluck a harp-string we set it quivering and cause it to give to the adjacent air a rapid succession of blows: the number of these blows in a second depending upon the length and tension of the string. If the string only gave one push to the air we should hear

but one noise or blow: but as in vibrating it gives a rapid succession of pushes, we experience a rapid succession of noises, and these resolve themselves into a continuous sound. Noises may become musical if only they succeed each other at equal intervals of time and with sufficient rapidity. If a watch could be caused to tick a hundred times in a second, the ticks would lose their individuality and blend into a musical tone. If the flapping of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate the bird would make music in its flight. The humming-bird does this, and so do thousands of insects whose wings vibrate with great rapidity. The highness or lowness, what we call the pitch, of a sound, depends upon the rapidity with which these pulses fall upon the air. When they come at the rate of fifty or sixty a second we have a deep growling bass sound; when at the rate of from twenty to thirty thousand in the same interval, the sound is a piercing treble. The human ear becomes deaf to such high sounds as result from these extremely rapid pulsations. It seems that the tympanic membrane is incapable of receiving and communicating more than about 20,000 blows in a second. But the limit varies with different persons; the squeak of a bat, the chirrup of the house-sparrow, the sound of a cricket are unheard by some people who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.

Since the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of pulsations reaching the ear in a given time—suppose that we run towards a source of sound, what is the consequence? Evidently the vibrations are crowded upon the ear more quickly than they would be if we stood still, and, conversely, if we run away from a sound they come upon us more slowly. Hence arises the curious phenomenon that in the first case the sound is sharpened, and in the second case flattened by our motion. This may be observed at any railway station during the passage of a rapid train. As the engine approaches, the sonorous waves emitted by the whistle are virtually shortened, a greater number of them being crowded into the ear in a given time. As it retreats the sonorous waves are virtually lengthened. The consequence is, that in approaching the whistle sounds a higher note, and in retreating a lower note, than if the train were stationary.

Although a plucked string, or a string otherwise made to vibrate, produces sound by beating the air, it must be observed that a string is too small a thing of itself to set in motion such

a mass of air as is necessary to fill a room with sound. Hence to make strings available for musical instruments they have to be so connected with larger surfaces as to set them in vibratory motion. These surfaces we call sound-boards, and in every stringed instrument the most important feature is this sonorous medium. The quality of this part of a piano, harp, violin, or lute, determines the entire goodness of the instrument. The sound-board must be able to take-up and give out to perfection every vibration that every string offers to it, or it will not do its duty properly, and the instrument of which it is almost body and soul will be a bad one.

The high value set upon venerable violins is not entirely fanciful. The molecular changes that age works in the nature of the wood they are made of have an important influence over their sounding qualities. The very act of playing has a beneficial effect; apparently constraining the molecules of the wood, which in the first instance were refractory, to conform at last to the requirements of the vibrating strings.

When a string, or a column of air in a pipe, is put in vibration, it not only vibrates as a whole, but it subdivides itself into proportional parts, each of which has its own time of vibration, and gives forth its own sound. These supplementary sounds are called harmonics; and it is the mingling of these with the fundamental note produced by the vibration of the whole string or air-column that determines the quality of the emitted tone, or what we, following the French, call the *timbre*. A violin and a clarinet may give forth the same note; yet their sounds will be quite different in tone, because the auxiliary vibrations accompanying the fundamental note in each are different. The Germans call this property *klangfarbe*, literally *sound-colour*. Professor Tyndall suggests that we should have an English name for it in lieu of the French word; he proposes *clang-tint* as the most expressive term, and uses it in his lectures.

Vibrations imparted to the air are frequently taken up by solid bodies at a distance. When music is being played, it is not uncommon to hear the lamp-glasses or other sounding bodies in the room join in the concert. In those cases the glass picks out from the general clamour that particular set of vibrations which it is capable of taking up, and rings in harmony with the note producing them whenever that note is sounded. A sounding tuning-fork will thus excite a silent one to play with it. Two pendulum-clocks fixed to the same wall, or

two watches lying on the same table, will take the same rate of going, through this sympathetic communication of vibrations; and what is more remarkable, if one clock be set going and the other not, the ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start its neighbour. It is in consequence of this property that the sound of a particular organ-pipe will sometimes break a particular window-pane, and that a powerful voice can crack a wine-glass by singing near it. The story goes that the Swiss muleteers tie up their bells at certain places lest the tinkle should bring an avalanche down. Professor Tyndall, however, who, from his Alpine experience, ought to know, does not believe the dreaded catastrophe ever actually occurred.

But the most beautiful instances of sympathy in sound are afforded by the phenomena of musical or sensitive flames. To Professor Leconte, of the United States, belongs the honour of first calling attention to these curiosities. The professor was assisting at a musical party one evening, and he says, "Soon after the music commenced, I observed that the flames of a fish-tail gas-burner exhibited pulsations which were exactly synchronous with the audible beats. This phenomenon was very striking to every one in the room, and especially so when the strong notes of the violoncello came in. It was exceedingly interesting to observe how perfectly even the trills of this instrument were reflected on the sheet of flame. *A deaf man might have seen the harmony.*" By experiment, he found that the vibrations were not due to the shaking of the walls and floor of the room, but were communicated directly from the music to the flame. This interesting subject has been followed up extensively by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Barrett. It has been found that those flames only are sensitive which are on the point of flaring, or roaring, as some would term it. A common fish-tail burner, just at the point of fluttering, but still giving out a clear sheet of flame, is thrown into a state of commotion, spurring out quivering tongues, when a whistle is blown in its neighbourhood. A bat's-wing jet behaves in a similar manner, throwing forth its tongues whenever an anvil is struck with a hammer. Professor Tyndall makes flames almost dance to music. He places a long rod-like flame and a short one side by side; upon blowing a whistle, the long flame becomes short, forked, and brilliant, and the short one long and smoky. The most marvellous flame exhibited at his lecture on this subject was a long thin one, twenty-four inches

high. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduced the height of this flame to seven inches. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it became violently agitated, and emitted a loud roar. The creaking of a boot set it in commotion; so did the crumpling of a piece of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress. The patter of a rain-drop startled it. At every tick of a watch held near it, down it fell. The twitter of a distant sparrow, or the chirp of a cricket, produced the same effect. When Professor Tyndall recited Spenser's verse, commencing, "Her ivory forehead full of bounty beams," the flames seemed to show its appreciation of the language; it noticed some sounds with a slight nod, to others it bowed more distinctly, and to certain others, again, it made a profound obeisance. To the performance of a musical box, the flame behaved like a sentient being. Jets of smoke are acted upon like flames, and so are jets of water, under certain conditions.

The loud noises which caves and rocky enclosures give forth when low sounds are uttered in them are well-known. Bunsen has noticed that when one of the steam jets of Iceland breaks out near the mouth of a cavern, a thunder-like sound is produced. When a hollow shell is placed close to the ear, a low murmuring noise is heard, which little children readily believe is the rolling of the sea. These phenomena are the effects of resonance, and resonance is the reinforcement of one sound by echoes of itself. If we speak into the mouth of a hollow tube, the sound vibrations of the air pour down the tube to the bottom; striking against this, they are reflected, and turn back again; on their way back, they meet others going down, and, union giving strength, they reinforce each other, and a doubled sound issues from the tube; it may be that several reflections conspire to reinforce the original sound several times, and then for a light whisper we have a loud roar.

The channel of the ear itself is a resonant cavity. Every one is familiar with the experiment of holding a poker by two strings, one in each hand, thrusting the fingers in the ears, and striking the poker against some hard substance. A sound is experienced by this means which is as deep and sonorous as a cathedral bell. It is due to the reinforcement of the vibrations of the poker in the hollow cavity of the ear. When we blow gently across a closed tube, such as the pipe of a key, the gentle fluttering of our breath is so reinforced by the resonance of the cavity that a whistle is produced. An organ pipe gives forth its

powerful note on the same principle; the prime source of the sound is only a gentle puff of wind blown against a sharp edge; this produces a flutter in the air, and some particular pulse of this fluttering is converted into a musical sound by the resonance of the associated column of air. If a tuning-fork be sounded and held in front of the slit near the bottom of an organ pipe, the pipe will resound as if it had been blown into. But the pipe and the fork must yield the same note, or the former will not "speak." Any cavity will not fully resound to any sound; it is only when the note the pipe would give if blown into is the same as that given by the fork, that the resonance is perfect.

But while sound will augment sound, the opposite is likewise the case; sound will destroy sound. As this curiosity brings us to silence, it shall be the last mentioned here.

Sound consists in waves or pulses travelling through the air. Now a wave consists of an elevation and a depression. Suppose that two waves come together. If elevation meet elevation they augment each other, and a double elevation is the consequence; if depression meet depression, the effect is similar; we have a depression of double the depth. But if elevation meet depression, what follows? Clearly they destroy each other, and the result is—nothing. So it follows that when two sounds meet in such a manner that the elevations of the waves of one meet the depressions of the waves of the other, silence is produced. Just the same thing occurs in the case of light, which is also a wave motion. An optician (we don't mean a spectacle and telescope maker, but a scientific student of optics,) can make two rays of light so clash that darkness is the result. In an ordinary tuning-fork the vibrations of one prong do really, to a considerable extent, destroy those of the other. Any one may convince himself of this by sounding a fork and then placing a cardboard tube over one prong—of course, without bringing tube and prong into contact. The emitted sound will be stronger than when both prongs were exposed. The actual silencing of one prong by another may thus be heard;—Sound a fork and hold it to the ear; slowly turn it round, and you will hear the sound continually die out and revive again. The points of silence are easily discovered; they are in the directions of the corners of the prongs. It is here that elevation—of the waves generated by one prong—meets depression—of the waves generated by the other prong. One kills the other and we have silence.

WAITING DINNER.

THERE was a time when I showed hospitality. I used to be fond of seeing my friends round my table. I seldom knew a man without asking him to dinner; and, to do my friends justice, they came readily. They never sent an excuse unless they were really unable to accept the invitation. The grief expressed in their refusals was always sincere. Their acceptances, on the other hand (I do not use this word in a commercial sense), had a beaming look about them, and filled me with a virtuous pride in my attractions as an entertainer. What dishes I set before my guests, with what wine I filled their glasses, it does not become me to say. Ask them, and they will tell you. They have already spread my fame as a dinner-giver in all parts of the town. And they will also tell you of the sad change which has come over our social relations. I have ceased to give dinners. If you ask the reason, it may be told in five words. I am tired of waiting. That half hour which some people think it necessary to steal from the beginning of dinner, has stifled all my hospitable instincts. The constant occurrence of accidents, which, as the proverb says, will happen in the best regulated families, and do happen even in the worst, has ruined my temper, and turned me into a morose and solitary feeder.



Some people are punctual by nature. I am one of them. Others have no idea of punctuality. I hate and abhor them. But, unfortunately, all cannot be alike; and even if, in social matters, a majority were to prevail, it might

happen that opinions were too equally divided for any decisive vote. Certain it is, that some men never keep their appointments even in the most serious affairs of life. I know persons who would not get up in time to be hanged. One of my friends was married by special license because he could not be ready before noon. No doubt there is a pardonable frailty in human nature, and the act of getting up early is its keenest trial. But we are not like our ancestors who dined at nine in the morning; and because a man has been late for breakfast, it is not necessary that he should be consistently late for all the meals that follow. Some men always seem to be running after the half hour which, as the saying has it, they lost in the morning, and which, they are told by the same saying, they will never catch up during the day. It is true that they verify the saying, but, in doing so, they put all the world to inconvenience.

Nothing can be more painful to the feelings of a host than the period of grace or law, which must elapse before vigorous steps are taken. The dinner has been ordered for a certain time; it will spoil if it is kept back any longer. You don't wait for a man of known unpunctuality, but then, you only learn his unpunctuality by experience, and this dinner is your first or second lesson. All the other guests are assembled and feel that you are waiting. You cannot start a subject of conversation, for it is certain to be interrupted just when it is at its best, and no one engages in real talk if there is no prospect of its enduring. The weather is the only legitimate topic before dinner; but even in England, and in winter, ten minutes is the utmost that the weather can command, and the last four of those minutes are as dreary as the subject. A certain wit said that he never could speak while taking a lady down-stairs, for if he made a joke she was sure to laugh during grace, and if he began a subject, grace was sure to form a break in it. Much the same feeling prevails while you are waiting dinner, but with the further element of uneasiness. You know how long it will take to reach the foot of the stairs, but you don't know how much longer the last guest will keep you. It is impossible to predict at what exact moment your patience will be exhausted, and you will give a savage pull at the bell, bearing the while a bland smile on your face, and saying cheerily to your delighted neighbour, "We must give him up, I'm afraid."

If it were a mere question of unpunctuality, there would, after all, be less ground for complaint. But you are haunted by a disturbed

feeling that something has happened to cause the delay, that something has gone wrong, that there has been a mistake about the hour or the day. "Are you quite sure, my dear, that you said Tuesday and not Thursday?" "Did you put the number of the Terrace? You know he has not been to see us in our new house." "The cabman may have taken him to Alexandra Gardens, south-west-by-south, and be unable to find the south-east-by-east." Where you have to depend on the railway, there is always a likelihood of the train having been missed. If it has not been missed, it is probably late; a coal train has been sent on just before it, and has broken down half-way between two stations. But in London, the eccentricities of the cabman-intellect are often sufficient to account for any delay. How many tables were left without guests by the recent strike? How many guests were left without dinners? It is fearful to think of the hunger it must have caused to many, of the joints which must have been done to rags, and of the delicate side-dishes which must have been ruined. At one end of the town the host was sitting over his fire, the picture of despair, looking every now and then at the clock, and listening for the sound of cab-wheels. At the other end, the guest stood on the kerbstone in his evening dress, holding a colloquy with an indifferent policeman and cursing misguided authority. This is really the most painful part of the business. No one cares for dandies like Pelham, who think that if they are worth being asked to dinner they are worth being waited for. No one with a proper feeling of self-respect would invite a Beau Brummel, who only comes on condition of its being kept a profound secret, and who on arriving an hour and three-quarters after the time, turns round and walks out of the room again at the sight of a large joint of beef. If a man wants to be rude to you, there is no reason why you should put yourself out of the way to show him a politeness. But when a friend, who is kept waiting himself, keeps you waiting, and when the thought of it annoys him more than it annoys you, the whole question wears a serious aspect.

How the mischief is to be remedied is more than I can say. A certain amount of despotism may perhaps do good, except that we do not invite our friends with a view of subjecting them to discipline. I was asked the other day if the law would support one in turning out of one's house a man whom one asked to dinner, and who began by assaulting the footman. But such a guest comes within the scope of the

Six Carpenters' Case, and is a trespasser *ab initio*. There is no implied contract on the part of a friend whom you invite to dinner that he will forfeit his place at table if he is not punctual. Dr. Kitchener, it is said, enforced this rule. Some hosts may be more inclined to envy his firmness than to follow his example. When Barnes Newcome arrives with the third course at his uncle's table, and calmly consumes his full share of the courses which have been removed, we all feel that his absence would have been desirable. If the servant, who opened the door, had been ordered to shut it politely in the face of all who came late for dinner, Clive would not have been tempted to throw the glass of claret at his cousin. And the practice which some people have of coming late in order that they may get the first dishes in quick succession would receive the check which it deserves. So far a little discipline would do good. It might of course be carried to an excess. But those who have felt the weight of too much liberty would find some pleasure in the change.

Persons of such rooted unpunctuality as the two brothers, of whom it was said that if you asked one for seven on Tuesday you got the other for eight on Wednesday, are beyond all social restraints. But one would hope the rest of the world will not be incorrigible. If the guest were to think of the annoyance he must be causing he would at once repent and be punctual. Even the cabman would be mollified at the sight of his fare's anxiety, and would drive rapidly in the right direction. Strikes would always take place in the middle of the day when their effect on business men and members of Parliament would be direct and instantaneous. Very soon there would be a reform in all social relations and life would be easier. I have almost a mind to try what I can do to inaugurate the new millennium, not of the rights of women, but of the rights of dinner-givers. Instinctively my pen forms the words, "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wobbler request the pleasure of ——— company at dinner on ——— day the — instant, at — o'clock. R.S.V.P. Doors closed five minutes after the hour."

TABLE TALK.

FLATTERY, besides being far more palatable than just praise, is really more honest. Your flatterer makes little or no disguise of his desire to please you, and to make you pleased with yourself, at the sacrifice of his own dignity and many other things. But when Sir Hubert

Stanley magnificently doles out his approbation which you are to consider "praise indeed," his thoughts are bent on himself and his own righteousness and impeccability, while he just as keenly expects to be paid for his commodity in admiration of his uprightness as the flatterer who fawns for favours more material, but not a whit more corrupt.

THE busy genius of modern benevolence has hit on a minor vent for itself of most peculiar, and, to my mind, infelicitous nature. This is to send round the begging-box for funds enough to furnish forth one ample meal to so many head of usually starving urchins, and there an end. Distend their little corporations once with what they would call a good blow out, and then leave them to collapse into a fiercer but more bitterly hopeless yearning. Show them for an ecstatic moment the land of plenty; then drop them back into their own bleak and barren region—so many little Tantaluses, steeped to the lips in remembered beer, and gazing longingly at retrospective beef and pudding. We have heard of a One Wine Company without knowing what it meant; but this Pseudo-Philanthropical One Dinner Company—very limited—is plainly and intelligibly a bubble to delude kind-hearted adults and hungering babes.

THERE was a Norwegian kitchen exhibited in Paris this last year, which was a curiosity in its way. It was a small box well coated with non-conducting substances, on the principle of a refrigerator; only, whereas the object of a refrigerator is to keep the heat out, that of a Norwegian kitchen is to keep it in. Boil water for five minutes and put it into this box. At the end of many hours it will be found to have lost little of its temperature; and, meat immersed in the water, will be found in due time perfectly cooked. All this is so well known that I need not have repeated the facts. But I remember that the Norwegian kitchen has been praised chiefly as a boon to the poor man. He can cook his dinner with his breakfast fire; he need not have the expense of keeping up the fire till dinner-time, nor the trouble of tending it. The Norwegian kitchen needs no care. Five hours after the meat has been boxed up in it, the dinner is ready. But the same apparatus may equally serve the needs of richer men. The other day, at the covert side, we had a hot luncheon out of one—stewed beef, and *poulet au riz*. The beef and the fowl had in the morning been put each

in a tin with boiling water: the tins were put into the Norwegian box; the box was carted to the covert side. That was all. At luncheon-time, we had our victuals smoking hot, and cooked to perfection.

THERE is, by the way, another contrivance about which great things are promised. Desiccated eggs, which will preserve all the properties of the fresh article for an unlimited period, promise to come into the provision market ere many months have elapsed. A patent has recently been secured for the drying process, and a company in New York has purchased the invention, to work it commercially. The eggs are broken into a trough and beaten up; a number of metal discs are dipped into the albuminous liquid, and become coated with it; these are lifted out and submitted to a current of hot air, which dries the film upon them; and then a number of scrapers come into action and flake off the egg in the form of scales or granules. The preparation thus obtained is said to have all the virtues and flavour of fresh eggs, and may be used in every case where the broken egg is required. All very fine. But one's experience of dried vegetables and other dried articles of food is not very encouraging.

WHO is the author of the riddle on cod? It wants polish; but it is clever enough to make one surprised that it is not more generally known. The riddle, it will be observed, is given double.

Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my first? It is the sounding sea.
What is my last? It is a flowing river.
And in their mingling depths I wander free,
Parent of sweetest sounds, though mute for ever.

THERE is an odd collocation of figures in the year '68, which has followed that of '67:—

Last year, with its date of ominous figures,
Saw most men's affairs all at sixes and sevens;
While this seems to threaten the law and its rigours:
But from dread six-and-eight—O, protect us, kind
Heavens!

I HAVE long been puzzled by a mystery in London which I have at length solved. I happen sometimes to stay in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, and at the small hours of the night I constantly hear, at long intervals, a

strange, unearthly sound like a distant moan. When the windows of my room are open, this weird sound is regular in its recurrence ; and it would not need a very lively imagination to connect it with the supernatural. Who will guess what the sound means? None but those aware of the fact that in the neighbourhood of Bond Street and Grosvenor Square there still exists the race of old watchmen—the Charlies—who go their rounds in the dead of night crying in sepulchral tones,—“Half-past two o'clock—a fine starry night.” These wonderful voices heard afar off in the stillness of the night might make nervous people shudder ; but I warn novelists who may read these lines not to make use of the incident for a sensation, as I happen to know of three distinct novels in preparation for which it is bespoken.

GEOGRAPHICAL readers will not need to be reminded, though others may, that arrangements are pending for a French expedition to the North Pole, initiated by M. Lambert, and advocated by the foremost hydrographers of France. If 600,000 francs are publicly subscribed by the first of July next, the exploring ships will be at once fitted out ; if not, the proposal will fall through, and the subscribed money will be returned to the donors. M. Lambert is doing his best to keep up the public interest in his scheme, and no doubt the requisite sum will be forthcoming. The idea of a tri-colour flying from the northern pivot of the globe is not one that Englishmen will relish, seeing how much they have done towards Arctic exploration ; but they must remember that when, three years ago, Captain Sherard Osborne proposed another English expedition, he received no support. Perhaps, however, the French voyage may be unfruitful. Time must decide. Meanwhile, note that the captain of an American whaler, Long by name, reports in a Honolulu journal that he has reached the high latitude of $73^{\circ} 30'$, and found there a comparatively summer sea, with very elevated land, apparently of volcanic character, beyond. He saw, in long. 180° , a mountain which resembled an extinct volcano, and which he estimated at 3,000 feet high. The lower lands seemed to be covered with vegetation.

MR. R. W. THOMSON, of Edinburgh, has at length to all appearance succeeded in making a steam locomotive fit for common roads. Hitherto it has been very difficult to use steam power on ordinary roads, for this chief reason

—that if the wheels of the engines are made smooth, they fail to bite the road, and slip instead of rolling, while, on the other hand, if the wheels are roughened by spikes or by other means, they destroy the Macadam. The invention of Mr. Thomson in his New Road Steamer, is an exceedingly simple one, and promises to be effective. In a road engine which he has prepared for the island of Java, he has made the tyres of vulcanised india-rubber. They are twelve inches broad, and five inches thick. The engine to which they are fixed weighs between four and five tons, and yet the wheels, when moving over soft, bad roads, or across a soft grass field, do not sink in the slightest degree, and scarcely leave their impress behind, owing to the elastic and cushion-like character of the material forming the tyres of the wheels. The trials that have been made with the road steamer in the vicinity of Edinburgh show that a hard rigid material is not necessary for biting power in the wheel tyres. Also that the rubber has an amount of durability beyond conception. No trace of wear has shown itself on the surface of the rubber even though the trials have been made over roads laid with material of the most testing character, such as broken and angular flints. The engine was constructed to draw an omnibus weighing (with its load of say thirty passengers) about four tons, on a level road ; but, in one of its trials it ascended a hilly incline of one in twelve, with a huge steam-boiler in tow, weighing, with its truck, between twelve and thirteen tons. Its speed is from nine to ten miles per hour. Messrs. Fowler & Co., of Leeds, are so satisfied with what they have seen of these trials at Edinburgh, that they are about to test Thomson's india-rubber tyre system for themselves on their own traction engines. But the most hopeful token of success is this, that it is guaranteed by the name of Mr. Thomson, whose inventive faculty has already reached remarkable success. In the late Exhibition at Paris he showed a rotary engine, which is of the most ingenious description, and which has gone further than any similar attempt to show the possibility of producing such an engine—one of the chief puzzles of practical mechanics. He also, if I mistake not, is the inventor of the portable steam crane. He made this machine possible by a very simple expedient—that of placing the steam-engine on the platform of the crane as the counterpoise of the load to be lifted. The engine being then part and parcel of the crane could be moved with it at pleasure.



SNOWED UP.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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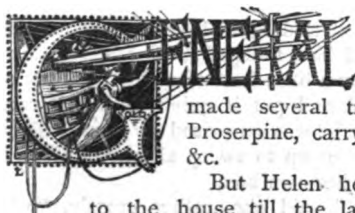
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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER VII.



GENERAL ROLLESTON'S servants

made several trips to the Proserpine, carrying boxes, &c.

But Helen herself clung to the house till the last moment. "Oh, Papa!" she cried, "I need all my resolution, all my good faith, to keep my word with Arthur, and leave you. Why, why did I promise? Why am I such a slave to my word?"

"Because," said the old general, with a voice not so firm as usual, "I have always told you that a lady is not to be inferior to a gentleman in any virtue, except courage. I've heard my mother say so often; and I've taught it to my Helen. And, my girl, where would be the merit of keeping our word, if we only kept it when it cost us nothing?"

He promised to come after, in three months at farthest; and the brave girl dried her tears, as well as she could, not to add to the sadness he fought against as gallantly as he had often fought the enemies of his country.

The Proserpine was to sail at two o'clock: at a little before one, a gentleman boarded her, and informed the captain that he was a missionary, the Rev. John Hazel, returning home, after a fever; and wished to take a berth in the Proserpine.

The mate looked him full in the face; and then told him there was very little accommodation for passengers, and it had all been secured by White & Co., for a young lady and her servants.

Mr. Hazel replied that his means were small, and moderate accommodation would

serve him; but he must go to England without delay.

Captain Hudson put in his gracious word; "Then jump off the jetty at high tide and swim there; no room for black coats in my ship."

Mr. Hazel looked from one to the other piteously. "Show me some mercy, gentlemen; my very life depends on it."

"Very sorry, sir," said the mate; "but it is impossible. There's the Shannon, you can go in her."

"But she is under repairs; so I am told."

"Well, there are a hundred and fifty carpenters on to her; and she will come out of port in our wake."

"Now, sir," said Hudson, roughly, "bundle down the ship's side again if you please; this is a busy time. Hy!—rig the whip; here's the lady coming off to us."

The missionary heaved a deep sigh, and went down into the boat that had brought him. But he was no sooner seated than he ordered the boatmen, somewhat peremptorily, to pull ashore as fast as they could row.

His boat met the Rollestons, father and daughter, coming out, and he turned his pale face, and eyed them as he passed. Helen Rolleston was struck with that sorrowful countenance, and, when the boats had passed each other, she whispered her father, "That poor clergyman has just left the ship." She made sure he had been taking leave of some beloved one, bound for England. General Rolleston looked round, but the wan face was no longer visible.

They were soon on board, and received with great obsequiousness. Helen was shown her cabin, and, observing the minute and zealous care that had been taken of her comfort, she said, "Somebody, who loves me, has been here," and turned her brimming eyes on her father.

Father and daughter were then left alone in the cabin, till the ship began to heave her anchor (she lay just at the mouth of the harbour), and then the boatswain was sent to give

General Rolleston warning. Helen came up with him, pale and distressed. They exchanged a last embrace, and General Rolleston went down the ship's side. Helen hung over the bulwarks and waved her last adieu, though she could hardly see him for her tears.

At this moment a four-oared boat swept alongside; and Mr. Hazel came on board again. He presented Hudson a written order to give the Rev. John Hazel a passage in the small berth abreast the main hatches. It was signed "For White & Co., James Seaton;" and was endorsed with a stamped acknowledgment of the passage money, twenty-seven pounds.

Hudson and Wylie, the mate, put their heads together over this. The missionary saw them consulting, and told them he had mentioned their mysterious conduct to Messrs. White & Co., and that Mr. Seaton had promised to stop the ship if their authority was resisted. "And I have paid my passage money, and will not be turned out now except by force," said the reverend gentleman, quietly.

Wylie's head was turned away from Mr. Hazel's, and on its profile a most gloomy, vindictive look, so much so, that Mr. Hazel was startled when the man turned his front face to him with a jolly, genial air, and said, "Well, sir, the truth is we seamen don't want passengers aboard ships of this class: they get in our way whenever it blows a capful. However, since you are here, make yourself as comfortable as you can."

"There, that is enough palaver," said the captain, in his offensive way. "Hoist the parson's traps aboard, and sheer off you shore boat! Anchor's apeak."

He then gave his orders in stentorian roars; the anchor was hove up, catted, and fished; one sail went up after another, the Proserpine's head came round, and away she bore for England with a fair wind.

General Rolleston went slowly and heavily home, and often turned his head and looked wistfully at the ship putting out wing upon wing, and carrying off his child like a tiny prey.

To change the comparison, it was only a tender vine detached from a great sturdy elm: yet the tree, thus relieved of its delicate encumbrance, felt bare; and a soft thing was gone, that, seeking protection, had bestowed warmth; had nestled and curled between the world's cold wind and that stalwart stem.

As soon as he got home he lighted a cigar, and set to work to console himself by reflecting that it was but a temporary parting, since he

had virtually resigned his post, and was only waiting in Sydney till he should have handed his papers in order over to his successor, and settled one or two private matters that could not take three months.

When he had smoked his cigar, and reasoned away his sense of desolation, Nature put out her hand, and took him by the breast, and drew him gently up-stairs to take a look at his beloved daughter's bed-room, by way of seeing the last of her.

The room had one window looking north and another west: the latter commanded a view of the bay. General Rolleston looked down at the floor, littered with odds and ends—the dead leaves of dress that fall about a lady in the great process of packing—and then gazed through the window at the flying Proserpine.

He sighed, and lighted another cigar. Before he had half finished it, he stooped down and took up a little bow of ribbon that lay on the ground, and put it quietly in his bosom. In this act he was surprised by Sara Wilson, who had come up to sweep all such waifs and strays into her own box.

"La, sir," said she, rather crossly, "why didn't you tell me, and I'd have tidied the room: it is all higger-mugger, with miss a leaving."

And with this she went to tidying the room. General Rolleston's eye followed her movements, and he observed amongst the litter a white handkerchief stained with blood. "What!" said he, "has she had an accident; cut her finger?"

"No, sir," said Wilson, and with a certain air of restraint that made him uneasy.

He examined the girl's face narrowly, and then the handkerchief; the blood was of a pale red colour. Rolleston had seen a similarly stained handkerchief fifteen years before, in the hands of his young wife a few months before she died of consumption.

"Sara," faltered Rolleston, "in God's name, why was I never told of this?"

"Indeed, sir," said Wilson eagerly, "you must not blame me, sir. It was as much as my place was worth to tell you. Miss is a young lady that will be obeyed; and she give me strict orders not to let you know: but she is gone now; and I always thought it was a pity she kept it so dark; but as I was saying, sir, she *would* be obeyed."

"Kept what so dark?"

"Why, sir, her spitting of blood at times: and turning so thin by what she used to be, poor dear young lady."

General Rolleston groaned aloud. He said no more, but kept looking bewildered and helpless, first at the handkerchief and then at the Proserpine that was carrying her away, perhaps for ever : and his iron features worked with cruel distress ; anguish so mute and male, that the woman Wilson, though not good for much, sat down and shed genuine tears of pity.

But he summoned all his fortitude, told Wilson he could not say she was to blame, she had but obeyed her mistress's orders ; and we must all obey orders. " But now," said he, " it is me you ought to obey : tell me, does any doctor attend her ? "

" None ever comes here, sir. But, one day, she let fall that she went to Dr. Valentine, him that has the name for disorders of the chest. "

In a very few minutes General Rolleston was at Doctor Valentine's house, and asked him bluntly what was the matter with his daughter.

" Disease of the lungs," said the doctor, simply.

The unhappy father then begged the doctor to give him his real opinion as to the degree of danger ; and Dr. Valentine told him, with some feeling, that the case was not desperate, but was certainly alarming.

Remonstrated with for letting the girl undertake a sea voyage, he replied rather evasively at first ; that the air of Australia disagreed with his patient, and a sea voyage was more likely to do her good than harm.

General Rolleston pressed the doctor's hand, and went away without another word.

Only he hurried his matters of business ; and took his passage in the Shannon.

It was in something of a warrior's spirit that he prepared to follow his daughter and protect her ; but often he sighed at the invisible, insidious nature of the foe, and wished it could have been a fair fight of bullets and bayonets, and his own the life at stake.

The Shannon was soon ready for sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

WARDLAW was at home before this, with his hands full of business ; and it is time the reader should be let into one secret at least, which this merchant had contrived to conceal from the City of London, and from his own father, and from every human creature, except one poor, simple, devoted soul, called Michael Penfold.

There are men, who seem stupid, yet generally go right ; there are also clever men, who

appear to have the art of blundering wisely : " sapienter descendunt in infernum," as the ancients have it ; and some of these latter will even lie on their backs, after a fall, and lift up their voices, and prove to you that in the nature of things they ought to have gone up, and their being down is monstrous ; illusory.

Arthur Wardlaw was not quite so clever as all that ; but still he misconducted the business of the firm with perfect ability from the first month he entered on it. Like those ambitious railways, which ruin a goodly trunk with excess of branches, not to say twigs, he set to work extending, and extending, and sent the sap of the healthy old concern a-flying to the ends of the earth.

He was not only too ambitious, and not cool enough ; he was also unlucky, or under a curse, or something ; for things, well conceived, broke down, in his hands, under petty accidents. And, besides, his new correspondents and agents hit him cruelly hard. Then what did he ? Why, shot good money after bad, and lost both. He could not retrench, for his game was concealment ; his father, was kept in the dark, and drew his four thousand a year, as usual, and, upon any hesitation in that respect, would have called in an accountant and wound up the concern. But this tax upon the receipts, though inconvenient, was a trifle compared with the series of heavy engagements that were impending. The future was so black, that Wardlaw junior was sore tempted to realise twenty thousand pounds, which a man in his position could easily do, and fly the country. But this would have been to give up Helen Rolleston ; and he loved her too well. His brain was naturally subtle and fertile in expedients ; so he brought all its powers to bear on a double problem ; how to marry Helen ; and restore the concern he had mismanaged to its former state. For this, a large sum of money was needed, not less than £90,000.

The difficulties were great ; but he entered on this project with two advantages. In the first place, he enjoyed excellent credit ; in the second, he was not disposed to be scrupulous. He had been cheated several times ; and nothing undermines feeble rectitude more than that. Such a man as Wardlaw is apt to establish a sort of account current with humanity.

" Several fellow-creatures have cheated me. Well, I must get as much back, by hook or by crook, from several fellow-creatures. "

After much hard thought, he conceived his double master-stroke : and it was to execute this he went out to Australia.

We have seen that he persuaded Helen Rolleston to come to England and be married ; but, as to the other part of his project, that is a matter for the reader to watch, as it develops itself.

His first act of business, on reaching England, was to insure the freights of the *Proserpine* and the *Shannon*.

He sent Michael Penfold to Lloyd's, with the requisite vouchers, including the receipts of the gold merchants. Penfold easily insured the *Shannon*, whose freight was valued at only six thousand pounds. The *Proserpine*, with her cargo, and a hundred and thirty thousand pounds of specie to boot, was another matter. Some underwriters had an objection to specie, being subject to theft as well as shipwreck ; other underwriters, applied to by Penfold, acquiesced ; others called on Wardlaw himself, to ask a few questions, and he replied to them courteously, but with a certain nonchalance, treating it as an affair which might be big to them, but was not of particular importance to a merchant doing business on his scale.

To one underwriter, Condell, with whom he was on somewhat intimate terms, he said, "I wish I could insure the *Shannon*, at her value ; but that is impossible : the City of London could not do it. The *Proserpine* brings me some cases of specie, but my true treasure is on board the *Shannon*. She carries my bride, sir."

"Oh indeed ! Miss Rolleston ?"

"Ah, I remember ; you have seen her. Then you will not be surprised at a proposal I shall make you. Underwrite the *Shannon* a million pounds, to be paid by you if harm befalls my Helen. You need not look so astonished ; I was only joking ; you gentlemen deal with none but substantial values ; and, as for me, a million would no more compensate me for losing her, than for losing my own life."

The tears were in his pale eyes as he said these words ; and Mr. Condell eyed him with sympathy. But he soon recovered himself, and was the man of business again. "Oh, the specie on board the *Proserpine* ? Well, I was in Australia, you know, and bought that specie myself of the merchants whose names are attached to the receipts. I deposited the cases with White & Co., at Sydney. Penfold will show you the receipt. I instructed Joseph Wylie, mate of the *Proserpine*, and a trustworthy person, to see them stowed away in the *Proserpine*, by White & Co. Hudson is a good seaman ; and the *Proserpine* a new ship, built by Mare. We have nothing to fear but the ordinary perils of the sea."

"So one would think," said Mr. Condell, and took his leave ; but, at the door, he hesitated, and then, looking down a little sheepishly, said, "Mr. Wardlaw, may I offer you a piece of advice ?"

"Certainly."

"Then, double the insurance on the *Shannon*, if you can."

With these words he slipped out, evidently to avoid questions he did not intend to answer.

Wardlaw stared after him, stupidly at first, and then stood up and put his hand to his head in a sort of amazement. Then he sat down again, ashy pale, and with the dew on his forehead, and muttered faintly, "Double—the insurance—of the—*Shannon* !"

Men who walk in crooked paths are very subject to such surprises ; doomed, like Ahab, to be pierced, through the joints of their armour, by random shafts ; by words uttered in one sense, but conscience interprets them in another.

It took a good many underwriters to insure the *Proserpine's* freight ; but the business was done at last.

Then Wardlaw, who had feigned insouciance so admirably in that part of his interview with Condell, went, without losing an hour, and raised a large sum of money on the insured freight, to meet the bills that were coming due for the gold (for he had paid for most of it in paper at short dates), and also other bills that were approaching maturity. This done, he breathed again, safe for a month or two from everything short of a general panic, and full of hope from his coming master-stroke. But two months soon pass when a man has a flock of kites in the air. Pass ? They fly. So now he looked out anxiously for his Australian ships ; and went to Lloyd's every day to hear if either had been seen, or heard of by steamers, or by faster sailing vessels than themselves.

And, though Condell had underwritten the *Proserpine* to the tune of £8,000, yet still his mysterious words rang strangely in the merchant's ears and made him so uneasy, that he employed a discreet person to sound Condell as to what he meant by "double the insurance of the *Shannon*."

It turned out to be the simplest affair in the world ; Condell had secret information that the *Shannon* was in bad repair ; so he had advised his friend to insure her heavily. For the same reason, he declined to underwrite her freight himself.

With respect to those ships, our readers al-

ready know two things, of which Wardlaw himself, *nota bene*, had no idea ; namely, that the Shannon had sailed last, instead of first, and that Miss Rolleston was not on board of her, but in the *Proserpine*, two thousand miles ahead.

To that, your superior knowledge, we, posters of the sea and land, are about to make a large addition, and relate things strange, but true. While that anxious and plotting merchant strains his eyes seaward, trying hard to read the future, we carry you, in a moment of time, across the Pacific, and board the leading vessel, the good ship *Proserpine*, homeward bound.

The ship left Sydney with a fair wind, but soon encountered adverse weather, and made slow progress, being close hauled, which was her worst point of sailing. She pitched a good deal, and that had a very ill effect on Miss Rolleston. She was not sea-sick, but thoroughly out of sorts ; and, in one week, became perceptibly paler and thinner than when she started.

The young clergyman, Mr. Hazel, watched her with respectful anxiety, and this did not escape her feminine observation. She noted quietly that those dark eyes of his followed her with a mournful tenderness, but withdrew their gaze when she looked at him. Clearly, he was interested in her, but had no desire to intrude upon her attention. He would bring up the squabs for her, and some of his own wraps, when she stayed on deck, and was prompt with his arm when the vessel lurched ; and showed her those other little attentions, which are called for on board ship ; but without a word. Yet, when she thanked him in the simplest and shortest way, his great eyes flashed with pleasure, and the colour mounted to his very temples.

Engaged young ladies are, for various reasons, more sociable with the other sex, than those who are still on the universal mock-defensive ; a ship, like a distant country, thaws even English reserve, and women in general are disposed to admit ecclesiastics to certain privileges. No wonder then that Miss Rolleston, after a few days, met Mr. Hazel half-way ; and they made acquaintance on board the *Proserpine* ; in monosyllables at first ; but, the ice once fairly broken, the intercourse of mind became rather rapid.

At first it was a mere intellectual exchange, but one very agreeable to Miss Rolleston ; for a fine memory, and omnivorous reading from his very boyhood, with the habit of taking notes, and reviewing them, had made Mr.

Hazel a walking dictionary, and a walking essayist if required.

But, when it came to something, which most of all the young lady had hoped from this temporary acquaintance, viz., religious instruction, she found him indeed as learned on that as on other topics, but cold, and devoid of unction : so much so, that one day she said to him, " I can hardly believe you have ever been a missionary." But at that he seemed so distressed, that she was sorry for him, and said, sweetly, " Excuse me, Mr. Hazel, my remark was in rather bad taste, I fear."

" Not at all," said he. " Of course I am unfit for missionary work, or I should not be here."

Miss Rolleston took a good look at him, but said nothing. However, his reply and her perusal of his countenance, satisfied her that he was a man with very little petty vanity and petty irritability.

Day succeeded day, with a monotony which had been unendurable to Helen but for the variety she found in her fellow-passenger. The true modesty of learning made his mind, like a library, mute until consulted. Shallow streams are garrulous. She had studied botany ; she observed that he was studious to conceal that he was her master in that science. A conversation between him and the ship's surgeon, drew from the latter an expression of surprise to find the clergyman's knowledge of chemistry far exceeded his own. Helen did not understand a word of the discussion, but she read the faces of the two men, and saw which was out of his depth.

One morning, after ten days' murky weather, the sky suddenly cleared, and a rare opportunity occurred to take an observation. Hazel suggested to Wylie, the mate, the propriety of taking advantage of the moment, as the fog bank out of which they had just emerged, would soon envelope them again, and they had not more than an hour or so of such weather available. The man gave a shuffling answer. So Hazel sought the captain in his cabin. He found him in bed. He was dead drunk.

On a shelf lay the instruments. These Hazel took, and then looked round for the chronometers. They were safely locked in their cases.

He carried the instruments on deck, together with a book of Tables, and quietly began to make preparations, at which Wylie, arresting his walk, gazed with utter astonishment.

" Now, Mr. Wylie, I want the key of the chronometer cases."

" Here is a chronometer, Mr. Hazel," said

Helen, very innocently, "if that is all you want."

Hazel smiled and explained that a ship's clock is made to keep the most exact time; that he did not require the time of the spot where they were, but Greenwich time.

He took the watch, however. It was a large one for a lady to carry; but it was one of Frodsham's masterpieces—for was it not Arthur Wardlaw's gift?

"Why, Miss Rolleston," said he, "this watch must be two hours slow. It marks ten o'clock; it is now nearly midday. Ah, I see," he added, with a smile, "you have wound it regularly every day; but you have forgotten to set it daily. Indeed, you may be right; it would be a useless trouble, since we change our longitude hourly. Well, let us presume that this watch shows the exact time at Sydney, as I presume it does; I can work the ship's reckoning from that meridian, instead of that of Greenwich."

And he set about doing it. He looked up, and saw that the crew were assembling as near the quarter-deck as discipline permitted.

"Mr. Wylie, would you kindly obtain for me a chart, and the keys of the chronometer-cases?"

The mate, who betrayed some curiosity at first, but now, when he perceived that the crew had become witnesses of the captain's incapacity to fulfil this important duty, he answered doggedly,—

"I think, sir, you took a great liberty in overhauling the skipper's books and tackle."

"We have not had an observation for ten days. Surely it is necessary to find the position of the ship," remonstrated Hazel.

"He'll make you find yours, when he comes on deck," muttered the man.

Hazel stepped up to him and whispered,—

"The captain is drunk, senselessly drunk. Do not compel me to remember the fact, and report it at Lloyd's, and to the owners, when we arrive in England."

Wylie gazed stupidly for a moment into Hazel's face, and then shuffled off and disappeared into the captain's cabin. In a few moments he emerged with the chronometers and the charts, bearing also the thanks of Captain Hudson, who was down with bilious fever. Hazel received the message and the instruments without remark. He verified Miss Rolleston's chronometer, and allowing for difference of time, found it to be accurate. He returned it to her, and proceeded to work on the chart. The men looked on; so did Wylie. After a few moments Hazel read as follows:—
East longitude, $146^{\circ} 53' 18''$. South latitude,

$35^{\circ} 24'$. The Island of Oparo and the Four Crowns, distant 420 miles on the N.N.E. The white banks of fog prevailing on the south seem to indicate ice-floes in that quarter; Barometer— Thermometer in the sea as compared with yesterday, —. "There," said he, handing the paper to Wylie, "I leave these to be filled in by the captain. I presume he keeps some such record in his log."

Wylie removed the instruments, the men retired to the fore-castle, and Miss Rolleston fixed her large soft eyes on the young clergyman with the undisguised admiration a woman always feels for what she does not understand.

One day they were discoursing of gratitude; and Mr. Hazel said he had a poor opinion of those persons, who speak of "the burden of gratitude," and make a fuss about being "laid under an obligation."

"As for me," said he, "I have owed such a debt, and found the sense of it very sweet."

"But perhaps you were always hoping to make a return," said Helen.

"That I was: hoping against hope."

"Do you think people are grateful, in general?"

"No, Miss Rolleston, I do not."

"Well, I think they are. To me, at least. Why, I have experienced gratitude even in a convict. It was a poor man, who had been transported, for something or other, and he begged Papa to take him for his gardener. Papa did, and he was so grateful that, do you know, he suspected our house was to be robbed, and he actually watched in the garden night after night: and, what do you think? the house was attacked by a whole gang; but poor Mr. Seaton confronted them and shot one, and was wounded cruelly; but he beat them off for us; and was not that gratitude?"

While she was speaking so earnestly Mr. Hazel's blood seemed to run through his veins like heavenly fire, but he said nothing, and the lady resumed, with gentle fervour: "Well, we got him a clerk's place in a shipping-office, and heard no more of him; but he did not forget us: my cabin here was fitted up with every comfort and every delicacy. I thanked Papa for it; but he looked so blank, I saw directly he knew nothing about it; and now, I think of it, it was Mr. Seaton. I am positive it was. Poor fellow! And I should not even know him if I saw him."

Mr. Hazel observed, in a low voice, that Mr. Seaton's conduct did not seem wonderful to him. "Still," said he, "one is glad to find there is some good left even in a criminal."

"A criminal!" cried Helen Rolleston, firing

up. "Pray, who says he was a criminal? Mr. Hazel, once for all, no friend of mine ever deserves such a name as that. A friend of mine may commit some great error or imprudence; but that is all. The poor grateful soul was never guilty of any downright wickedness: *that stands to reason.*"

Mr. Hazel did not encounter this feminine logic with his usual ability; he muttered something or other, with a trembling lip, and left her so abruptly, that she asked herself whether she had inadvertently said anything that could have offended him; and awaited an explanation. But none came. The topic was never revived by Mr. Hazel; and his manner, at their next meeting, showed he liked her none the worse that she stood up for her friends.

The wind steady from the West for two whole days, and the Proserpine showed her best sailing qualities, and ran four hundred and fifty miles in that time.

Then came a dead calm, and the sails flapped lazily, and the masts described an arc; and the sun broiled; and the sailors whistled; and the captain drank; and the mate encouraged him.

During this calm, Miss Rolleston fell down-right ill, and quitted the deck. Then Mr. Hazel was very sad: borrowed all the books in the ship, and read them, and took notes; and when he had done this, he was at leisure to read men, and so began to study Hiram Hudson, Joseph Wylie, and others, and take a few notes about them.

From these we select some that are better worth the reader's attention, than anything we could relate in our own persons at this stagnant part of the story.

PASSAGES FROM MR. HAZEL'S DIARY.

"CHARACTERS ON BOARD THE PROSERPINE.

"There are two sailors, messmates, who have formed an antique friendship; their names are John Welch, and Samuel Cooper. Welch is a very able seaman and a chatterbox. Cooper is a good sailor, but very silent; only what he does say is much to the purpose.

"The gabble of Welch is agreeable to the silent Cooper; and Welch admires Cooper's taciturnity.

"I asked Welch what made him like Cooper so much. And he said, 'Why, you see, sir, he is my messmate, for one thing, and a seaman that knows his work; and then he has been

well eddycated, and he knows when to hold his tongue, does Sam.'

"I asked Cooper why he was so fond of Welch. He only grunted in an uneasy way at first; but when I pressed for a reply, he let out two words—'Capital company;' and got away from me.

"Their friendship, though often roughly expressed, is really a tender and touching sentiment. I think either of these sailors would bare his back and take a dozen lashes in place of his messmate. I too once thought: I had made such a friend. Eheu!

"Both Cooper and Welch seem, by their talk, to consider the ship a living creature. Cooper chews. Welch only smokes, and often lets his pipe out: he is so voluble.

"Captain Hudson is quite a character: or, I might say, two characters; for he is one man when he is sober, and another when he is the worse for liquor: and that I am sorry to see is very often. Captain Hudson, sober, is a rough, bearish seaman, with a quick, experienced eye, that takes in every rope in the ship, as he walks up and down his quarter-deck. He either evades, or bluntly declines conversation, and gives his whole mind to sailing his ship.

"Captain Hudson, drunk, is a garrulous man, who seems to have drifted back into the past. He comes up to you and talks of his own accord, and always about himself, and what he did fifteen or twenty years since. He forgets whatever has occurred half-an-hour ago; and his eye, which was an eagle's is now a mole's. He no longer sees what his sailors are doing aloof or aloft; to be sure he no longer cares; his present ship may take care of herself while he is talking of his past ones. But the surest indicia of inebriety in Hudson are these two. First, his nose is red. Secondly, he discourses upon a seaman's *duty to his employers*. Ebrius rings the changes on his 'duty to his employers' till drowsiness attacks his hearers. Cicero de Officiis was all very well at a certain period of one's life: but 'bibulus nauta de officiis' is rather too much.

"N.B. Except when his nose is red, not a word about his 'duty to his employers.' That phrase, like a fine lady, never ventures into the morning air. It is purely post-prandial, and sacred to occasions when he is utterly neglecting his duty to his employers, and to every-body else.

"All this is ridiculous enough, but somewhat alarming. To think that *her* precious life should be entrusted to the care and skill of so unreliable a captain!

"Joseph Wylie, the mate, is less eccentric, but even more remarkable. He is one of those powerfully built fellows, whom Nature, one would think, constructed to gain all their ends by force and directness. But no such thing; he goes about as softly as a cat; is always popping up out of holes and corners; and I can see he watches me, and tries to hear what I say to her. He is civil to me when I speak to him; yet, I notice, he avoids me quietly. Altogether, there is something about him that puzzles me. Why was he so reluctant to let me on board as a passenger? Why did he tell a downright falsehood? For he said there was no room for me; yet, even now, there are two cabins vacant, and he has taken possession of them.

"The mate of this ship has several barrels of spirits in his cabin, or rather, cabins, and it is he who makes the captain drunk. I learned this from one of the boys. This looks ugly. I fear Wylie is a bad, designing man, who wishes to ruin the captain, and so get his place. But, meantime, the ship might be endangered by this drunkard's misconduct. I shall watch Wylie closely, and perhaps put the captain on his guard against this false friend.

"Last night, a breeze got up about sunset, and H—— R—— came on deck for half an hour. I welcomed her as calmly as I could; but I felt my voice tremble and my heart throb. She told me the voyage tired her much; but it was the last she should have to make. How strange, how hellish (God forgive me for saying so!) it seems that *she* should love *him*. But, does she love him? Can she love him? Could she love him if she knew all? Know him she shall before she marries him. For the present, be still, my heart.

"She soon went below and left me desolate. I wandered all about the ship, and, at last, I came upon the inseparables, Welch and Cooper. They were squatted on the deck, and Welch's tongue was going as usual. He was talking about this Wylie, and saying that, in all his ships, he had never known such a mate as this; why the captain was under his thumb. He then gave a string of captains, each of whom would have given his mate a round dozen at the gangway, if he had taken so much on him, as this one does.

"'Grog!' suggested Cooper, in extenuation.

"Welch admitted Wylie was liberal with that, and friendly enough with the men; but, still, he preferred to see a ship commanded by the captain, and not by a lubber like Wylie.

"I expressed some surprise at this term, and said I had envied Wylie's nerves in a gale of wind we encountered early in the voyage.

"The talking sailor explained, 'In course, he has been to sea afore this, and weathered many a gale.' But so has the cook. 'That don't make a man a sailor. You ask him how to send down a to'-gallant yard, or gammon a bowsprit, or even mark a lead line, and he'll stare at ye, like Old Nick, when the angel caught him with the red-hot tongs, and questioned him out of the Church Catechism. Ask Sam there, if ye don't believe me. Sam, what do you think of this Wylie for a sea-man?'

"Cooper could not afford anything so precious, in his estimate of things, as a word; but he lifted a great brawny hand, and gave a snap with his finger and thumb, that disposed of the mate's pretensions to seamanship more expressively than words could have done it.

"The breeze has freshened, and the ship glides rapidly through the water, bearing us all homeward. H—— R—— has resumed her place upon the deck; and all seems bright again. I ask myself how we existed without the sight of her.

"This morning the wind shifted to the southwest; the captain surprised us by taking in sail. But his sober eye had seen something more than ours; for at noon it blew a gale, and by sunset it was deemed prudent to bring the ship's head to the wind, and we are now lying-to. The ship lurches, and the wind howls through the bare rigging; but she rides buoyantly, and no danger is apprehended.

"Last night, as I lay in my cabin, unable to sleep, I heard some heavy blows strike the ship's side repeatedly, causing quite a vibration. I felt alarmed, and went out to tell the captain. But I was obliged to go on my hands and knees, such was the force of the wind. Passing the mate's cabin, I heard sounds that made me listen acutely; and I then found the blows were being struck inside the ship. I got to the captain and told him. 'Oh,' said he, 'ten to one it's the mate nailing down his chests, or the like.' But I assured him the blows struck the side of the ship, and, at my earnest request, he came out and listened. He swore a great oath, and said the lubber would be through the ship's side. He then tried the cabin door, but it was locked.

"The sounds ceased directly.

"We called to the mate, but received no reply for a long time. At last Wylie came out of the gun-room, looking rather pale, and asked what was the matter.

"I told him he ought to know best, for the blows were heard where he had just come from.

"Blows!' said he; 'I believe you. Why, a tierce of butter had got adrift, and was bumping up and down the hold like thunder.' He then asked us whether that was what we had disturbed him for, entered his cabin, and almost slammed the door in our faces.

"I remarked to the captain on his disrespectful conduct. The captain was civil, and said I was right; he was a cross-grained, unmanageable brute, and he wished he was out of the ship. 'But you see, sir, he has got the ear of the merchant ashore; and so I am obliged to hold a candle to the devil, as the saying is.' He then fired a volley of oaths and abuse at the offender; and, not to encourage foul language, I retired to my cabin.

"The wind declined towards day-break, and the ship re-commenced her voyage at 8 A.M.; but under treble reefed topsails, and reefed courses.

"I caught the captain and mate talking together in the friendliest way possible. That Hudson is a humbug; there is some mystery between him and the mate.

"To-day H—— R—— was on deck for several hours, conversing sweetly, and looking like the angel she is. But happiness soon flies from me: a steamer came in sight, bound for Sydney. She signalled us to heave-to, and send a boat. This was done, and the boat brought back a letter for her. It seems they took us for the Shannon, in which ship she was expected.

"The letter was from *him*. How her cheek flushed and her eye beamed as she took it. And oh the sadness, the agony, that stood beside her unheeded.

"I left the deck; I could not have contained myself. What a thing is wealth! By wealth, that wretch can stretch out his hand across the ocean, and put a letter into her hand under my very eye. Away goes all that I have gained by being near her, while he is far away. He is not in England now—he is here. His odious presence has driven me from her. Oh that I could be a child again, or in my grave, to get away from this Hell of Love and Hate."

At this point, we beg leave to take the narrative into our own hands again.

Mr. Hazel actually left the deck to avoid the

sight of Helen Rolleston's flushed cheek and beaming eyes, reading Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

And here we may as well observe that he retired not merely because the torture was hard to bear. He had some disclosures to make, on reaching England; but his good sense told him this was not the time, or the place, to make them, nor Helen Rolleston the person to whom, in the first instance, they ought to be made.

While he tries to relieve his swelling heart by putting its throbs on paper (and, in truth, this is some faint relief, for want of which many a less unhappy man than Hazel has gone mad), let us stay by the lady's side, and read her letter with her.

"Russell Square,
"Dec. 15th, 1865.

"MY DEAR LOVE,—Hearing that the Antelope steam-packet was going to Sydney, by way of Cape Horn, I have begged the captain, who is under some obligations to me, to keep a good look-out for the Shannon, homeward bound, and board her with these lines, weather permitting.

"Of course, the chances are you will not receive them at sea; but still you possibly may; and my heart is so full of you, I seize any excuse for overflowing; and then I picture to myself that bright face reading an unexpected letter in mid ocean, and so I taste beforehand the greatest pleasure my mind can conceive—the delight of giving you pleasure, my own sweet Helen.

"News, I have very little. You know how deeply and devotedly you are beloved—know it so well that I feel words are almost wasted in repeating it. Indeed, the time, I hope, is at hand when the word love will hardly be mentioned between us. For my part, I think it will be too visible in every act, and look, and word of mine, to need repetition. We do not speak much about the air we live in. We breathe it, and speak with it, not of it.

"I suppose all lovers are jealous. I think I should go mad if you were to give me a rival; but then I do not understand that ill-natured jealousy which would rob the beloved object of all affections but the one. I know my Helen loves her father—loves him, perhaps, as well, or better, than she does me. Well, in spite of that, I love him too. Do you know, I never see that erect form, that model of courage and probity come into a room, but I say to myself, 'Here comes my benefactor; but for this man there would be no Helen in the world.' Well, dearest, an unexpected circumstance has

given me a little military influence (these things do happen in the City); and I really believe that, what with his acknowledged merits (I am secretly informed a very high personage said, the other day, he had not received justice), and the influence I speak of, a post will shortly be offered to your father, that will enable him to live, henceforth, in England, with comfort, I might say, affluence. Perhaps he might live with us. That depends upon himself.

"Looking forward to this, and my own still greater happiness, diverts my mind awhile from the one ever-pressing anxiety. But, alas! it will return. By this time my Helen is on the seas, the terrible, the treacherous, the cruel seas, that spare neither beauty nor virtue, nor the longing hearts at home. I have conducted this office for some years, and thought I knew care and anxiety; but I find I knew neither till now.

"I have two ships at sea, the Shannon and the Proserpine. The Proserpine carries eighteen chests of specie, worth a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. I don't care one straw whether she sinks or swims. But the Shannon carries my darling; and every gust at night awakens me, and every day I go into the great room at Lloyd's and watch the anemometer. Oh God! be merciful, and bring my angel safe to me! Oh God! be just, and strike her not for my offences!

"Besides the direct perils of the sea are some others you might escape by prudence. Pray avoid the night air, for my sake, who could not live if any evil befell you; and be careful in your diet. You were not looking so well as usual, when I left. Would I had words to make you know your own value. Then you would feel it a *duty* to be prudent.

"But I must not sadden you with my fears; let me turn to my hopes. How bright they are; what joy, what happiness, is sailing towards me, nearer and nearer every day. I ask myself what am I that such paradise should be mine.

"My love, when we are one, shall we share every thought, or shall I keep commerce, speculation, and its temptations away from your pure spirit? Sometimes I think I should like to have neither thought nor occupation unshared by you; and that you would purify trade itself by your contact; at other times I say to myself, 'Oh, never soil that angel with your miserable business; but go home to her as if you were going from earth to heaven, for a few blissful hours.' But you shall decide this question, and every other.

"Must I close this letter? Must I say no more, though I have scarcely begun?

"Yes, I will end, since, perhaps, you will never see it.

"When I have sealed it, I mean to hold it in my clasped hands, and so pray the Almighty to take it safe to you, and to bring you safe to him, who can never know peace nor joy till he sees you once more.

"Your devoted and anxious lover,

"ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen Rolleston read this letter more than once. She liked it none the less for being disconnected and unbusiness-like. She had seen her Arthur's business letters; models of courteous conciseness. She did not value such compositions. This one she did. She smiled over it, all beaming and blushing; she kissed it, and read it again, and sat with it in her lap.

But, by-and-by, her mood changed, and, when Mr. Hazel ventured upon deck again, he found her with her forehead sinking on her extended arm, and the lax hand of that same arm holding the letter. She was crying.

The whole drooping attitude was so lovely, so feminine, yet so sad, that Hazel stood irresolute, looking wistfully at her.

She caught sight of him, and, by a natural impulse, turned gently away, as if to hide her tears. But, the next moment, she altered her mind, and said, with a quiet dignity that came naturally to her at times, "Why should I hide my care from you, sir? Mr. Hazel, may I speak to you *as a clergyman*?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hazel, in a somewhat faint voice.

She pointed to a seat, and he sat down near her.

She was silent for some time; her lip quivered a little; she was struggling inwardly for that decent composure, which, on certain occasions, distinguishes the lady from the mere woman; and it was with a pretty firm voice she said what follows:—

"I am going to tell you a little secret, one I have kept from my own father. It is—that I have not very long to live."

Her hazel eye rested calmly on his face while she said these words quietly.

He received them with amazement, at first; amazement, that soon deepened into horror. "What do you mean?" he gasped. "What words are these?"

"Thank you for minding so much," said she, sweetly. "I will tell you. I have fits of coughing, not frequent, but violent; and then blood very often comes from my lungs. That is a bad sign, you know. I have been so for

four months now, and I am a good deal wasted ; my hand used to be very plump, look at it now.—Poor Arthur !”

She turned away her head to drop a gentle unselfish tear or two ; and Hazel stared with increasing alarm at the lovely, but wasted hand she still held out to him, and glanced, too, at Arthur Wardlaw's letter, held slightly by the beloved fingers.

He said nothing, and, when she looked round again, he was pale and trembling. The revelation was so sudden.

“Pray be calm, sir,” said she. “We need speak of this no more. But, now, I think, you will not be surprised that I come to you for religious advice and consolation, short as our acquaintance is.”

“I am in no condition to give them,” said Hazel, in great agitation. “I can think of nothing but how to save you. May heaven help me and give me wisdom for that.”

“This is idle,” said Helen Rolleston, gently, but firmly. “I have had the best advice for months, and I get worse ; and, Mr. Hazel, I shall never be better. My mother died at my age, and of the same fatal disorder. So aid me to bow to the will of Heaven. Sir, I do not repine at leaving the world ; but it does grieve me to think how my departure will affect those whose happiness is very, very dear to me. Especially it will affect one who now is awaiting my arrival in England. But I feel I shall never reach home. Well, you will see him when he comes on board this ship only to hear—to find—” She stopped—her face fell until it touched the paper.

She then looked at the letter, blushed, and hesitated a moment ; but ended by giving it to him whom she had applied to as her religious adviser. It was wet with tears.

“Oblige me by reading that. And when you have, I think you will grant me a favour I wish to ask you. Poor fellow ! so full of hopes that I am doomed to disappoint.”

She rose to hide her emotion, and left Arthur Wardlaw's letter in the hands of him who loved her, if possible, more devotedly than Arthur Wardlaw did ; and she walked the deck pensively, little dreaming how strange a thing she had done.

As for Hazel, he was in a situation poignant with agony ; only the heavy blow that had just fallen had stunned and benumbed him. He felt a natural repugnance to read this letter. But she had given him no choice. He read it. In reading it he felt a mortal sickness come over him, but he persevered ; he read it carefully to the end, and he was examining the

signature keenly, when Miss Rolleston rejoined him.

“He loves me ; does he not ?” said she, wistfully.

Hazel looked half-stupidly in her face for a moment ; then, with a candour which was part of his character, replied, doggedly, “Yes, the man who wrote this letter loves you.”

“Then you can pity him, and I may venture to ask you the favour to——It will be a bitter grief and disappointment to him. Will you break it to him as gently as you can ; will you say that his Helen——?”

He handed her the letter, almost thrusting it upon her, and turned away.

“Mr. Hazel ! will you not grant me so small a favour ?”

The man faced her, his features convulsed with passion. He covered them for a moment with his trembling hands, then, with unutterable love in the gaze he fixed upon her, he answered her pleading with one word.

“No.”

CHAPTER IX.

THIS point-blank refusal surprised Helen Rolleston ; all the more that it was uttered with a certain sullenness, and even asperity, she had never seen till then in this gentle clergyman.

It made her fear she had done wrong in asking it ; and she looked ashamed and distressed.

However, the explanation soon followed.

“My business,” said he, “is to prolong your precious life ; and, making up your mind to die is not the way. You shall have no encouragement in such weakness from me. Pray let me be your physician.”

“Thank you,” said Helen, coldly ; “I have my own physician.”

“No doubt ; but he shows me his incapacity, by allowing you to live on pastry and sweets ; things that are utter poison to you. Disease of the lungs is curable, but not by drugs and unwholesome food.”

“Mr. Hazel,” said the lady, “we will drop the subject, if you please. It has taken an uninteresting turn.”

“To you, perhaps ; but not to me.”

“Excuse me, sir, if you took that real friendly interest in me and my condition I was vain enough to think you might, you would hardly have refused me the first favour I ever asked you ; and,” drawing herself up proudly, “need I say the last ?”

“You are unjust,” said Hazel, sadly ; “un-

just beyond endurance. I refuse you anything that is for your good? I who would lay down my life with unmixed joy for you?"

"Mr. Hazel!" And she drew back from him with a haughty stare. Then she trembled violently; but soon recovering herself, she said, with overpowering spirit and dignity,— "Sir, you have taught me a lesson—a bitter one. You have abused your position, and the confidence it gave me; from this moment, of course we are strangers."

After this, Helen Rolleston and Mr. Hazel never spoke. She walked past him on the deck with cold and haughty contempt.

He quietly submitted to it; and never presumed to say one word to her again. Only, as his determination was equal to his delicacy, Miss Rolleston found, one day, a paper on her table, containing advice as to the treatment of disordered lungs, expressed with apparent coldness, and backed by a string of medical authorities, quoted memoriter.

She sent this back directly, endorsed with a line, in pencil, that she would try hard to live, but should use her own judgment as to the means.

Yet women will be women. She had carefully taken a copy of his advice, before she cast it out with scorn.

He replied, "Live, with whatever motive you please; only live."

To this she vouchsafed no answer; nor did this unhappy man trouble her again, until an occasion of a very different kind arose.

One fine night he sat on the deck, with his back against the mainmast, in deep melancholy and listlessness, and fell, at last, into a doze, from which he was awakened by a peculiar sound below. It was a beautiful and still night; all sounds were magnified; and the father of all rats seemed to be gnawing the ship down below.

Hazel's curiosity was excited, and he went softly down the ladder to see what the sound really was. But that was not so easy, for it proved to be below decks; but he saw a light glimmering through a small scuttle abaft the mate's cabin, and the sounds were in the neighbourhood of that light.

It now flashed upon Mr. Hazel that this was the very quarter where he had heard that mysterious knocking when the ship was lying-to in the gale.

Upon this, a certain degree of vague suspicion began to mingle with his curiosity.

He stood still a moment, listening acutely;

then took off his shoes very quietly, and moved with noiseless foot towards the scuttle.

The gnawing still continued.

He put his head through the scuttle, and peered into a dark, dismal place, whose very existence was new to him. It was, in fact, a vacant space between the cargo and the ship's run. This wooden cavern was very narrow, but not less than fifteen feet long. The candle was at the farther end, and between it and Hazel, a man was working, with his flank turned towards the spectator. This partly intercepted the light; but still it revealed in a fitful way the huge ribs of the ship, and her inner skin, that formed the right hand partition, so to speak, of this black cavern; and close outside those gaunt timbers was heard the wash of the sea.

There was something solemn in the close proximity of that tremendous element, and the narrowness of the wooden barrier.

The bare place, and the gentle, monotonous wash of the liquid monster, on that calm night, conveyed to Mr. Hazel's mind a thought akin to David's.

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

Judge whether that thought grew weaker or stronger, when, after straining his eyes for some time, to understand what was going on at that midnight hour, in that hidden place, he saw who was the workman, and what was his occupation.

It was Joseph Wylie, the mate. His profile was illuminated by the candle, and looked ghastly. He had in his hands an auger of enormous size, and with this he was drilling a great hole through the ship's side, just below the water-mark; an act, the effect of which would be to let the sea bodily into the ship, and sink her, with every soul on board, to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

"I was stupefied; and my hairs stood on end, and my tongue clove to my jaws."

Thus does one of Virgil's characters describe the effect his mind produced upon his body, in a terrible situation.

Mr. Hazel had always ridiculed that trite line as a pure exaggeration; but he altered his opinion after that eventful night.

When he first saw what Wylie was doing, ob-stupuit; he was merely benumbed; but, as his mind realised the fiendish nature of the act, and its tremendous consequences, his hair actually bristled, and, for a few minutes at least, he could not utter a word.

In that interval of stupor, matters took another turn. The auger went in up to the



See page 55

"My hand used to be very plump: look at it now."

Once a Week, Jan. 16, 1884.

DAA

haft : then Wylie caught up with his left hand a wooden plug he had got ready, jerked the auger away, caught up a hammer, and swiftly inserted the plug.

Rapid as he was, a single jet of water came squirting viciously in. But Wylie lost no time, he tapped the plug smartly with his hammer several times, and then, lifting a mallet with both hands, rained heavy blows on it that drove it in, and shook the ship's side.

Then Hazel found his voice, and he uttered an ejaculation that made the mate look round ; he glared at the man, who was glaring at him, and, staggering backward, trod on the light, and all was darkness and dead silence.

All but the wash of the sea outside, and that louder than ever.

WASTE.

THE discovery of colour blindness being a prevalent phenomenon has led some persons to speculate upon the possibility of our all seeing different colours. A's red may be B's blue and C's yellow, or even something quite unlike any tint visible to any eyes but his own. The great advantage of this theory is the difficulty of disproving it ; the corresponding drawback is the difficulty of finding clear reasons in its favour. Analogy perhaps would be the best line of argument, for of the mind's eyes we are better able to judge, and certainly with them it is very rare for two men to see exactly alike. What, for example, is your idea of Waste ? Or, not to be personal, picture to yourself the different significations given to that word by a Pawnee and a settler, with reference to a prairie from which the plough-share threatens to improve the buffalo. There are philosophers indeed who hold that there is no such thing as waste ; that what appears to short-sighted mortals to be destruction is only transformation ; that, for example, the ruinous extravagance of a spendthrift makes good for trade. They will console a man who is ruefully contemplating his latter end with the cheering assurance that he will become resolved into very necessary gases. But it is extremely doubtful whether they are ever consistent in their application of this theory to their own private affairs. Commonplace mortals believe in waste but have different notions about it. A friend of mine, for instance, whose means are limited, had once a couple of thousand pounds left him, and having spent half of it in a few months was persuaded to invest the remainder. One morning he came to me in a state of

heart-rending distress, exclaiming that he had wasted a thousand pounds. "Ah !" said I, "so you regret it at last. I was sure that one day when you came to your senses you would bitterly mourn the folly which induced you to squander so large a portion of your capital in so short a time." "What are you talking about ?" he cried. "That thousand ! I do not regret a penny of it ; I employed it right well. It is the money you persuaded me to invest I mean ; the money with which I bought shares in the Impregnable Bank which has just smashed. Oh, if I had only spent that money as I did the other, what fun I should have had ! But I listened to you fellows, like a fool as I was. I will never take advice again, never !" "But," I urged, "it would have been all gone now, leaving you in just the same position as at present." "Not a bit," he replied. "I should have had the spending of it, and there would have been nothing but pleasure and satisfaction in the reflection. But to have wasted it in this way ! Oh, it is enough to drive one mad !"

It is easy to put the finger on a man whose regrets would have been all the other way. There is Spots the economical, who carries alpaca umbrellas and travels second-class ; who calls it a waste of money to take a cab when you can get an omnibus, and fairly shudders at the idea of giving sixpence for a cigar. And yet Spots has a perfect mania for betting on horse-races and backing some four-legged imposter who costs him the price of very many sixpenny cigars in five minutes. I remember meeting him at Lewes one year ; a large party of us who loved gaiety and a crowd, but knew little and cared less about the business part of the meeting, had driven over from Brighton, and at luncheon-time Spots made us out—he is great at that. He also accepted a seat in our carriage when we returned, and on arriving at Brighton agreed to join our dinner. He rather hesitated about this at first, but one of our party had by shaking his head and uttering oracular remarks about different horses in training, imbued Spots with the idea that he could give him some wonderful tip if his mouth were once unlocked, and I fancy that decided him. I fear, however, he enjoyed his meal but little. "Venison ?" said he ; "well I do not much care for venison. Oh, well, if all you fellows wish it, of course—," and he demurred to wasting ten shillings a bottle on the "stuff they will give us for champagne." But the rest of us were enjoying a very short holiday, and were rather inclined to disregard the cost of our exceptional dinner ; so he was outvoted. One of us

asked him what he had done in the course of the day. "Oh, not much harm," he replied; "I may have dropped a tenner." Now 'a tenner,' is ten pounds, and to lose that sum and get nothing for it would seem to me more like waste than spending twenty. But Spots looks upon money lost in betting as invested. "Risk," he explained to me, "is not waste."

A heath or common may be the only convenient place to which the inhabitants of a neighbouring town can go to get a breath of fresh air; the little boys to fly their kites; the bigger ones to play at cricket. But houses might be built upon it which would yield money, and therefore in the opinion of some people it is waste land. If a clever man devotes his life to some study which is of absorbing interest to himself and a few other thinking men, but is not peculiarly lucrative, many of his friends will sigh over his wasted talents. Capital which does not yield at least three per cent., is wasted money; every grain of sand which passes ungilded through the hour-glass is wasted time. I do not wish to utter clap-trap about money being dross, or to affect in any way to treat it with insincere disrespect; but really the way in which the duty of acquiring it is mixed up with moral and religious obligations is amusing. Do not a great many most respectable people entertain an honest though hazy belief that a little Mammon worship is necessary for a Christian? Is there any vice of which moralists have so great a horror as gambling? It is a sin you see, against the pocket. And yet nothing shows more curiously the degree to which the use of the precious metal has become an element of humanity than the fact that gambling should be esteemed a vice at all. Nay more, that it should actually prove more destructive in its effects and more injurious to society than drunkenness itself. Well then, long live Plutus! Only, no one will dispute the truism that money is but valuable for what you can buy with it; and if it is foolish and immoral to waste life in idleness, is it not at least equally absurd to waste it in the accumulation of the means of enjoyment without tasting the enjoyment itself? But it is impossible for any man to judge how far another wastes his life. Everyone is born with a certain capacity for enjoyment, and in proportion as he sups the full measure, or spills it, he may be considered to have improved or wasted his opportunities. For goodness' sake do not whistle like that, Moral Reader! Who ever said that what is technically called Pleasure had much to do with human happiness? I believe that it

has very little to do with it, and that we are so instinctively conscious of the fact that many more youngsters are drawn into dissipation by the vivid but imaginary dreams of poets, by the exaggerated importance given to forbidden joys, and by vanity, than by the promptings of the passions. Can anything be more dreary than what is called fast life?

I can never consider that time or money is wasted if it is employed in procuring a lawful pleasure for oneself or for anyone else. Many people who are generous enough to their own class, and apt to relieve cases of real distress, are rabid at the idea of giving coppers to professional beggars. They declare it to be wasting money, which would do good if bestowed upon the honest poor, and that the present recipients only spend it in drink. Well, what if they do? You think nothing of asking a friend to have a glass of sherry; why not treat the tramp to half-a-pint of beer? If it is not waste to bestow alcoholic refreshment on a gentleman who does not much want it, how can it be waste to give it to a poor beggar who does? What is wine for the swell is beer for the cadger.

The waste of food is to the reflecting mind exceedingly painful. Very few of the respectable middle classes have any real idea what the word hunger means. To be hungry is a very different thing from hunger. Between "feeling a sinking" and the wolfish state, in which what was a human being is no longer responsible for its actions, there is a fearful gap. But if you can manage in some degree to realise the position of a fellow man supporting a family on twelve shillings a week, when that pittance suddenly, by some unforeseen accident, fails him, you will feel as uncomfortable as I did last summer, when I saw, for the first time, several loaves of bread mixed up in the ground-bait for punt-fishing. I do not say that the feeling was a wise one, for as there was no scarcity, and bread is a perishable article, no man, woman, or child could possibly be deprived of a mouthful by the extravagance. Still I did not like it. If the fish we proposed to catch had been trout, perch, eels, or even gudgeon, anything really good to eat in short, it would not have been the same thing; but a quartern loaf is worth a ton of barbel and dace, and wasting the former to take the latter, is reversing the proverb about setting a sprat to catch a whale. But then, I fear that I am no true sportsman, since "hunting for the pot" is my delight. I have no pleasure in shooting unless I bag the game myself, eat it, or send it to friends who will

appreciate it. Fly-fishing is my favourite pastime, but it loses half its zest if I am staying at an inn where my dish of trout will be served whether I catch any or not. I travelled once with a friend through a wild country where our dinners depended on our guns, and that was glorious sport. As for a battue, it is as stupid work as shooting pigeons from a trap, which seems to me an amusement fit only for a poulturer.

On the whole, reason teaches man to be a productive rather than a wasteful animal, and yet in exceptional instances we are as suicidally mischievous as monkeys. Quinine has been gathered in the most destructive manner. We are threatened with an utter failure in gutta percha from the reckless way in which the trees which supply it have been exhausted without any thought of raising or encouraging the growth of others. The diaries of Asiatic and African sportsmen read like the reports of the emissaries of some avenging deity sent to destroy the creatures which feed mankind. And oh, our oysters! Science, too, is productive in some directions, but terribly exhaustive in others. If it had not been for the employment of steam we should never have been frightened by a prospective failure of coal. But doubtless we are very much the gainers by modern inventions on the whole.

Then the waste in books. Take a pocket-book. Who wants short stories, grave or comic, which lose their interest after one perusal, in a book he proposes to carry about with him all the year? And in the first part they tell you too many things which not one person in a thousand cares to know, to the exclusion of much useful everyday information. But my pocket dictionary is a model of perversity in withholding useful and supplying useless information. For I cannot spell with the infallibility required by Rhadamanthean editors, and I get hazy sometimes about double l's and the precedence of the e or i. If I write the word off in a hurry, without thinking, it is generally right, but to hesitate is to be lost. Well, the other night I had a doubt about *bulfinch*; one l looked right, but perhaps the bird was named from its bull neck, and *bulldog* has two l's; I looked it out. There was *bulimy*, an enormous appetite; *bullace*, a wild plum; *bullary*, a collection of bulls; *bullhead*, a blockhead; *bullition*, the state of boiling; *bunter*, a dirty vulgar woman; *burr*, the lobe of the ear; *biestings*, the first milk after calving; all words which it would have been necessary enough to look out if one met them, which is surely improbable, but no *bulfinch*.

From which we may gather that if a mother said, "My dear child, what a bulimy you have got!" she would be speaking English; but if she told him to feed the bulfinch, she would be talking slang. Of course one wants a good dictionary, with all sorts of words in it, obsolete or otherwise, but in a little volume intended for the desk or the pocket, space is of value, and every page contains numbers of words which no one would be affected enough to use in a letter. Turn over the pages rapidly; here is *eucrasy*, a good habit of body; *gove*, to mow; *glike*, a sneer; *suppute*, to reckon. In short, you might write to a friend in excellent English, and lay him odds, in a postscript, that he would not understand a syllable. Well, I wish, that instead of glikes and bunters, my little companion gave me the preterites of verbs, some of which it is impossible for a bad memory to spell with perfect confidence, and words in such common use as *erysipelas*, which it suppresses, thinking the public more likely to look out *escharotic*: what does that mean?

Various extravagances break out at different epochs. Cheops and his friends wasted slaves in building pyramids; the Romans wasted wild beasts, peacocks, nightingales; at a later period knights and nobles were wasted in the Crusades; and a lamentable amount of ability and scientific research was wasted on alchemy and astrology. The present age is particularly remarkable for its waste of gunpowder. A French usher, with no sixpences to spare, poor fellow, was once asked by the boys to subscribe to a squib-fund they were raising against the Fifth of November. "What!" cried he; "throw up my money and hear him go bang? No, no." To the uninitiated readers of artillery intelligence, it seems as if a set of lunatics devoted their lives to casting guns of the utmost strength, and then trying to burst them. While throughout the length and breadth of the land volunteers are perpetually employed, not only in blazing away at targets, which stirs emulation, and is consequently amusing, but in burning blank cartridges, which I should judge to be a most insipid pastime.

But gunpowder expenditure lies at the door of that most insanely wasteful of human follies, war. Just walk through one of Bellona's museums; look at that beautiful steel gun; what an exquisitely finished work of art! It is a breech-loader, open at both ends to let us see the delicate rifling. Does it not seem a thousand pities to soil it with use? But if it must be loaded, one of those neat bags of

powder, which you might take for a lady's toilet pin-cushion without its lace cover, would certainly be the sort of bonbon for such a delicate throat,—that and one of these bijoux of shells, which it really seems a sin to fire away. Look at this longitudinal section of one of them, and just consider the amount of ingenuity and labour expended on its manufacture. This delicate apparatus is to explode the shell directly it touches any object : this is the bursting charge ; these layers of polished steel dominoes which line the interior, will become detached, and carry death through a considerable space upon the explosion, if any one could have the heart to explode what ought to remain under a glass case in a drawing-room. Then the cost of these pretty toys ; the hard cash as well as the time and trouble spent upon them ! A man can live in comfort who earns per week what every shell fired by some of these guns costs. And they fire them as fast as they can ; and the majority are wasted out and out, for they hit no one ; and when they do—well, that is another consideration.

What a fuss is made about the new-born baby ; how proud his mother is ; how vain his father. Think of the pains taken to keep his limbs straight ; the hopes, the fears, the watchings during his infantile maladies ; of the trouble of teaching him to read ; of the anxious thought and care in selecting a school for him ; of the pains taken again by Latin master, Greek master, Mathematical master, French master, German master to store his mind ; and of the constant training and practice he voluntarily goes through to render his muscles firm and his eye true. He shows signs of considerable ability, and his relatives go wild with delight, esteeming him a prodigy. Then come anxious consultations upon the choice of a profession ; and the army is finally selected. His commission is purchased, and a fresh training commenced. Slowly, day by day, he becomes initiated in the mysteries of drill, and the more difficult matters of regimental discipline, and interior economy. At last he is even dismissed from the riding-school. Even then his education is not completed, for he wishes to rise in his profession, and gets sent to the staff college. Here he masters the higher branches of mathematics, reads law, and becomes a proficient in a variety of arts and sciences. Having passed a terrible examination, this highly finished piece of human machinery, which it has taken thirty years, thousands of pounds, and an immense amount of labour to perfect, is sent into the field, and mown down like a thistle by one of

those shells which is *not* wasted. But man is mortal, and death will blot out the cultivated mind and athletic frame, sooner or later, under any circumstances. True ; and it is also true that time will destroy the choicest work of art. But we do not set our Turners up for targets. A delicate piece of china is safe to be broken eventually ; but what would you say of the boy who made a cock-shy of it ?

Perhaps war may become an obsolete folly before this world rushes into the fiery embrace of the sun ; but will its inhabitants ever cease to waste their time, their talents, their opportunities, their affections ? He is a sanguine man who believes it.

WITCHCRAFT IN DEVON.

THE belief in wizardom and witchcraft was universal among the peasantry of Devonshire half a century ago, and it is by no means extirpated. John Wesley's declaration that he who has no belief in witches has no belief in the Bible, is often quoted as an irrefragable authority. Wesley was but an honest exponent of a then general opinion, as was Dr. Johnson, who could not tolerate the incredulity of the disbelievers in ghosts. It would be hard to condemn for want of sagacity men who but strongly held prejudices common to their age. Among Oriental nations reverence for necromancers, and confidence in the powers of necromancy, pervade all classes, and credence is quite as willingly given to supernatural tales as to narratives of the common events of life. In China, the earliest instructions are conveyed to childhood in marvellous stories—stories of spirits. You may listen for hours in the streets and squares of Damascus and Cairo to a succession of tales—one more marvellous than another—told by professional story tellers ; and among the crowds that surround the narrator, you will not find one whose countenance expresses doubt or disbelief ; not one who questions the veracity of the speaker while he pours out his narratives in slow and solemn tones ; not one who presumes to ask his neighbour, "Can this be true ?"

Equally confiding, equally consenting, were the Devonian peasantry when listening to those who were supposed to possess a special knowledge of the invisible world. In my boyhood, I recollect a man who always bore the name of Conjuror Cox. He was a man of few words, of grave demeanour, on whose face a smile was seldom seen, and on whose brow a furrow was never wanting. He was always approached with a sort of reverence, and

listened to as if he had been an oracle, which, indeed, he was to those who were honoured by his communications. Among other things, I recollect he was supposed to be acquainted with the herb which, when distilled, would give immortality. As he was somewhat of a botanist, and fond of wandering in the fields, it was reported that he went there to cull the precious plant, and that he had an alembic at home, and manufactured the life-giving water, with which, however, he had not been induced to favour even his dearest friends. He was unmarried, and lived a solitary life; was frequently consulted about things that had been lost, and generally (if willing to do so) obtained their restoration; but, generally speaking, he dwelt in a mysterious atmosphere, and everybody respected his sagacity, while many believed in his superhuman gifts. The influence and the position of Conjuror Cox were greatly strengthened by the fact that his counsels and co-operation were not purchaseable. The offer of money he would have deemed an insult. His aptitudes and attributes were to be dealt with as something sacred. At his shrine there were none but prostrate worshippers. In his own temple he was a priest whose *cultus* was shrouded in mysteries. I recollect, as a boy, regarding him with a sort of terror, fancying that there was something in his looks and language which did not belong to ordinary men. Among my father's numerous workmen he was always spoken of with a tone which betokened something more than respect.

A conjuror of a lower type, and of a very different character, was one who *did* sell his knowledge of the black art; and who, professedly carrying on the trade of a herbalist, attracted many to his shop, behind which was an inner chamber, where he could be conveniently consulted by those who brought the expected fee. He bore indiscriminately the name of the *Wise Man* or the *White Witch*, having the credit of being disposed to do kind and friendly, rather than ill-natured and malignant deeds; whereas, witches proper, sometimes called, for the sake of contrast, *black* witches, had always mischievous and malevolent purposes, and could only be conciliated to the extent of inducing them to refrain from injury; but they could never be won over so as to render beneficent or useful services. In truth, the white witch man was considered to have a standing feud with the black witch woman; and in case of controversy, the superior sex was pretty certain to win the victory. The women witches held their power from the devil: they were gregarious; they

combined together to accomplish a common end; they rode through the air on broomsticks; they had each an imp attendant, generally a black cat; their deeds of darkness were done in the night; and in the day some of them could render themselves invisible; they read no books, but received their lessons direct from the father of evil; and they were numerous, there being few districts which did not possess some old woman, the object of distrust, and well known to the whole community.

But the white witches were wise from study: they possessed books, whose pages conveyed to them a knowledge of the mysterious science they practised; they were taught from the stars to prognosticate coming events. They lived isolated lives, and spent their hours in solemn and solitary contemplation. There were many degrees of authority recognised among them; nor was it considered by any means a reproach that they should sometimes answer, "That is more than I know," or, "That is more than I can do." They had no superhuman powers of locomotion, but rode or walked like other mortal men; their proceedings belonged not to darkness but to the open day; they had no familiar spirit to consult, but frequently asked time and patience until they could look into the matters which were referred to them. The accredited white witches were few in number, but great in fame. They were generally so discreet as to escape any visitations from magisterial interference. Yet they sometimes wrought mischief which was irreparable, and altogether beyond counteraction or control. I knew a case where a workman had a jacket stolen. He consulted a white witch. The white witch, in a manner sufficiently intelligible to mark the denounced, but not sufficiently distinct to compromise the denouncer, pointed out a man as the thief, who was undoubtedly innocent. The suspected man was avoided by all his fellow-labourers; he bore the brunt of a certainly false accusation as long and as well as he could. His protestations of innocence—his proofs of innocence—went for nothing against "the dire decree" of the oracle; and at last a deputation waited on the master of the large establishment, where the suspected person was employed, to demand either the prosecution or the dismissal of the offender, on the pain of a general abandonment of the works. Prosecution was out of the question—there was no chance of conviction; but to prevent the dislocation of a great manufactory, it was necessary to succumb to the ignorant decision of the body of workmen. There was good reason to believe that the

banished man had spoken slightly of the wizard, who only wanted an opportunity for revenge.

An acquaintance with the medicinal virtues of herbs was a very natural foundation for confidence. The herbalist was frequently the doctor, and the successful doctor easily wins a wide reputation. Nothing contributed more to the fame of the Exonian white witch than the *hortus siccus* which ornamented his shop. There was something attractive in the very fragrance which it diffused around. There were poisonous weeds, which, administered by his sagacity in small doses, were safe and salutary; and the herbalist knew how to extract the elixir of life out of the elements of death. Among those who most frequently sought his advice were young girls who told the tales of their "misfortune," and asked to be relieved from the consequences; mothers who dreaded the increase of their families; youths and maidens about love-philtres; men and women anxious to ascertain whether there were any grounds for their mutual jealousies. The prying of the police have done much to interfere with these doings, but they still prevail in many rural districts of Devon.

The white witches were in no cases more felicitous than in the detection of thieves, and in the restoration of stolen property. I sat with a bench of magistrates in the south of Devon, some years ago, and will describe a scene of which I was an eye-witness. Some music-books had been stolen from the rood-loft of a village church. There are two corporate bodies in most of our rural churches who intensify the ambition of the rustics, and who are constantly in a state of rivalry with neighbouring parishes—that is to say, the bell-ringers and the choristers. To carry away the palm of victory in a bell-ringing contest is a pride and a glory to the conquerors; and to be famed for having the best "moozic to be yerd vur ur near," is the boast not only of the vigorous actors, but of the admiring auditors who form the congregation. The *crowd* (violin), the *base* (viol), and the *vluit* (flute), each safely kept by the possessor at *whoom*, and brought out at *Zundays* for the *sarviss* of God, are the leading instruments by which the choir is led. They are played with an energy which shows that heart and hand, breath and body are strained to the utmost in order to awaken the loudest, if not the sweetest, harmony. The tune-books, into which no novelty has intruded for a generation, are dear to these people as the apple of their eyes, and sacred as the Bible itself. The loft is the popular

throne, and its belongings are in the special keeping of the choristers. One Sunday morning the books had disappeared, and great was the consternation of bass, tenor and treble. A couple of weeks had passed, and two good-looking young men were brought before the magistrates and accused of the theft. There was a considerable assembly in the court, and every look hurled condemnation on the prisoners—that they were guilty was a foregone conclusion—the people had come not to hear the evidence, but to witness the punishment, for what was alike a sin and a sacrilege. The wrong done was not personal but public—the crime was committed against the whole community—and the whole community came to "zee the vellers" properly "drounced." There were excited colloquies among the rustics—"They zays they didn't doo't. What du uz care vur that? Uz knows better o' the ben. They be nicked naow, an' ell git a proper lerricking. Uz'll know how they bediddled away the buiks. Crimminy! They maun stump to Lob's pound vust, and arter draggel to Bot'ny Bay."

The chairman shouted "Silence!" The pre-judged culprits stood before the bench, watched by a couple of constables, as if they might possibly escape by the roof, or fly out through the window. The crowd pressed forward, as if determined not to lose a word. The word of "Silence!" again falling from the bench, was repeated by the clerk, then by the constables, then passed from one to another of the authorities, and dying away upon the lips of an old woman who was seated on a distant settle, the awful march of justices' justice began.

"Who is to prove that the books were in the loft?"

"Me! me!" answered a rustic, pushing forward, in the competition for the honour of laying the foundation upon which all the proofs of guilt were to be raised.

"Thomas Towler!—The evidence—you've got the Testament in your left hand instead of your right,"—so the book is transferred, and eagerly kissed, "wait a minute, The evidence you shall give," &c., &c., the book is kissed again with all the proper formalities.

"When did you last see the music-books in question?"

"I zeed'en last Zunday be a vortnight."

"Where?"

"I zeed'en in the rood-loft—and Ben Bixley, —and Michael Mimberry, and more on uz zeed'en tu."

"Now just answer the question, and let other people answer for themselves."

"Ees! yer wurchip—but all on uz zeed'en, and used 'en thick'er day, and I mind the tuens uz zinged, an' I'll tell 'ee how I mind 'em."

"We don't care about that; but when did you miss the books?"

"Last Zunday. When me and Michael got to the tap of the stairs, the cubburd was open and the buiks wasn't there, and there was some of the leaves upon the vloor. I know'd 'em by the dog's-ears. Warn't et zo, Michael?"

"Now, pray stop—and only answer what you are asked. Was leave never given to take away the books? Were they never lent to anybody?"

"No, niver, niver as I know'd—no, I be zartain zure—niver, niver."

"And have the books been since found?"

"Nauw! uz ha' sarched indoor and ou'door, vrom hour t' hour, but they han't a bin vound."

And Michael stepped forward, which was by no means needed, to confirm the important statement which Thomas had made; and having done this, drew back with the satisfaction of thinking that he had bravely, and without any sort of reservation, discharged an important social duty.

"But how are the prisoners concerned? Have the books been traced to them?"

"O, they be they! there's no doubt o' that!" said a well-dressed, sober-looking person, who was obviously an authority, and who was discovered to be the churchwarden of the parish, which had been deprived of its music-literature.

"Come forward, sir!" said the magistrates, "and tell us what you know about this matter."

"Ees!—they be they! they be the hieves!" repeated the excited churchwarden, before the swearing-book was placed in his hands, "I knows they be they!"—and having been sworn, the chairman of the magistrates quietly said, "These men have been taken up upon your affidavit. Inform the bench of the reason of their being brought before us."

"Becuz, I knows I'm zartin zure they be the men."

"Why?—how?"

The churchwarden seemed somewhat perplexed; but looking around, found some encouragement in making a clean breast of it, and at last said very quickly, "Well, you shall know—'twas the wise woman telled me."

"The wise woman! And who is she?"

Upon which the churchwarden's tongue being loosened, he described the wise woman as a most worthy and respectable person, of whom he had a thorough knowledge, and so

had his neighbours: a murmur of applause and approval was heard in the room, confirming his statement, and thus encouraged he went on to say that sometime ago he had lost a silver coffee-pot, and went to consult the wise woman, and she told him she knew who had stolen it, and would make the thief restore it, and it was restored; and he again vouched for the honesty of the wise woman; but nobody was found present who could in any way connect the accused men with the robbery of the books.

So a summons was issued, and the wise woman was soon after brought by a constable into the presence of the worshipful bench. I was somewhat anxious to observe the personal appearance and demeanour of one who exerted so extraordinary an influence over the peasantry. She was thoroughly self-possessed, came forward without the slightest embarrassment or hesitation. She was neatly and becomingly dressed in black, of middle age, of a mild and even an attractive countenance, very readily took the oath, and in answer to the inquiry, "Are you acquainted with the prisoners?" quickly replied, "They be *they*!" "They what?" "They that stole the buiks." "How do you know that?" "Why I dealed the cards, and they told me that the men's names was W. H. and A. V., and I didn't zay no more than that, and now zay that if their names is W. H. and A. V. they be the men." The names of the accused were William Harris and Ambrose Vickery.

Further evidence there was none; the case was dismissed, and the wise woman was placed at the bar which the unconvicted prisoners had just occupied. She was informed that she would not be allowed to continue her practices; that if she persisted in deluding the people she would be punished as a cheat, a rogue and a vagabond. She listened, but the menace did not seem to affect her. She answered slowly, but emphatically, "Do wi' me what you will, they be the men." No further proceedings took place; but many looks of sympathy, words of kindness, and friendly greeting, accompanied the wise woman when she left the justice-room.

What became of her afterwards I never heard. She probably managed to escape the observation of the police or the magistracy; but the impression obviously left on the minds of the rustics was that she had been an ill-used woman, and her influence was rather augmented than diminished by her courageous bearing on the memorable occasion with which the initials W. H. and A. V. were associated.

TABLE TALK.

IN the last batch of papers from New York, there is a curiosity. The *Herald* laments the extraordinary increase of suicides in America ; seriously sets itself to prove that self-slaughter is a crime ; and ventures to publish the arguments of correspondents who, in opposition to this doctrine, insist on the lawfulness of what is called a "voluntary entrance into the other world." What does all this mean? If the facts be as important as they are stated to be, they show an immense change in the Yankee character. Once it was leavened with a creed which implies a disposition utterly averse to suicide. We may speak of Calvinism as gloomy, and find other hard names for it ; but, at least, it was never suicidal in its tendencies. A Covenanter could no more than a Mussulman indulge in the Happy Despatch : his first thought in religion is to magnify the Supreme will, until it almost annuls the human. For the suicidal temperament, we must look to a more egotistic faith—to that of the Japanese, for example, or to that of the French. One thing at least we know, that the French, with all their reputation for gaiety, are the most suicidal people of the west ; and if the Americans are becoming addicted to suicide, as the New York papers would seem to establish, it shows that here is one point more in which they are taking after French practices. Certainly it is a wonderful change to note in the history of a great people, that they should begin their course in prayer and fasting, as the elect who bowed in all things to the Sovereign Will, and that at length they should become notorious for their determination not to bring sinners into this world, and for the assertion of their claim to make "voluntary entrance into the other world."

TALKING of suicide, we read again in the American papers that the Honourable Elijah Hise has translated himself into another existence, in plain English, shot himself, "because he could not bear to see the ruin of the American Republic." One would be sorry to inculcate the imitation of such patriotism ; but it is certain that a good many people, here as well as over the water, would not only not see, but would avert, injury to their country by following the chariot-wheels of the Honourable Elijah.

A GLOOMY friend of mine pretended, the other day, to be astonished at the small num-

ber of suicides ; then, after a pause, he accounted for it in this melancholy but profound way : "The fact is, that by the time we have discovered the emptiness of life, living has become a fatal habit."

THERE is a rumour abroad, that, when the 72nd Highlanders were ordered to duty in Manchester gaol, on the occasion of the late Fenian executions, ball-cartridges were served out to them from a stock of ammunition sent down by order of the War Officials. The regiment had lately been armed with the Snider rifle ; but on examining their cartridges, they found them to be of the old Enfield pattern and size. Impossible to load ! So that when the men made their effective display on the roof of the prison they could not have fired had the order been given, and to charge with the bayonet from that position would have been a difficult operation. The Americans sometimes mounted wooden guns, dummies, to mislead the Southern forces as to their strength in Artillery. These shams they called Quakers. This is the first time that the 72nd entitled themselves to that pacific denomination.

CAN the Postmaster-General give a valid reason why our penny and twopenny stamps are such embodiments of nastiness? Their colouring pigments adhere but imperfectly to the paper and with the slightest touch come off copiously in the form of a noxious and in all probability poisonous powder. The glutinous mixture on their backs is so nauseous that one shudders to think what it can be made of. And a large proportion of these pernicious concomitants passes down the throats of stamp users, who must in consequence be subjected to a process of slow poisoning by the continuous dosing. True there are several devices for damping adhesive labels, but who uses them? We dare assume that ninety-five per cent of the stamps consumed throughout the kingdom are wetted in the mouth. The higher priced labels are free from the deleterious qualities ; so are the penny stamps of the Inland Revenue Department ; so are the cheap stamps over all the rest of the world. What excuse has our Post Office to offer for refusing us a class of labels more decent and more creditable to a civilised country? Expense is an excuse out of the question, seeing how small the extra cost of better ink and gum would be, and how large are the profits—a million and a half a year—netted by the Postmaster-General.

PANTOMIMES are extinct. The craft to construct this ancient kind of drama is lost. The so-called pantomime is a hybrid monster with the head of a burlesque, to which is added an acrobatic mummery as a tail. This tail is called "the comic business." To afford some idea of what the "comic business" used to be, hear how Grimaldi treated a scene. The prompter in dismay informed the great mime that certain tricks were not ready, nor would be so for at least five minutes. Grimaldi reflected a moment, looked round, saw a pot of porter in the prompter's box. "All right," said he. "send on a boy with that tippie." On went the clown, and following him the boy. Grimaldi soon stole the liquor, and despatched the bearer. He proposed to drink it. Conscience arrested him. A discussion ensued in gesture between him and Conscience. The discussion grew hot. They quarrelled. He proposed to fight Conscience for the porter. Down he put the pot on one side, and the fight began. At the end of the second round, he took a pull at the liquor. At the end of the third, another refresher. Conscience put in "a nasty one" in the wind. He recovered himself by another application, and so on, until when at last Conscience was declared winner, the pot had been emptied. By this time the prompter signalled that the next scene was ready, and Grimaldi limped out of sight, drunk, but repentant. Where be your clowns now?

LONDON has been so completely pulled to pieces, sliced across, and knocked about, that the preservation of a relic of very second-rate interest is something. At the upper end of Baker Street there is a house in which Mrs. Siddons resided, and in it a large room which she had built for herself, in order that she might have space to rehearse her large and magnificent action—the grand school did not play as if it had been let out of a band-box. The Metropolitan Railway (the undergroundlings) are making a line between Baker Street and St. John's Wood, and this house seemed to be menaced. But it has been preserved, pointed, painted, and Portman'd—it is to be an office for his lordship's agent. He might put up a mural tablet, "Here stalked the Sarah Siddons," only we never tabulate anybody but churchwardens and generous benefactors. From Mrs. Siddons' balcony, Regent's Park can be seen, and it is a local tradition that Cornwall Terrace was shortened by order of the Regent, in order that her request not to be deprived of her view might be complied with. If so, the

boys at the celebrated school which forms the north end of that terrace should have an annual holiday in honour of the lady Sarah who secured them so capital a playground. As we don't seem to know when she was born, the day of her demise, 8th June (1831) will do—youngsters are not sentimental—and the Italian class would say *che Sarà, Sarà*.

FINE writing is becoming too scarce. We are deprived of our jests. I must rescue one little bit, however—the description of a woman's face; and I hope we are all grateful enough to M. Léon Cladel for this exquisite delineation:—"Pareilles à des turquoises montées sur cristal, ses prunelles exhalent des lueurs timides qui vacillent sous deux paupières ombragées de cils aussi nombreux et non moins bruns que les sourcils en ogive et jumeaux dont son front, fait de neiges et de roses, est encore rehaussé. Dans sa bouche, arc détendu, nid de perles ourlé de cornalines, s'agite et gazouille une espièglerie sans malice."

ONE day last week, M., who is proud of his good memory (he might, of course, be as reasonably proud of his good digestion), inflicted a recitation of at least twenty lines on an unoffending dinner-party. Ironically thanked, he aggravated the offence by quoting the celebrated passage from Hallam, who, commending the learning of as much poetry as possible by heart, says, "Those who have known what it is when afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetic recollections, will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory in the prime of its power what it will easily receive and indelibly retain." But the company was unconciliated, and Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield, proposed M.'s health, wishing him in Hallamshire.

THE wildest piece of table-talk was surely that of the man to whom a lady complained of her upholsterer, for not having come for a table that needed repair. "Madam, he is an uncome-for-table person."

NOTICE.

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It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

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CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER X.



UT A SHORT interval sufficed to restore one of the parties to his natural self-possession.

"Lord, sir," said Wylie, "how you startled me! You should not come upon a man at his work like that. We might have had an accident."

"What were you doing?" said Hazel, in a voice that quavered in spite of him.

"Repairing the ship. Found a crack or two in her inner skin. There, let me get a light, and I'll explain it to you, sir."

He groped his way out, and invited Mr. Hazel into his cabin. There he struck a light, and, with great civility, tendered an explanation. The ship, he said, had laboured a good deal in the last gale, and he had discovered one or two flaws in her, which were of no immediate importance: but experience had taught him that in calm weather a ship ought to be kept tight. "As they say ashore, a stitch in time saves nine."

"But drilling holes in her is not the way," said Hazel, sternly.

The mate laughed. "Why, sir," said he, "what other way is there? We cannot stop an irregular crack; we can frame nothing to fit it. The way is to get ready a plug, measured a trifle larger than the aperture you are going to make; then drill a round hole, and force in the plug. I know no other way than that; and I was a ship's carpenter for ten years before I was a mate."

This explanation, and the manner in which it was given, removed Mr. Hazel's apprehensions for the time being. "It was very

alarming," said he; "but I suppose you know your business."

"Nobody better, sir," said Wylie. "Why, it is not one seaman in three that would trouble his head about a flaw in a ship's inner skin; but I'm a man that looks ahead. Will you have a glass of grog, sir, now you are here? I keep that under my eye, too; between ourselves, if the skipper had as much in his cabin as I have here, that might be worse for us all than a crack or two in the ship's inner skin."

Mr. Hazel declined to drink grog at that time in the morning, but wished him good-night, and left him with a better opinion of him than he ever had till then.

Wylie, when he was gone, drew a tumbler of neat spirits, drank half, and carried the rest back to his work.

Yet Wylie was a very sober man in a general way. Rum was his tool; not his master.

When Hazel came to think of it all next day, he did not feel quite so easy as he had done. The inner skin! But, when Wylie withdrew his auger, the water had squirted in furiously. He felt it hard to believe that this keen jet of water could be caused by a small quantity that had found its way between the skin of the ship and her copper, or her top booting; it seemed rather to be due to the direct pressure of the liquid monster outside.

He went to the captain that afternoon, and first told him what he had seen, offering no solution. The captain, on that occasion, was in an amphibious state; neither wet nor dry; and his reply was altogether exceptional. He received the communication with pompous civility; then swore a great oath, and said he would put the mate in irons: "Confound the lubber! he will be through the ship's bottom."

"But, stop a moment," said Mr. Hazel, "it is only fair you should also hear how he accounts for his proceeding."

The captain listened attentively to the explanation, and altered his tone. "Oh, that is a different matter," said he. "You need be under no alarm, sir; the thundering lubber knows what he is about, at that work. Why,

he has been a ship's carpenter all his life. Him a seaman! If anything ever happens to me, and Joe Wylie is set to navigate this ship, then you may say your prayers. He isn't fit to sail a wash-tub across a duck-pond. But I'll tell you what it is," added this worthy, with more pomposity than neatness of articulation, "here's respectable passenger brought me a report; do my duty to m'employers, and—take a look at the well."

He accordingly chalked a plumb-line, and went and sounded the well.

There were eight inches of water. Hudson told him that was no more than all ships contained from various causes; "in fact," said he, "our pumps suck, and will not draw, at eight inches." Then suddenly grasping Mr. Hazel's hand, he said, in tearful accents, "Don't you trouble your head about Joe Wylie, or any such scum. I'm skipper of the *Proserpine*, and a man that does his duty to z'employers. Mr. Hazel, sir, I'd come to my last anchor in that well this moment, if my duty to m'employers required it. I'd lie down there this minute, and never move to all eternity and a day after, if it was my duty to m'employers!"

"No doubt," said Hazel, drily. "But I think you can serve your employers better *in other parts of the ship*." He then left him, with a piece of advice; "to keep his eye upon that Wylie."

Mr. Hazel kept his own eye on Wylie so constantly, that at eleven o'clock P.M., he saw that worthy go into the captain's cabin with a quart bottle of rum.

The coast was clear; the temptation great. These men then were still deceiving him with a feigned antagonism. He listened at the key-hole, not without some compunction; which, however, became less and less as fragments of the dialogue reached his ear.

For a long time the only speaker was Hudson, and his discourse ran upon his own exploits at sea. But suddenly Wylie's voice broke in with an unmistakable tone of superiority. "Belay all that chat, and listen to me. It is time we settled something. I'll hear what you have got to say; and then you'll *do* what *I* say. Better keep your hands off the bottle a minute; you have had enough for the present; this is business. I know you are good for jaw; but what are you game to do for the governor's money? Anything?"

"More than you have ever seen or heard tell of, ye lubber," replied the irritated skipper. "Who has ever served his employers like Hiram Hudson?"

"Keep that song for your quarter-deck," re-

torted the mate, contemptuously. "No; on second thoughts, just tell me how you have served your employers, you old humbug. Give me chapter and verse to choose from. Come now, the Neptune?"

"Well, the Neptune; she caught fire a hundred leagues from land."

"How came she to do that?"

"That is my business. Well, I put her head before the wind, and ran for the Azores; and I stuck to her, sir, till she was as black as a coal, and we couldn't stand on deck, but kept hopping like parched peas; and fire belching out of her port-holes forward: then we took to the boats, and saved a few bales of silk by way of sample of her cargo, and got ashore; and she'd have come ashore too next tide and told tales; but somebody left a keg of gunpowder in the cabin, with a long fuse, and blew a hole in her old ribs, that the water came in, and down she went, hissing like ten thousand serpents, and nobody the wiser."

"Who lighted the fuse, I wonder?" said Wylie.

"Didn't I tell ye it was 'Somebody'?" said Hudson. "Hand me the stiff." He replenished his glass, and after taking a sip or two, asked Wylie if he had ever had the luck to be boarded by pirates.

"No," said Wylie. "Have you?"

"Ay; and they rescued me from a watery grave, as the lubbers call it. Ye see, I was employed by Downes & Co., down at the Havannah, and cleared for Vera Cruz with some boxes of old worn-out printers' type."

"To print psalm-books for the darkies, no doubt," suggested Wylie.

"Insured as specie," continued Hudson, ignoring the interruption. "Well, just at day-break one morning, all of a sudden there was a rakish-looking craft on our weather-bow: lets fly a nine-pounder across our fore-foot, and was alongside before my men could tumble up from below. I got knocked into the sea by the boom, and fell between the ships; and the pirate he got hold of me, and poured hot grog down my throat to bring me to my senses."

"That is not what you use it for in general," said Wylie. "Civil sort of pirate, though."

"Pirate be d—d. That was my consort, rigged out with a black flag, and mounted with four nine-pounders on one side, and five dummies on the other. He blustered a bit, and swore, and took our type and our cabbages, (I complained to Downes ashore about the vagabond taking the vegetables,) and ordered us to leeward under all canvas, and we never saw him again—not till he had shaved off his mus-

taches, and called on Downes to condole, and say the varmint had chased his ship fifty leagues out of her course ; but he had got clear of him. Downes complimented me publicly. Says he, 'This skipper boarded the pirate single handed ; only he jumped short, and fell between the two ships ; and here he is by a miracle.' Then he takes out his handkerchief, and flops his head on my shoulder. 'His merciful preservation almost reconciles me to the loss of my gold,' says the thundering crocodile. Cleared 70,000 dollars he did out of the Manhattan Marine, and gave the pirate and me but £200 between us both."

"The Rose?" said Wylie.

"What a hurry you are in ! Pass the grog. Well, the Rose ; she lay off Ushant. We canted her to wash the decks ; lucky she had a careful commander ; not like Kempensfelt, whose eye was in his pocket, and his fingers held the pen, so he went to the bottom, with lord knows how many men. I noticed the squalls came very sudden ; so I sent most of my men ashore, and got the boats ready in case of accident. A squall did strike her, and she was on her beam-ends in a moment : we pulled ashore with two bales of silk by way of salvage, and sample of what warn't in her hold when she settled down. We landed ; and the Frenchmen were dancing about with excitement. 'Captain,' says one, 'you have much sang fraw.' 'Insured, mounseer,' says I. 'Bone,' says he.

"Then there was the Antelope, lost in charge of a pilot off the Hooghly. I knew the water as well as he did. We were on the port tack, standing towards the shoal. Weather it, as we should have done next tack, and I should have failed in my duty to my employers. Anything but that ! 'Look out !' said I, 'Pilot, she forereaches in stays.' Pilot was smoking : those Sandhead pilots smoke in bed and asleep. He takes his cigar out of his mouth for one moment. 'Ready about,' says he. 'Hands 'bout ship. Helm's a-lee. Raise tacks and sheets.' Round she was coming like a top. Pilot smoking. Just as he was going to haul the mainsail, Somebody tripped against him, and shoved the hot cigar in his eye. He sung out and swore, and there was no mainsail haul. Ship in irons, tide running hard on to the shoal, and before we could clear away for anchoring, bump !—there she was hard and fast. A stiff breeze got up at sunrise, and she broke up. Next day I was sipping my grog and reading the 'Bengal Courier,' and it told the disastrous wreck of the brig Antelope, wrecked in charge of a

pilot ; 'but no lives lost, and the owners fully insured.' Then there was the bark Sally. Why, you saw her yourself distressed, on a lee shore."

"Yes," said Wylie. "I was in that tub, the Grampus, and we contrived to claw off the Scillies, yet you in your smart Sally got ashore. What luck !"

"Luck be blowed !" cried Hudson, angrily. "Somebody got into the chains to sound ; and cut the weather halyards. Next tack the masts went over the side ; and I had done my duty."

"Lives were lost that time, eh?" said Wylie, gravely.

"What is that to you?" replied Hudson, with the sudden ire of a drunken man. "Mind your own business. Pass me the bottle."

"Yes, lives was lost : and always will be lost in sea-going ships, where the skipper does his duty. There was a sight more lost at Trafalgar, owing to *every* man doing his duty. Lives lost, ye lubber ! And why not mine ? Because their time was come, and mine wasn't. For I'll tell you one thing, Joe Wylie,—if she takes fire and runs before the wind till she is as black as a coal, and belching flame through all her portholes, and then explodes, and goes aloft in ten thousand pieces no bigger than my hat, or your knowledge of navigation, Hudson is the last man to leave her : Duty !—If she goes on her beam ends and founders, Hudson sees the last of her, and reports it to his employers : Duty !—If she goes grinding on Scilly, Hudson is the last man to leave her bones : Duty !—Some day perhaps I shall be swamped myself along with the craft : I have escaped till now, all owing to not being insured ; but if ever my time should come, and you should get clear, promise me, Joe, to see the owners, and tell 'em Hudson did his duty."

Here a few tears quenched his noble ardour for a moment. But he soon recovered, and said, with some little heat, "You have got the bottle again. I never saw such a fellow to get hold of the bottle. Come, here's 'Duty to our employers !' And now I'll tell you how we managed with the Carysbrook and the Amelia."

This promise was followed by fresh narratives : in particular, of a vessel he had run upon the Florida reef at night, where wreckers had been retained in advance to look out for signals, and come on board and quarrel in pretence and set fire to the vessel, insured at thrice her value.

Hudson got quite excited with the memory

of these exploits, and told each successive feat louder and louder.

But now it was Wylie's turn. "Well," said he, very gravely, "all this was child's play."

There was a pause that marked Hudson's astonishment. Then he broke out, "Child's play, ye lubber! If you had been there your gills would have been as white as your Sunday shirt; and a d——d deal whiter."

"Come, be civil," said Wylie. "I tell you, all the ways you have told me are too suspicious. Our governor is a high-flyer; he pays like a prince, and, in return, he must not be blown on, if it is ever so little. 'Wylie,' says he, 'a breath of suspicion would kill me.' 'Make it so much,' says I, 'and that breath shall never blow on you.' No, no, skipper; none of those ways will do for us: they have all been worked twice too often. It must be done in fair weather, and in a way—fill your glass, and I'll fill mine—Capital rum this. You talk of my gills turning white; before long, we shall see whose keeps their colour best, mine or yours, my Bo."

There was a silence, during which Hudson was probably asking himself what Wylie meant: for, presently, he broke out in a loud, but somewhat unsteady voice, "Why, you mad, drunken devil of a ship's carpenter, red-hot from hell, I see what you are at, now; you are going——"

"Hush!" cried Wylie, alarmed in his turn. "Is this the sort of thing to bellow out for the watch to hear? Whisper, now."

This was followed by the earnest mutterings of two voices. In vain did the listener send his very soul into his ear to hear. He could catch no single word. Yet he could tell, by the very tones of the speakers, that the dialogue was one of mystery and importance.

Here was a situation at once irritating and alarming; but there was no help for it. The best thing, now, seemed to be to withdraw unobserved, and wait for another opportunity. He did so: and he had not long retired, when the mate came out staggering, and flushed with liquor, and that was a thing that had never occurred before. He left the cabin door open, and went into his own room.

Soon after, sounds issued from the cabin, peculiar sounds, something between grunting and snoring.

Mr. Hazel came and entered the cabin. There he found the captain of the *Proserpine* in a position very unfavourable to longevity. His legs were crooked over the seat of his chair, and his head was on the ground. His handkerchief was tight round his neck, and

the man himself dead drunk, and purple in the face.

Mr. Hazel instantly undid his stock, on which the gallant seaman muttered inarticulately. He then took his feet off the chair, and laid them on the ground, and put the empty bottle under the animal's neck. He gave the prostrate figure a heavy kick that almost turned it over, and the words, "Duty to m'employers," gurgled out of its mouth directly.

It really seemed as if these sounds were independent of the mind, and resided at the tip of Hudson's tongue; so that a thorough good kick could, at any time, shake them out of his inanimate body.

Thus do things ludicrous, and things terrible, mingle in the real world; only, to those who are in the arena, the ludicrous passes unnoticed, being overshadowed by its terrible neighbour.

And so it was with Hazel. He saw nothing absurd in all this; and in that prostrate, insensible hog, commanding the ship, forsooth, and carrying all their lives in his hands: he saw the mysterious and alarming only; saw them so, and felt them, that he lay awake all night thinking what he should do, and early next day he went into the mate's cabin, and said to him, "Mr. Wylie, in any other ship I should speak to the captain, and not to the mate; but here that would be no use, for you are the master, and he is your servant."

"Don't tell him so, sir, for he doesn't think small beer of himself."

"I shall waste no more words on him. It is to you I speak, and you know I speak the truth. Here is a ship, in which, for certain reasons known to yourself, the captain is under the mate."

"Well, sir," said Wylie, good-humouredly, "it is no use trying to deceive a gentleman like you. Our skipper is an excellent seaman, but he has got a fault." Then Wylie imitated, with his hand, the action of a person filling his glass.

"And you are here to keep him sober? eh?"

Wylie nodded.

"Then why do you ply him with liquor?"

"I don't, sir."

"You do. I have seen you do it a dozen times: and last night you took rum into his room, and made him so drunk, he would have died where he lay if I had not loosed his handkerchief."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir; but he was sober when I left him. The fool must have got to the bottle the moment I was gone."

"But that bottle you put in his way; I saw you: and what was your object? to deaden

his conscience with liquor, his and your own, while you made him your fiendish proposal. Man, man, do you believe in God, and in a judgment to come for the deeds done in the body, that you can plan in cold blood to destroy a vessel with nineteen souls on board, besides the live stock, the innocent animals that God pitied and spared, when he raised his hand in wrath over Nineveh of old?"

While the clergyman was speaking, with flashing eyes and commanding voice, the seaman turned ashy pale; and drew his shoulders together like a cat preparing to defend her life.

"I plan to destroy a vessel, sir! You never heard me say such a word; and don't you hint such a thing in the ship, or you will get yourself into trouble."

"That depends on you."

"How so, sir?"

"I have long suspected you."

"You need not tell me that, sir."

"But I have not communicated my suspicions. And now that they are certainties, I come first to you. In one word, will you forego your intention, since it is found out?"

"How can I forego what never was in my head?" said Wylie. "Cast away the ship! Why there's no land within three thousand miles. Founder a vessel in the Pacific! Do you think my life is not as sweet to me as yours is to you?"

Wylie eyed him keenly to see the effect of these words, and by a puzzled expression that came over his face, saw at once he had assumed a more exact knowledge than he really possessed.

Hazel replied that he had said nothing about foundering the ship; but there were many ways of destroying one. "For instance," said he, "I know how the Neptune was destroyed—and so do you; how the Rose and the Antelope were cast away—and so do you."

At this enumeration, Wylie lost his colour and self-possession for a moment; he saw Hazel had been listening. Hazel followed up his blow. "Promise me now, by all you hold sacred, to forego this villany; and I hold my tongue. Attempt to defy me, or to throw dust in my eyes, and I go instantly among the crew, and denounce both you and Hudson to them."

"Good Heavens!" cried Wylie, in unfeigned terror. "Why, the men would mutiny on the spot."

"I can't help that," said Hazel, firmly; and took a step towards the door.

"Stop a bit," said the mate, and, springing before the clergyman, he set his back against

the door. "Don't be in such a nation hurry: for, if you do, it will be bad for me, but worse for you." The above was said so gravely, and with such evident sincerity, that Mr. Hazel was struck, and showed it. Wylie followed up that trifling advantage. "Sit down a minute, sir, if you please, and listen to me. You never saw a mutiny on board ship, I'll be bound. It is a worse thing than any gale that ever blew: begins fair enough, sometimes; but how does it end? In breaking into the spirit room, and drinking to madness, plundering the ship, ravishing the women, and cutting a throat or so for certain. You don't seem so fond of the picture, as you was of the idea. And then they might turn a deaf ear to you after all. Ship is well found in all stores; provisions served out freely; men in good humour; and I have got their ear. And now I'll tell you why it won't suit your little game to blacken me to the crew, upon the bare chance of a mutiny." He paused for a moment, then resumed in a lower tone, and revealed himself the extraordinary man he was.

"You see, sir," said he, "when a man is very ready to suspect me, I always suspect him. Now you was uncommon ready to suspect me. You didn't wait till you came on board; you began the game ashore. Oh! that makes you open one eye, does it? You thought I didn't know you again. Knew you, my man, the moment you came aboard. I never forget a face; and disguises don't pass on me."

It was now Hazel's turn to look anxious and discomposed.

"Well, then, the moment I saw you suspected me I was down upon you. You come aboard under false colours. We didn't want a chap like you in the ship; but you would come. 'What is the bloke after?' says I, and watches. You was so intent suspecting me of this, that, and t'other, that you unguarded yourself, and that is common too. 'I'm blowed if it isn't the lady he is after,' says I. With all my heart: only she might do better, and I don't see how she could do worse, unless she went to old Nick for a mate. Now, I'll tell you what it is, my Ticket o' Leave. I've been in trouble myself, and don't want to be hard on a poor devil, just because he sails under an alias, and lies as near the wind as he can, to weather on the beaks and the bobbies. But one good turn deserves another: keep your dirty suspicions to yourself; for if you dare to open your lips to the men, in five minutes, or less than that, you shall be in irons, and confined to your cabin; and we'll put you ashore at the first port that flies a British flag, and hand you over to the authorities,

till one of her Majesty's cruisers sends in a boat for you."

At this threat Mr. Hazel hung his head in confusion and dismay.

"Come, get out of my cabin, Parson Alias," shouted the mate; "and belay your foul tongue in this ship, and don't make an enemy of Joe Wylie, a man that can eat you up and spit you out again, and never brag. Sheer off, I say, and be d—d to you."

Mr. Hazel, with a pale face and sick heart, looked aghast at this dangerous man, who could be fox, or tiger, as the occasion demanded.

Surprised, alarmed, outwitted, and outmenaced, he retired with disordered countenance, and uneven steps, and hid himself in his own cabin.

The more he weighed the whole situation, the more clearly did he see that he was utterly powerless in the hands of Wylie.

A skipper is an emperor; and Hudson had the power to iron him, and set him on shore at the nearest port. The right to do it was another matter; but even on that head, Wylie could furnish a plausible excuse for the act. Retribution, if it came at all, would not be severe, and would be three or four years coming; and who fears it much, when it is so dilatory, and so weak, and doubtful into the bargain?

He succumbed in silence for two days; and then, in spite of Wylie's threat, he made one timid attempt to approach the subject with Welch and Cooper, but a sailor came up instantly, and sent them forward to reef top-sails. And whenever he tried to enter into conversation with the pair, some sailor or other was sure to come up and listen.

Then he saw that he was spotted; or, as we say now-a-days, picketed.

He was at his wits' end.

He tried his last throw. He wrote a few lines to Miss Rolleston, requesting an interview. Aware of the difficulties he had to encounter here, he stilled his heart by main force, and wrote in terms carefully measured. He begged her to believe he had no design to intrude upon her, without absolute necessity, and for her own good. Respect for her own wishes forbade this, and also his self-respect.

"But," said he, "I have made a terrible discovery. The mate and the captain certainly intend to cast away this ship. No doubt they will try and not sacrifice their own lives and ours; but risk them they must, in the very nature of things. Before troubling you, I have tried all I could, in the way of persuasion and menace; but am defeated. So now it rests with you. You, alone, can save us all. I will

tell you how, if you will restrain your repugnance, and accord me a short interview. Need I say that no other subject shall be introduced by me. In England, should we ever reach it, I may perhaps try to take measures to regain your good opinion; but here, I am aware, that is impossible; and I shall make no attempt in that direction, upon my honour."

To this there came a prompt and feminine reply.

"The ship is *his*. The captain and the mate are able men appointed by *him*; I shall hand them your letter: and I request, sir, this may be your last communication of any kind with

"HELEN ANNE ROLLESTON."

That night Wylie came to his cabin and laid on the table before him his letter to Miss Rolleston.

"Now, lookye here, mate," said the man, "what's to be the game between you and me? Has love for this gal druv you off your head? Take warning, and a last one, mind ye! If you stir your eye to cross my business, I blow the gaff. I'll introduce you to the lady under your true colours, and introduce your reverend ancles to the irons atween decks! What's got into ye?" hissed the mate, advancing his face close to Hazel's. And the rogue looked down the honest man's eye, that quailed before him. When Hazel looked up, he was gone. The poor fellow gazed on the letter, which Helen had handed to the captain; he saw that resistance was useless; his eyes wandered about in despair; his arms hung listlessly by his side. He was beaten.

His mental distress brought on an attack of that terrible malady, jaundice.

He crept about, yellow as a guinea; a very scarecrow.

He took no exercise; he ate little food. He lay, listless and dejected, about the deck.

The ship now encountered an adverse gale, and, for three whole days, was under close-reefed top-sails; she was always a wet ship under stress of weather; and she took in a good deal of water on this occasion. On the fourth day it fell calm, and Captain Hudson, having examined the well, and found three feet of water, ordered the men to the pumps.

After working through one watch, the well was sounded again, and the water was so much reduced that the gangs were taken off; and the ship being now becalmed, and the weather lovely, the men were allowed to dance upon deck to the boatswain's fiddle.

While this pastime went on, the sun, large and red, reached the horizon, and diffused a roseate light over the entire ocean.

Not one of the current descriptions of heaven approached the actual grandeur and beauty of the blue sky flecked with ruby and gold, and its liquid mirror that lay below, calm, dimpled, and glorified by that translucent, rosy tint.

While the eye was yet charmed with this enchanting bridal of the sea and sky, and the ear amused with the merry fiddle and the nimble feet, that tapped the sounding deck so deftly at every note, Cooper, who had been sounding the well, ran forward all of a sudden, and flung a thunderbolt in the midst.

"A LEAK!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE fiddle ended in mid-tune, and the men crowded aft with anxious faces.

The captain sounded the well, and found three feet and a half water in it. He ordered all hands to the pumps.

They turned to with a good heart, and pumped, watch and watch, till day-break.

Their exertions counteracted the leak, but did no more; the water in the well was neither more nor less perceptibly.

This was a relief to their minds, so far; but the situation was a very serious one. Suppose foul weather should come, and the vessel ship water from above as well!

Now, all those who were not on the pumps, set to work to find out the leak and stop it if possible. With candles in their hands, they crept about the ribs of the ship, narrowly inspecting every corner, and applying their ears to every suspected place, if haply they might hear the water coming in. The place where Hazel had found Wylie at work was examined, along with the rest; but neither there nor anywhere else could the leak be discovered. Yet the water was still coming in, and required unremitting labour to keep it under. It was then suggested by Wylie, and the opinion gradually gained ground, that some of the seams had opened in the late gale, and were letting in the water by small but numerous apertures.

Faces began to look cloudy; and Hazel, throwing off his lethargy, took his spell at the main pump with the rest.

When his gang was relieved he went away, bathed in perspiration, and, leaning over the well, sounded it.

While thus employed, the mate came behind

him, with his cat-like step, and said, "See what has come on us with your forebodings! It is the unluckiest thing in the world to talk about losing a ship when she is at sea."

"You are a more dangerous man on board a ship than I am," was Hazel's prompt reply.

The well gave an increase of three inches.

Mr. Hazel now showed excellent qualities. He worked like a horse; and, finding the mate sculking, he reproached him before the men, and, stripping himself naked to the waist, invited him to do a man's duty. The mate, thus challenged, complied with a scowl.

They laboured for their lives, and the quantity of water they discharged from the ship was astonishing; not less than a hundred and ten tons every hour.

They gained upon the leak—only two inches; but, in the struggle for life, this was an immense victory. It was the turn of the tide.

A light breeze sprung up from the south-west, and the captain ordered the men from the buckets to make all sail on the ship, the pumps still going.

When this was done, he altered the ship's course, and put her right before the wind, steering for the island of Juan Fernandez, distant eleven hundred miles, or thereabouts.

Probably it was the best thing he could do, in that awful waste of water. But its effect on the seamen was bad. It was like giving in. They got a little disheartened and flurried; and the cold, passionless water seized the advantage. It is possible, too, that the motion of the ship through the sea, aided the leak.

The Proserpine glided through the water all night, like some terror-stricken creature, and the incessant pumps seemed to be her poor heart beating loud with breathless fear.

At day-break she had gone a hundred and twenty miles. But this was balanced by a new and alarming feature. The water from the pumps no longer came up pure, but mixed with what appeared to be blood.

This got redder and redder, and struck terror into the more superstitious of the crew.

Even Cooper, whose heart was stout, leaned over the bulwarks, and eyed the red stream, gushing into the sea from the lee scuppers, and said aloud, "Ay, bleed to death, ye bitch! We shan't be long behind ye."

Hazel inquired, and found the ship had a quantity of dye-wood amongst her cargo; he told the men this, and tried to keep up their hearts by his words and his example.

He succeeded with some: but others shook their heads. And by-and-by, even while he was working double tides, for them as well as

for himself, ominous murmurs met his ear. "Parson aboard!" "Man aboard, with t'other world in his face!" And there were sinister glances to match.

He told this, with some alarm, to Welch and Cooper. They promised to stand by him; and Welch told him it was all the mate's doing; he had gone amongst the men, and poisoned them.

The wounded vessel, with her ever-beating heart, had run three hundred miles on the new tack. She had almost ceased to bleed; but what was as bad, or worse, small fragments of her cargo and stores came up with the water, and their miscellaneous character showed how deeply the sea had now penetrated.

This, and their great fatigue, began to demoralise the sailors. The pumps and buckets were still plied, but it was no longer with the uniform manner of brave and hopeful men. Some stuck doggedly to their work, but others got flurried, and ran from one thing to another. Now and then a man would stop, and burst out crying; then to work again in a desperate way. One or two lost heart altogether, and had to be driven. Finally, one or two succumbed under the unremitting labour. Despair crept over others; their features began to change, so much so, that several countenances were hardly recognisable, and each, looking in the other's troubled face, saw his own fate pictured there.

Six feet water in the hold!

The captain, who had been sober beyond his time, now got dead drunk.

The mate took the command. On hearing this, Welch and Cooper left the pumps. Wylie ordered them back. They refused, and coolly lighted their pipes. A violent altercation took place, which was brought to a close by Welch.

"It is no use pumping the ship," said he. "She is doomed. D'y'e think we are blind, my mate and me? You got the long boat ready for yourself before ever the leak was sprung. Now get the cutter ready for my mate and me."

At these simple words Wylie lost colour, and walked aft without a word.

Next day there were seven feet water in the hold, and quantities of bread coming up through the pumps.

Wylie ordered the men from the pumps to the boats. The jolly-boat was provisioned and lowered. While she was towing astern, the cutter was prepared, and the ship left to fill.

All this time Miss Rolleston had been kept in the dark, not as to the danger, but as to its

extent. Great was her surprise when Mr. Hazel entered her cabin, and cast an ineffable look of pity on her.

She looked up surprised, and then angry. "How dare you?" she began.

He waved his hand in a sorrowful but commanding way. "Oh, this is no time for prejudice or temper. The ship is sinking: we are going into the boats. Pray make your preparations. Here is a list I have written of the things you ought to take: we may be weeks at sea, in an open boat."

Then, seeing her dumb-founded, he caught up her carpet-bag, and threw her workbox into it for a beginning. He then laid hands upon some of her preserved meats, and marmalade, and carried them off to his own cabin.

His mind then flew back to his reading, and passed in rapid review, all the wants that men had endured in open boats.

He got hold of Welch, and told him to be sure and see there was plenty of spare canvas on board, and sailing needles, scissors, etc.: also three bags of biscuit, and, above all, a cask of water.

He himself ran all about the ship, including the mate's cabin, in search of certain tools he thought would be wanted.

Then to his own cabin, to fill his carpet-bag.

There was little time to spare; the ship was low in the water, and the men abandoning her. He flung the things into his bag, fastened and locked it, strapped up his blankets for her use, flung on his pea-jacket, and ran across to the starboard side. There he found the captain lowering Miss Rolleston, with due care, into the cutter, and the young lady crying; not at being shipwrecked, if you please, but at being deserted by her maid. Jane Holt, at this trying moment, had deserted her mistress for her husband. This was natural; but, as is the rule with persons of that class, she had done this in the silliest and cruelest way. Had she given half-an-hour's notice of her intention, Donovan might have been on board the cutter with her and her mistress. But no; being a liar and a fool, she must hide her husband to the last moment, and then desert her mistress. The captain, then, was comforting Miss Rolleston, and telling her she should have her maid with her eventually, when Hazel came; he handed down his own bag, and threw the blankets into the stern-sheets. Then went down himself, and sat on the midship thwart.

"Shove off," said the captain; and they fell astern.

But Cooper, with a boat-hook, hooked on to

the long-boat ; and the dying ship towed them both.

Five minutes more elapsed, and the captain did not come down, so Wylie hailed him.

There was no answer. Hudson had gone into the mate's cabin. Wylie waited a minute, then hailed again. "Hy ! on deck there !"

"Hullo !" cried the captain, at last.

"Why didn't you come in the cutter ?"

The captain crossed his arms, and leaned over the stern.

"Don't you know that Hiram Hudson is always the last to leave a sinking ship ?"

"Well, you *are* the last," said Wylie. "So now come on board the long-boat at once. I dare not tow in her wake much longer, to be sucked in when she goes down."

"Come on board your craft, and desert my own ?" said Hudson, disdainfully. "Know my duty to m'employers better."

These words alarmed the mate. "Curse it all !" he cried ; "the fool has been and got some more rum. Fifty guineas to the man that will shin up the tow-rope, and throw that madman into the sea ; then we can pick him up. He swims like a cork."

A sailor instantly darted forward to the rope. But, unfortunately, Hudson heard this proposal, and it enraged him. He got to his cutlass. The sailor drew the boat under the ship's stern, but the drunken skipper flourished his cutlass furiously over his head. "Board me ? ye pirates ! the first that lays a finger on my bulwarks, off goes his hand at the wrist." Suiting the action to the word, he hacked at the tow-rope so vigorously that it gave way, and the boats fell astern.

Helen Rolleston uttered a shriek of dismay and pity. "Oh, save him !" she cried.

"Make sail !" cried Cooper ; and, in a few seconds, they got all her canvas set upon the cutter.

It seemed a hopeless chase for these shells to sail after that dying monster with her cloud of canvas all drawing, aloof and aloft.

But it did not prove so. The gentle breeze was an advantage to light craft, and the dying *Proserpine* was full of water, and could only crawl.

After a few moments of great anxiety, the boats crept up, the cutter on her port, and the long-boat on her starboard quarter.

Wylie ran forward, and, hailing Hudson, implored him, in the friendliest tones, to give himself a chance. Then tried him by his vanity, "Come, and command the boats, old fellow. How can we navigate them on the Pacific, without you ?"

Hudson was now leaning over the taffrail utterly drunk. He made no reply to the mate, but merely waved his cutlass feebly in one hand, and his bottle in the other, and gurgled out "Duty to m'employers."

Then Cooper, without a word, double reefed the cutter's mainsail, and ordered Welch to keep as close to the ship's quarter as he dare. Wylie instinctively did the same, and the three craft crawled on, in solemn and deadly silence, for nearly twenty minutes.

The wounded ship seemed to receive a death-blow. She stopped dead, and shook.

The next moment she pitched gently forward, and her bows went under the water, while her after-part rose into the air, and revealed to those in the cutter *two splintered holes in her run, just below the water-line.*

Welch started up and gripped Cooper by the shoulder ; he pointed to the holes from which the water was pouring in jets.

The next moment her stern settled down, the sea yawned horribly, the great waves of her own making rushed over her upper deck, and the lofty masts and sails, remaining erect, went down with sad majesty into the deep : and nothing remained but the bubbling and foaming of the voracious water, that had swallowed up the good ship and her cargo, and her drunken master.

All stood up in the boats, ready to save him. But the suction of the timber leviathan drew him down. He was seen no more in this world.

A loud sigh broke from every living bosom that witnessed that terrible catastrophe.

It was beyond words : and none were uttered, except by Cooper, who spoke so seldom ; yet now three words of terrible import burst from him, and, uttered in his loud deep voice, rang like the sunk ship's knell over the still bubbling water,—

"SCUTTLED—BY GOD !"

OFFENBACH'S MUSIC.

NOTHING succeeds like success ; and no man has ever had more ample opportunity of experiencing the force of this saying than Offenbach. The composer of *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Orphée*, and a host of other popular works, is now accepted, not alone in France, but throughout the world, as the greatest, if not the only, exponent of musical comedy at present before the public. To this position has he attained sheerly through

the force of his own success. Wherever light music is to be heard, there you will assuredly find him ; you will come upon his brisk tunes in St. Giles's, and you will not be able to avoid them by flying to St. James's. It is clear that he has attraction for the many, and this betokens merit of some sort ; but it is more than questionable whether the influence of his music has been attended with results beneficial to popular taste. I fear that, in setting Offenbach upon his exalted throne, and in offering him such abject worship, the public has—not for the first time—mistaken the shadow for the substance, and has accepted for pure gold a metal which will not endure the test of time.

Nothing should be held as truly worthy in music if it have not, directly or indirectly, for its object the advancement of the art. Turn to the paintings of Hogarth, the drawings of Leech, or the poems of Hood—all indulging in humour—and it will be found that their object is not alone to raise unreasoning laughter, but to point a moral, and occasionally even to mingle something of pathos with the jest. What purpose have Offenbach's works ? Wherein do they advance the art of music ? It is true that music cannot point a moral, or indicate a purpose in the palpable fashion of other arts ; but that music possesses great influence over the world is indisputable, and inasmuch as this influence cannot be analysed by the great majority, it behoves the High Priests of the art to watch lest they lead their followers astray, and, by accustoming them to what is false and insidious, render them insensible to what is true and good in art.

The gravest fault to be found with Offenbach is the utter absence of anything bearing the semblance of earnestness from beginning to end of his works. His only object is to array the Goddess of Music in extravagant garments, and, placing a fool's cap upon her head, to set her up for the world to laugh at. Other composers have not done this. Take, for example, the works of Auber : it is hard to say whether there is in them more of genuine comedy than of grace and refinement. Moreover, Auber joins to a natural and spontaneous vein of melody a rare amount of constructive power and musician-like workmanship. His name, it is true, will be handed down to posterity as a writer of comic operas, solely ; but his fun is refinement itself, and his works will serve as enduring models for musical comedy : this last remark will assuredly not apply to Offenbach's pieces.

I will not say that Offenbach's music is vulgar ; this would not be strictly true. It is,

however, almost invariably *canaille*, and this blemish on his style has grown more obtrusive in his later works. Again, he cannot be invariably congratulated upon good taste in the selection of subjects ; his *libretti*, although not wanting, as a rule, in fun or smartness, are, to say the least of them, not “designed for the use of schools.” From this latter fault, too,—and it is a serious one—he was more free in the early days of his career than he is now.

So much for the general features of Offenbach's music ; let us now see what claims he has—either by right of natural gifts or artistic acquirements—to the position of supremacy which he at present holds.

With regard to the natural melody possessed by Offenbach—and melody is practically the mother of music—it may be said that the supply is neither varied nor fertile ; the proof of this statement lies in the fact that no composer has repeated himself more incessantly than has Offenbach. The melodies that are characteristic of himself are few, and extremely like one another ; moreover, they are not original. The brisk triplet measure, the inevitable pedal bass, the remorseless distortion of “leading notes” (forgive the technicality !), and other such tricks, which *were* the individualities, but are now the infirmities, of the French school, constitute the sum total of his melodic fancy. Two or three illustrations are worth a column of writing ; I accordingly subjoin examples of the class of melody which, with certain variations and modifications, may be said to represent the chief features of Offenbach's music.

No. 1 is the song of the “Petit Clerc,” in the *Chanson de Fortunio*, which forms the type of dozens of other couplets.

No. 2 is the air of the “Couplets du Régiment,” in the *Grande Duchesse* ; and this class of subject, also, serves for the commencement of the song sung by Diana in *Orphée*, and many others.

In No. 3, we have an illustration of the worst mannerism of the French school. The bars I have quoted form the *refrain* of some couplets out of an opera called *Les Bavards*. Despite the fact that this song was wont to set all Paris ablaze, I venture to think that the phrase in question (which is the salient subject) is little short of hideous. The manner in which the notes, which I have marked, are repeated again and again, and are dragged down without being allowed to reach their proper resting-place, is remorseless in the last degree ; this is, in fact, music upside-down, and such tricks are the last resource of a jaded imagination.

No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



It is, of course, unreasonable to suppose that the subjects which are here selected for illustration are the only tunes which Offenbach has written. After all, a man cannot give to the world a whole repertory of operatic works made out of subjects in six-eight time; and the galop which forms the *finale* to *Orphée* furnishes a proof that he can, when he chooses, compose a good measure in common time. It is indubitable, however, that his fancy is extremely limited, and that in hearing any one of his best known operas, it may fairly be said that you have heard well nigh all that he can do.

Offenbach is singularly deficient in the power of investing his characters with anything approaching to individuality; whether Eurydice sing, or Pluto, the class of subject will be still the same, and no difference is deemed necessary to illustrate the music of Olympus or that of Hades. It may be urged that *Orphée aux Enfers* is but a piece of musical extravagance, and should not be criticised too keenly. This may be: but there is no reason why there should not be method in such madness, and the work (which, by the way, is one of the most spontaneous that Offenbach has ever written) would have been

much better had its composer been capable of a greater amount of variety in its musical treatment.

In constructive ingenuity, also, Offenbach is conspicuously deficient; it would seem that when he gets hold of an eight-bar phrase with a certain swing about it, he is content, and cares to look no further. An exception to this weakness may be found in an opera entitled *Ba-ta-clan*, (known in this country under the name of *Ching-Chow-Hi*) which is in all respects a charming work. There is a concerted movement at the beginning which is graceful, funny, and well-constructed; there is also a trio, (in the English version, "I'm English too,") which is excellent. Musically speaking, I look on *Ba-ta-clan* as the best work which Offenbach has composed.

It is the absence of sustained melody and of the power of developing his subjects which prevents Offenbach, with all his cleverness, from attaining to any position in the ranks of real composers; he has been tried at the Opéra Comique, and has failed. Nothing could be named more deplorable in its weakness than the piece entitled *Barkouf* (produced some years ago); and *Robinson Crusoe*, now being played at the same theatre (dramatised

in such fashion as would probably have driven De Foe out of his mind) is not likely to add to the composer's reputation.

In the few attempts which Offenbach has made to write music of anything like serious purpose, he has been the reverse of successful. Amongst the songs of this class, which are best known, one is from the *Chanson de Fortunio*, to words of Alfred de Musset, "Si vous croyez que je vais dire qui j'ose aimer;" and another will be found in *La Grande Duchesse*, commencing with the words, "Dites lui." A passionate love-song would have been out of place in either of these light works, still there is no doubt but that the composer meant to imply something of sadness in both romances—especially in that which I have mentioned first. They have, it is true, a certain cloying prettiness, but they will scarcely bear a second hearing; they have more of mawkishness than of tenderness, and, as for pathos, it may be doubted if Offenbach knows the meaning of the word.

The present remarks, which may appear unduly bitter, would never have been written had Offenbach held that position, only, to which by virtue of his own merits he is entitled; it is on account of the unexampled interest which attaches to every note which he now composes that I am induced to raise my voice against a too implicit acceptance of his works. It is much to be regretted that one who might render real service to his art should have degenerated into the production of works which can fulfil no artistic purpose, and can in no way assist the cause of music. We may look upon the influence which Offenbach is *now* exercising over his art, with much the same apprehension as we ought to view the influence exercised by the modern Burlesque upon the present condition of our stage: the interest attaching to either is false. Let us laugh, by all means, but let our gaiety be the honest result of a refining as well as an amusing entertainment.

There is no more enchanting vehicle for mirth and joyousness than music; there is no more delightful entertainment in the world than a piece of graceful and artistic musical comedy; and Offenbach, had he chosen, might have written works which would command the admiration of musicians. Any man who could write the admirable couplets which Eurydice sings in the last act of *Orphée* (an apostrophe to Bacchus) and who could also construct the concerted piece in *Ba-ta-clan* to which I have already referred, has given evidence of a musical capacity which, if properly

directed, might have been of lasting benefit to the art of music. Offenbach has not cared, however, to enlarge his musical understanding: on the contrary, he has, so to speak, looked at music through the wrong end of an opera glass, and, instead of amplifying and developing his natural resources, he has become more and more trivial in the treatment of everything which he undertakes. It is not safe to entrust the guidance of popular taste to a man holding such shallow views with regard to art, and although I admit that there is much which is enticing in Offenbach's music, I cannot but hope that the day is at hand when his works, stripped of their extraneous and meretricious attractions, will be rated at their proper value, and when a more legitimate and healthy school of musical comedy will be inaugurated.

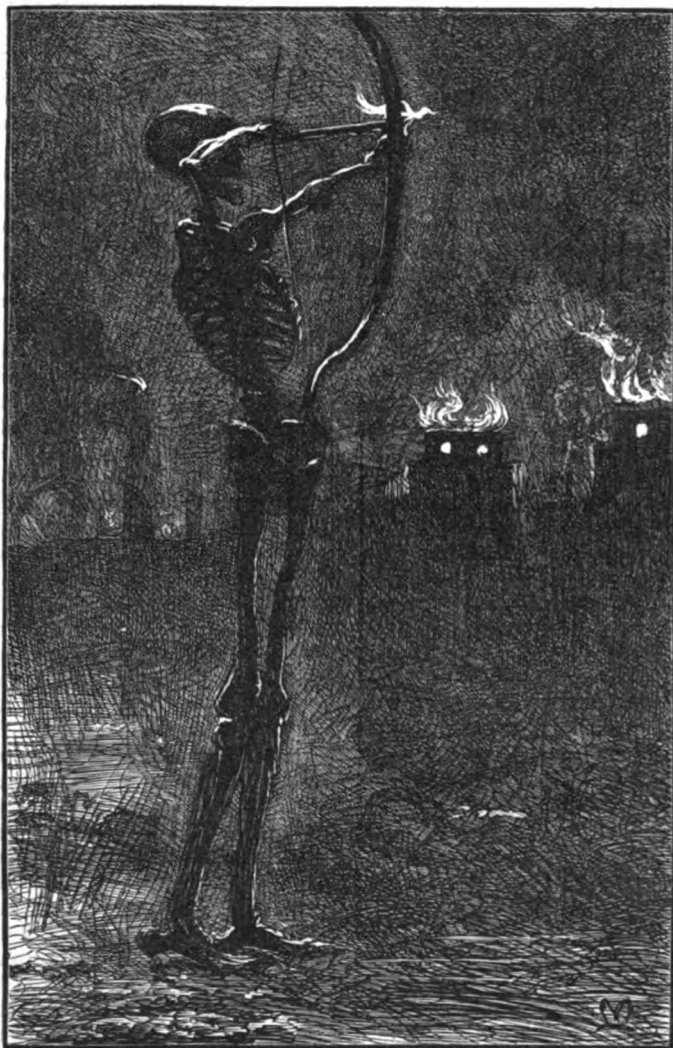
THE SIREN'S MUSIC HEARD AGAIN.

THE weary sails a moment slept,
The oars were silent for a space,
As past Hesperian shores we swept,
That were as a remembered face
Seen after lapse of weary years,
In Hades, when the Shadows meet,
Dim through the mists of many tears,
And, though a shadow, sweet.

So seemed the half-forgotten shore,
That slumbered, mirrored in the blue,
With havens where we touched of yore,
And ports that over-well we knew.
Then broke the calm before a breeze,
That sought the secret of the West,
And idly all we swept the seas
Towards the islands of the Blest.

Beside a silver-sanded bay
We saw the Sirens, very fair,
The flowery hill whereon they lay,
The flowers set amid their hair.
Their old sweet song stole down the wind,
Remembered music waxing strong,
Ah *now* no need of cords to bind,
No need had we of Orphic song.

It once had seemed a little thing
To lay our lives down at their feet,
That, dying, we might hear them sing
And, dying, see their faces sweet—
But now,—we gazed, and, passing by,
We had no care to tarry long,
The bitter-sweet of Memory
Was more than any Siren's song.



Once a Week.]

[Jan. 25, 1868.

DEATH DEALING ARROWS.

BY

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

THROUGH A MATCH FACTORY.

THERE are still a few branches of commerce which have not been invaded by the modern tendency to subdivision of labour. One of these is the making of gunpowder. Another is the manufacture of matches, which, but for the supply of chipped wood and spun cotton, might be described as passing through all the several stages of production under the eye of one maker. When you enter a match-manufactory, you are instantly confronted by the rudiments of the entire process. You pass from the long, dry, grey Bow Road—and who does not know the endless, dreary, saddening assemblage of public works scattered over that dull district?—into a courtyard, surrounded by a number of single-storied houses, which stretch backward over long patches of waste ground, and form in themselves as distinct a little colony as we find in the houses and inhabitants of a gunpowder-factory. There is an odour of wax and phosphorus hanging in the air, and as you walk along, your heel occasionally causes some straggling lucifer to explode, after the fashion of a miniature fog-signal. There are boys running about with clamps full of undipped matches; you glance in at the open doors, and see rows of young women working at the filling machines, or painting the phosphorescent compound on the bottoms of the frail wooden boxes; and then, as you enter the furthest off building, you come upon another bevy of young women engaged in one of the preliminary processes—that of forming the stems of wax matches. At each end of the building are placed immense wooden rollers, and upon these are wound the long, fine strings of white cotton which, in the act of being wound off one roller on to another, pass midway through a shallow pan of melted wax. Each time they so pass through the dingy grey liquid, they come out with a thicker coating of glossy white; until, having been dipped six times, and drawn through a series of perforations in a wooden frame, they form, when dry, long lengths of solid, hard, and polished waxen cord, similar to that which forms the body of ordinary wax-matches.

The next part of the process is to cut the strings into lengths, and this goes on up-stairs, where the cords, having been arranged in close bundles, are passed through a hand-worked machine, and there cut by the constantly-descending knife to the requisite size. A similar process takes place with the bundles

of splints supplied by the saw-mills. These are twice as long as the ordinary wooden match, and are tightly rolled up in bundles. While in this form, they have both ends dipped into an iron basin of melted paraffin, after which they are divided by a circular saw. The chips of wood, and bits of waxed cord, were aforesaid taken and placed by the hand into a series of tightly-fitting frames or clamps, previous to their being dipped in the phosphorus. It was a laborious and therefore costly operation; but an ingenious gentleman invented a simple machine which was destined to revolutionise this portion of the manufacture. The bits of waxed cord, or wooden splints, are now placed in a trough, equal in breadth to the breadth of the match, two or three inches deep, and as long as the frame which is to be filled. The matches drop through the bottom of this trough into a series of horizontal grooves, and are shoved by a corresponding series of wires into the clamp or frame, which is held vertically to receive them. The consequence is, that instead of the matches having to be placed by the hand in straggling rows in the frame, these laterally-acting wires keep constantly shoving through upon the edge of the frame rows of matches in constant succession. Each row is fastened down in its place by being covered by a strip of cushioned wood, this again receiving the next row of matches. It was found, however, that the splints did not fall regularly into the grooves, and so a piece of mechanism was added to the apparatus, which, every time the wires advanced and receded, shook the little trough of splints, and so made their descent into the grooves more certain. The results obtained by these machines, in speed and accuracy, have been astonishing; but it must be confessed that as yet they are merely in a transitional state. Here, in the long room of Bell and Black's factory, where two rows of strong-built, semi-masculine-looking women are busy working away with these skilful appliances, there are scarcely two of the machines of exactly the same construction.

The women and girls engaged in this employment apparently enjoy the best of health and spirits. We look in vain for some victim of that horrible jaw-disease, arising from the inhalation of phosphorus fumes, which at one time invested match factories with a ghastly notoriety. The most common victims of that almost, if not quite, incurable disease were naturally those whose business it was to take the frames filled with matches and dip them

into a smoking mixture of melted phosphorus. The disastrous effects of this operation could always have been avoided by the use of red or amorphous phosphorus, the fumes from which are innocuous. But the latter kind of phosphorus was, proportionately to the common kind, so expensive that a manufacturer had to choose between ruining himself and hurting his workmen. Fortunately there is now no necessity for such an alternative. A most ingenious arrangement has been made for dipping the matches, which not only protects the workmen engaged in the process from the fumes of the composition, but allows about a hundred clamps to be dipped in eight minutes. The old plan, still in use in most factories, was to spread a certain quantity of the phosphorus composition on a broad plate of heated iron. By means of a large knife and a band of iron fixed between two handles, the layer of composition was reduced to an average thickness, perhaps about the eighth of an inch; the workman standing over the fumes and smoothing out this thin coating. The clamps or frames were then taken and dipped by the hand into the composition; four clamps exhausting the layer, and necessitating a further coating and spreading. It is evident that this method was not only awkward and tedious, but that it also directly exposed the workmen to the phosphorus fumes. Now, however, there has been erected in Bell & Black's factory a machine for touching the ends of the matches with the composition in a manner precisely similar to printing from a cylinder. A roller is placed over a trough of the composition, and, in revolving, licks up a certain thickness of the red paste. The frames of splinters or wax lengths are passed gently into a pair of rails, the machinery takes them lightly over the roller, which leaves on them the requisite quantity of composition, and then carries them onward to the workman at the other end. Now all this operation takes place within a closed glass-house; and the workmen, standing without, have only to pass the successive frames into the narrow aperture, the rest of the process being carried on mechanically. It follows that neither the men nor the boys engaged in the work have at all to come in contact with the fumes of the paste, which naturally arise inside the glass chamber. The device is a most happy one; and although the manufacturer may admire it chiefly in that it obviates manual labour, and produces an extraordinary amount of work in a given time, the visitor will probably most regard it as a means of avoiding that terrible disease which, a few

years ago, was wont to shock our philanthropists and puzzle our medical men.

And now for the grand secret of matches which light only on the box. In an adjoining building, a number of girls are seated at a bench, busily coating the underside of a quantity of wooden boxes with a soft, thick, brown paste. When this dries, it looks almost like a piece of gritty brown paper pasted on the box. The matches which go into these boxes are warranted not to ignite, though you rub them against ordinary sand-paper until every trace of the composition is worn off. How is this? The secret is simple enough, as most people know. Those matches which ignite only on the box are devoid of phosphorus. The paste into which they have been dipped containing no admixture of phosphorus, friction of an ordinary kind cannot make them burn. They light on their own box because that has the phosphorus which they want. The dark red coating now being put on the boxes by these girls contains sufficient phosphorus to ignite the matches. The paste, I should add, is in this case composed always of the amorphous phosphorus, so that the girls who paint it on the boxes do not suffer in the least from the nature of their employment. The safety match, we believe, was first made public at the exhibition of 1851; but the inventor not having protected it by patent, it was taken up by several makers. The obvious advantages it offered, naturally recommended it to general consumption; and, but for one defect, it would probably have chased other matches out of the market. That defect was the sparks which dropped when the match was lit. Servant-girls complained that their gowns and aprons were being riddled with small holes by the use of this match; and as servant-girls were the persons most interested, and therefore the best authority, the match fell into some disfavour. It was evident, however, that such a trifling objection would never be allowed to stand in the way of this useful invention, and now there has been produced the so-styled "New Patent Safety Match," which gives rise to no sparks whatever, and has brought relief to the troubled minds of maid-servants and nurses. This match ought to be used in every house where there are children of an experimental disposition; they may be allowed to amuse themselves with these matches with impunity.

The matches are next dried, and then taken into the packing-house, where a number of girls and women are engaged in emptying the clamps, and filling therefrom the various tin cases, pasteboard boxes, and thin wooden

shells, which we meet with everywhere. Great care, of course, has to be taken in keeping separate the matches which light only on the box, and those which do not; for if a few of the former were to get into an ordinary box, they would considerably destroy the consumer's faith in the firm whose label covered the little package.

People buy matches, and seldom pause to think what a miracle it is that they should get so many scientific toys for a penny. Nay, they grumble if one misses fire. They only rise to a proper conception of the value of matches when they are benighted in a Highland valley, a pipe in their pocket, but no means available for lighting it; and then the civilised man wishes he had not quite so thoroughly forgotten the natural science of his savage ancestors, and that he could manage to strike fire with a couple of bits of stick.

PRETTY MARUSCHKA.

THIS is a popular Slovakian household tale. The Slovaks are a people of Slavonic race. They live between the Poles and the Hungarians, to the south of the Carpathians, and speak a language of their own, akin to that of the Bohemians. They number about 1,150,000, according to the last statistics, and are a hardy, vigorous people. The story of *Pretty Maruschka* probably dates from heathen times, and is to be found in several collections of Slavonic household tales, as in that of Némec, Chodzko, and Wenzig.

FAR away in the hazy purple of antiquity, when all stepmothers were wicked, and all younger sons were successful, there lived on the confines of a forest a woman who had two daughters, the one her own, the other only a stepchild. Naturally the love of the mother was concentrated on her own Helena, and, as naturally, she disliked Maruschka, who was the fairest, the gentlest, and the most pious of the two girls.

Little did pretty Maruschka know of her own surpassing beauty—a fact proving to us how remote from the present age was that in which these damsels lived. Her hair was like the waving gold of the cornfield when the wind soughs over it, and her eyes were as the blue forget-me-not which smiles and glimmers in a quiet nook by the brookside. She was slim and graceful; her step was light, for her heart was free. Wherever she went she brought cheerfulness and smiles; like the little golden sunbeams which pierce among the tree-shadows of a forest, and light up unexpected beauties where all before was gloom; now painting a saffron butterfly, now kindling an emerald moss tuft, now making a scarlet lily flame against the dusk of the forest glades behind.

Helena was dressed by her mother in gay colours for Sunday and Feast-day, but poor little Maruschka had only a dingy-grey gown, cast off by her sister. Helena wore black shoes with silver buckles, but pretty Maruschka clattered up the churchyard path in wooden clogs. Helena wore a false gold chain of great links round her neck, but her half-sister had only a turquoise coloured ribbon, and a little silver cross with a crystal in it,—that was her only ornament, and that had been given her by a lady whom she had guided into the road, when she had lost her way in the forest.

As the mother and the two girls went to church on Sundays, the lads were all in the yard hanging about the tombstones; and the old woman heard them whisper, "There is pretty Maruschka;" but never once did they say, "See pretty Helena." So she was angry, and hated the golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden. At home she made her do all the hard work, scrub the floors, cook the victuals, mend the clothes, whilst Helena stood all day before her glass, combing her hair and adorning herself with trinkets, and wishing it were Sunday that she might flare before the eyes of the young men in the churchyard.

Helena and her mother did all that lay in their power to make the little girl's life miserable; they scolded her, they beat her, they devised schemes of annoyance for her, but never could they ruffle the sweet temper of Maruschka.

One day in the depth of winter Helena cried out, "Ah, me! would that I had a bunch of violets in my bosom to-morrow, when I go to church. Run, Maruschka, run into the forest and pluck them for me, that I may have them to smell at whilst the priest gives us his sermon."

"Oh, my sister," answered Maruschka, "who ever heard of violets being gathered in mid-winter, under the deep snow!"

"Idle hussey!" screamed Helena; "go at once and fetch them. Have them I will, and you shall not come back without them."

Then the mother chimed in with, "Mind and bring a large bunch, or you shall not be taken in here for the night. Go!" and she caught her, thrust her from the house, and slammed the door behind her.

Bitterly weeping, the poor maiden wandered into the forest. The snow lay deep everywhere, undinted by human foot; white wreaths hung on the bushes, and the sombre pine boughs were frosted over with snow. Here were the traces of a hare, there the prints of a badger. An owl called from the depths of the forest.

The girl lost her way. Dusk came on, and a few stars looked through the interlacing boughs overhead, watching Maruschka. An icy wind moaned through the trees, shaking the pines as though they quaked with mortal fear, and then they bent their branches and shot their loads of snow in dust to the ground. Strange harp-like sounds reverberated through the gloom, and gratings of bough on bough, which seemed as though the wood demons were gnawing at fallen timbers. Now a great black crow which had been brooding among dark fir and pines, startled by the footfall and the sobs of the maiden, expanded his wings and with a harsh scream rushed away, noisily, sending the life-blood with a leap to the girl's heart. Suddenly, before her, far up on a hill-top, a light appeared, ruddy and flickering. Maruschka, inspired with hope, made for it, scrambling up a rocky slope through deep snow-drifts. She reached the summit, and beheld a great fire. Around this fire were twelve rough stones, and on each stone sat a man. Three were grey-bearded, three were middle-aged, three were youths, and the last three were the youngest and fairest. They spake not, but looked intently on the roaring flames. He who sat in the seat of honour had a long staff in his hand. His hair was white and fluttering in the cold wind.

Maruschka was startled, and watched them with astonishment for a little while; then mustering courage, she stepped within the circle and said,—

"Dear, good friends, please suffer me to warm myself a little while at the fire, for, indeed I am perishing with cold." He with the flowing white hair, raised his head and said,—

"Yes, child, approach. But what brings you here?"

"I am seeking violets," she answered.

"Violets! It is not the time for violets, when the snow lies deep."

"Ah, sir! I know that well; but sister Helena and mother have bidden me bring them violets, and if I do not I must perish in the cold. You, kind shepherds, tell me where I may find violets!"

Then the white aged one arose from his seat, stepped to one of the blooming youths, put his staff into his hand, and said,—

"Brother March, take thou the preeminence."

Then the Month March sat himself on the chief stone, and waved his staff over the fire. Instantly the flames rushed up and blazed with greater brilliancy, the snow began to thaw, the hazel bushes were covered with catkins, and

glossy buds appeared on the beech. Green herbs thrust up through the moist soil, a primrose gleamed from a dusky bank, and a sweet fragrance of violets was wafted by on a gentle breeze. Under a bush, the ground was purple with their scented blossoms.

"Quick, Maruschka, pluck!" ordered March. The girl hastily gathered a handful. Then she curtsied to the twelve Months, thanked them cordially and hurried home.

Helena was amazed when her half-sister came with the bunch to the door. She opened it to her, and the house was filled with the delicious odour.

"Where did you find them?" she asked.

"High up on the mountain, under a hawthorn bush."

Helena took the flowers, and set them in her bosom. She let her mother smell at them, but she never gave one to Maruschka.

When they came back from church next day, Helena cast off her gay shawls, and sat down to supper. But she had no appetite for what was on the table. She was angry with her sister, for all the lads had fixed their eyes on Maruschka, and had not even been attracted to her by the fragrant bunch of violets. "How beautiful is Maruschka to-day!" had said some of the older people, and none had spoken a good word of her.

So she sat and sighed, and hated the pretty girl more and more.

"Oh, that I had strawberries!" she said. "I can eat nothing this evening but strawberries. Run, Maruschka, into the forest and gather me a dishful."

"Dear sister, this is not the time of the year for strawberries. Who ever heard of strawberries ripening under the snow?"

But the stepmother angrily exclaimed; "Run, Maruschka, fetch them at once, as your sister has ordered, or I will strike you dead," and she thrust her from the door.

The poor girl cried bitterly; she looked back at the firelight which glimmered through the casement, and thought how warm it was within, whilst without it was so piercingly cold. But she dare not return unless she had with her the desired fruit. So she plunged into the forest. The snow lay deep, and nowhere was a human footprint. Snow began to fall in fine powder, whitening her shoulders, clinging to the folds of her grey dress, and forming a cap of ice on her golden hair. In that dull rayless night there was no light to show the blue ribbon, which strayed among the tree boles, or to twinkle on the crystal of the silver cross.

Presently Maruschka saw, high up, on the

summit of a rugged hill, a blazing fire. She scrambled to it, and there she found the Twelve sitting solemn and silent around the flames, and the Ice Month with his staff sat still on the seat of honour.

"Dear, good friends, please suffer me to warm myself a little while at the fire," she asked in a beseeching voice; "for indeed I am perishing with cold."

Then the one with the drifting white locks raised his head and said,—

"Yes, child, approach. But what brings you here?"

"I am seeking strawberries," she answered.

"Strawberries! It is not the time for strawberries, when the snow lies deep."

"Ah, sir! I know that well; but sister Helena and mother have bidden me bring them strawberries, or they will strike me dead. You kind shepherds, tell me where I may find strawberries."

Then the white Ice Month arose from his seat, stepped across the area to one of the young men, put the staff into his hand, and said,—

"Brother June, take thou the preeminence."

Then the Month June sat himself on the chief stone, and waved his staff over the fire. Instantly it glowed like molten gold, beams of glory streamed from it through the forest, and it shone like a sun resting on the earth. Overhead the clouds flamed and curled in wreaths of light, tinted rose, carnation and purple, over a sky blue as the forget-me-not. Every trace of snow vanished, and the earth was buried in green. The trees were covered with rustling leaves. Blue bells gleamed under their shadows and then died away. Red-robin blushed in tufts and then shed its ragged petals. Wild roses burst into glorious flower, and the soft air was charged with the scent of the sweet-briar. From among the forest glades called in cool notes a wood-dove. The thrush began to warble and the blackbird to pipe. A bright-eyed squirrel danced among the fresh green leaves on the tree-tops. Beside a brown stone was a patch of sloping green. It was dotted with little white stars with golden hearts. Now the leaves drop off, and the hearts swell, and flush, and glow, and become crimson.

"Quick, Maruschka, pluck!" said June.

Then the girl joyfully hurried to the slope, and gathered an apronful of the luscious strawberries.

She curtsied to the twelve Months, thanked them cordially, and hurried home.

Helena was astonished as she saw her come to the house, and she ran to open the door.

The whole cottage was fragrant with the odour of the strawberries.

"Where did you gather them?" asked Helena.

"High up on the mountains, under a brown rock."

Helena took the strawberries and ate them with her mother. She never offered even one to pretty Maruschka.

Next day Helena had again no appetite for her supper.

"Oh, if I had only ripe apples!" she said; and then, turning to her sister, she ordered, "Run, Maruschka, run into the wood and gather me some ripe apples."

"Dear sister, this is not the time of the year for apples. Who ever heard of apples ripening in an icy wind?"

But her stepmother cried out, "Run, Maruschka, fetch the apples as your sister has required, or I will strike you dead."

And she thrust her from the door into the cold winter night-air.

The maiden hastened sobbing into the wood; the snow lay deep, and nowhere was there a human footprint. The new moon glimmered in a clear sky, and sent its feeble beams into the forest deeps, forming little, trembling, silvery pools of light, which appeared and vanished, and formed again. And a low wind whispered a great secret in the trees, but so faint was the tone that none could make out what it said. There was a little opening in the wood; in the midst stood a grey wolf looking up at the moon and howling; but when Maruschka came near, it fled, and was lost among the shadows. The poor maiden shivered with cold, and her teeth chattered. Her lips were purple, and her cheeks white; and the tears, as they formed, froze on her long eyelashes. She would have sunk on a snowdrift and died, had she not seen up high on a rugged hill-top a blazing fire. Towards it she made her way, and found it to be the same she had seen before. Round about, solemn and silent, sat the Twelve, and the Ice Month was on the seat of honour, clasping the staff of power.

"Dear, good friends, please suffer me to warm myself a little while at the fire," she asked, in supplicating tones; "for indeed I am perishing with cold."

Then the one with the long white hair and frosty beard raised his head, and said,—"Yes, child, approach; but what brings you here?"

"I am seeking ripe apples," she answered.

"Ripe apples! It is not the time for ripe apples, when the snow lies deep."

"Ah, sir! I know that well; but sister Helena

and mother have bidden me bring them ripe apples, or they will strike me dead. You kind shepherds, tell me where I may find ripe apples."

Then the Ice Month arose from his seat, stepped to one of the elder men, put the staff into his hand, and said,—

"Brother September, take thou the pre-eminence."

Then the Month September sat himself on the chief stone, and waved his staff over the fire. Whereat it glowed like a furnace red and fierce, sparks flew about and volumes of glaring hot smoke, like the vapour of molten metal, rolled up to heaven. In a moment the snow was gone. The trees were covered with sear leaves, the oak foliage was brown and crumpled, that of the ash yellow as sulphur, other trees seemed leafed with copper. Stray leaves floated by and were whirled by little wind eddies into rustling heaps. A few yellow flowers shook in the hot air. Pinks hung over the rocks, covering their faces with wandering shadows, lady-fern waved and wafted its pleasant odour, a constant hum of bees and beetles and flies sounded through the wood. Maruschka looked about her for apples, and beheld a tree on whose branches hung the ruddy fruit.

"Quick, Maruschka, shake!" commanded September. Then she shook, and there fell an apple; she shook again, and there fell another. "Quick, Maruschka, hasten home!" said the Month.

Then she curtsied to the Twelve, thanked them cordially, and returned to the house of her stepmother.

Helena marvelled not a little when she saw the red apples.

"How many have you plucked?" she asked.

"Only two."

"Where did you find them?"

"High up, on the mountain-top, on a tree weighed down with them."

"Why did you not gather more? Did you not eat them on your way home?" asked Helena, fiercely.

"Oh, dear sister, I have not tasted one. I shook once, and down fell an apple; I shook twice and there fell another. I might not bring away more."

Helena struck her and drove her to the kitchen. Then she tasted one of the apples. Never before had she eaten one so sweet and juicy. The stepmother ate the second.

"Mother!" exclaimed Helena, "give me my fur dress. I will go to the hill and bring some apples. That hussey has eaten all she brought except two." Then she wrapped herself up and

hurried into the wood. The snow lay deep, and nowhere was a human footprint. Helena lost herself, but presently she was aware of a hill and a fire burning at the summit. She hastened to the light. There she saw a great blaze, and round it sat the twelve Months silent and solemn. He with the long snowy locks sat on the seat of honour, holding the rod of power. Helena stared at them, then, pushing through the circle, went to the fire, and began to warm herself.

"What seek you here?" asked the Ice Month, with a frown wrinkling his white brow.

"That is no business of yours," answered Helena, sharply, over her shoulder.

The Ice Month shook his head, and raising his arm, waved the staff over the fire.

Instantly the flames sank, and the fire was reduced to a glowing spark. The clouds rolled over the sky, and, bursting, discharged snow in such quantities that nothing was visible in earth and heaven but drifting white particles. An icy wind rumbled in the forest and roared round the hill. Helena fled. Everywhere white fleeting spots, whirling, falling, rising, scudding! She ran this way, then that; she stumbled over a fallen log, she gathered herself up and ran again; then she plunged into a deep drift; and the white cold down from the breast of heaven whirled and fell, and rose, and fled, and danced this side of her, and dropped here on her, and rested there on her, and lodged on this limb, and built up a white heap on that limb, then bridged over one fold and filled up another. She shook herself, and the particles fell off. But then they began their work again: they spangled her with white, they wove a white net, they filled up the interstices of their lace, they built a mound over her arm, they buried her foot, they raised a cairn above her bosom. Then they spun a dance around the white face which looked up at them, and began to whiten it still more; lastly they smoothed the sheet over her, and the work was done.

The mother looked out of the window and wondered that Helena did not return. Hour after hour passed, and her daughter came not.

"Maybe the apples are so sweet that she cannot eat enough," thought the mother. "I will go seek them too."

So she wrapped herself up in a thick shawl and went forth.

The snow lay deep, and nowhere was a human footprint. She called Helena, but received no answer. Then she lost her way. The snow fell and the wind howled.

Maruschka sat over the fire and cooked supper. Mother and sister came back no more.

TABLE TALK.

IT has, I believe, been gravely asserted by a Russian author that whenever a Russian has his pocket picked in England, he is always sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, whilst the thief is allowed to go free. However absurd this assertion may seem, there is, or at least there may be, some ground for it. It is related that some years ago, before the Criminal Justice Act came into operation, the captain of a Russian merchant vessel, whilst passing through Cheapside, had his pocket picked and his handkerchief stolen. The supposed thief, a lad, was arrested and taken before a magistrate. He was committed for trial, and the witnesses had to be bound over to appear that day fortnight and give evidence. The form of recognisance is to appear or to forfeit £100 to the Queen. To this the Russian objected. His vessel was to sail next day for Odessa. Her crew was on board, and by the terms of his charter-party he must sail. The magistrate had no choice. He could not try, neither would he discharge the prisoner. The Russian must enter into the recognisance or go to prison. The latter alternative he preferred, for then the owners of the vessel would know he was not to blame; and thus to prison he was sent. On the other hand, the friends of the prisoner, alleging his innocence, went before a judge at chambers, and procured his liberation on bail. At the termination of the fourteen days the sittings at the Central Criminal Court were held. The Russian captain was brought up in custody. The accused, forfeiting his bail, did not appear, whereupon without explanation the Russian was discharged after having suffered fourteen days' imprisonment. Surely a foreigner would be justified, if he judged our law by its anomalies, in doubting its wisdom and justice.

WE talked of suicide last week. There is an excellent French saying: "I do not understand suicide. Life is too short for one to have time for impatience with it."

"To despise men as they deserve one must be a woman, and know them as women know them," said Madame N. "And women?" replied Monsieur B., "to esteem women at their proper value?" "Still," says Madame, "you must be a woman."

Too much faith must not be put in the figures of statisticians or the assertions of

bills of health. According to a report of the Sheerness health officers, Dr. Buchanan, of the Privy Council Office, has stated, after a careful examination, his conviction that there are fewer cases of consumption in this town than in any other in England, and that it is one of the most salubrious in the kingdom. Very gratifying to those who, as some wag has said, are compelled by sheer necessity to dwell there. But the absence of consumptive patients happens to be accounted for, in a manner not flattering to Dr. Buchanan's perspicacity, by two medical men of the place, who state that ague is very prevalent there, and that they always endeavour to remove their patients as soon as possible to more genial localities.

METEOROLOGISTS have laboured hard to verify the popular belief regarding the moon's influence on the weather; but their researches have generally led to negative results. Mr. Park Harrison, one of the latest and most persistent enquirers into the subject, has, however, just arrived at a more positive conclusion, one which is interesting as a matter of science, and curious because it is paradoxical. The collation of a large mass of observations has revealed the fact that, when the moon is at first and third quarter, the temperature at the earth's surface is respectively above and below a certain average, so that there is manifested a tendency in the moon to warm the earth at first quarter, and cool it at last quarter, slightly it is true, but still perceptibly. Now, at first quarter the sun has been shining a short time, and at last quarter a long time on the face of the moon turned towards the earth. Hence—and here is the paradox—the cool moon warms the earth, while the warm moon cools it. A perfectly philosophical explanation can, however, be given of the anomaly. The fact is that the moon, by warming the upper regions of the atmosphere, lightens or evaporates the clouds floating therein, the earth's heat is thus permitted to radiate and pass away into space, and the lower strata of the atmosphere in consequence become cooled. This effect reaches its maximum at the time of moon's third quarter, and falls to its minimum at that of first quarter, and hence the comparatively high and low temperatures at these times.

A CORRESPONDENT writes about the pinion feathers of the Cape Lory. I had spoken of these (January 4, 1868) as spotted with crimson. He says there are no spots; "There

are thirteen or fourteen feathers in each wing, deep crimson ; the last four or five taper off to deep green. I have shot these birds on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, and during rain they are always found with tightly closed wings, securely sheltered from the wet. And why? Water will extract the crimson colour! a fact I have proved; for, on placing a feather in a glass, the water becomes tinged a beautiful rose colour. I believe this fact is but little known."

ANOTHER correspondent raises a question as to scientific fame: "*Qui facit per alium facit per se* is a good maxim in law, and a convenient one—though with much risk of abuse—in art: but it should be expunged from the language of science, or false fame may be acquired and honours bought, not won. Here is a case in point. An astronomer at Marseilles, Stéphan by name, has gained some renown for celestial discovery: one planet of our system, at all events, will go down to posterity coupled with his name as its discoverer. It comes out, however, that instead of searching the heavens himself, M. Stéphan pays another eye to do the laborious work, and, if anything is found, puts forth the find as his own! This was actually the case with the planet referred to. Although some French *savans* are indignant at this conduct, the head of astronomy in France sanctions and attempts to justify it." Who is right? Of course a good deal will depend on the precise facts. Our correspondent seems to decide against M. Stéphan. But the case is by no means clear.

I FIND a profound calculation in one of the French papers. It is proposed to start a company in Paris to dig for gold in the cemeteries. What gold? That which has been used in stopping teeth. There are buried in Paris every day more than 125 persons. It is reckoned that of these at least ten have auriferous jaws, and that in these ten there may be an average of ten auriferous teeth. So the calculation proceeds, and Paris is threatened with a resurrection company. If the average of gold-filled teeth which the promoters of the company count upon, seem to be too great, let me state a London fact which seems to corroborate their expectations. I remember once looking into the accounts of one of the best known clubs in Pall Mall—what matters which?—the Mental, the Continental, the Alimential, the Ornamental, or the Regimental? I was much struck with one

item in the annual expenditure—£10 for tooth-picks. "Into what a nest of hollow-toothed old fogies have I fallen," methought. These be the sort of jaws in which our Paris friends expect to find the gold deposits.

THERE was a celebrated pigeon-shooter. He was an excellent shot; but, owing to defective vision, he shot indifferently when he had no glass in his eye. There was a great match, and he (let us call him P.) was there, glass in eye. It may be that he took sweet counsel with friends; it may be that, like the Irishman, he was too clever to let any one into his secrets, and conspired by himself. But he stepped forward to take his place, and, just as he raised his gun, his glass fell from his eye, struck the lock, and was smashed. He used the worst of language, but said that he should shoot. Betting instantly and largely altered, and heavy odds were laid against him. Which odds being taken, he took out another glass, and slew all his pigeons.

THERE is a pretty saying of Dr. Johnson's, which one may be excused for remembering in these Fenian times. "The Irish are a very fair people: you never hear one of them speak well of another."

YOU talk of the selfishness of bachelors: why—there is not a married couple in existence who would not skin their dearest friends to make shoes for their children.

IF the proverb *in vino veritas* be correct in more than a Tupperian sense, it is a pity wine merchants don't distil a little of it out to flavour their advertisements.

A FACT for teetotallers. Dean Stanley has just published a new book on Westminster Abbey. Like everything he does, it is delightfully written, with a finish of style which is in these days rare. In looking over its pages I came upon a fact which I had either forgotten or never known—probably the latter. I should imagine that the fact is little known, for it would have been ridden to death by this time if it had been within reach of teetotal intellects. The Dean has to speak of Harry the Fifth, whom he describes as up to his time the greatest of English kings. Then he goes on to say that this great king—the Prince Hal of fame, who had caroused with the Falstaffs of his age, and knew the worth of good

wine—would, had he conquered France, have destroyed all its vines, that he might put an end to drunkenness.

A PENSIVE young ritualist stated, the other day, that he thought of adopting the tonsure. "Certainly," said I, "the French proverb tells you on what heads we learn to shave."

SOME painters are not altogether devoid of intellect. The following couplet was made, in the course of a single morning, by an R.A., who does not like criticism.

Read those art-critics' bosh. Be sick. And then,
Would you be sicker, talk unto the men.

WHEN I hear the whispering confidences of two lovers, called "spooning," I am ashamed of my age, and shudder at the future of a generation in whose breasts passion seems to resolve itself into imbecility. Surely it is not going to be with us as in France, when Collé wrote

L'amour est mort en France.
C'est un
Défunt ;
Mort de trop d'aisance?—

which may be interpreted,

Love is gone quite dead in France.
I fear
'Tis clear
He died of too much complaisance.

MACAULAY is said to be the author of the riddle on cod, quoted some weeks ago ; and the following is said to be a more correct version of it.

Cut off my head, and singular I act ;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear ;
Cut off my head and tail, and—wondrous fact—
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my head cut off? The sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A flowing river.
And in their mingling depths I wander free ;
Parent of well known sounds, though mute for ever.

Here also is another good riddle built on his model :—

Cut off my head, and lo ! I give consent ;
Cut off my tail, and ha ! I mock you still ;
Cut off both head and tail : with life unspent
E'en in articulo my place I fill.

What is my head cut off? An aspiration !
My tail? An interrogatory cry !
But stranger than all this is my creation,
For in the act of being made I die.

THE *Times* quoted from *Trübner's American Record* a statement that Mr. Charles Dickens has sold to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the great publishing firm at Boston, the copyright for America of a new story, "but," continues the *Record*, "the American copyright law, we believe, does not give copyright to foreigners. We fear, therefore, that the large sum which the publishers have paid for the work will not protect it against their rivals in the States." This is an error. It should be known that the American copyright law gives copyrights to residents, whether they be foreigners or not. The Act of Congress, 1831, gives an author the right to print and publish such book, provided he is a citizen of the United States or a resident therein. A foreigner may also sell and assign an unpublished manuscript to an American citizen, who, then being proprietor, may register the same in the District Court of the United States as his property. In such wise, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields may become as fully possessed of Mr. Dickens's book as if he were an American citizen capable of registering it on his own account. But by this sale and registration the British copyright would be forfeited. As there is no International Literary Treaty between the two countries, it has been decided that the existence of copyright in the one renders such work *publici juris* in the other. Simultaneous publication is another question ; the effect of this process has never been decided, but sound lawyers are of opinion that between the two stools the author would come to the ground.

NOTICE.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XII.

"**HOLD** YOUR tongue," said Welch, with an oath.

Mr. Hazel looked at Miss Rolleston, and she at him. It was a momentary glance, and her eyes sank directly, and filled with patient tears.

For the first few minutes after the Proserpine went down, the survivors sat benumbed, as if awaiting their turn to be engulfed.

They seemed so little, and the Proserpine so big; yet she was swallowed before their eyes, like a crumb. They lost, for a few moments, all idea of escaping.

But, true it is, that, "while there's life there's hope;" and, as soon as their hearts began to beat again, their eyes roved round the horizon, and their elastic minds recoiled against despair.

This was rendered easier, by the wonderful beauty of the weather. There were men there, who had got down from a sinking ship, into boats heaving and tossing against her side in a gale of wind, and yet been saved: and here all was calm and delightful. To be sure, in those other shipwrecks, land had been near, and their greatest peril was over when once the boats got clear of the distressed ship without capsizing. Here was no immediate peril; but certain death menaced them, at an uncertain distance.

Their situation was briefly this. Should it come on to blow a gale, these open boats, small and loaded, could not hope to live. Therefore they had two chances for life, and no more: they must either make land,—or be picked up at sea,—before the weather changed.

But how? The nearest known land was the group of islands called Juan Fernandez, and they lay somewhere to leeward; but distant, more than one thousand miles: and, should they prefer the other chance, then they must beat three hundred miles and more, to windward; for Hudson, underrating the leak, as is supposed, had run the Proserpine fully that distance out of the track of trade.

Now the ocean is a highway—in law; but, in fact, it contains a few highways, and millions of by-ways; and, once a cockle-shell gets into those by-ways, small indeed is its chance of being seen and picked up by any sea-going vessel.

Wylie, who was leading, lowered his sail, and hesitated between the two courses we have indicated. However, on the cutter coming up with him, he ordered Cooper to keep her head north-east, and so run all night. He then made all the sail he could, in the same direction, and soon outsailed the cutter. When the sun went down, he was about a mile ahead of her.

Just before sunset, Mr. Hazel made a discovery that annoyed him very much. He found that Welch had put only one bag of biscuit, a ham, a keg of spirit, and a small barrel of water, on board the cutter.

He remonstrated with him sharply. Welch replied that it was all right; the cutter being small, he had put the rest of her provisions on board the long boat.

"On board the long boat!" said Hazel, with a look of wonder. "You have actually made our lives depend upon that scoundrel Wylie again. You deserve to be flung into the sea. You have no forethought yourself: yet you will not be guided by those that have it."

Welch hung his head a little at these reproaches. However, he replied, rather sullenly, that it was only for one night; they could signal the long boat in the morning, and get the other bags, and the cask, out of her. But Mr. Hazel was not to be appeased. "The morning! Why, she sails three feet to our two. How do you know he won't run away

from us? I never expect to get within ten miles of him again. We know him; and he knows we know him."

Cooper got up, and patted Mr. Hazel on the shoulder, soothingly. "Boat-hook aft," said he to Welch.

He then, by an ingenious use of the boat-hook, and some of the spare canvas, contrived to set out a studding-sail on the other side of the mast.

Hazel thanked him warmly. "But, oh, Cooper! Cooper!" said he, "I'd give all I have in the world if that bread and water were on board the cutter instead of the long boat."

The cutter had now two wings, instead of one; the water bubbling loud under her bows marked her increased speed; and all fear of being greatly outsailed by her consort began to subside.

A slight sea-fret came on, and obscured the sea in part; but they had a good lantern and compass, and steered the course exactly, all night, according to Wylie's orders, changing the helmsman every four hours.

Mr. Hazel, without a word, put a rug round Miss Rolleston's shoulders, and another round her feet.

"Oh, not both, sir, please," said she.

"Am I to be disobeyed by everybody?" said he.

Then she submitted in silence, and in a certain obsequious way that was quite new, and well calculated to disarm anger.

Sooner or later, all slept, except the helmsman.

At day-break, Mr. Hazel was wakened by a loud hail from a man in the bows.

All the sleepers started up.

"Long boat not in sight!"

It was too true. The ocean was blank: not a sail, large or small, in sight.

Many voices spoke at once.

"He has carried on till he has capsized her."

"He has given us the slip."

Unwilling to believe so great a calamity, every eye peered and stared all over the sea. In vain. Not a streak that could be a boat's hull, not a speck that could be a sail.

The little cutter was alone upon the ocean. Alone, with scarcely two days' provisions, one thousand miles from land, and eight hundred miles to leeward of the nearest sea-road.

Hazel, seeing his worst forebodings realised, sat down in moody, bitter, and boding silence.

Of the other men some raged, and cursed. Some wept aloud.

The lady, more patient, put her hands together, and prayed to Him, who made the sea, and all that therein is. Yet her case was the cruellest. For she was by nature more timid than the men, yet she must share their desperate peril. And then to be alone with all these men, and one of them had told her he loved her, and hated the man she was betrothed to! Shame tortured this delicate creature, as well as fear. Happy for her, that of late, and only of late, she had learned to pray in earnest. "Qui precari novit, premi potest, non potest opprimi."

It was now a race between starvation and drowning, and either way death stared them in the face.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE long boat was, at this moment, a hundred miles to windward of the cutter.

The fact is, that Wylie, the evening before, had been secretly perplexed as to the best course. He had decided to run for the island; but he was not easy under his own decision; and, at night, he got more and more discontented with it. Finally, at nine o'clock P.M., he suddenly gave the order to luff, and tack: and by day-break he was very near the place where the Proserpine went down: whereas the cutter, having run before the wind all night, was, at least, a hundred miles to leeward of him.

Not to deceive the reader, or let him, for a moment, think we do business in monsters, we will weigh this act of Wylie's justly.

It was just a piece of iron egotism. He preferred, for himself, the chance of being picked up by a vessel. He thought it was about a hair's breadth better than running for an island, as to whose bearing he was not very clear, after all.

But he was not *sure* he was taking the best or safest course. The cutter might be saved, after all, and the long boat lost.

Meantime he was not sorry of an excuse to shake off the cutter. She contained one man at least who knew he had scuttled the Proserpine; and therefore it was all important to him to get to London before her, and receive the two thousand pounds, which was to be his reward for that abominable act.

But the way to get to London before Mr. Hazel, or else to the bottom of the Pacific before him, was to get back into the sea-road, at all hazards.

He was not aware that the cutter's water and biscuit were on board his boat; nor did

he discover this till noon next day. And, on making this fearful discovery, he showed himself human: he cried out, with an oath, "What have I done? I have damned myself to all eternity!"

He then ordered the boat to be put before the wind again; but the men scowled, and not one stirred a finger; and he saw the futility of this, and did not persist: but groaned aloud: and then sat, staring wildly: finally, like a true sailor, he got to the rum, and stupified his agitated conscience for a time.

While he lay drunk, at the bottom of the boat, his sailors carried out his first instructions, beating southward right in the wind's eye.

Five days they beat to windward, and never saw a sail. Then it fell dead calm; and so remained for three days more.

The men began to suffer greatly from cramps, owing to their number and confined position. During the calm, they rowed all day, and with this, and a light westerly breeze that sprung up, they got into the sea-road again: but having now sailed three hundred and fifty miles to the southward, they found a great change in the temperature: the nights were so cold they were fain to huddle together, to keep a little warmth in their bodies.

On the fifteenth day of their voyage it began to rain and blow, and then they were never a whole minute out of peril. Hand for ever on the sheet, eye on the waves, to ease her at the right moment: and, with all this care, the spray eternally flying half way over her mast, and often a body of water making a clean breach over her, and the men baling night and day with their very hats, or she could not have lived an hour.

At last, when they were almost dead with wet, cold, fatigue, and danger, a ship came in sight, and crept slowly up, about two miles to windward of the distressed boat. With the heave of the waters they could see little more than her sails; but they ran up a bright bandana handkerchief to their mast-head; and the ship made them out. She hoisted Dutch colours, and—continued her course.

Then the poor abandoned creatures wept, and raved, and cursed, in their phrenzy, glaring after that cruel, shameless man, who could do such an act, yet hoist a colour, and show of what nation he was the native—and the disgrace.

But one of them said not a word. This was Wylie. He sat shivering, and remembered how he had abandoned the cutter, and all on board. Loud sighs broke from his labouring

breast; but not a word. Yet one word was ever present to his mind; and seemed written in fire on the night of clouds, and howled in his ears by the wind—Retribution!

And now came a dirty night—to men on ships; a fearful night to men in boats. The sky black, the sea on fire with crested billows, that broke over them every minute; their light was washed out; their provisions drenched and spoiled: bale as they would, the boat was always filling. Up to their knees in water; cold as ice, blinded with spray, deafened with roaring billows, they tossed and tumbled in a fiery foaming hell of waters, and still, though despairing, clung to their lives, and bailed with their hats unceasingly.

Day broke, and the first sight it revealed to them was a brig to windward staggering along, and pitching under close-reefed topsails.

They started up, and waved their hats, and cried aloud. But the wind carried their voices to leeward, and the brig staggered on.

They ran up their little signal of distress; but still the vessel staggered on.

Then the miserable men shook hands all round, and gave themselves up for lost.

But, at this moment, the brig hoisted a vivid flag all stripes and stars, and altered her course a point or two.

She crossed the boat's track a mile ahead, and her people looked over the bulwarks, and waved their hats to encourage those tossed and desperate men.

Having thus given them the weather gage, she hove-to for them.

They ran down to her, and crept under her lee; down came ropes to them, held by friendly hands, and friendly faces shone down at them: eager grasps seized each as he went up the ship's side, and so, in a very short time, they sent the woman up, and the rest being all sailors, and clever as cats, they were safe on board the whaling brig Maria, Captain Slocum, of Nantucket, U. S.

Their log, compass, and instruments, were also saved.

The boat was cast adrift, and was soon after seen bottom upwards on the crest of a wave.

The good Samaritan in command of the Maria supplied them with dry clothes out of the ship's stores, good food, and medical attendance, which was much needed, their legs and feet being in a deplorable condition, and their own surgeon crippled.

A south-easterly gale induced the American skipper to give Cape Horn a wide berth, and the Maria soon found herself three degrees south of that perilous coast. There she en-

countered field-ice. In this labyrinth they dodged and worried for eighteen days, until a sudden chop in the wind gave the captain a chance of which he promptly availed himself; and in forty hours they sighted Terra del Fuego.

During this time, the rescued crew having recovered from the effects of their hardships, fell in to the work of the ship, and took their turns with the Yankee seamen. The brig was short-handed; but trimmed and handled by a full crew,—and the *Proserpine's* men, who were first-class seamen, worked with a will because work was no longer a duty,—she exhibited a speed the captain had almost forgotten was in the craft. Now speed at sea means economy, for every day added to a voyage is so much off the profits. Slocum was part owner of the boat, and shrewdly alive to the value of the seamen.

When about three hundred miles south of Buenos Ayres, Wylie proposed that they should be landed there, from whence they might be transhipped to a vessel bound for home. This was objected to by Slocum, on the ground that by such a deviation from his course he must lose three days, and the port-dues at Buenos Ayres were heavy.

Wylie undertook that the house of Wardlaw and Son should indemnify the brig for all expenses and losses incurred.

Still the American hesitated; at last he honestly told Wylie he wished to keep the men; he liked them, they liked him. He had sounded them, and they had no objection to join his ship, and sign articles for a three years' whaling voyage, provided they did not thereby forfeit the wages to which they would be entitled on reaching Liverpool. Wylie went forward and asked the men if they would take service with the Yankee captain. All but three expressed their desire to do so; these three had families in England, and refused. The mate gave the others a release, and an order on Wardlaw & Co. for their full wages for the voyage; then they signed articles with Captain Slocum, and entered the American Mercantile Navy.

Two days after this they sighted the high lands at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata at 10 P.M., and lay-to for a pilot. After three hours' delay they were boarded by a pilot-boat, and then began to creep into the port. The night was very dark, and a thin white fog lay on the water.

Wylie was sitting on the taffrail, and conversing with Slocum, when the look-out forward sung out, "Sail ho!"

Another voice almost simultaneously yelled out of the fog, "Port your helm!"

Suddenly, out of the mist, and close aboard the *Maria*, appeared the hull and canvas of a very large ship. The brig was crossing her course, and her great bowsprit barely missed the brig's mainsail. It stood for a moment over Wylie's head. He looked up, and there was the figure-head of the ship looming almost within his reach. It was a colossal green woman; one arm extended grasped a golden harp, the other was pressed to her head in the attitude of holding back her wild and flowing hair. The face seemed to glare down upon the two men: in another moment the monster, gliding on, just missing the brig, was lost in the fog.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Slocum.

Wylie made no answer, but looked into the darkness after the vessel.

He had recognised her figure-head.

It was the *Shannon*!

CHAPTER XIV.

BEFORE the *Maria* sailed again with the men who formed a part of Wylie's crew, he made them sign a declaration before the English Consul at Buenos Ayres. This document set forth the manner in which the *Proserpine* foundered; it was artfully made up of facts, enough to deceive a careless listener; but when Wylie read it over to them, he slurred over certain parts, which he took care, also, to express in language above the comprehension of such men. Of course, they assented eagerly to what they did not understand, and signed the statement conscientiously.

So Wylie and his three men were shipped on board the *Boadicea*, bound for Liverpool, in Old England, while the others sailed with Captain Slocum for Nantucket, in New England.

The *Boadicea* was a clipper laden with hides and a miscellaneous cargo. For seventeen days she flew before a southerly gale, being on her best sailing point, and after one of the shortest passages she had ever made, she lay-to outside the bar, off the Mersey. It wanted but one hour to daylight, the tide was flowing; the pilot sprang aboard.

"What do you draw?" he asked of the master.

"Fifteen feet, barely," was the reply.

"That will do," and the vessel's head was laid for the river.

They passed a large barque, with her top-sails backed.

"Ay," remarked the pilot, "she has waited since the half-ebb; there ain't more than four hours in the twenty-four that such craft as that can get in."

"What is she? An American liner?" asked Wylie, peering through the gloom.

"No," said the pilot; she's an Australian ship. She's the Shannon, from Sydney."

The mate started, looked at the man, then at the vessel. Twice the Shannon had thus met him, as if to satisfy him that his object had been attained, and each time she seemed to him not an inanimate thing, but a silent accomplice. A chill of fear struck through the man's frame as he looked at her. Yes, there she lay, and in her hold were safely stowed £160,000 in gold, marked lead and copper.

Wylie had no luggage nor effects to detain him on board; he landed, and having bestowed his three companions in a sailors' boarding-house, he was hastening to the shipping agents of Wardlaw & Son to announce his arrival and the fate of the Proserpine. He had reached their offices in Water Street before he recollected that it was barely half-past five o'clock, and though broad daylight on that July morning, merchants' offices are not open at that hour. The sight of the Shannon had so bewildered him that he had not noticed that the shops were all shut, the streets deserted. Then a thought occurred to him—why not be the bearer of his own news? He did not require to turn the idea twice over, but resolved for many reasons to adopt it. As he hurried to the railway-station, he tried to recollect the hour at which the early train started; but his confused and excited mind refused to perform the function of memory. The Shannon dazed him.

At the railway-station he found that a train had started at 4 A.M., and there was nothing until 7:30. This check sobered him a little, and he went back to the docks: he walked out to the further end of that noble line of berths, and sat down on the verge with his legs dangling over the water. He waited an hour: it was six o'clock by the great dial at St. George's Dock. His eyes were fixed on the Shannon, which was moving slowly up the river; she came abreast to where he sat. The few sails requisite to give her steerage, fell. Her anchor-chain rattled, and she swung round with the tide. The clock struck the half-hour: a boat left the side of the vessel, and made straight for the steps near where he was seated. A tall, noble looking man sat in the stern sheets, beside the coxswain; he was put ashore, and, after exchanging a few words with the boat's crew, he

mounted the steps which led him to Wylie's side, followed by one of the sailors, who carried a portmanteau.

He stood for a single moment on the quay, and stamped his foot on the broad stones; then heaving a deep sigh of satisfaction, he murmured,—“Thank God!”

He turned towards Wylie.

“Can you tell me, my man, at what hour the first train starts for London?”

“There is a slow train at 7:30, and an express at 9.”

“The express will serve me, and give me time for breakfast at the Adelphi. Thank you—good morning;” and the gentleman passed on, followed by the sailor.

Wylie looked after him; he noted that erect military carriage, and crisp, grey hair, and thick white moustache: he had a vague idea that he had seen that face before, and the memory troubled him.

At 7:30 Wylie started for London; the military man followed him in the express at 9, and caught him up at Rugby; together they arrived at the station at Euston Square; it wanted a quarter to three. Wylie hailed a cab, but, before he could struggle through the crowd to reach it, a railway porter threw a portmanteau on its roof, and his military acquaintance took possession of it.

“All right,” said the porter. “What address, sir?”

Wylie did not hear what the gentleman said, but the porter shouted it to the cabman, and then he did hear it.

“No. —, Russell Square.”

It was the house of Arthur Wardlaw!

Wylie took off his hat, rubbed his frowsy hair, and gaped after the cab.

He entered another cab and told the driver to go to “No. —, Fenchurch Steet.”

It was the office of Wardlaw & Son.

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS.

WE endeavoured the other day to give some illustrations of the fact that waste is merely a relative term, and that a man's notions of what it is and what it is not must depend on his own character and education. This is strikingly exemplified in the ordinary fashion of talking about wasted time. Find out what a man considers to be a waste of time, and you have the readiest key to his individuality. In a practical country like ours, such an inquiry, if at all extended, would lead to rather amusing results. The illogical

habits of thought into which custom has driven many men, are nowhere so clearly brought into relief as in those theories of the value of time which crop up in private conversation and in proverbs. We have no hesitation in saying, that if the reader chooses to go round his friends, and sound their convictions on the subject, he will find that the majority of them have a vague belief that all time is wasted which does not produce a marketable result. Let us take the case of a man of science, who has been appointed teacher in some college, and of whom great things are expected, both by his friends and the public. When he studies hard to gather up the knowledge written by other men, and when he busies himself day and night with personal investigation of natural phenomena, he is said to be making the most of his time. He is doing his best to become learned, famous, wise, and rich. If, however, he betray a strong inclination for apparently objectless dawdling in the country; if he likes to lie in an easy chair, with neither book nor plant before him; if, to outward seeming, he does nothing, then is he wasting his time terribly. The same with the author. If he keep himself constantly employed in studying either books or men—having always before him a set purpose—he is making the most of his time. If he lie on his back on the lawn, and look up into the blue and white above him until his eyes are dazed with old memories, he is an idler—he is wasting time. The same with the merchant. If he come in to business by the morning train as punctual as the train itself; if he go on from year's end to year's end with the one purpose always before him, he is doing his utmost to better himself. If, on the other hand, he be continually dropping days in the week, and devoting them, in the summer, to trout-fishing, and in the winter to the shooting of woodcock and snipe, then he is clearly not fulfilling his highest duty. Time for exercise our social theorists certainly allow; but that exercise must be definite as the business which it interrupts. When a man gives up a day to exercise, it must be with the certain hope of doing him physical good. Our schoolboys are taught this peculiar system of ethics from the moment they can learn anything. A man's highest aim is to better himself, physically and materially; health and money are to be his chief goal. Leisure hours must be filled up with an improving book, or by an invigorating walk. Idleness is a horror; laziness is a curse. The boy or man who sits or lies, doing nothing, is supposed to be contro-

verting, in a horrible and blasphemous way, the established order of things.

Now laziness, pure and simple, has more formative power on a man's character than almost any other influence; and its effects are invaluable. It is in moments of what is called utter idleness that a man—whether he be lying in a meadow and looking at the clouds, or whether he be seated at his own fireside, hurting his eyes by gazing into the burning coals—becomes conscious of his relations to the outer world, and reveals himself to himself. It is in this so-called idleness that he assimilates the knowledge and experience provided by action, without which assimilation such knowledge is wholly valueless. For what were the use of eating food if no digestion followed? The more one might cram, the more insufferable would be the result. And yet the people who maintain that waste of time is a gross dereliction of duty, would have one continually fill oneself with the knowledge of facts and opinions, regardless of this secondary process of cud-chewing. The mere amassing of knowledge is supposed to be in itself a good; whereas, the amassing of knowledge is indubitably a waste of time, unless it is allowed to better a man's character and abilities. For a man to commit to memory, without reflection or consideration, a whole Dictionary of Dates, would be a much greater waste of time than if he had spent these laborious days in quickening his circulation and powers of observation, by shooting blackbirds round a farm-yard. The merchant who could have good health and a moderate income by going to town four days a week and remaining idle in the country during the other three, is morally guilty of a crime if he ruin his health and double his income by sticking to business, like his neighbours, for six days in the week.

Idleness makes man the master of that knowledge which otherwise would master him. It brings under human influence the wild, rough, stern facts of nature, and makes them useful servants. Mathematical discoveries are not always made at the desk; chemical secrets have been surmised outside the laboratory. The greatest creations of human genius—in literature as in science—have not been produced in the throes of experimental action, but in the calm of indolent conception.

Think you mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

King Lear, and the discovery of the law of gravity, were the result of quiet reflection; and,

doubtless, sprang into being when their creators would have been accused, by common consent, of wasting time. Was it not a sad thing that this eminent man of science should so far forget his duty to himself and the world, as to sit and dream in a garden (we suppose the story to be true); and was it not an inexplicable thing that this player, who had not much of a fortune to come and go upon, and who ought to have been spending his entire energies upon his theatre, should waste his time in sitting and dreaming, as we feel sure he must have done? The vice of the present age is its tendency to overrate visible production. We do not seem to understand how the shaping of a man's character may be a more beneficial thing to him than the arrival of a ship full of gold nuggets. We cannot see that in intellectual matters, reflection, if rightly directed, is the highest form of action; and that a man whom circumstances compel to be always at his desk, turning out lecture after lecture, or book after book, is, perhaps, not doing half the work that his neighbour does as he lies under the shade of a great ash, and apparently lapses into a state of day-dreaming. Results are not always visible. The man who can show nothing in the way of manuscript, or microscopic slides, or model machinery, as his daily work, need not necessarily have been wasting his time. And all this we say on the assumption—a very common, but surely, a gratuitous one—that it is a man's business to be always receiving or producing in some form or another.

But thorough idleness is recuperative, and therefore invaluable, even when it affords no opportunities for reflection. We do not expect any piece of machinery, except, perhaps, that of a watch, to go on without intermission; and, above all, we should take care that our mental machinery is not over-worked. Certainly, say our mentors, you ought to take out-door exercise, and so relieve the mental strain. But suppose I am a man who can get no relief but from blank indolence and lying fallow? Am I wasting my time because I take no book with me, and no pocket magnifying-glass, when I go to sprawl in an undignified position upon the warm turf by the seaside? The effort to drop a fly over a trout's nose, or the intense anxiety of watching the points of a brace of setters in a field of turnips, may demand from me a nervous concentration more exhausting than the working out of any scientific or political problem. The only rest which is really rest to me, may be that helpless and ignominious indolence which is so hateful to many highly respectable people. I may not be able, like a

celebrated Scotch minister, to prepare my sermon by riding a stout cob over a series of ploughed fields; I may not be able, like Lord Brougham, to refresh myself amid graver labours by writing a Quarterly Review article. A brief season of mental and physical torpor may be my best medicine, whether I am a Lord Chancellor, or a professor of Greek. What I insist upon is that my indolence is not a waste of time—that it is, in fact, the very best use to which I could put that space of time. And so elsewhere, and with other people. The schoolboy who is jeered by his fellows because of his habits of mooning may be cultivating either that introspective mental activity or that form of outward physical rest which is most natural to him. His indolence may teach him more than his books; though the chances are it will not, simply because he has not yet amassed sufficient material for passive contemplation. A schoolboy *may* waste his time; we would almost add that a grown man cannot. The very laziness of a grown man is a phase of experience through which he has to pass, with little idea of the practical results it may leave behind it. Sheridan used to say that to him the most fertile period of the day was the hour which he spent in bed between waking and rising. And it is difficult in this connection not to remember a piece of advice which the laird of Dumbiedykes, on his deathbed, gave to his son. "Jock," said he, "when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin; but I ne'er fund time to mind him." And mental products are in this respect like trees: they grow even when we little think of them.

He is seldom the wisest man who most strenuously endeavours to be wise. The wisdom of life is the sum-total of small reflections on small matters. The trivial actions and experiences of every-day existence are insensibly adding to this sum, and a man grows wise even as he grows old, without knowing it. We are pre-supposing equal mental conditions—that is to say, of two men gifted with the same powers of intellect, that man is not likely to arrive at any distinguishing culture of character or breadth of vision who never "wastes his time." He will, of the two, have the better chance of becoming a rich man, if incessant application does not impair his physical or mental health. It is not conceivable, however, that any man ever made riches his sole aim in life, or even considered them worthy of acquisition, except in so far as they contributed to his satisfaction; and when it comes to be a

question of personal satisfaction, the indolent man may have something to say on his side. What seems to be indisputable is that laziness, *per se*, is often a valuable power; and that the ordinary canons about the waste of time have been formed by a false and unwise preference of merely visible products over all other results whatever. Nor less, says Wordsworth,

I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
And we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

SERVANTS' FEES.

THE playful satire of the late John Leech dealt with many of our social questions successfully. If it was pungent, it was wholesome; if it was light, it was truthful. Exaggeration in him was prophetic. Was there a sprouting beard or budding moustache in the little counter-jumper which has not long since developed into a more luxuriant crop? Is there a stable-trowsered gent or racing swell that has not shed manifold patterns broadcast over Houndsditch or Paddington Green? Briggs and his hunter have multiplied an hundredfold, and chignons and crinoline have since reached (let us hope) their highest and broadest excellence. The area of Policeman X is no smaller, and the fatal barrel of the organ-grinder, like the cruse of oil, has never failed.

But there was one subject above others which, like rumour, has acquired a force and persistency of interest that even he could never have foreseen. When Jeames in all his beauty and modesty was sketched through all gradations from the humble shoeblack to the imposing valet; when servant-girlism shone resplendent from the scullery to the housekeeper's room; how often have we doubted its reality though we have honoured the limner's fertility of imagination. Do we doubt now? We venture to say that it would be difficult to match in the sketch-book of the lamented artist the veritable results of our own folly and mismanagement. For, without entering upon this part of the question logically, we say that masters and mistresses have combined with circumstances to bring about a state of deplorable servitude, a speedy manumission from which is much to be desired. We cannot now argue the point as to the rate of wages proportionate to the rate of intelligence or honesty of our domestics, nor as to the style of

servants' hall living in which this age indulges: but the wildest dreams of dramatists from Terence to Congreve, or of novelists from Fielding to Bulwer, certainly never exceeded in strangeness modern facts.

Before we advance to the stronghold which we prepare to attack, we will give one instance, which may serve for many, of the height to which civilization has reached. A nobleman, one amongst many not remarkable for economy, came to grief. The established custom in such a case is to call in a friend or hanger-on, with some talent for organization. The readjustment of the household expenditure was recommended, and among the items which it appeared desirable to modify was one of a startling nature. The maid-servants of the establishment had been accustomed to champagne in their rooms at night. No revolt of the harem was more strenuous than the opposition which the attempted reform in the service met with. Undisturbed indulgence had given a colour of right to this monstrous absurdity, and it was not without some very pointed remonstrance that the abuse subsided. We are not sure whether a compromise was effected by the aid of dinner claret or amontillado, but we have the strongest evidence of the fact in the dismissal of a refractory housemaid or two. Is it not worth while to inquire how many days a week the parents of these ladies were accustomed to eat meat; and on what feast days a flavour of gin-and-water was allowed to pervade the hovels in which they were born and bred.

Many years ago the father of Mr. Charles Mathews used to delight the University of Oxford (possibly, too, of Cambridge) with his Evenings at Home. One of his favourite dialogues took place between the godfather and godmother of a newly baptized infant, as to the proper fee which belonged to the nurse upon such occasions. The godfather, a sturdy reformer of abuses, and actuated by a spirit of selfishness from which even reformers are not free, declared for half a guinea. Woman is by nature conservative, and where generosity can be excused by long established usage, she fails in the character which prejudice has sometimes given her—of screw. Woman, moreover, is not logical; and to all the arguments of the godfather, which were made many and potent, the godmother would reply but in one repeated phrase, "I shall give a guinea." It was useless to attack her on the score of extravagance, inconvenience, inability, injustice. She had a precedent in time-honoured custom, and all she could be in-

duced to reply was, "I shall give a guinea." It established not only the fact of a nurse's fee upon these occasions, but the amount of the honorarium, to the defeat of the innovating godfather. Occasionally, we presume, such precedents may be still found; but they are few and far between, and our style of living has modified our obligations in this respect.

When a young man, or a poor man, or a diffident man, finds himself for the first time in a great house, he surveys with many misgivings the crowd of valets (obsequious or impertinent, as the case may be) who attend upon his entrances and his exits. One does so much for him, another does so little. This one borrows his keys to unpack his portmanteau; that one brings his bath and his boot-jack; a third is ready with his hat and gloves; and a fourth brings round his friend's hack for him when he rides. At dinner, his glass is filled by a solemn gentleman in black, who, but for his stertorous breathing and suspicious gloves, might have been the lord of the castle himself. His wants are anticipated by two or three gorgeous attendants, whose vigilance and precision are worth at least a sovereign a-piece; and when the dreaded day of departure and retribution is come, the victim spends a miserable hour in shifting sovereigns, half-sovereigns, crowns, and half-crowns from one pocket to another, and puzzling himself with the questions, "To whom?" "How much?" and "For what?" till he has no more sense of justice or propriety than King Theodore himself.

The worst of it is, that for an hour or two of your journey home your mind continues impressed or depressed with the conviction that you have done neither what you meant nor what you ought to have done. Your clenching fee was bestowed unworthily upon the man who opened your fly-door for you, and who has done nothing whatever besides for you than "speed the parting guest;" while the modest underling, who shrunk behind his solemn and gorgeous superiors, and got nothing, was the very man who cleaned your boots, brought your bath, brushed your clothes, laid out your dinner-toilet, stirred your fire, lit your candles, and eventually packed your portmanteau. If you are an unbeneficed clergyman, or a younger son, you may fortunately be frightened into giving nothing to the butler or chief, by whatever name he may love to be called, under the honest conviction that he is better housed, better fed, and better clothed than yourself, and would only be insulted by the modest offer you could make him. There are

modifications of these discomforts through all ranks of society, but they are less felt as the obligations are less imposing. A remedy has been adopted in some well-ordered houses: it is to appoint a particular servant to those who have not their own valets, and, as he does all your work, to let him have all your fees.

But of all servants to whom these remarks are applicable, commend us especially to those belonging to the departments of sport. It is not so much, perhaps, the rapacity of these persons themselves as the disproportionate regard in which they are held to the services they perform. A stud groom is a man of awful responsibilities, we admit. But the property over which he is sometimes vice-regent, and more frequently regent, is not his own; and when you go down into the country to ride his master's horses for a day or two, the value of the animal has no logical connection with the fee he will expect. It is quite true that to be carried over a good country well through a good run on a gentleman's horse, is a far greater treat than to take your chance of a dealer's mount. But, as the property belongs to your friend and not to his stud-groom, it seems absurd to pay even half-price for the amusement. There are many poor men who enjoy the sports of the field as much as their wealthier connections or friends, but who sometimes relinquish an offer on account of the cost. Independently of which, this class of servants is always highly paid; enjoys numberless advantages; and were it not for the apparent absurdity of offering shillings to a man who counts his wages by sovereigns, would probably be satisfied with a bare remittance. Again, in this case, too, it is the helper who cleans the horse, the saddle, the bridle, and if you have out two, the second horseman who leads or rides him to cover. Yet they are the men, who, from an unlucky combination of circumstances, do not get the bulk of the money. The fact is, that a poor man cannot afford to fee three grooms, and rich men spoil the market.

A battue or a day's shooting is a great case in point, especially striking in the winter season. The extent to which the habit of feeding keepers has gone may be instanced by a story from one of the sporting reviews. We know the nobleman in question, who acted with much promptitude and good sense, but for obvious reasons we forbear to mention his name. Lord G—— went down to enjoy a moderate day's gunning some distance from his quarters. At the close of the day he tendered two sovereigns as his honorarium to

the head-keeper. This gentleman informed the other gentleman that he never took anything less than paper, a very excellent lesson for all casual clergymen, physicians, literary men, and the lower classes in general, who would probably like to change places with the keeper for a time. Lord G—— very properly transferred his two sovereigns to an under-keeper, feeling that it was a duty incumbent on him to pay two sovereigns to his friend's servants somehow or other. This extortion is luckily not invariable. We, in company with eight or ten other gentlemen, some of them wealthy enough, have given two sovereigns, with great satisfaction, for four days' cover-shooting, in which the results were over one thousand head each day, and have received in return a very civil acknowledgment. But that is in a house where the organization is invariably good; and where the master places his guests. There will then be no high payments for hot corners, and the poor man will not have the satisfaction of hearing a young millionaire let off his gun thirty times to his once. The disposition of guns in a cover ought not to be at the disposal of a servant, to whom the temptation of five pounds, in lieu of one, may be too great to be overcome.

There are always extremes, true virtue lying as the mean between them. There are screws, who cannot understand that a moderate acknowledgment is encouraging to a good servant, and has become a rule in good society. There are, also, inconsiderate spendthrifts who think of nothing but a servants'-hall popularity, to be bought at any price. And there are a few who are so far moral cowards as to fear to make a stand when they know themselves to be right. The proper adaptation of such customs wants nothing but consideration. That a fee is expected, nay, demanded, in the case of sporting servants, one common instance may show. In the lifetime of a celebrated sporting baronet, after the covers had been shot, a regular bill for ammunition was placed on the dressing-table of each guest, signed by the keeper, and leaving a space opposite his own name to be filled up by the sum proposed to be given. It is so in some houses in Scotland at the present time. Regarding a day's or week's shooting as a matter of business, it seems as fair a mode of levying a tax as any; though, perhaps, long purses would get the best of the moor and dogs the following season. This danger, however, may be avoided by the practice adopted in certain houses of having a box for the servants' fees; you can put in what you will—much or little.

Smith went down to shoot at —— in Suffolk. Smith is a man more than cool; he is grossly impudent at all times. He shoots hens when requested not to do so, takes the best places, and other men's shots, swears at the beaters, abuses a dearth of game, and otherwise misconducts himself. "What is it customary," says he to Jones, at the end of the day, "to give the keeper?" "Well," says Jones, not ignorant of Smith, "I shoot here frequently, and generally give him a sovereign; but as you are *quite certain* never to be invited again, you can do as you like." And Smith gave nothing, which was hard on the keeper.

What is really wanted is a little moderation on the part of the donors, and an understanding among the retainers of great houses, that a man may be a gentleman, and deserving of attention, although not possessed of a dukedom and one hundred thousand a-year. As to the neat-handed Phyllises, with their cherry-coloured ribbons, and the ever-ready Buttons, who open the doors and hand the viands in middle-class life, he would be a curmudgeon indeed who would curtail their Christmas-boxes. No man fears to give them too much lest he should spoil the market; and the fee must be small indeed which would insult their dignity. That is another part of the subject, which needs no discussion.

THE CHILLINGHAM CATTLE.

CHILLINGHAM is one of the few old Castles that retain, unmarred by modern improvements, the baronial character of mingled strength and beauty they bore in the days when the sleuth-hound bayed in the castle court, and the wandering minstrel sang of Border chivalry. The fine old park is still as wild and natural as when it formed the southern extremity of that primeval forest, which, according to Sir Walter Scott, stretched as far as Hamilton. In spite, however, of the beauty and interest attached to its castle, Chillingham is best known by reason of its wild cattle, which have roamed the park from time immemorial. In the Duke of Hamilton's park the herd are inferior to those at Chillingham, as are also those at Chartley, Gisborne, and Lyme. At Hamilton the herd is still strong; but at the last-named places death and sterility have made sad havoc.

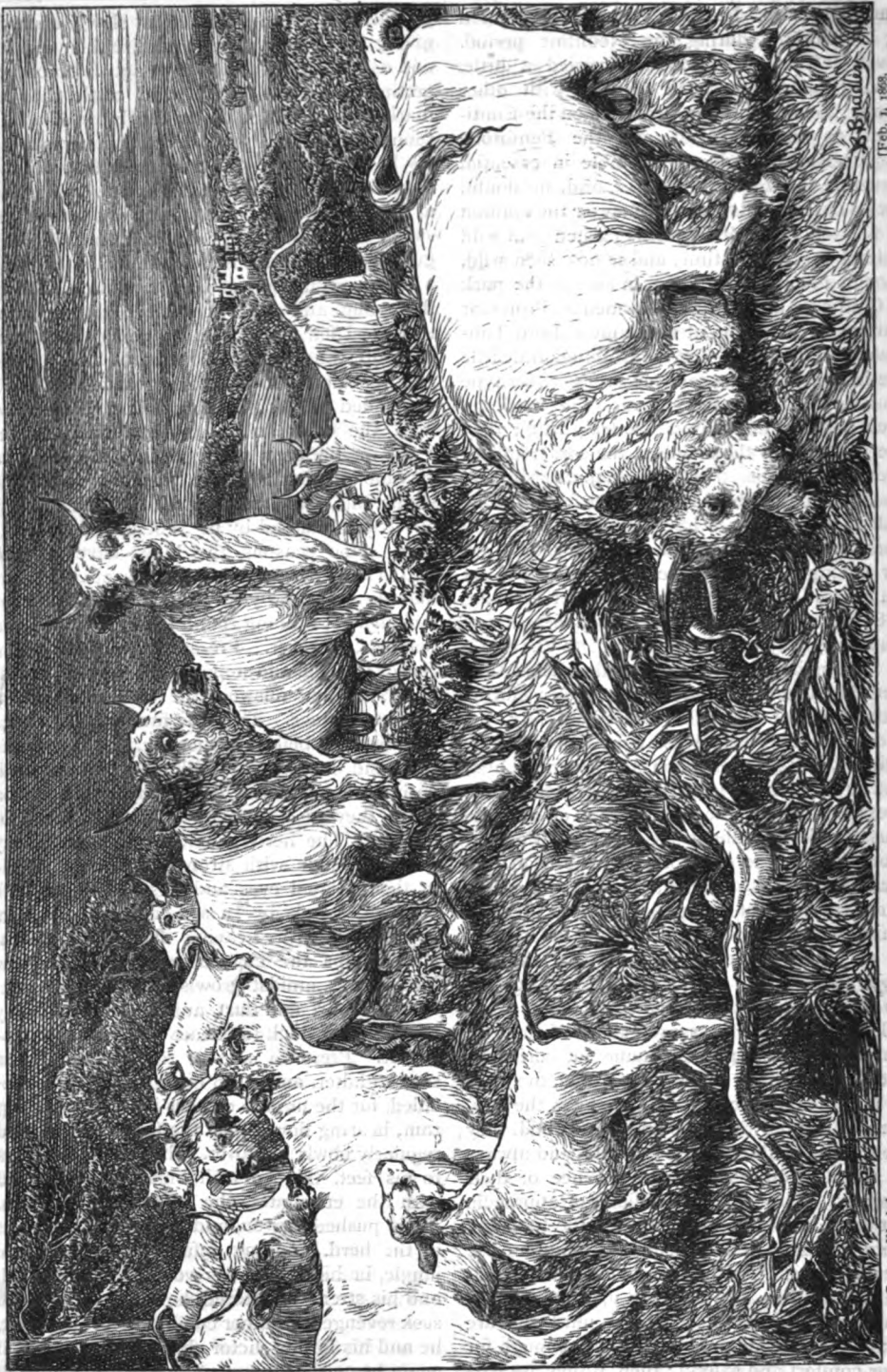
Mr. Darwin has courteously placed at my disposal the following account of the *Bos primigenius*, from which the Chillingham herd are descended:—"This magnificent well-

known species," he says, "was domesticated in Switzerland during the Neolithic period. Even at this early period it varied a little, having apparently been crossed with other races. Some of the larger races on the Continent, as the Friesland, and the Pembroke race in England, closely resemble in essential structure the *Bos primigenius*, and, no doubt, are its descendants; this is likewise the opinion of Nilsson. *Bos primigenius* existed as a wild animal in Caesar's time, and is now seen wild, though much degenerated in size, in the park of Chillingham; for I am informed by Professor Rüttimeyer to whom, at my request, Lord Tankerville sent a skull, that the Chillingham cattle are less altered from the true *primigenius* type than any other known breed. The cattle in their instincts and habits are truly wild; they are white, with the inside of the ears reddish-brown, eyes rimmed with black, muzzles brown, hoofs black, and horns tipped with black. The half-wild cattle which have been kept in British parks probably for 400 or 500 years, or even for a longer period, have been advanced by Culley and others as a case of inter-breeding within the limits of the same herd, without any consequent injury. With respect to the cattle at Chillingham, Lord Tankerville owned they were bad breeders; the late agent, Mr. Hardy, estimates that in the herd of about fifty, the average number usually slaughtered, killed by fighting, and dying, is about ten, or one in five; and as the herd is kept up to nearly the same average number, the annual rate of increase must be likewise about one in five." Furthermore, referring to the colour of the head, Mr. Darwin remarks, that "there is a strong tendency in wild or escaped cattle to become white, with coloured ears;" hence, that there is no direct evidence to show that the *Bos primigenius* was white, although these, the direct descendants, are invariably so.

During the calving season some of the wild instincts of these animals come out curiously. Although the herd is never separated, the cows go into voluntary exile, and hide away the newborn calf under the ferns and brushwood, they themselves feeding within ear-shot, and always on the alert to rush for the defence of their progeny. The cattle are difficult of approach, but there are times when, by a little management, one may, if on horseback, obtain a close view of them. The best way is to get to windward, and then ride steadily up to the herd, which will stare at your horses until you are within about a hundred yards (near enough for your comfort and safety); then, if they are particularly good tempered or lazy, they will rise one

by one, and prepare for retreat slowly enough, giving you ample time to admire their dignity and originality. Many years ago I remember getting close up to the wild cattle, having marked them down under the brow of a hill, round which I had great difficulty in persuading my horse to move. Ever since he first winded them he had been trembling and sweating, and at last he became almost unmanageable. A sullen old bull rising slowly from the long grass, faced us for a minute, and then uttering a low growling sort of bellow, walked back to the group, and there remained, eyeing us intently. I felt my own pulses going with a sort of throb; but I was determined to have a good look for once. So by coaxing and handling I persuaded old Singlepeeper to keep his ground until the cows and steers had risen. After a few preliminary roars, and a little demonstration of attack on the part of a handsome young bull, the herd turned down the valley, and trotted off, led by my first acquaintance.

At some seasons the bulls have pitched battles, and these take place in exactly the same manner year after year. A young bull bellows a challenge, walking round the herd, at a good distance, however. Presently an older animal rouses himself, and stepping out from the midst of his harem, answers the challenge with a roar of defiance. Then the first bull advances step by step, bellowing fiercely, tearing up the turf and brushwood with his horns, until within a few paces of his enemy, when with a crash they rush on each other, and the fight begins. The herd generally look on pretty quietly, though with strong excitement visible in their dilated eyes and nostrils. One bull, however, stands by—a self-constituted umpire—watching with heaving flanks and foam-stained lips the chances of war. Thus the battle rages, amidst growls and roars of rage, clouds of turf and dust, and the sudden heavy crash, as the thick foreheads or horns come together. Presently one of the combatants is seen to falter, and in an instant the fight is decided, for the umpire crashes in like a battering ram, bearing down upon the faltering bull, and regularly bowls him over. Then, as he staggers to his feet, blinded with blood, and crippled with the encounter, the herd are upon him. He is pushed, driven, and fairly drummed out of the herd. Taking refuge in some remote jungle, he hides until his wounds being healed, and his strength restored, he can come forth to seek revenge in another combat. If triumphant, he and his former victor change places; but if again beaten, he grows sulky, separates himself from the herd, and becomes so dangerous that



[Feb. 1, 1868.]

Once a Week.]

he is shot. While looking after one of these sulky bulls Lord Tankerville had a narrow escape. He was riding; the infuriated bull charged; and the horse, already nearly unmanageable, swerved, presenting a broadside to the charge. The bull's horns pierced him on either side of the rider's leg, thus bringing all down together. But for extraordinary coolness and courage, Lord Tankerville must have been killed. He never appears to have lost his presence of mind, for he even prevented his rifle from going off in the fall. He was the first to gain his feet, and getting off a few yards, shot the bull when in the very act of renewing the charge.

That the wild cattle form a difficult subject for animal portrait-painting may be readily imagined, and Mr. Bradley, while sketching them last autumn, found that most of his study had to be done by the help of a telescope. In the picture which forms the illustration to this paper, he has caught the fiery, untamed character of the cattle admirably; and that, too, at a most exciting moment.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

ONE of the chief duties of a Christian in London at Christmas time, is undoubtedly to visit as many pantomimes as possible. These exhibitions have been my reward, once every twelve months, since the year when in a large family party of twenty-eight children, under the immediate superintendence of uncles and aunts, papas and mammas, I was taken, with an orange and two biscuits, to witness my first pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre,—I think it was William Tell, or St. George and the Dragon. How we laughed when Old Tell peppered Young Tell in the eye because he wouldn't eat his breakfast! My notions of the Swiss people, were utterly perverted for years. Pantomime has a great deal to answer for, in the way of misleading impressionable natures like mine. Production and reproduction, permutation and combination, have played the very mischief now-a-days with the land-marks of my nursery. Robin Hood and Robin Redbreast; Little Red Riding Hood and Boy Blue; Mother Hubbard and Jack and the Bean-stalk; Jack the Giant-killer, and Jack who built a House; Beauty and Orson; Beast and Valentine; hubble bubble, are jumbled all together, in a delightful kaleidoscopic arrangement.

But now I look for pantomime, and lo! it is nowhere to be found. There are only four

pantomimes in the West-end of London. Four! Four nights. Boxing-night, next night, the night following that, and the night after, with, perhaps, Sunday intervening (like the Queen's Proctor in a divorce case),—intervening for calm consideration as to where we should go on Monday. Four nights, and no more. In due time I visited the pantomimes of London, and took such reward as splendid scenery could give me. Took such reward as the Payne family delight to bestow. Only 'twas all as of old. There was nothing new behind the gas-lights; and I said to my friend Bunce, by inspiration, "Bunce," said I, "what's going on in Paris?" Bunce is a great fellow to know. Knowing Bunce you know everybody and everything. Bunce explained how they were playing Gulliver's Travels at one theatre in Paris, Robinson Crusoe at another, Miss Suzanne, perhaps some relation to Black Eyed Susan, at a third; how, moreover, there was a Review of the whole year's doings at the Porte St. Martin, with some wonderful ballets, and Mlle. Thérèse singing; how at the little Athénée we should see *Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*, also an English subject; and at the Palais Royal there was an English girl "speaking articulate words" in her own Saxon, in *Les Chemins de fer*; and finally, how Offenbach had some charming music and some excellent fooling in *Geneviève du Brabant* at the Ménus-plaisirs (there's a name!); how M. Hervé had not yet got to the end of his successful tether with his Opéra-bouffe, *L'Œil Crevé*; and how for another English subject our Jack Sheppard had been revived at the Ambigu. "Then, Bunce," said I, "at once," said I, "let's go to the gay Paris and obtain that Christmas entertainment which London cannot give." And this is what Bunce and myself saw in Paris.

First then, taking our counsel and our chocolate, we at once put aside Marlborough and the Athénée, as not of sufficient importance for a commencement. I looked over our Figaro-programme and said "Robinson Crusoe? eh?" "Or Gulliver?" suggested Bunce. "Or Gulliver," I returned pleasantly. We meditated silently, and as it appeared that Robinson was only played alternate nights at the Opéra Comique, this being one of them, we settled for Robinson Crusoe. "Pronounced, remember," said Bunce, who like Jeames can say *wee* in very excellent French, "Robangsong Crusoe."

I undertook to procure places. Not at the Bureau. No, sir: they'll tell you that you can't get a seat for love or money, and then as a

favour sell you an 8 fr. fauteuil for 16 fr. Sometimes going in very late at night these gentry will let you have two seats for the price of one : so some one has paid the difference. The fact is that in bad times the office-keepers will advance money on seats ; then comes a success, a great demand, and the agencies get large profits. A modified system might be advantageously introduced in London. The Librarian's system is not in all points the same. However I didn't go to the bureau, but straight to the Opéra Comique. Obtained two seats *fauteuils d'orchestre* in the centre.

"Be in time, be in time," is a good old fair cry. Specially applicable to opera going : in for the overture. We were in for it and were, I think, not speaking as musicians, but as a couple of folks who know what they like, more pleased with it than with any other portion of the opera. It raised our hopes : we were in excellent spirits. It was holiday time : we were away from work. It was cold : brisk : and here we were like Prince Charlie over the water, waiting with a Parisian audience, before a Parisian curtain which was presently to rise upon the good old English story of Robinson Crusoe, I mean Robangsong Crusoe. It was but (so to speak) a few minutes ago that we were washing oysters in Maiden Lane with London Stout and determining our future. Now—the leader gives the signal, and up goes the curtain.

One minute : let me note the anticipations of Bunce and myself before we come to the reality. We knew all Offenbach's musical works almost by heart, or by ear—*La Belle Hélène, Orphée aux Enfers, Barbe Bleue, La Grande Duchesse*, etc. We knew the rollicking fun, the buffoonery, the sly hits, the absurdities of costume, gait, and manner forming the essential accompaniments to Offenbach's airs, and we had said, "What a capital subject for such a composer is Robinson Crusoe." We saw, in possibility and in probability, marvellous savages, eccentric music for their war dances as characteristic as that of *Ba-ta-clan*. We saw Robinson, we saw Friday, such a Robinson and such a Friday,—such a Friday as should be no distant relation to Black Monday,—we saw, in fact, like Tilburina, exactly what we couldn't see, "because it was not yet (nor at any time afterwards) in sight."

We regretted perhaps that it was done at the Opéra Comique instead of the Variétés or the little Bouffes, but Comique was still the epithet, and we were satisfied. Satisfied until Bunce bought the book just before the curtain

went up. The scene opened. Did we see Robinson capering about the dockyard preparing for his voyage? Did we see anything that promised in any sort of way to realize our preconceived notions? Perhaps. The Scene a Room. An elderly gentleman in a square cut coat of the period sits on the right reading from a ponderous volume. An elderly lady doing something vaguely with a distaff in the centre of the stage. On the left a young lady cutting bread and butter, and a ladies'-maid pouring, into the domestic teapot, hot water for the family tea. Bunce informs me that the old gentleman in the coachman's wig and square cut coat (who looks by the way as if his face had been "made up" by a gentleman in the chimney-sweeping interest) is Sir William Crusoe, that the vague person with the distaff is his wife Deborah, that the young lady who, like Charlotte, is cutting bread and butter, is Miss Edwige, and the soubrette is Suzanne.

Solemn music. Why? Solemn music continues. I begin to recognise Offenbach's sly humour in this ; I point it out to Bunce ; doesn't he see? I ask ; good idea, solemn music to cutting bread and butter. Sir William begins to sing lugubriously. His custom (it subsequently appears) always on an evening. Bunce exclaims, "Hullo ! this isn't a comic song. What do you think he's doing?" I give it up. Bunce shows me the stage direction in the book *Sir William lisant la Bible*. And so he is : as far as we can make out, the story of the Prodigal Son (set to music). Sir William Crusoe was evidently considered a bore by his family, as before he had concluded five lines his wife commenced a merry movement, in which she was joined by Edwige and Suzanne, who sang the joys of bread and butter and hot water for tea, and how Cousin Robinson (Edwige's cousin) is so fond of those luxuries. No one listens to Sir William, who at last rises and says—according to the book, "avec humeur," but his fun was of the heaviest and dullest, and I strongly suspect that he'd quarrelled with librettists and was reading the Bible in a very bad temper—"Que diantre avez vous à vous dire?" whereupon the merry music ceases, and Sir William goes in heavily for four more lines of the Prodigal Son. This being finished, Robinson is heard without, and presently enters.

All my hopes of fun to be got out of Robangsong were gone. Robangsong was a tenor not unlike Tamberlik. Everybody was angry with Robinson for being out so late : and so enchanting were Robinson's manners that every



one forgave him, one after the other, and then Suzanne, after the fashion of the celebrated Polly, puts the kettle on, takes it off again, and all have tea. At this point, Mr. Toby, a friend of the family, enters. Inspired by the decoction which cheers and does not in general inebriate

(except, perhaps, in Sir William's case, who, being a feeble old creature at the best, I am sure in two minutes took more congou than was good for him), Edwige, Suzanne, Robinson, and Toby, the friend of the family, danced a horn-pipe—the English custom in those days, pro-

bably, as an aid to digestion ; and then Sir William (I'm sure it *was* the tea), folding his arms, danced a double shuffle, twice forwards and once back, and legs across, with all the gravity necessary for a minuet. I never saw such an illustration of "from grave to gay." What an evening arrangement for a respectable old gentleman at Bristol, who might note it down after Pepys' style, thus :—

"*Sunday Night*.—Did read the Bible. Much affected. After, did dance a hornpipe, and so to bed."

And so it was, to bed. The end of this is that Robinson, having had enough of sermons and hornpipes, and being excited by the story of one Jim Cocks, who sailed to somewhere and made a fortune, escapes from the house at night-time, and sails away from England, joining with the sailors on board in a chorus which grows fainter and fainter as the vessel recedes from the shore. So on the first act the curtain falls.

We looked for fun in the second. Robinson, in the traditional costume, was more the elegant tenor than ever. Here is the picture. The parrot speaking once, and saying, "Bon jour, Robinson," made us laugh because it was so evidently somebody at the wing ; perhaps making his first appearance, and proud of the part. The greater the chance for drollery, the more sentimental did Robinson become, until it was evident that he had got no sort of idea of the humour of his situation. Then came little Mademoiselle Galli-Marié, dressed as Vendredi. Charming, piquante, but not *our* Friday ; not Crusoe's Friday. Knowing it to be Galli-Marié, it was difficult not to imagine her a native girl disguised because in love with Robinson. A notion missed by the librettists, here patented. It has struck the artist in the portrait upon the preceding page that Robinson would make an excellent figure for a match-box ; the head to come off.

Jim Cocks disappointed us. He was an Englishman (I mean in the opera) who had become a savage, just as in *Ba-ta-clan*, a Frenchman becomes a Chinese. The savages were serious, the music neither eccentric nor catching. I don't speak as a musician. But—I have nothing more to say of Robangsong Crusoe, except that we were disappointed. It may be very good ; perhaps so ; only 'twas not what Bunce and I went to see ; or rather what we did go to see, but wouldn't again. Give me M. Jacques Offenbach in merry mood. What next ?

Gulliver ? After Robinson we trembled for Gulliver. But having ascertained that this

was an undoubted Faërie, we took our seats at the Châtelet. Of all the slow extravaganzas it has ever been my fate to see, Gulliver at the Châtelet is the slowest. It was not equal to the pantomime on the same subject some years since at Covent Garden, with the old Payne for Gulliver. Excepting exceptions ; the ballet and the Lilliputian scene. The ballets of birds and flowers were beautiful, most artistically arranged. The costume of the King of the Horse-Kingdom was also striking, as was the king herself carried in on a sort of pedestal by four men. The French Theatres can't touch us in scenery, and nothing, in this spectacle for instance, was to be compared with our transformation scenes as a rule, and certainly, as far as this year goes, not with the present one, by Mr. Matt Morgan, at Covent Garden.

Mlle. Schneider (who has since returned to the Variétés) was utterly lost in her part ; while Lesueur, an excellent actor of comedy, had nothing to do but the lowest kind of buffoonery, "practical business," and Richardson's-show clowning.

The King of the Horse-Kingdom was all white satin and gold, with brilliant white mane flowing by way of head dress over her shoulders. She was dazzling. Of the flies' (ballet) costume, this is the printed description : "Haut du corsage et maillot soie marron, coiffure marron à grosses fleurs de satin bleu foncé, milieu du corsage satin bleu foncé à bandes de velours noir, ailes de gaze bleu foncé." These flies ran about among the ballet of flowers, and a sunset light was thrown upon the variegated colours of each group. The stage, a large one, was completely filled. There were three separate ballets following in the same scene one after the other, and finally, with more purpose too than such dances generally possess, uniting at the close of the scene, well deserving the unanimous *bis* the concluding tableau received.

The Lilliputian kingdom is far better done in Paris than in England. It is performed entirely by dolls, reaching up to about an inch or so above Gulliver's ankle. At Covent Garden they had children, who only looked like what they were, children playing with Mr. Payne. Here at the Châtelet they were veritable Lilliputians. The scene was all Lilliputian. Gulliver could have put his leg over the tallest house, could have scrunched the palace, stamped out the army, and have done everything that Swift intended he should do. They never erred by letting supers speak at the wings so as to give these little atomies the voices of big folks. Their voices

were logically supposed to be small ones, proceeding out of small bodies, and inaudible at any distance. So when Bischoffson, Gul-

liver's friend, wanted to enter into conversation with one, he knelt down, put his ear close to the animated doll, and pretended to



Gulliver (Reynard).



Bischoffson (Lesueur).



Diana (Schneider).

receive his observations, which he immediately repeated aloud for the benefit of the audience. But this, mind, was the *only* amusing thing in Gulliver.

"Now," says Bunce, "we have seen Robin-

son and Gulliver. We have heard Offenbach. Let us to the Folies-Dramatiques for *L'Œil Crevé*, by Hervé, whom a clique are pitting against the Bouffe-king, Offenbach." *La Vie Parisienne*, the illustrated weekly paper, has



Hoeyhnhnm.



Fly-ballet.



Flower-ballet.

a little picture of M. Offenbach, with an arrow stuck in his eye (the point of the plot of *L'Œil Crevé* being an arrow in an eye, as

you shall see) and underneath the legend *L'Œil d'Hervé*. But M. Offenbach's eye isn't put out yet.

HISTORY AND FICTION.

AT five o'clock one fine summer morning, I arrived for the first time in Edinburgh. They gave me a bed-room and a bath at the hotel without delay, but held out no hopes of breakfast for a couple of hours or more ; so I went out to feast my eyes. I strolled out of the town, past Holyrood Palace, and finally to the top of Arthur's Seat, and was presently joined by a representative Scotchman, huge of limb, freckled, with red whiskers, who fraternised and pointed out all the memorable places which could be seen from that commanding spot. "Ye ken that hoose yonder, right ayont thae coos? that is where the battle of Preston Pans was fought. In yon wood Jeanie Deans was stopped by the robbers." And so he went on, mixing up Scottish history and Sir Walter's novels in the most perplexing manner. Unless he was a very clever actor, mystifying a stranger, the various scenes and episodes which he conjured up were in his mind of equal authenticity. Albert Smith used to tell of a Marseilles boatman who in like manner eagerly pointed out where Mercedes lived ; where the future Count of Monte Christo was arrested on the eve of his marriage ; where he made his sensation plunge, sewn up in a sack, from the Château d'If; and where other incidents of Dumas' most marvellous romance took place, in all of which he believed most firmly. Probably the Marseilles sailor was an exceptional enthusiast, because a story not founded upon any basis of fact, but spun entirely out of the author's brain, is not likely to obtain any wide-spread credence ; but with regard to historical novels, the case is different, and there are hundreds of men and thousands of women and children whose notions of the events and characters of the past are taken from them.

It would be a curious experiment to take a boy, not too industrious or intelligent ; make him read a good history of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth in the morning, and allow him to amuse himself with *The Tower of London* (edition with the original engravings) in the evening ; and a month after he had finished both works, shut him up in a room without books to refer to, and make him write out an account of the period. Do you not think that Gog, Magog, Zit, and the headsman, would figure rather prominently ? After all, English tales of this kind follow history so closely that they are not likely to lead their readers into very absurd blunders. Some of them, indeed, make out the good old times to have been in-

credibly jolly, while others represent them as impossibly wretched ; but then these correct one another, and he who peruses both has a good chance of arriving at the middling common sense view, that happiness and misery were somehow about as well balanced in the fifteenth century as in the nineteenth. On the whole, when narrating occurrences which happened to personages who have actually lived, the historical novelists mostly draw them from some acknowledged authority.

But with regard to that prolific French author above mentioned, A. Dumas *père*, the case is different. His audacity is only equalled by his imagination. He takes Henry the Fourth, Margaret of Navarre, the Duke of Guise, Marie of Medicis, with many more, and makes them say and do things which a story-teller with less go in him would hesitate about attributing to purely imaginary characters. He ransacks French memoirs, and gathering the eccentric duels, the wildest intrigues, and the best wit of the court butterflies of half-a-dozen reigns together, piles them all upon the shoulders of some one man who really lived, and resembled his contemporaries, and whose descendants are residing in Paris at this very time. Artagnan was a real man, a Gascon, brave, and Captain of the Musqueteers. But he did not perform all the labours of Hercules, neither was he under the scaffold when our Charles the First was beheaded. That there really was a mysterious Man in the Iron Mask cannot be denied ; but to assume with this daring interpreter of the past that he was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., exactly like him, and *perhaps* the rightful King of France, (the argument about which is properly the eldest of twins being a subtle one,) is a very different matter.

It is difficult for any individual to judge of changes of taste or opinion which take place in his own day, because every man's little clique is the whole world to him. Did you ever know a convert who was not convinced that his new religion was gaining ground ? But surely it is not rash to assert that the taste for fiction has increased enormously of late years ? Or if not the taste, at least the indulgence of it ? It is not only that grave men of business living in the outlying towns and villages of our large cities are supplied by Mr. Smith with novels which they read during their short railway trips to and fro ; it is not only that all the magazines, both monthly and weekly, must contain long stories which flash upon the reader spasmodically, two or three chapters at a time, like the jets of gas when a large room is being lighted up, and which

are considered by a benighted public as the treasures contained therein, while articles of real value—*e. g.* THIS—are called padding; but it is that fathers of families, scientific maiden aunts, and even governesses, have relaxed in their antipathy to that class of literature which they used to reckon in the lump as pernicious rubbish, and exert their authority rather in selecting the novels which the young people under their control may read, than in keeping them altogether out of sight. It is that fiction is more generally considered an art, and has very much taken the place which used to be occupied by poetry alone.

A philosopher is not worth his salt unless he can discover a motive for people's actions which never occurred to them; so, in the spirit of philosophy, I will venture to suggest that the increased taste for imaginary stories may have been considerably stimulated by the doubts which have been thrown during the last twenty or thirty years on so many which were traditionally accepted as real ones. William Tell and a host of other worthies implicitly believed in by our fathers, are now ordered to fall in with Jupiter, Mars, Hercules, Prometheus and other mythical people. And what is still more trying, we have to change our opinions of those historical characters a belief in whose existence is still permitted us. Facts are universally known to be stubborn things; but there is another donkey attribute which equally characterises them: the last in the race wins. A number of these contests have been considered settled hundreds of years ago when, behold, some obstruction, such as the secrecy with which the Archives of Simancas were guarded, is broken down, and other contradictory facts come ambling in. This, indeed, stimulates the interest taken by multitudes of us in history, but a very large number of respectable people resent having their old notions disturbed; the evidence brought forward staggers their faith in the historians of their childhood, while it does not convince them that the modern ones are more trustworthy. If all history is unreliable, say they, let us have fiction, which is what it professes itself to be. If the imaginary characters and motives of action are such as our own hearts tell us are true of all men, in all ages, there is more veracity in novels than in the pretentious records of human doings.

Another circumstance reconciles us to fiction. The writings of Macaulay, Froude, Prescott, and Motley, are so graphic and entertaining, that persons who had an unexpressed idea that novels were trash because they gave the reader

pleasure, and Hume, Robertson, Roscoe, were improving because they bored him, got fairly puzzled. When the British public found itself taking precisely the same sort of interest, only intensified, in historical men and women that it did in the hero and heroine of a novel, the great barrier between Fiction and History was removed.

And, indeed, is History ever anything more than Fiction founded on fact? The names of kings, queens, and ministers, the order in which they succeeded one another, the dates of parliamentary measures, those of great battles, with the names of the generals engaged, and, sometimes, of the sides which won, may as a rule be assumed to be correct. But, when we come to motives and details, we are reduced at best to balancing probabilities. It is difficult enough to fish truth out of her well now-a-days; our friends, the facts, have got soapy tails, as any one may find who will try to verify a bit of neighbourly scandal. Why, if there was one thing upon which the British public had made up its mind, it was that the Queen never enjoyed her dinner so much as in a gale of wind at sea, and behold, the Journal just published shows her to be a bad sailor. After that, how are we to feel confident that the traditional characteristics of Queen Elizabeth are correct? If you know any public man intimately, you know also how absurd is the popular idea of him. Is it to be supposed that we are able to form more accurate judgments of Thomas à Becket, Wolsey, Cromwell, Walpole, Fox? Perhaps, yes; acute and laborious historians, who have compared the letters of the friends and enemies of a great man, studied his speeches and actions in public and private life, and carefully sifted all other sources of information, may present more faithful portraits of departed worthies to our view than it is possible for contemporaries to depict. But there is one great obstacle in the path of an author desirous of throwing light upon the past. During the most interesting period of European history, statecraft meant hard lying and judicious bribery. Our ideas of the entire Tudor period have been utterly revolutionised within a few years, because the private correspondence of the tallest liars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been laid before us by the Spanish Government. Now, suppose that, in certain instances, these political geniuses had private reasons for lying to their masters? Where are we then?

Would you like to have a sample of the difficulties which beset the historical compiler? Let us try our experiment on a vile body, Louis

XV. of France. In Dr. Doran's amusing book *Court Fools*, page 297, there is this account of M. de Chauvelin's death. "M. de Chauvelin was seized at the royal card table with the fit of apoplexy of which he died. On seeing him fall, someone exclaimed, 'M. de Chauvelin is ill!' 'Ill?' said Louis XV., coldly turning round and looking at him; 'he is dead. Take him away: spades are trumps, gentlemen!'" In the *Mémoires de Louis XVIII.*, we have the same anecdote coloured rather differently:—"About this time an event occurred at Versailles which gave Louis XV. a great shock. The Marquis de Chauvelin, premier maître de la garde-robe, and his friend from childhood, was struck down at his side by apoplexy while my grandfather was playing at cards with Madame Dubarry. They had to go to the help of the king, upon whom this unexpected death fell like a thunderbolt. A gloom was spread throughout the castle, and for some days nothing was spoken of but this catastrophe."

There is a slippery fact for any disciple of the man who threw down Gulliver's Travels in disgust on hearing that it was not a true narrative, to hunt into a corner! When he has secured it, he can set to work upon the character of Mary Queen of Scots, and when his mind is easy about her, he will find plenty of doubtful points to clear up in every page of the romance which has been continued by successive writers from Herodotus to Froude. Very likely, if he could but get at certain archives which are still buried in the ruins of Pompeii, he might be able to show us most convincingly that Messalina was a pattern of domestic virtue, and that the maligned Nero was in reality not less amiable than accomplished as a man, and only failed as an emperor through a squeamish humanity which prevented him from crushing rebellion with the iron hand required in such turbulent times.

In the mean time a good many of us will prefer to take our Roman History through Bulwer Lytton, Kingsley, or White Melville, though the real amateur will always like his sensational dram neat. No publisher would like to issue the horrors of Suetonius in three-volume-novel type.

TABLE TALK.

I WENT to a concert the other evening, and found that without exception every name of the performers, vocal and instrumental, out of eighteen or twenty, was a double one. The list was headed by those highly popular

artists Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby; it finished with Mr. Denbigh-Newton and Mr. Lewis-Thomas among the singers, Mr. Lindsay-Sloper and Mr. Brinley-Richards being the pianists, and Mr. Balsir-Chatterton, harpist. There were indeed, one or two who merely prefixed their christian names—a legitimate and sometimes indispensable antecedent—but all the others proclaimed themselves in more or less high-sounding, two-fold surnames. The use of these compound terms is an entire innovation. In the olden days artists seem to have been satisfied with one name, as Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, Sontag, Stephens, Paton, Rubini, Tamburini, Ivanoff, Lablache, Braham, Sinclair, Pearman, Wilson, and scores of others. Now all is changed. Artists, more especially singers, must needs have two handles to their names. An excuse may, perhaps, be pleaded for a married lady when she desires to retain her maiden name without loss of that of her husband. This proceeding is, at all events, above suspicion, for we know that neither name is simulated, which is too frequently the case with those who rejoice in double appellatives. But even this course has its limit, and may involve a grave difficulty. The lady, for instance, may become a widow, and marry a second, or even a third, time. How then? Should she be distinguished by the two or three names conjointly, or should she declare herself for the ultimate husband only? Let us simplify it thus: Miss Smith marries Brown, and incontinently becomes in the art world Madame Smith-Brown. Supposing Brown to betake himself to the Elysian fields, and the singer to marry Jones, would she then indite herself Madame Smith-Brown-Jones? Again, let us presume Jones to have gone to his namesake's locker, and the inconsolable widow to have suffered herself to be led to the hymeneal altar by Robinson, would she, in the interests of art, and out of regard for the deceased, designate herself, without stint, Madame Smith-Brown-Jones-Robinson? And here, in a parenthesis, I would ask, with deference, why a simple home-born Miss, vocalist or instrumentalist, who marries a simple home-born Mr., should deem it proper to write herself Madame, which is anything but home-born? In former times the married English singer invariably became plain "Mrs.," as Mrs. Billington—one of the most renowned singers of her epoch, and who, as being of foreign extraction, might have used the prefix of Madame with propriety and without affectation.

Double names were little known and sel-

dom used before the early days of Mr. Sims Reeves. I do not pretend to say that the great and marked success which attended our renowned tenor on his first appearance at Drury Lane absolutely prevailed with singers and players, and was the direct cause of the introduction of two-fold appellations into our art nomenclature; but the coincidence is curious, and in the case of tenor singers, most remarkable. From the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves to our own times, many new tenors have come forward, but very few have presented themselves before the public under plain single titles. Mr. Bridge-Frodsham, Mr. Montem-Smith, and Mr. Wilby-Cooper, were among the earliest who used two surnames. The usage has been continued to the present day. We have Messrs. Chaplin-Henry, Kerr-Gedge, Leigh-Wilson, Tucket-Champion, Vernon-Rigby, Wilford-Morgan, and Nelson-Varley. What an innocent delusion is this—to fancy that an uncommon appellation has any direct persuasive power with the public, or that a double-barrelled surname will recommend an artist better than a single one!

A BRILLIANT pianist is my St. Cecilia. But—dare I confess it?—her playing seems to me to be legerdemain, and to lack expression. I made her very angry by this epigram on her:

When Orpheus played, he touched the rocks and trees,
But you, my lady, only touch the keys.

THE coquettes of the great world in Paris have kept their supreme rank so long that their pretensions to charm have outlived youth and beauty many years. They have been wittily named—*Cette vieille garde qui se rend toujours et ne meurt jamais.*

ALFRED DE—told us a good story, probably not true, but that does not matter. X, a French husband, discovered that Z, a French bachelor, was seeking to make himself too acceptable to Mrs. X, and that the lady, being French, was inclined to listen. Thereupon, X goes away into Switzerland, and, after a short time, his wife learns by telegraph that he has fallen off a mountain, and that she is a widow. She loses no time in tenderly confiding to Z that, at a proper date, she may reward his love with her hand. That very night, the lover bolts into England. The husband returns, to find his wife cured of her folly, and they live happy ever afterwards.

I AM always angry with the actor who plays Rolando in Tobin's comedy of *The Honeymoon*, and, as far as I know, all Rolandos are alike. The Count rates him for being a woman-hater, and says that he doesn't believe it. Indeed, he adds, "Had I a sister, mother, nay, grandam, I would no more trust her in a corner with you, than cream within the whiskers of a cat." Then replies Rolando, "Right, I should beat her." What on earth can he mean? All the editions of *The Honeymoon*, I believe, give this as Rolando's answer, and all the Rolandos on the stage most innocently accept the reading. It is a misprint for "Right, I should be at her."

As a contribution to the curiosities of suicide, I may relate an incident which shows that Dutchmen can be as romantic in their attachments as any other less phlegmatic people; and a great deal more faithful. Cornelius Vega, the celebrated Dutch painter, is my hero. His mistress being seized with the plague at the time it raged in Haarlem in 1664, was conveyed, in spite of her lover's desperate opposition, to the common pest-house, whither none but the guardians were suffered on pain of death to penetrate. Vega got information as to the position of the bed on which his mistress lay, wrestling with death, and, coming to an open window near it, thrust in his mahl-stick, having previously deposited a fervent kiss on its extremity, and contrived to reach and touch with it the lips of the agonising lady. His kiss was returned, and, having pressed once more the instrument now impregnated with the plague poison to his own lips, the evening of that day found him a corpse. The subject may be commended to the attention of any painter who is bold enough to wade through horror to pathos.

CONGENIAL with this lugubrious story, but helping us into the serener region of light jest, is an anecdote of Charles Nodier, I have lately read but do not remember meeting before. When confined to his bed in his last illness, a friend tried to cheer him with the hope of speedy recovery. "No," said he, "I have just for the first time struck upon a rhyme for my name Charles Nodier,—*hodie.*" The implied prophecy came true. He died that day.

"ELECTRICITY," said the scientific D, "travels faster than light." "Yes," said the reflective B, "it is easier to shock than to instruct."

YOU read the newspapers ; will you tell me what you conceive to be the final sensation of an editor after a week's work ? It is clear, from his own admissions, that during this time he has gone through every possible phase of emotion. Thrice in one day he has been "glad to observe." But on the same day he has been "pained to remark," "astounded to consider," and "anxious to know." In the same column he is happy to hear of the safety of a missing vessel ; is grieved to learn that the condition of this or that statesman grows rapidly worse ; and then again is delighted to perceive that some improvements are being made in Park Lane. What is the ultimate result of this constant gladness, grief, delight, pain, astonishment, and fear ? Weariness, I should say.

A **SUBLIME** flight of humorous quackery has just been achieved by an American advertising doctor, who has found a motive for a fresh and urgent recommendation of his renowned antibilious pills in the forthcoming elections. In order to discharge their duties as loyal and upright citizens by selecting the most fitting candidates, his countrymen must possess all their mental faculties free and unclouded. Bile is the enemy of clear perception, vigorous thought, and deliberate judgment. Dr. Brandreth's pills alone can effectually vanquish and dissipate this enemy. Let every truly patriotic citizen take at least four the day before he rushes to the ballot, and the right candidate will be elected to the glory of the Stars and Stripes. In our clubs, where bile and black balls are so intimately connected, might not this sage hint be taken, and members pill themselves ere resolving to pill a new candidate ?

THE most curious instance of animal sagacity that ever came under my personal observation is that of a dog I knew some twenty years ago, who fulfilled the office of turnspit in a little inn in the mountains, at a place called Enacerata, (between Foligno and Ancona). His melancholy duty was to sit in a small cage, fashioned like a squirrel's, and turn a spit whereon hung to him ever inaccessible joints of meat, the smell of which must have been a cruel aggravation of his sufferings. Bitter experience made him sagacious, and whenever he heard a carriage coming down the road he would make off to the mountains and conceal himself all day. Unless the landlord bethought himself of securing his turnspit at the first sound of wheels, the traveller went dinnerless

while the dog blinked his eyes in the sun, secure on some far-off grassy slope. This was the last turnspit I ever saw in Italy ; he was of the class called "vetturino dog," *i.e.*, a Spitz.

A FRIEND of mine was riding on the outside of a North Devon coach, from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him, "I've had a coin guv' me to-day two hundred year old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred year old ?" "Oh, yes, I have one myself two thousand years old." "Ah," said the driver, "have ye ?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up to my friend with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said, "I told you as we druv' along I had a coin two hundred year old." "Yes." "And you said to me as you had one two thousand year old." "Yes, so I have." "Now it's a lie." "What do you mean by that ?" "What do I mean ? Why it's only 1867 now." And they tell me that the schoolmaster is abroad.

WHAT form of greeting do you consider to be the most friendly ? Not that of the Portuguese whose "May you live a thousand years" is exaggerated, and so lacks sincerity. Nor that of the Oriental, "May your shadow never be less," which is pompous. Nor the French salute, which is too greasy. Nor the Englishman's "How d'ye do," which is ugly. For real grace of expression—for a perfect indication of perfect friendship, we must look to the courtly custom of a savage nation. When Captain Cook, of world-encircling fame, visited Huaheine, the king of the country proposed as a mark of amity to exchange names with the illustrious navigator : thenceforth King Oree was called *Cooke*, and the captain was known as *Oree* during the rest of his stay in the island. Could abnegation of self in the interests of your friend be expressed in more gracious or kindly fashion ?

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XV.



YOUR SCENE now changes from the wild ocean and its perils, to a snug room in Fenchurch Street; the inner office of Wardlaw & Son: a large apartment, panelled with fine old mellow Spanish oak; and all the furniture in keeping: the carpet, a thick Axminster of sober colours; the chairs, of oak and morocco, very substantial; a large office table, with oaken legs like very columns, substantial; two Milner safes; a globe of unusual size, with a handsome tent over it, made of roan leather, figured; the walls hung with long oak boxes, about eight inches broad, containing rolled maps of high quality, and great dimensions; to consult which, oaken sceptres tipped with brass hooks stood ready: with these, the great maps could be drawn down and inspected; and, on being released, flew up into their wooden boxes again. Besides these were hung up a few drawings, representing outlines, and inner sections, of vessels: and, on a smaller table, lay models, almanacks, etc. The great office-table was covered with writing materials and papers, all but a square space enclosed with a little silver rail, and inside that space lay a purple morocco case about ten inches square: it was locked, and contained an exquisite portrait of Helen Rolleston.

This apartment was so situated, and the frames of the plate glass windows so well made and substantial, that, let a storm blow a thousand ships ashore, it could not be felt, nor heard, in Wardlaw's inner office.

But appearances are deceitful; and who can

wall out a sea of troubles, and the tempests of the mind?

The inmate of that office was battling for his commercial existence, under accumulated difficulties and dangers. Like those who sailed the Proserpine's long boat, upon that dirty night, which so nearly swamped her, his eye had now to be on every wave, and the sheet for ever in his hand.

His measures had been ably taken; but, as will happen when clever men are driven into a corner, he had backed events rather too freely against time; had allowed too slight a margin for unforeseen delays. For instance, he had averaged the Shannon's previous performances, and had calculated on her arrival too nicely. She was a fortnight over-due, and that delay brought peril.

He had also counted upon getting news of the Proserpine. But not a word had reached Lloyd's as yet.

At this very crisis came the panic of '66. Overend & Gurney broke; and Wardlaw's experience led him to fear that, sooner or later, there would be a run on every bank in London. Now he had borrowed £80,000 at one bank, and £35,000 at another: and, without his ships, could not possibly pay a quarter of the money. If the banks in question were run upon, and obliged to call in all their resources, his credit must go; and this, in his precarious position, was ruin.

He had concealed his whole condition from his father, by false book-keeping. Indeed, he had only two confidants in the world; poor old Michael Penfold, and Helen Rolleston's portrait; and even to these two he made half confidences. He dared not tell either of them all he had done, and all he was going to do.

His redeeming feature was as bright as ever. He still loved Helen Rolleston with a chaste, constant, and ardent affection, that did him honour. He loved money too well: but he loved Helen better. In all his troubles and worries, it was his one consolation, to unlock her portrait, and gaze on it, and purify his soul for a few minutes. Sometimes he would

apologise to it, for an act of doubtful morality. "How can I risk the loss of you?" was his favourite excuse. No: he must have credit. He must have money. She must not suffer by his past imprudences. They must be repaired, at any cost—for her sake.

It was ten o'clock in the morning: Mr. Penfold was sorting the letters for his employer, when a buxom young woman rushed into the outer office, crying "Oh, Mr. Penfold!" and sank into a chair, breathless.

"Dear heart! what is the matter now?" said the old gentleman.

"I have had a dream, sir: I dreamed I saw Joe Wylie out on the seas, in a boat; and the wind it was a blowing and the sea a roaring to that degree as Joe looked at me, and says he, 'Pray for me, Nancy Rouse.'

"So I says, 'Oh dear, Joe, what is the matter? and whatever is become of the Proserpine?'

"'Gone to Hell!' says he: which he knows I object to foul language. 'Gone—*there*,—' says he, 'and I'm sailing in her wake. O pray for me, Nancy Rouse!' With that, I tries to play in my dream, and screams instead, and wakes myself. O Mr. Penfold, do tell me, have you got any news of the Proserpine this morning?"

"What is that to you?" inquired Arthur Wardlaw, who had entered just in time to hear this last query.

"What is it to me!" cried Nancy, firing up; "it is more to me, perhaps, than it is to you, for that matter."

Penfold explained, timidly, "Sir, Mrs. Rouse is my landlady."

"Which I have never been to church with any man yet of the name of Rouse, leastways, not in my waking hours," edged in the lady.

"Miss Rouse, I should say:" said Penfold, apologising. "I beg pardon, but I thought Mrs. might sound better in a landlady. Please, sir, Mr. Wylie the mate of the Proserpine is her—her—sweetheart."

"Not he. Leastways, he is only on trial, after a manner."

"Of course, sir—only after a manner," added Penfold, sadly perplexed. "Miss Rouse is incapable of anything else. But, if you please m'm, I don't presume to know the exact relation:"—and then with great reserve—"but, you know you are anxious about him."

Miss Rouse sniffed, and threw her nose in the air—as if to throw a doubt even on that view of the matter.

"Well, madam," said Wardlaw, "I am sorry to say I can give you no information. I share

your anxiety, for I have got £160,000 of gold in the ship. You might inquire at Lloyd's. Direct her there, Mr. Penfold, and bring me my letters."

With this he entered his inner office, sat down, took out a golden key, opened the portrait of Helen, gazed at it, kissed it, uttered a deep sigh, and prepared to face the troubles of the day.

Penfold brought in a leathern case, like an enormous bill-book: it had thirty vertical compartments: and the names of various cities and sea-ports, with which Wardlaw & Son did business, were printed in gold letters on some of these compartments; on others, the names of persons; and on two compartments, the word "Miscellaneous." Michael brought this machine in, filled with a correspondence, enough to break a man's heart to look at.

This was one of the consequences of Wardlaw's position. He durst not let his correspondence be read, and filtered, in the outer office: he opened the whole mass; sent some back into the outer office: then touched a hand-bell, and a man emerged from the small apartment adjoining his own. This was Mr. Atkins, his short-hand writer. He dictated to this man some twenty letters, which were taken down in short-hand; the man retired to copy them, and write them out in duplicate from his own notes, and this reduced the number to seven: these Wardlaw sat down to write, himself, and lock up the copies.

While he was writing them, he received a visitor or two, whom he despatched as quickly as his letters.

He was writing his last letter, when he heard in the outer office a voice he thought he knew. He got up and listened. It was so. Of all the voices in the city, this was the one it most dismayed him to hear, in his office, at the present crisis.

He listened on, and satisfied himself that a fatal blow was coming. He then walked quietly to his table, seated himself, and prepared to receive the stroke with external composure.

Penfold announced, "Mr. Burtenshaw."

"Show him in," said Wardlaw, quietly.

Mr. Burtenshaw, one of the managers of Morland's bank, came in, and Wardlaw motioned him courteously to a chair, while he finished his letter, which took only a few moments.

While he was sealing it, he half turned to his visitor, and said, "No bad news? Morland's is safe, of course."

"Well," said Burtenshaw, "there is a run

upon our bank—a severe one. We could not hope to escape the effects of the panic.”

He then, after an uneasy pause, and with apparent reluctance, added, “I am requested by the other directors to assure you it is their present extremity alone, that—in short, we are really compelled to beg you to repay the amount advanced to you by the bank.”

Wardlaw showed no alarm, but great surprise. This was clever; for he felt great alarm, and no surprise.

“The £80,000,” said he. “Why, that advance was upon the freight of the Proserpine. Forty-five thousand ounces of gold. She ought to be here by this time. She is in the Channel at this moment, no doubt.”

“Excuse me; she is overdue, and the underwriters uneasy. I have made inquiries.”

“At any rate, she is fully insured, and you hold the policies. Besides, the name of Wardlaw on your books should stand for bullion.”

Burtenshaw shook his head. “Names are at a discount to-day, sir. We can’t put you down on our counter. Why, our depositors look cross at Bank of England notes.”

To an inquiry, half ironical, whether the managers really expected him to find £80,000 cash, at a few hours’ notice, Burtenshaw replied, sorrowfully, that they felt for his difficulty whilst deploring their own; but that, after all, it was a debt: and, in short, if he could find no means of paying it, they must suspend payment for a time, and issue a statement—and—

He hesitated to complete his sentence, and Wardlaw did it for him. “And ascribe your suspension to my inability to refund this advance?” said he, bitterly.

“I am afraid that is the construction it will bear.”

Wardlaw rose, to intimate he had no more to say.

Burtenshaw, however, was not disposed to go without some clear understanding. “May I say we shall hear from you, sir?”

“Yes.”

And so they wished each other good-morning; and Wardlaw sank into his chair.

In that quiet dialogue, ruin had been inflicted and received without any apparent agitation; ay, and worse than ruin—exposure.

Morland’s suspension, on account of money lost by Wardlaw & Son, would at once bring old Wardlaw to London, and the affairs of the firm would be investigated, and the son’s false system of book-keeping be discovered.

He sat stupified awhile, then put on his hat,

and rushed to his solicitor; on the way, he fell in with a great talker, who told him there was a rumour the Shannon was lost in the Pacific.

At this he nearly fainted in the street; and his friend took him back to his office in a deplorable condition. All this time he had been feigning anxiety about the Proserpine, and concealing his real anxiety about the Shannon. To do him justice, he lost sight of everything in the world now but Helen. He sent old Penfold in hot haste to Lloyd’s, to inquire for news of the ship; and then he sat down sick at heart; and all he could do now was to open her portrait, and gaze at it through eyes blinded with tears. Even a vague rumour, which he hoped might be false, had driven all his commercial manœuvres out of him, and made all other calamities seem small.

And so they all are small, compared with the death of the creature we love.

While he sat thus, in a stupor of fear and grief, he heard a well-known voice in the outer office; and, next after Burtenshaw’s, it was the one that caused him the most apprehension. It was his father’s.

Wardlaw senior rarely visited the office now; and this was not his hour. So Arthur knew something extraordinary had brought him up to town. And he could not doubt that it was the panic, and that he had been to Morland’s, or would go there in course of the day; but, indeed, it was more probable that he had already heard something, and was come to investigate.

Wardlaw senior entered the room.

“Good morning, Arthur,” said he. “I’ve got good news for you.”

Arthur was quite startled by an announcement that accorded so little with his expectations.

“Good news—for *me*?” said he, in a faint, incredulous tone.

“Ay, glorious news! Haven’t you been anxious about the Shannon? I have; more anxious than I would own.”

Arthur started up. “The Shannon! God bless you, father.”

“She lies at anchor in the Mersey,” roared the old man, with all a father’s pride at bringing such good news. “Why, the Rollestons will be in London at 2.30. See, here is his telegram.”

At this moment, in ran Penfold, to tell them that the Shannon was up at Lloyd’s; had anchored off Liverpool last night.

There was hearty shaking of hands, and Arthur Wardlaw was the happiest man in London—for a little while.

"Got the telegram at Elmtrees, this morning, and came up by the first express."

The telegram was from Sir Edward Rolleston. "*Reached Liverpool last night; will be at Euston, two-thirty.*"

"Not a word from *her*!" said Arthur.

"Oh, there was no time to write; and ladies do not use the telegram." He added, slyly, "Perhaps she thought coming in person would do as well, or better, eh!"

"But why does he telegraph you instead of me?"

"I am sure I don't know. What does it matter? Yes, I do know. It is settled he and Helen are to come to me at Elmtrees, so I was the proper person to telegraph. I'll go and meet them at the station; there is plenty of time. But, I say, Arthur, have you seen the papers? Bartley Brothers obliged to wind up. Maple & Cox, of Liverpool, gone; Atlantic trading. Terry & Brown, suspended; International credit gone. Old friends, some of these. Hopley & Timms, railway contractors, failed, sir; liabilities, seven hundred thousand pounds and more."

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, pompously; "1866 will long be remembered for its revelations of commercial morality."

The old gentleman, on this, asked his son, with excusable vanity, whether he had done ill in steering clear of speculation; he then congratulated him on having listened to good advice, and stuck to legitimate business. "I must say, Arthur," added he, "your books are models for any trading firm."

Arthur winced in secret under this praise, for it occurred to him, that in a few days his father would discover those books were all a sham, and the accounts a fabrication.

However, the unpleasant topic was soon interrupted, and effectually, too; for Michael looked in, with an air of satisfaction on his benevolent countenance, and said, "Gentlemen, such an arrival! Here is Nancy Rouse's sweetheart, that she dreamed was drowned."

"What is the man to me?" said Arthur, peevishly. He did not recognise Wylie under that title.

"La, Mr. Arthur! why he is the mate of the Proserpine," said Penfold.

"What! Wylie! Joseph Wylie?" cried Arthur, in a sudden excitement, that contrasted strangely with his previous indifference.

"What is that?" cried Wardlaw senior; "the Proserpine! Show him in at once."

Now this caused Arthur Wardlaw considerable anxiety; for obvious reasons he did not

want his father and this sailor to exchange a word together. However, that was inevitable now: the door opened, and the bronzed face and sturdy figure of Wylie, clad in a rough pea-jacket, came slouching in.

Arthur went hastily to meet him, and gave him an expressive look of warning, even while he welcomed him in cordial accents.

"Glad to see you safe home," said Wardlaw senior.

"Thank ye, guv'nor," said Wylie. "Had a squeak for it, this time."

"Where is your ship?"

Wylie shook his head sorrowfully. "Bottom of the Pacific."

"Good heavens! What; is she lost?"

"That she is, sir: foundered at sea, 1200 miles from the Horn, and more."

"And the freight? the gold?" put in Arthur, with well-feigned anxiety.

"Not an ounce saved," said Wylie, disconsolately. "A hundred and sixty thousand pounds gone to the bottom."

"Good heavens."

"Ye see, sir," said Wylie, "the ship encountered one gale after another, and laboured a good deal, first and last; and we all say her seams must have opened; for we never could find the leak that sunk her," and he cast a meaning glance at Arthur Wardlaw.

"No matter how it happened;" said the old merchant: "are we insured to the full? that is the first question."

"To the last shilling."

"Well done, Arthur."

"But still it is most unlucky. Some weeks must elapse before the insurances can be realised, and a portion of the gold was paid for in bills at short date."

"The rest in cash?"

"Cash and merchandise."

"Then there is the proper margin. Draw on my private account, at the Bank of England."

These few simple words showed the struggling young merchant a way out of all his difficulties.

His heart leaped so, he dared not reply, lest he should excite the old gentleman's suspicions.

But, ere he had well drawn his breath for joy, came a freezer.

"Mr. Burtenshaw, sir."

"Bid him wait," said Arthur aloud, and cast a look of great anxiety on Penfold, which the poor old man, with all his simplicity, comprehended well enough.

"Burtenshaw, from Moreland's. What does

he want of us?" said Wardlaw senior, knitting his brows.

Arthur turned cold all over. "Perhaps to ask me not to draw out my balance. It is less than usual: but they are run upon; and, as you are good enough to let me draw on you—by the bye, perhaps you will sign a cheque before you go to the station."

"How much do you want?"

"I really don't know, till I have consulted Penfold: the gold was a large and advantageous purchase, sir."

"No doubt; no doubt. I'll give you my signature; and you can fill in the amount."

He drew a cheque in favour of Arthur Wardlaw, signed it, and left him to fill in the figures.

He then looked at his watch, and remarked they would only just have time to get to the station.

"Good Heavens!" cried Arthur; "and I can't go. I must learn the particulars of the loss of the *Proserpine*, and prepare the statement at once for the underwriters."

"Well, never mind. I can go."

"But what will she think of me? I ought to be the first to welcome her."

"I'll make your excuses."

"No, no; say nothing: after all it was you who received the telegram: so you naturally meet her: but you will bring her here, father: you won't whisk my darling down to Elmtree, till you have blest me with the sight of her."

"I will not be so cruel, fond lover," said old Wardlaw, laughing, and took up his hat and gloves to go.

Arthur went to the door with him, in great anxiety, lest he should question Burtenshaw: but, peering into the outer office, he observed Burtenshaw was not there. Michael had caught his employer's anxious look, and conveyed the Banker into the small room, where the short-hand writer was at work. But Burtenshaw was one of a struggling firm; to him every minute was an hour: he had sat, fuming with impatience, so long as he heard talking in the inner office; and, the moment it ceased, he took the liberty of coming in: so that he opened the side door, just as Wardlaw senior was passing through the centre door.

Instantly Wardlaw junior whipped before him, to hide his figure from his retreating father.

Wylie, who all this time had been sitting silent, looking from one to the other, and quietly puzzling out the game, as well as he could, observed this movement, and grinned.

As for Arthur Wardlaw, he saw his father

safe out, then gave a sigh of relief, and walked to his office table, and sat down, and began to fill in the cheque.

Burtenshaw drew near, and said, "I am instructed to say that fifty thousand pounds on account will be accepted."

Perhaps if this proposal had been made a few seconds sooner, the ingenious Arthur would have availed himself of it: but, as it was, he preferred to take the high and mighty tone. "I decline any concession," said he. "Mr. Penfold, take this cheque to the Bank of England. 81,647*l.* 10*s.* That is the amount, capital and interest, up to noon this day: hand the sum to Mr. Burtenshaw, taking his receipt, or, if he prefers it, pay it across the counter, to my credit. That will perhaps arrest the run."

Burtenshaw stammered out his thanks.

Wardlaw cut him short. "Good morning, sir," said he. "I have business of *importance*. Good day," and bowed him out.

"This is a Highflyer," thought Burtenshaw.

Wardlaw then opened the side door, and called his short-hand writer.

"Mr. Atkins, please step into the outer office, and don't let a soul come in to me. Mind, I am out for the day. Except to Miss Rolleston and her father."

He then closed all the doors, and sunk exhausted into a chair, muttering "Thank Heaven! I have got rid of them all for an hour or two. *Now, Wylie.*"

Wylie seemed in no hurry to enter upon the required subject.

Said he evasively, "Why, guv'nor, it seems to me you are among the breakers here, yourself."

"Nothing of the sort, if you have managed your work cleverly. Come, tell me all, before we are interrupted again."

"Tell ye all about it! Why there's part on't I am afraid to think on; let alone talk about it."

"Spare me your scruples, and give me your facts," said Wardlaw, coldly. "First of all, did you succeed in shifting the bullion as agreed?"

The sailor appeared relieved by this question.

"Oh, that is all right," said he. "I got the bullion safe aboard the *Shannon*, marked for lead."

"And the lead on board the *Proserpine*?"

"Ay, shipped as bullion."

"Without suspicion?"

"Not quite."

"Great Heaven! Who?"

"One clerk at the shipping agent's scented

something queer, I think. His name was James Seaton."

"Could he prove anything?"

"Nothing. He knew nothing for certain; and what he guessed won't never be known in England now." And Wylie fidgeted in his chair.

Notwithstanding this assurance Wardlaw looked grave, and took a note of that clerk's name. Then he begged Wylie to go on. "Give me all the details," said he. "Leave *me* to judge their relative value. You scuttled the ship?"

"Don't say that! don't say that!" cried Wylie, in a low but eager voice. "Stone walls have ears." Then rather more loudly than was necessary, "Ship sprung a leak, that neither the captain, nor I, nor anybody could find, to stop. Me and my men, we all think her seams opened, with stress of weather." Then, lowering his voice again, "Try and see it as we do; and don't you ever use such a word as that, what come out of your lips just now. We pumped her hard; but 'twarn't no use. She filled, and we had to take to the boats."

"Stop a moment. Was there any suspicion excited?"

"Not among the crew: and, suppose there was, I could talk 'em all over, or buy 'em all over, what few of 'em is left. I'll keep 'em all with me in one house: and they are all square, don't you fear."

"Well, but you said 'among the crew!' Whom else can we have to fear?"

"Why, nobody. To be sure, one of the passengers was down on me; but what does that matter now?"

"It matters greatly—it matters terribly. Who was this passenger?"

"He called himself the Reverend John Hazel. He suspected something or other; and what with listening here, and watching there, he judged the ship was never to see England, and I always fancied he told the lady."

"What, was there a lady there?"

"Ay, worse luck, sir; and a pretty girl she was: coming home to England to die of consumption; so our surgeon told me."

"Well, never mind her. The clergyman! This fills me with anxiety. A clerk suspecting us at Sydney, and a passenger suspecting us in the vessel. There are two witnesses against us already."

"No; only one."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, White's clerk and the parson, they was one man."

Wardlaw stared in utter amazement.

"Don't ye believe me?" said Wylie. "I tell ye that there clerk boarded us under an alias. He had shaved off his beard; but, bless your heart, I knew him directly."

"He came to verify his suspicions," suggested Wardlaw, in a faint voice.

"Not he. He came for love of the sick girl, and nothing else; and you'll never see either him or her, if that is any comfort to you."

"Be good enough to conceal nothing. Facts must be faced."

"That is too true, sir. Well, the ship went down in latitude—but you have got a chart there before you. She went down hereabouts."

"Why, that was a long way from land," said Arthur.

"You may say that, sir. Well, we abandoned her, and took to the boats. I commanded one."

"And Hudson the other?"

"Hudson! No."

"Why, how was that? and what has become of him?"

"What has become of Hudson?" said Wylie, with a start. "There's a question! And not a drop to wet my lips, and warm my heart. Is this a tale to tell, dry? Can't ye spare a drop of brandy to a poor devil that has earned ye £160,000, and risked his life, and wrecked his soul to do it?"

Wardlaw cast a glance of contempt on him, but got up, and speedily put a bottle of old brandy, a tumbler, and a caraffe of water, on the table before him.

Wylie drank a wine-glassful neat, and gave a sort of sigh of satisfaction. And then ensued a dialogue, in which, curiously enough, the brave man was agitated, and the timid man was cool and collected. But one reason was, the latter had not imagination enough to realise things unseen, though he had caused them.

Wylie told him how Hudson got to the bottle, and would not leave the ship. "I think I see him now, with his cutlass in one hand, and his rum bottle in the other, and the waves running over his poor, silly face, as she went down. Poor Hiram! he and I had made many a trip together, before we took to this."

And Wylie shuddered, and took another gulp at the brandy.

While he was drinking to drown the picture, Wardlaw was calmly reflecting on the bare fact. "Hum," said he, "we must use that circumstance. I'll get it into the journals. Heroic captain. Went down with the ship. Who can suspect Hudson in the teeth of such

a fact? Now, pray go on, my good Wylie. The boats?"

"Well, sir, I had the surgeon, and ten men, and the lady's maid, on board the long boat; and there was the parson, the sick lady, and five sailors aboard the cutter. We sailed together, till night, steering for Juan Fernandez; then a fog came on and we lost sight of the cutter, and I altered my mind and judged it best to beat to win'ard, and get into the track of ships. Which we did, and were nearly swamped in a sou'wester; but, by good luck, a Yankee whaler picked us up, and took us to Buenos Ayres, where we shipped for England, what was left of us, only three, besides myself; but I got the signatures of the others to my tale of the wreck. It is all as square as a die, I tell you."

"Well done. Well done. But, stop! the other boat, with that sham parson on board who knows all. She will be picked up, too, perhaps."

"There is no chance of that. She was out of the tracks of trade; and, I'll tell ye the truth, sir."—He poured out half a tumbler of brandy, and drank a part of it; and, now, for the first time, his hand trembled as he lifted the glass.—"Some fool had put the main of her provisions aboard the long boat; that is what sticks to me, and won't let me sleep. We took a chance, but we didn't give one. I think I told you there was a woman aboard the cutter, that sick girl, sir. O, but it was hard lines for her, poor thing! I see her face, pale and calm; oh, Lord, so pale and calm; every night of my life; she kneeled aboard the cutter with her white hands clasped together, praying."

"Certainly, it is all very shocking," said Wardlaw; "but, then, you know, if they had escaped, they would have exposed us. Believe me, it is all for the best."

Wylie looked at him with wonder. "Ay," said he, after staring at him a long time; "you can sit here at your ease, and doom a ship, and risk her people's lives. But if you had to do it, and see it, and then lie awake thinking of it, you'd wish all the gold on earth had been in hell, before you put your hand to such a piece of work."

Wardlaw smiled a ghastly smile. "In short," said he, "you don't mean to take the two thousand pounds I pay you for this little job."

"Oh yes, I do; but, for all the gold in Victoria, I wouldn't do such a job again. And, you mark my words, sir, we shall get the money, and nobody will ever be the wiser."—

Wardlaw rubbed his hands complacently, his egotism, coupled with his want of imagination, nearly blinded him to everything but the pecuniary feature of the business.—"But," continued Wylie, "we shall never thrive on it. We have sunk a good ship, and we have as good as murdered a poor dying girl."

"Hold your tongue, ye fool!" cried Wardlaw, losing his sangfroid in a moment, for he heard somebody at the door.

It opened, and there stood a military figure in a travelling cap—General Rolleston.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS some eggs have actually two yolks, so Arthur Wardlaw had two hearts; and at sight of Helen's father, the baser one ceased to beat for a while.

He ran to General Rolleston, shook him warmly by the hand, and welcomed him to England with sparkling eyes.

It is pleasant to be so welcomed, and the stately soldier returned his grasp in kind.

"Is Helen with you, sir?" said Wardlaw, making a movement to go to the door: for he thought she must be outside in the cab.

"No, she is not," said General Rolleston.

"There now," said Arthur, "that cruel father of mine has broken his promise, and carried her off to Elmtrees."

At this moment Wardlaw senior returned, to tell Arthur he had been just too late to meet the Rollestons. "Oh, here he is!" said he; and there were fresh greetings.

"Well, but," said Arthur, "where is Helen?"

"I think it is I who ought to ask that question," said Rolleston gravely. "I telegraphed you at Elmtrees, thinking of course she would come with you to meet me at the station. It does not much matter, a few hours: but her not coming makes me uneasy, for her health was declining when she left me. How is my child, Mr. Wardlaw? Pray tell me the truth."

Both the Wardlaws looked at one another, and at General Rolleston, and the elder Wardlaw said there was certainly some misunderstanding here.

"We fully believed that your daughter was coming home with you in the Shannon."

"Come home with me? Why, of course not. She sailed three weeks before me. Has she not arrived?"

"No," replied old Wardlaw, "we have neither seen nor heard of her."

"Why, what ship did she sail in?" said Arthur.

"In the Proserpine."

THE KING OF YVETÔT.

The lords of the small seigniory of Yvetôt, in Normandy, claimed of ancient date the title of Kings. Béranger wrote the song about one of them in 1813, as a satire on Napoleon. It became very popular, and has more than once been rendered into English. Perhaps this new translation will not be unacceptable.

I.

THERE once was a king, as I've heard my granny sing,
 (Though we find but little trace of him in story,)

Who very late arose, very early sought repose,
 And never slept the worse for want of glory.

And his little maid, Rosy, every night, to make him cosy,
 With his cotton nightcap crowned him when she found him growing dozy.

Oh ! this jolly little king of—no matter what countree—
 Wasn't he a king such as other kings should be ?

II.

With good appetite he'd munch breakfast, dinner, tea, and lunch,
 In his snug thatch'd palace daily ;

And mounted on his ass, at an easy ambling pace,
 Made the circuit of his little kingdom gaily.

His soul of fear no jot in for conspiracy or plotting,
 And by his side, for body-guard, his bob-tailed doggie trotting.

Oh ! this jolly little king of—no matter what countree—
 Wasn't he a king such as other kings should be ?

III.

He'd no costly tastes to gratify that his subjects didn't ratify,
 Save a thirstiness invincible for tippie ;—

But, you know, whate'er his zeal to promote his people's weal,
 A king must eat and drink like other people.

So one bottle from each cask, where he dined, for tax he'd ask,
 Without any prying gauger to assist him in the task.

Oh ! this jolly little king of—no matter what countree—
 Wasn't he a king such as other kings should be ?

IV.

For all petticoated folk he'd his ready smile and joke,
 And the women's taste he wonderfully suited ;

And, with reason, in th' opinion of nine-tenths in his dominion,
 He the father of his people was reputed :

And when, each quarter-day, he set his forces in array,
 The only foe they shot at was the bloodless popinjay.

Oh ! this jolly little king of—no matter what countree—
 Wasn't he a king such as other kings should be ?

V.

He took no thought or pains for enlarging his domains,
 Never gave his honest neighbours molestation ;

And—may other monarchs treasure his example—took but Pleasure
 For the motto of his code of legislation.

And, until they laid him dead in his last low narrow bed,
 For his sake no tear of sorrow e'er from mortal eye was shed.

Oh ! this jolly little king of—no matter what countree—
 Wasn't he a king such as other kings should be ?

VI.

Still his portrait hangs displayed, in the little realm he swayed,
 In memory of his goodness and his bounty ;

It swings merrily before a certain tavern door,
 Where they draw the strongest liquor in the county.

And, on holidays and wakes, when the people revel makes,
 They sing under it, in chorus, till the very welkin shakes,

Oh ! this jolly little king of—no matter what countree—
 Wasn't he a king such as other kings should be ?

USEFUL MEDIOCRITY.

IF it be true, as Mr. Ruskin has observed in his recently-published book, that "the majority of active persons in every nation are at present thieves," and if it be true, as Mr. Carlyle has suggested, that most people are fools, it naturally follows that the average moral and intellectual culture of modern nations is not very high. We are not all persons of extraordinary intelligence and exemplary honesty. In mental matters, especially, we should say that the average standard of human education and ability is a singularly low one. Now he who has, through a perverted taste, or through an unlucky destiny, been led to read much of contemporary criticism, must know that the standard erected by most critics, though perfectly correct from the critic's point of view, is sometimes very unjust to the author or artist who appeals to the public by his labours. The critic sees that a certain literary or artistic work is a platitude, and he roundly scolds the author of it. The landscape may be no better than a tea-tray daub; the book may be a compilation of the veriest twaddle: why, he asks himself, should he not be severe upon both? Of course, it is in the interest of literature and art that a severe standard should be maintained. Slovenly criticism—that criticism which washes every contemporary effort in a bath of thin adulation—is a dangerous and offensive nuisance. We are not likely to foster good literature by over-praising every tolerable attempt at it; while the public is only too apt to be blinded by that perilous optimism which sees in every effort of our own time an advance upon what preceded it. Extravagant eulogy of contemporary authors and artists is a weakness into which the critics of all times have fallen; and it has often taken half a century to undeceive the public as to the merits of the man whom they extolled. But, after all, there is a vast number of very honest and decent persons to whom first-rate literature and art are nothing but a blank chaos of unknown symbols. The spirit of Mr. Ruskin's flower-drawing, and the meaning of *Locksley Hall*, are as unintelligible to them as a passage from Stuart Mill or Herbert Spencer would be. Are they, therefore, to be neglected utterly? Are they to rely for their books and pictures upon men whose only qualification is that, having attempted better things, they have failed? That I may have no liking for champagne is no reason why a man should assume the right to sell me bad beer. Because I may not have been

educated to relish a pie made of diseased goose-liver, why must I be compelled to eat such unwholesome shreds of meat as any dishonest butcher may choose to sell me? I do not as yet want first-class meats and drinks. They would be at present indigestible. But I maintain my right to have second-class commodities of honest quality, and not the mere cast-off goods of disappointed merchants.

That all our writers should write first-class literature, for instance, is not a thing to be desired, even were it possible. The people who read the best literature are the people least in want of the education and culture which literature affords. They almost anticipate the time of which Lord Houghton speaks—when the literary faculty will be so universal as almost to cut off the production of literature from the list of special pursuits. The people, on the other hand, who are most in want of the instruction which literature yields, are precisely those to whom our best literature is practically a sealed book. What is the result? Literature, of some sort, they must have. There are no accredited masters who have set before them the task of writing good mediocre books; and so the volumes which do fall into the hands of this class are, for the most part, of that wretched mediocrity produced inadvertently by a frustrated intention. From this category it is necessary to except sermons, which minister in a large degree to the intellectual needs of the people of whom we speak. Somehow or other, clergymen acquire a knack of addressing the majority—of hitting the happiest medium of intelligibility; and while they, in consequence, have frequently drawn upon themselves the ridicule or, at least, the indifference of the best educated of their congregation, they have not failed to reach the mass of the people whom they address. How is it when Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill have to say exactly the same thing to the House of Commons that the impression produced is so different? Mr. Mill states his views with an artistic severity of expression—an intellectual compactness and sequence—which puzzle and confound the worthy country gentlemen around him. Mr. Bright, on the other hand, has caught a habit of expanding and repeating his subject, which finally drives his meaning into the dulllest head, and which is part of the secret of his success as a public orator. Even Lord Stanley, whose studied simplicity of phrase and careful reasoning form such excellent reading in our morning newspaper, is found to speak over the heads of a goodly proportion of the audience he is in the habit of addressing. Many intellectual

men have no compassion for intellectual weakness; or rather their want of sympathy with such weakness prevents their seeing how a little more amplification would render their utterances easier of comprehension. There are really few things which an uneducated man cannot understand if the matter is put into terminology with which he is acquainted. Set a labourer who can merely read to study *Hamlet*, and he will wholly fail to perceive the meaning of the play. Take him to a theatre, and place the tragedy before him with all the explanatory aids of fine elocution, action, and scenery, and he will probably receive a more vivid impression of the real purport of the story than is possible to the young gentleman who, cultivated to within an inch of his life, sits in the stalls and dreams of a longer moustache.

While we complain of a dearth of good mediocre teachers, however, we must remember that England possesses one or two who are in their respective spheres useful. It is against the ordinary usage which these gentlemen suffer that I wish to protest. They are hardly entreated by the critics, who forget that all the world has not a pretty talent for analysis. We have, for instance, Mr. Tupper. His *Proverbial Philosophy* may not be very novel nor very wise to certain people; but it may be both novel and wise to people who would stare at Shelley and yawn over Wordsworth. And so with A. K. H. B., who, addressing a certain audience, does his best to make them study a little the consolations of every day life. So with Mr. Fechter, whose melodramatic gesture and knack of execution—what the French in one word call *chic*—will impress with a sense of the dramatic art people who would have turned away in weariness from acting of higher, and finer grasp. And so with the composer of the Guards' Waltz, who attracted, night after night, crowds of people, actually interested them, and lightened their spirits for the time being; while, had he introduced Beethoven's Op. 26, they would have gone away tired and disappointed.

In all these cases, we desire to see a higher manifestation of art, but not at the expense of leaving the mass of the public unprovided for. We have already a good stock of first-rate art for those who can enjoy it; let us have some creditable mediocrity for persons of lesser education or natural capacity. Doubtless we should all be glad to see the public taste improved up to the point at which our best critics and the public will make their demand in common; but, in the meantime, as a step in

the ladder of that desired education, the greater the number of good second-class artists we have, the better. By all means let George Eliot continue to write her very best fiction; she can only be true to herself and her readers in doing so; and we should be the last to counsel an artist to descend towards the public in any way whatever. But, on the other hand, it is unwise of our critics to complain of this or that novelist that he or she is not George Eliot. The patient compiler of three volumes, of more or less admirable platitudes, inculcated in not very sparkling dialogue, may be a long way from the best standards in fiction; but he or she may at the same time be preaching to a large number of men and women certain truths which it is better for them to hear. What is common-place to one man may be a startling novelty to another. Of course, the vices of plagiarism, dishonesty, immoral intention, or wilful misrepresentation, are open to the same castigation in whatever class of literature or art they may crop up; and here the critic should smite, and spare not. But an artist has a right to choose his audience, and by the success of his effort to reach that audience he should be judged.

There is no high phase of any art—except, perhaps, in the case of certain pictures—which appeals with the same strength to all classes of people. Differences of constitution and of education fit or unfit a man for appreciating the highest art. We do not ask Mr. Tennyson to write verses for a costermonger; we do not demand of Mozart that he should be able to move a lot of fishwomen to tears. It is perhaps in music, however, of all the arts, that we have recently made the greatest stride in the matter of popular appreciation. The best music is gradually winning its way into public favour; but how about the ordinary music of our concert-rooms and music-halls in the meantime? We have no good mediocrity; and the consequence is, that, in the one case, we have to listen to Claribel, and, in the other, to the utmost insanity of nonsense which ever insulted the public ear. We end this brief protest against what seems an injustice, by beseeching our critics, when they meet with a tolerably decent mediocrity, who possesses the secret of reaching the mass of the people, and whose influence on the whole is for good, to be merciful in remembering that what may be one man's poison may be another man's meat. Let there be no confusion of terms, however. Let it be distinctly understood that the mediocrity, though useful, is a mediocrity and nothing more.



STAIN

[Feb. 4, 1888.]

Once a Week.]

THE LIFE-BOAT.—By E. DUNCAN.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

WE went next to see the *L'Œil Crevé* at the Folies-Dramatiques. A good sounding title in French, but not very attractive if literally translated as "The injured, or damaged, eye." This Opéra Bouffe is at present a great success in Paris. M. Hervé's music is bright and sparkling, and you become familiar with it at the very first hearing; at least so it was with my friend Bunce, who caught at every air, and reproduced it to me, with his own variations, in the Foyer, where we refresh ourselves at the end of each act. On the night of our assisting at the representation, the majority of the audience, it appeared to us, had been there several times before, as they beat time and hummed the tunes by anticipation.

M. Hervé has, in this instance, been his own librettist; and while able to compliment him upon the humour of portions of his dialogue, and on the quaint style of his versification, I am at a loss to understand how he could ever have selected so weak a plot as that of *L'Œil Crevé*. Fleur-de-noblesse (Julia Baron), the daughter of a marquis, takes to carpentering, a low taste, which either prevents the gallants of her own rank from offering their hands, or makes her refuse any such offers. She prefers, in fact, the active verb carpentering to the passive "being joined" in matrimony; except, by the way, to a young man of a similar persuasion, a cabinet and furniture maker, with whom she is secretly in love. Her father, unable to procure any suitable match for his eccentric daughter, determines to make her hand the prize for the best shot at an archery fête. Her lover, Ernest, can't shoot. Fleur-de-noblesse gets over that difficulty by telling him to present himself at the meeting disguised as a bow-man, and she will so arrange the target, that what Ernest cannot effect, simple mechanism shall. So he comes, sees, shoots, and, by an ingenious contrivance on the part of Fleur-de-noblesse, who makes the target turn round, with, apparently, her lover's arrow sticking in the bull's-eye, conquers. But the marksman, one Alexandrivore, now arrives. He does not wish to gain the prize, being in love with a young village maiden, Dindonette, but he wishes to exhibit his own skill, and offers to split Ernest's arrow. As this would make him the victor, and entitle him to the award, Fleur-de-noblesse hits upon another plan to get him out of the way, and at the same time to punish him for the slight put upon her. When Alexandrivore shoots, Fleur-de-noblesse screams and runs in with an arrow,

supposed to be Alexandrivore's, in her eye. Alexandrivore is immediately seized and sent to prison. Thus ends the second act. He is danced off to prison by Géromé to a lively cancan measure, which is one of the successes of the piece, owing mainly to the comic business of the aforesaid Géromé and Alexandrivore, and the general bustling finish of the scene!

After this act, if you go out of doors, if you seek the Foyer, if you wander about the house, you will hear nothing but hummings of the tune in various keys. Bunce, for instance, had it immediately. For the first five minutes he was correct, even to the key. After that he dropped a semitone, then a tone, then wandered into the cancan in *Orphée aux Enfers*, to which this one bears at least a family likeness. But all cancan tunes are much the same. Géromé (Milher) makes some excellent fooling, not unlike that of Mr. Dewar's Captain Crosstree, at the New Royalty Theatre, and the "little thing of his own composition" is one of the quaintest bits of humour in the piece. In the second act also occurs the *Chanson d'Hirondelle*, sung by Alexandrivore (Marcel), and Fleur-de-noblesse (Julia Baron), who takes the second voice, joining in a duet for the third and last verse of the song. The notion of this song is rather funny, as not one of all the verses has in it anything about the swallow until we come to the last, which just mentions it,

Pour terminer le chanson,
Parlons nous peu d'hirondelle;

and the melody is so remarkably pretty and catching, that it can be listened to three times without weariness. One night Marcel the tenor, when coming in with his part in the duet, missed his note, and laughed. This set poor Julia Baron off, and both soprano and tenor were obliged to retire from the front, giggling. The audience were furious. *On insulte le public* was uttered on all sides, and the singers were both *bis'd* and hissed. So they had to appear before their judges with penitent faces, and recommence their duet like a couple of bad children who had failed in their task. This time they sang better than ever, and the encore was greeted with thunders of applause. "In London," said a Frenchman to me, "you are cruel; you would have hissed them from the stage. Here, see how good-natured we are." I replied that I thought in London the audience would have probably sympathised with the unfortunate gigglers, and would not have denounced the evidently nervous laughter of the singers as an



Le Bailli.

Alexandrivore.

Le Marquis.

Gerome.

La Marquise.

Fleur-de-Noblesse.

Le Duc d'En-Face.

[Once a Week.]

insult to the public. My French friend appeared astonished at this.

The third act shows us Alexandrivore in prison. The archers, disguised as doctors, give their opinion in a chorus on the wound in the eye of Fleur-de-noblesse. Dindonette, disguised as a doctor, says that the only person who can take out the arrow is Alexandrivore, who inflicted the wound. This releases him from prison; the doctors throw off their robes,



One of the Ballets of Modern Costume.

and, appearing as archers, prevent the recapture of Alexandrivore. After a discovery that Dindonette, who marries Alexandrivore, is the daughter of the Duc d'en-face, who derives his title of Duke of the-Opposite-side-of-the-Way, from residing on the other bank of the river, and that G rom  is the son of the Bailli, the piece concludes. The Illustration represents the scene at the end of the second act, which, as I have said before, is the notable point of the piece.

The *Revue* of 1867, at the Porte St. Martin, will be memorable less for its ballets of costume than for Mademoiselle Silly's imitation of Schneider as La Grande Duchesse, and the

strangling of M. Langlois by the police, when he ventured to express his disapprobation of



Archery Ballet.

Silly's performance at the first representation. That story has gone the round of all papers



Firefly Ballet.

here and in Paris. Th r sa sings two songs in this *Revue*, and is enthusiastically encored.

But, with the exception of the ballets and the equestrian who can't manage his horse on the race-course, there was, as Sir Charles Coldstream would say, "nothing in it." Some of the costumes were elegant and fanciful, and three specimens will be found on the preceding page.

Says Bunce, refreshing himself at the Café Riche, "We've not had one Christmas reward of virtue yet. Let us try a different style of entertainment." "Agreed," I returned. "*Touchez-là.*" So we shook hands upon it, and the next night tried *Les Chemins-de-fer* at the Palais Royal. A farce, nothing more, in five acts, by three authors collaborating, is *Les Chemins-de-fer*. An English "Miss" is among the characters: her name is Jenny; and a Miss Bruce, sometime filling minor parts at the St. James's and New Royalty, played the part in Paris. The authors wished to represent a young English lady who had learnt French at a boarding-school, one, in fact, who, as the advertisements say, "can read, write, but cannot speak it." She is under the guardianship of her uncle a Frenchman, who is always attempting to teach her the correct pronunciation of the names of common objects. It appears, however, from the dialogue, that this compatriot of ours, could not even speak her own language correctly: or rather, that the authors had only given her *their* notions of English. Of course, she said "plum-pudding," and gave a graphic sketch of her occupations at a boarding-school, where, I quote from memory, she informed her French friends, "she had plum-pudding every day, and it was made of raisins, and suet, and put in a basin, and you stirred it, and stirred it; and, oh, it was so good!" She pronounced her opinion of a lover's conduct when he wanted to kiss her, as "Shocking!" Spelt in the book, as Bunce who had bought it, pointed out to me "Schocking;" which may have been a printer's error. She also told this unfortunate lover, who made love with a conversation-book in his hand, that "He was no gentleman, and she would have nothing more to say to him;" and, altogether, she seemed to be under the curious impression that, although *she* did not understand one word of French, every Frenchman must clearly comprehend *her* meaning whenever she spoke. Lassouche and Hyacinthe the low comedians, acted capitally: in fact, the piece was very well played throughout, owing such success as it had achieved, mainly to this fact.

Having seen Offenbach serious at the Opéra-Comique, we now determined to try Offenbach merry at the Menus-Plaisirs, where his *Gené-*

viève du Brabant had been altered and revived with great success. "It's wonderful," remarked Bunce, "how weak these plots are. They are mere pegs for the composer's notes." True; so it was with *La Grande Duchesse*. *Genéviève* has one very funny scene between two gendarmes, one a sergeant or corporal, and the other who represents the body under his command. Apart from this, there is not much to raise a smile. The music is taking, and the *finale* of the third act generally encored. On the whole, it is less sparkling than Offenbach's other works, but the revival is a success.

Miss Suzanne, at the Gymnase, was our next essay. A comedy very well acted. The story, which is from the pen of Legouvé, is what is generally termed "peculiarly French." A mother employs a young and handsome woman to win back her son from the fatal charms of a queen of the demi-monde. The young lady so employed is Miss Suzanne (Mlle. Pierson) whom this very excellent young man wishes to become his mistress. The burden of his sentiment is, apparently, "How happy could I be with either;" and having got rid of one charmer, which conduct he is glad to know is in accordance with the pious wishes of the countess, his mother, he is perfectly ready to begin afresh with Miss Suzanne, who, however, refuses to listen to his proposal. It is but fair to say that mother, son, and Miss Suzanne, all come out very well and virtuously in the end; and I am not quite certain that the moral pointed is not, after all, a very high one, though, as Bunce acutely remarks, "what the moral is, it would not be easy to determine."

We went afterwards to see *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard*, an old piece suppressed in London under the title of *Jack Sheppard*, in which Mrs. Keeley originally played the hero. It was a regular transpontine melodrama, and had nothing Christmaslike about it. That it was amusing as representing the manners and customs of the baser sort in the reign of Georges Premier, I need hardly say, seeing that the thieves celebrated such a *fête* by torchlight in the neighbourhood of St. Giles as would infallibly have brought down upon them the entire guard of even the most ancient watchmen; that further, Jack Sheppard (capitally played by Madame Laurent) entered on a trained steed which reared gracefully in acknowledgment of the cheers that saluted his rider; and lastly, that Georges Premier, in the disguise of a Chief Magistrate, (perhaps as Milord Maire) visited Jack in prison, and found to his surprise that the interesting criminal was somehow a near relative of the royal family of England.

One Bouffe piece still remained at the little Athenée Theatre. This was *Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*. The duke himself was represented as a heavy-looking Dutch-metal sort of a warrior, who considered the most comfortable morning costume to be a breast-plate, jack-boots and enormous spurs, a helmet not unlike a jockey cap, and an ordinary smoking or dressing jacket. He puffed at a huge German pipe, and was very bullying and bumptious towards all his menials excepting the chambermaid, to whom he was evidently more than partial. Whether these facts are in the private history of Queen Anne's time, I do not know; but Marlborough, it appears from this piece, suspected the fidelity of the Great Duchess, and, pretending to be summoned away on active service, remained at his own house in disguise, to watch his wife's conduct. He sent a representative in his armour to the wars, and at a *fête* given by his wife, the news arrived that *Marlbrook est mort!* The duke is anxious to see how this intelligence is received. Duchess Sarah is grave for one instant, and the next she and her guests join in a cancan style of dance the reverse of mournful. In the last act, Marlborough discovers himself to his wife, and the designs of the interloper, an affected courtier, are frustrated. There was a considerable amount of practical fun in this, and the dresses were excellent, from a burlesque point of view; but the piece did not take with the public, and the Athenée was not doing its usual good business.

So Bunce and I decided that, apart from the pleasure we had in seeing *L'Œil Crevé*, we should have been more amused with the Christmas productions at home, even though they were not all good fashioned pantomimes. Returning to town, we went to see *Harlequin Robin Red Breast*, at the Lyceum; also *Fee Faw Fum*, at Drury Lane once more; heartily applauded for the second time, the admirable scenery of *Robin Hood* at Covent Garden; and finally we concluded that, after all, with perhaps the exception of the ballets we had witnessed, they do *not* do these things better in Paris.

OLD DICKSON.

SOME years ago a tattered scarecrow might be seen, thrice a week, striding with vigorous steps through the squares and streets of the West End; in summer, bearing a basket strapped on his back containing a miscellaneous collection of what appeared to be field

flowers and green food for birds; in winter, a particular kind of apple always eagerly bought up by a favoured batch of customers. I am afraid to say how many years have passed since I made the man's acquaintance. He was known everywhere as Old Dickson, and for at least a quarter of a century, never missed taking his station in the waiting-room of the Marlborough Street Police Court on Saturdays, after the business had ended. Totally uneducated in the modern sense of the term, yet one of the shrewdest of men in the common affairs of life; without learning, yet full of curious information that could never be gleaned from books; his stock of homely botanical knowledge was of a sort and variety that would have shamed a Linnæan professor, and delighted those amateurs who ransack our moors and commons for specimens of rare herbs and flowers. He was a character in his way, and when in a communicative mood, half-an-hour might be passed amusingly and profitably in his company. Tall, thin, wiry, with a face rugged, hard-lined and ruddy, he looked as if time had suspended his chace, and abandoned for the present all hope of mowing him down with his relentless scythe. He was unquestionably a genius in his line, original and racy. You could not name a common, a waste, a marsh, or a hedgerow, within twenty miles of the Metropolis, which he had not traversed a hundred times. He could tell every feature of it, every peculiarity of soil and produce, and what that produce was worth in the way of trade to herb and flower gatherers like himself. His knowledge in this direction was inexhaustible, and his memory prodigious. Where the earliest spring violets and primroses were to be found, he only possessed the secret. Where to search for rare herbs that found a ready market among the London herbalists, he alone knew. His fame extended from Covent Garden to Spitalfields. He had no superior in the varied branches of his precarious calling, with one remarkable exception. In one department of his business, which I shall have anon more particularly to describe, he was, to use his own expressive phraseology, "licked out and out" by a more fortunate rival.

He was proud of his well-earned reputation—he was justly proud of the high patronage he received. One lady of title, he was wont to tell, had a perfect passion for the first bunch of native-grown violets; another equally distinguished customer, for primroses. He had the monopoly for years of their custom—indeed, it would have been futile to employ a rival. By

something like intuition, he knew, and only he, some sheltered and secret nook where a root of the prized violet or primrose was about to blow in modest beauty. Making his way unerringly to that spot, before the flower could waste even an hour's "sweetness on the desert air," it was transferred to his basket, and thence to the fair hand of his lady patroness, by whom the settled guerdon of five shillings was never grudgingly paid. For all his appearance of abject poverty, Old Dickson was by no means poor; beneath his rags he was warmly clad. He managed somehow nightly to line his doublet with "jolly good ale and old," and to keep something stored in a leathern purse, which, he said, would go a long way to bury him decently. He was also peculiar in his ways; he prided himself on his aristocratic connections; he sold to none but West-end "nobs;" he never cried his wares, like other costermongers, in the public streets; he would, if in a good humour, accommodate a chance customer with a penny-worth of chickweed or groundsel; but he never sought or cared for such common business.

I have said that Old Dickson was full of what may be termed personal learning. No one knew better the valuable sanitary qualities of the common herbs of the field. He had infallible remedies for lumbago: a handful of a particular plant, infused in water, and drunk fasting, was a certain cure for gravel. Web in the eye, that had baffled the most experienced oculist, was radically rooted out by a squeeze from a hedge-flower. Warts, pimples, freckles, nay, even that enemy to pedal comfort, corns, vanished at the exhibition of his simples. I have forgotten their names; but there is no possible doubt that his specifics, whether from their own inherent virtues, or partly, perhaps, from the unqualified faith of the recipients, worked little wonders among those to whom they were dispensed. But strong as he was on such topics—on one he was sublimely enthusiastic, and that one was what he called "wild orkusses," that is to say, orchids. He was never tired of recounting the pieces of good luck that had befallen him in this region of profitable discovery, at the same time, with honourable frankness, admitting that a rival collector named Hoppy bore away the palm of discovery even from himself. Especially eloquent was he in dilating on the ignorance of Covent Garden herbalists, and it was with pardonable exultation he related, that on one occasion, seeing a crowd collected before one of the shops, examining a botanical curiosity, which they could make nothing of he went forward, and

recognising at a glance a bee orkus, became its possessor for sixpence, and immediately sold the prize for half a sovereign to the curator of the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick. I acquired much information from him about beetle, bird, and spider orkusses—there was but one rare kind he never could come across, and that was a monkey orkus. This was his hope by day, and his dream by night for years. He had searched every likely and unlikely nook; he had closely inspected every orkus bearing tree and plant, the orchid being a parasite; but though his labours were rewarded by discoveries of all the common varieties, the uncommon variety, for which a large reward was offered, had hitherto declined to crown his peripatetic toils.

Punctual as he usually was, one Saturday, however, he failed to make his appearance. I felt sure something extraordinary had occurred to keep him away, and was curious to learn the cause. The following Saturday found him in the old place.

"Well, Dickson," said I, "you disappointed me of my dessert last Sunday; how was that?"

"Ah, master, you see it was all along of going to visit my hold pal Hoppy, wot's been hobbled to go into Westminster Hospital. He sent his landlady to ax me to come, as he'd got a secret wot he wouldn't tell nobody but me."

"A secret, eh? Something to your advantage, I hope."

"Mout 'a' been, master; but you shall hear. I goes off to the hospital, and didn't forget to shove a flat bottle up my sleeve with a little drop of old Jamaiky, which I knowed was Hoppy's favourite tippie. When I got into the ward where he was a lying a-bed, I was a'most knocked over at seeing him, he was so haltered. His poor face was drawed all a' one side; his eyes looked as if they were a going to jump bang out of his head, and he was a pumping up his breath hard and thick, like a steam-engine. You see, he'd been out in all the bad weather, and cotched one cold atop o' t'other, which had settled on his witals, and you might see with half a eye that he was booked for a croaker. When I got to the side of his bed, he jest gave half a look, and then turned round sulky."

"'Hullo, Hoppy, my boy,' says I, 'wont you speak to a hold pal?'"

"'Ho!' says he, turning about agin, 'it's you, Dickson, is it? I thought as you was that warmint Jim Crocker.'"

"'Wot about Jim?' says I; 'he ain't been

and gone and done nothing wrong agin you, has he?’

“‘It’s all owing to him as I’m here now,’ says Hoppy. ‘He got the hoffice as I knowed summat wot nobody else knowed, and he dodged me about whenever I went my rounds. But I beat him, a hunderminding waggerbon. I guv him a chivy through Wimbledon, and Battersea, and back over Clapham Common. I got a precious soaking myself, which has turned me up. I’m glad you’re come. I’ve got sommat werry particular to tell you; but mind, you must give your vord and honour as you won’t tell Jim Crocker.’

“‘Say away,’ says I. ‘It’s all upright and down-straight with me; nobody shan’t know nothink.’

“‘Wot I’m a going to tell you is worth a fortin.’

“‘Glad on it, Hoppy,’ says I; ‘hope you’ll live to enjoy it.’

“‘No, I shan’t,’ says he; ‘but you may. I heard doctor say to nuss as I couldn’t last till morning. He said I’d got a compilation of melodies that must carry me off, and he told her to get up the screen and put it round my bed at night. Last time the screen was brought, the cove in the next bed but one was carried out in a shell next morning. The doctor’s jest about right. I feel as if every blessed breath I drawed would bust me up.’

“‘If you’ve got anything on yer mind, best out with it Hoppy.’

“‘You won’t tell Jim Crocker?’

“‘On the word of a man, I won’t.’

“‘Honour bright.’

“‘Honour bright,’ says I.

“‘Then,’ says Hoppy, ‘you shall know all about it. Here, stoop down, and let me whisper in your ear.’

“‘I stooped down as he wished.

“‘Dickson, old chap, I know, where to get a *Monkey orkus*.’

“‘You don’t say that ’ere.’

“‘I says that ’ere, and I means that ’ere, and nuffin else. I’m the only man in the whole world as knows the secret. Muster Watson at Horticultural offered thirty shillings, but he shan’t have it. He’s werry good at his shows of Harborwiteys and Lickumwiteys and Rodendandys, but he aint up to Orkusses. No, go to the Botanical and take it to Mr. Cope, he’ll give two sufferins—that’s the price—no more nor no less.’

“‘Well Hoppy only give us the office where to pitch upon it.’

“‘It’s a real beauty,’ says he.

“‘Dessay,’ says I, ‘but where’s the place?’

“‘His—tail—aint—quite—grow’d.’

“‘Look alive,’ says I, ‘afore Doctor comes round.’

“‘It’ll be full out in a week.’

“‘Come, old fellow, jest say where I’m to go for it.’

“‘If my breath lasts out, you shall know—go down to Plumstead after the first rainy day—go over the marshes till you get to Groby’s pasture—keep straight along side of the Cops till you come to the clip-clop, then go over the water meadows till you see two roads—take the—take the—oh, Dicky, my blessed breath’s out.’

“‘Hold up, Hoppy,’ says I, ‘good luck to yer—till you says which road.’

“‘Take the—take the’—and then his voice went sudden.

“‘Here,’ says I, for I was regular woke up with the good news. ‘Here, have a drop out of this here bottle,’ and I put it to his lips.

“‘Hoppy took a mouthful, but in trying to swallow he most choked himself, and set up sich a fit of coughing as brought the old nuss, who sings out—

“‘Wot’s in that bottle?’

“‘Only a little drop of peppermint, marm,’ says I.

“‘She snatches away the bottle, and took a swig.

“‘Don’t believe it’s peppermint,’ says she; so she took another, which pretty well emptied the bottle.

“‘It’s spirits,’ she said; ‘you’ve been and broke the rules; so go out of this ’ere immigently.’

“‘I was hustled out of the ward like a pair of old boots, and when I went the next day, I were told he was dead.’

“‘With the clue you’ve got, do you think you will ever succeed in finding the orchid?’

“‘No—never—Hoppy took the secret with him, and nobody in this here world will ever know it.’

TABLE TALK.

IT is always difficult in a civilised country to make general laws which don’t bear unfairly on individual cases. A Cadi can do specific right: a grand legislative scheme cannot. The other day we were talking of the Russian who was robbed, and got fourteen days for it, while the thief escaped. To-day we are laughing at a grave difficulty, in which Suarez himself would have revelled. Among ritualistic paraphernalia is a napkin called a Corporal. Now, is the gilt frame of a lace Corporal the principal, and the Corporal itself the accessory,

or *vice versa*? And again, is its packing-case a substance of itself, or is it metaphysically bound up with the enclosure? If the former, it must be paid for, should it be lost by a carrier; if the latter, it need not be the subject of compensation. The Court of Common Pleas seems to have been much puzzled; and while the practical mind of the Chief Justice inclined to sever the articles (like the ingenious pawnbroker, who treated clock-face, works, and weights as separate pledges), the learning of Judge Willes led him to hold the lace as giving a character of unprotectedness to the whole package. The point in question arose upon what is called the Carriers' Act, which exempts the carrier from liability for loss, when the articles entrusted to him are above the value of ten pounds, and come within a catalogue including lace, jewellery, and various other things. It is clear that this is a fair and reasonable law. The height of absurdity would be reached if an old woman could enclose the Koh-i-Noor in a cabbage, deliver it to the Brixton carrier, take out twopence, and then fix upon that respectable red cart the loss of half-a-million of money should the vegetable fall out. But it is in the application of the law that trouble, and sometimes ridiculous paradox, arises; and an illustration, even more ludicrous than that of the lace, arose not long ago. Any one who had casually gone into the court at Maidstone last assizes, would have heard one side emphatically contending that every care had been taken of a parcel of jewellery, which was unfortunately lost on the railway. The adversary no less stoutly insisted that utter carelessness had been shown; that the parcel had been left all night on the platform; and that anybody so disposed might have taken it away. A casual visitor would, of course, have inferred that the former body of counsel and witnesses represented the loser, and the latter the company. He would have been wrong. The company through whom the goods had been lost sought to prove that they had taken no particular care of them; the plaintiff to whom the goods belonged sought to prove that the company had taken the utmost care of them. The statute creates the exemption of carriers where the articles in their care are above the value of ten pounds, which this parcel admittedly was; but it excepts the case of felony by the carrier's servants. *Mutatis clypeis*, therefore, it became necessary for the plaintiff to prove that such care was shown as to render it impossible for any one but a servant to have taken the things; while the defendants were driven to contend that they were so grossly negligent as to put it in the power of

any one to commit the robbery, and that, as it was for the plaintiff to bring his case within the exception, their own gross and culpable carelessness would protect them!

I HAVE come across a judicial anecdote, the scene of which lies in Germany, and it illustrates very ludicrously the matter-of-fact and methodical nature of the Teutonic mind, as well as its severe adherence to logic. A complaint was made to a magistrate that a blow had been given in the course of an altercation, but the witness who was relied on to prove the assault, could only say that he heard the blow given, as he was at the time in a certain inn near which the occurrence had taken place. The defendant, who denied giving the blow, urged that it was impossible, even if it had been given, that the witness could have heard it from where he was. The magistrate resolved to try the point by actual experiment, and proceeded to the inn, while an officer of the court accompanied the complainant to the precise spot where the quarrel had occurred, and there and then gave him a good sound whack. The magistrate, on resuming his seat in court, said he had heard the blow perfectly well from inside the inn, and the defendant must pay a double fine—one for the original blow, the other for the experimental and official thump.

A FRENCH author, or, in this instance more properly, book-maker, has published a work called *Les Gens Singuliers*, or, as we should have it, Eccentric People. We have such a work of our own—I forget its title—but done in a very dull Newgate Calendar style. We pass for a very eccentric people; but I doubt if we could muster such a list of social non-conformists as M. Loredan Larchey does of his own countrymen. Perhaps it is owing to the very fact that where all depart, more or less, from normal behaviour, there is no chance for distinction, except for the most outrageous departures from rational or civilised usage. This is a very old charge against us. Hamlet's vagaries were expected to pass current in England, where all were mad. Being moreover a nation of shop-keepers, we ought, according to a popular but inscrutable saying, to be a nation of hatters.

THE readiness of the Hebrew race in finding specious answers to the complaints of those who deal with them, was never better exemplified than in an instance which lately came to my knowledge. An eating-house keeper of

that persuasion sells soup at a penny a basin. A customer having consumed his basinful, complained that he had not had his pennyworth—the soup was bad, and he had found in it a piece of worsted stocking. Isaac retorted, “D’ye think we can put bits of silk stocking in soup at a penny a basin?”

COINING jokes is a common and very legitimate figure of speech as applied to the labours of burlesque writers and contributors to comic periodicals; but I know an instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was this inscription: “The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side.” On the other side was a total blank.

OVER the portal of a public school somewhere abroad there is this inscription: “*Præsens imperfectum—perfectum futurum.*” Might it not be borrowed by our own public schools, as fitly applying not only to the scholars, but to the scholastic system under which they are taught, and which Mr. Lowe is labouring to reform? Though I fancy the *perfectum futurum* would be a rash promise, or at any rate only destined to a very tardy fulfilment.

EVERYBODY has read of the famous interview between Napoleon and Alexander on the raft, before the Treaty of Tilsit, and of the tremendous precautions used to prevent the possibility of a spy catching a whisper of the secret intentions of the monarchs. Nevertheless, as we know from a letter of George Canning, there was a spy, and England got news which made her demand and get the Danish fleet, and put Napoleon into the most terrific rage of his whole life. I have heard the name, not of the spy, but of an Englishman to whom the news was sold, and who previously did not dare to come home by reason of a little matter for which he would have been hanged. But when he obtained the story from the raft, he came across, marched boldly into the presence of the Foreign Secretary, and said, “There’s

news for you, now hang me if you like.” He was not hanged, whereby, I believe, society was no particular gainer. Canning said that we took the fleet “to stun Russia back into her senses.”

BESIDES its mechanical energy, steam possesses subtle powers, the full extent of which have yet to be developed: at least, so it would appear from the following item of news, which emanates from the United States Navy Department, and is therefore presumably reliable. The Navy Steamer Don was off Vera Cruz in November last, when yellow fever of the most malignant type broke out on board: twenty-three of the crew were stricken with it, and seven died. The ship was taken into port, and the sick were put on shore. The hatches of the berth-deck and ward-room were fastened down securely; jets of steam were turned on; and for two hours these compartments were subjected to a thorough vaporisation. Thermometers lowered into them showed the temperature to be about 200° Fahrenheit. The steaming was arrested, the hatches were opened and all between decks was dried down. Things were restored to their normal condition, and no case of fever afterwards occurred. The commander of the vessel, Chandler by name, assures the Navy Department that the heat eradicated the disease as effectually as a severe frost could have done.

THE Atlantic Cable did science one good turn, by permitting an accurate determination of the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Newfoundland; now it is doing another. Newspaper readers who only traverse the highways of their news-chart will not have noticed that since the 16th of January a modest line in the weather reports has given day by day the meteorological condition of Heart’s Content at six o’clock each previous morning. The observations taken at this time, which corresponds to 9.30 A.M. Greenwich, are transmitted by the cable and reach the Board of Trade and the Paris Observatory in time for publication in the evening papers. This report will, as time goes on, and as other links are added to the chain of observing stations, prove of great value for the study of the movements of the polar and equatorial air-currents, and, ultimately, for predicting the elemental wars to which the conflict of these give rise. Since we are talking of matters meteorological, let us note that M. Le Verrier has issued a circular to weather recorders inviting co-operation in a grand scheme of observations to determine the move-

ments of the polar ice-cap of the earth—its southward march as indicated by the creeping downward of snow and frost, and the appearance of icebergs in the seas of low latitudes; its halting-place and time of reaching it, and its retreat to its northern home. This scheme is undertaken in compliance with a suggestion offered by M. Elie de Beaumont, the illustrious geologist, who considers that the knowledge it will bring will be of great value in the study of the geology and climatology of our globe.

HER MAJESTY, as appears by her diary, shared the disappointment which most of us feel on seeing Staffa for the first time. We have been thinking of the "vast cathedral vault" of poets and guide-books, and we are landed before an opening of some forty feet high. When I was there, I was reproved for being dissatisfied; and I was told of a Scotch farmer, who took a much more proper view of things. He had been told that he would be disappointed, for Staffa was a mere bit of rock, not giving food for a dozen sheep. He was agreeably disappointed, for he had counted "just nineteen."

TABLE talkers should be exact and incisive. There is a disease called Aphasia, and the sufferer uses words which do not at all express his meaning. The complaint is more common than is supposed. I think the Irishman had it who sought to describe to a lady the process of casting a cannon. "They just take a long round hole and pour brass round it."

A FRIEND of mine, a country clergyman, who with very small means does very large good in his parish, confided to me, last September, over our pipes, his conviction that "the very small share of brains possessed by farmers had been given to enable them to invent excuses for not subscribing to schools and charities."

ANOTHER country clergyman has just killed his pig, and has sent me the epitaph which he has compassionately written on the poor beast:—

'Tis grease, but living grease no more.

ON the 11th of January there was quoted in *Once a Week* a very clever riddle on the word cod; and the question was raised—who can be the author of it? Presently came dozens of letters announcing that Lord Macaulay was most certainly its author, and

expressing surprise there should be any doubt about it. I have always heard the verses attributed to Macaulay, but have always doubted that they were his because of their deficient polish. There are lines in it which he was not likely to have passed. I have now to state that Macaulay was frequently charged with the paternity of the riddle; that he always denied it; and that to those who knew him his denial is conclusive.

THERE is a saying, which the prosperous are very fond of shying at the head of the non-prosperous, namely, that Fortune always knocks at least once at every man's door. In justice to the unfortunate, I must observe that in many cases even this one has turned out only a runaway knock.

I SEE a book is published under the title of *Personal Recollections of the Duke of Wellington and his Staff*, by Lord William Lennox. Permit me as an artist to make a small fancy sketch of what I conceive to be the subject of



this work. I must ask Lord William Lennox's pardon for the liberty I have taken with his title. Is it not suggestive of a woodcut?

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XVII.



ARTHUR WARDLAW fixed on the speaker a gaze full of horror; his jaw fell; a livid pallor spread over his features; he echoed in a hoarse whisper, "the Proserpine!" and turned his scared eyes upon Wylie, who was himself leaning against the wall, his stalwart frame beginning to tremble.

"The sick girl," murmured Wylie, and a cold sweat gathered on his brow.

General Rolleston looked from one to another with strange misgivings, which soon deepened into a sense of some terrible calamity; for now a strong convulsion swelled Arthur Wardlaw's heart; his face worked fearfully; and with a sharp and sudden cry, he fell forward on the table, and his father's arm alone prevented him from sinking like a dead man on the floor. Yet though crushed and helpless, he was not insensible; that blessing was denied him.

General Rolleston implored an explanation.

Wylie, with downcast and averted face, began to stammer a few disconnected and unintelligible words; but old Wardlaw silenced him and said, with much feeling, "Let none but a father tell him. My poor, poor friend—the Proserpine! How can I say it?"

"Lost at sea," groaned Wylie.

At these fatal words the old warrior's countenance grew rigid; his large, bony hands gripped the back of the chair, on which he leaned, and were white with their own convulsive force; and he bowed his head under the blow, without one word.

His was an agony too great and mute to be

spoken to; and there was silence in the room broken only by the hysterical moans of the miserable plotter, who had drawn down this calamity on his own head. He was in no state to be left alone; and even the bereaved father found pity in his desolate heart for one who loved his lost child so well; and the two old men took him home between them, in a helpless and pitiable condition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUT this utter prostration of his confederate began to alarm Wylie, and rouse him to exertion. Certainly, he was very sorry for what he had done, and would have undone it and forfeited his £2,000 in a moment, if he could. But, as he could not undo the crime, he was all the more determined to reap the reward. Why that £2,000, for aught he knew, was the price of his soul; and he was not the man to let his soul go gratis.

He finished the rest of the brandy, and went after his men, to keep them true to him by promises; but the next day he came to the office in Fenchurch Street, and asked anxiously for Wardlaw. Wardlaw had not arrived. He waited, but the merchant never came; and Michael told him, with considerable anxiety, that this was the first time his young master had missed coming this five years.

In course of the day, several underwriters came in, with long faces, to verify the report which had now reached Lloyds, that the Proserpine had foundered at sea.

"It is too true," said Michael; "and poor Mr. Wylie here has barely escaped with his life. He was mate of the ship, gentlemen."

Upon this, each visitor questioned Wylie, and Wylie returned the same smooth answer to all inquiries: one heavy gale after another had so tried the ship that her seams had opened, and let in more water than all the exertions of the crew and passengers could discharge; at last, they had taken to the boats; the long-boat had been picked up: the cutter had never been heard of since.

They nearly all asked after the ship's log. "I have got it safe at home," said he. It was in his pocket all the time.

Some asked him where the other survivors were. He told them five had shipped on board the *Maria*, and three were with him at Poplar, one disabled by the hardships they had all endured.

One or two complained angrily of Mr. Wardlaw's absence at such a time.

"Well, good gentlemen," said Wylie, "I'll tell ye. Mr. Wardlaw's sweetheart was aboard the ship. He is a'most broken-hearted. He valued her more than all the gold, that you may take your oath on."

This stroke, coming from a rough fellow in a pea-jacket, who looked as simple as he was cunning, silenced remonstrance, and went far to disarm suspicion; and so pleased Michael Penfold, that he said, "Mr. Wylie, you are interested in this business, would you mind going to Mr. Wardlaw's house, and asking what we are to do next? I'll give you his address, and a line, begging him to make an effort and see you. Business is the heart's best ointment. Eh, dear Mr. Wylie, I have known grief too; and I think I should have gone mad when they sent my poor son away, but for business, especially the summing-up of long columns, &c."

Wylie called at the house in Russell Square, and asked to see Mr. Wardlaw.

The servant shook his head. "You can't see him; he is very ill."

"Very ill," said Wylie. "I'm sorry for that. Well, but I shan't make him any worse; and Mr. Penfold says I must see him. It is very particular, I tell you. He won't thank you for refusing me, when he comes to hear of it."

He said this very seriously; and the servant, after a short hesitation, begged him to sit down in the passage a moment. He then went into the dining-room, and shortly reappeared, holding the door open. Out came, not Wardlaw junior, but Wardlaw senior.

"My son is in no condition to receive you," said he, gravely; "but I am at your service. What is your business?"

Wylie was taken off his guard, and stammered out something about the Shannon.

"The Shannon! What have you to do with her? You belonged to the *Proserpine*."

"Ay, sir; but I had his orders to ship forty chests of lead and smelted copper on board the Shannon."

"Well?"

"Ye see, sir," said Wylie, "Mr. Wardlaw was particular about them, and I feel respon-

sible like, having shipped them aboard another vessel."

"Have you not the captain's receipt?"

"That I have, sir, at home. But you could hardly read it for salt-water."

"Well," said Wardlaw senior, "I will direct our agent at Liverpool to look after them, and send them up at once to my cellars in Fenchurch Street. Forty chests of lead and copper, I think you said." And he took a note of this directly. Wylie was not a little discomfited at this unexpected turn things had taken; but he held his tongue now, for fear of making bad worse. Wardlaw senior went on to say that he should have to conduct the business of the firm for a time, in spite of his old age and failing health.

This announcement made Wylie perspire with anxiety, and his £2,000 seemed to melt away from him.

"But never mind," said old Wardlaw; "I am very glad you came. In fact, you are the very man I wanted to see. My poor afflicted friend has asked after you several times. Be good enough to follow me."

He led the way into the dining-room, and there sat the sad father in all the quiet dignity of calm, unfathomable sorrow.

Another gentleman stood upon the rug with his back to the fire, waiting for Mr. Wardlaw; this was the family physician, who had just come down from Arthur's bedroom, and had entered by another door, through the drawing-room.

"Well, doctor," said Wardlaw, anxiously, "what is your report?"

"Not so good as I could wish; but nothing to excite immediate alarm. Overtaxed brain, sir; weakened and unable to support this calamity. However, we have reduced the fever; the symptoms of delirium have been checked, and I think we shall escape brain-fever, if he is kept quite quiet. I could not have said as much this morning."

The doctor then took his leave, with a promise to call next morning; and as soon as he was gone, Wardlaw turned to General Rolleston, and said, "Here is Wylie, sir. Come forward, my man, and speak to the General. He wants to know if you can point out to him on the chart the very spot where the *Proserpine* was lost?"

"Well, sir," said Wylie, "I think I could."

The great chart of the Pacific was then spread out upon the table, and rarely has a chart been examined as this was, with the bleeding heart as well as the straining eye.

The rough sailor became an oracle; the

others hung upon his words, and followed his brown finger on the chart with fearful interest.

"Ye see, sir," said he, addressing the old merchant, for there was something on his mind that made him avoid speaking directly to General Rolleston, "when we came out of Sydney, the wind being south and by east, Hudson took the easterly course, instead of running through Cook's straits. The weather freshened from the same quarter, so that, with one thing and another, by when we were a month out, she was five hundred miles or so nor'ard of her true course. But that wasn't all; when the leak gained on us, Hudson ran the ship three hundred miles by my reckoning to the nor'-east; and, I remember, the day before she foundered, he told me she was in latitude forty, and Easter Island bearing due north."

"Here is the spot, then," said General Rolleston, and placed his finger on the spot.

"Ay, sir," said Wylie, addressing the merchant; "but she ran about eighty-five miles after that, on an easterly course—no—wind on her starboard quarter—and being deep in the water, she'd make lee way—say eighty-two miles, nor'-east by east."

The General took eighty-two miles off the scale, with a pair of dividers, and set out that distance on the chart. He held the instrument fixed on the point thus obtained.

Wylie eyed the point, and after a moment's consideration, nodded his head.

"There, or thereabouts," he said, in a low voice, and looking at the merchant.

A pause ensued, and the two old men examined the speck pricked on the map, as if it were the waters covering the Proserpine.

"Now, sir," said Rolleston, "trace the course of the boats;" and he handed Wylie a pencil.

The sailor slowly averted his head, but stretched out his hand and took it, and traced two lines, the one short and straight, running nearly north-east. "That's the way the cutter headed when we lost her in the night."

The other line ran parallel to the first for half an inch, then turning, bent backwards, and ran due south.

"This was *our* course," said Wylie.

General Rolleston looked up, and said, "Why did you desert the cutter?"

The mate looked at old Wardlaw, and, after some hesitation, replied, "After we lost sight of her, the men with me declared that we could not reach either Juan Fernandez or Valparaiso with our stock of provisions, and insisted on standing for the sea track of Australian liners between the Horn and Sydney."

This explanation was received in dead silence. Wylie fidgeted, and his eye wandered round the room.

General Rolleston applied his compasses to the chart. "I find that the Proserpine was not 1000 miles from Easter Island. Why did you not make for that land?"

"We had no charts, sir," said Wylie to the merchant, "and I'm no navigator."

"I see no land laid down hereaway, north-east of the spot where the ship went down."

"No," replied Wylie, "that's what the men said when they made me 'bout ship."

"Then why did you lead the way north-east at all?"

"I'm no navigator," answered the man, sullenly.

He then suddenly stammered out. "Ask my men what *we* went through. Why, sir, (to Wardlaw) I can hardly believe that I am alive, and sit here talking to you about this cursed business. And nobody offers me a drop of anything."

Wardlaw poured him out a tumbler of wine. His brown hand trembled a little, and he gulped the wine down like water.

General Rolleston gave Mr. Wardlaw a look, and Wylie was dismissed. He slouched down the street all in a cold perspiration; but still clinging to his £2,000, though small was now his hope of ever seeing it.

When he was gone, General Rolleston paced that large and gloomy room in silence. Wardlaw eyed him with the greatest interest, but avoided speaking to him. At last he stopped short, and stood erect, as veterans halt, and pointed down at the chart.

"I'll start at once for that spot," said he. "I'll go in the next ship bound to Valparaiso, there I'll charter a small vessel, and ransack those waters for some trace of my poor lost girl."

"Can you think of no better way than that?" said old Wardlaw, gently, and with a slight tone of reproach.

"No—not at this moment. Oh, yes, by the bye, the Greyhound and Dreadnought are going out to survey the islands of the Pacific. I have interest enough to get a berth in the Greyhound."

"What! go in a Government ship! under the orders of a man, under the orders of another man, under the orders of a Board. Why, if you heard our poor girl was alive upon a rock, the Dreadnought would be sure to run up a bunch of red-tape to the fore that moment to recall the Greyhound, and the Greyhound would go back. No," said he,

rising suddenly, and confronting the General, and with the colour mounting for once in his fallow face, "You sail in no bottom but one freighted by Wardlaw & Son, and the captain shall be under no orders but yours. We have bought the steam sloop Springbok, 700 tons. I'll victual her for a year, man her well, and you shall go out in her in less than a week. I give you my hand on that."

They grasped hands.

But this sudden warmth and tenderness coming from a man habitually cold, overpowered the stout general. "What, sir," he faltered; "your own son lies in danger, yet your heart goes so with me—such goodness—it is too much for me."

"No, no," faltered the merchant, affected in his turn; "it is nothing. Your poor girl was coming home in that cursed ship to marry my son. Yes, he lies ill for love of her; God help him and me too; but you most of all. Don't, General; don't! We have got work to do; we must be brave, sir; brave I say, and compose ourselves. Ah, my friend, you and I are of one age; and this is a heavy blow for us: and we are friends no more; it has made us brothers: she was to be my child as well as yours; well, now she *is* my child, and our hearts they bleed together." At this, the truth must be told, the two stout old men embraced one another like two women, and cried together a little.

But that was soon over with such men as these. They sat together and plunged into the details of the expedition, and they talked themselves into hope.

In a week the Springbok steamed down the Channel on an errand inspired by love not reason; to cross one mighty ocean, and grope for a lost daughter in another.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE return to the cutter, and her living freight.

After an anxious, but brief consultation, it was agreed that their best chance was to traverse as many miles of water as possible, while the wind was fair; by this means they would increase their small chance of being picked up, and also of falling in with land, and would, at all events, sail into a lovely climate where intense cold was unknown, and gales of wind uncommon.

Mr. Hazel advised them to choose a skipper, and give him absolute power, especially over the provisions. They assented to this. He

then recommended Cooper for that post. But they had not fathomed the sterling virtues of that taciturn seaman; so they offered the command to Welch, instead.

"Me put myself over Sam Cooper!" said he; "not likely."

Then their choice fell upon Michael Morgan. The other sailors' names were Prince, Fenner, and Mackintosh.

Mr. Hazel urged Morgan to put the crew and passengers on short allowance at once, viz: two biscuits a day, and four table-spoonsful of water: but Morgan was a common sailor; he could not see clearly very far ahead; and, moreover, his own appetite counteracted this advice; he dealt out a pound of biscuit and an ounce of ham to each person, night and morning, and a pint of water in the course of the day.

Mr. Hazel declined his share of the ham, and begged Miss Rolleston, so earnestly, not to touch it, that she yielded a silent compliance.

On the fourth day the sailors were all in good spirits, though the provisions were now very low. They even sang, and spun yarns. This was partly owing to the beauty of the weather.

On the fifth day Morgan announced that he could only serve out one biscuit per day: and this sudden decline caused some dissatisfaction and alarm.

Next day, the water ran so low, that only a teaspoonful was served out night and morning.

There were murmurs and forebodings.

In all heavy trials and extremities some man or other reveals great qualities, that were latent in him, ay, hidden from himself. And this general observation was verified on the present occasion, as it had been in the Indian mutiny, and many other crises. Hazel came out.

He encouraged the men, out of his multifarious stores of learning. He related at length stories of wrecks and sufferings at sea; which, though they had long been in print, were most of them new to these poor fellows. He told them, among the rest, what the men of the *Bona Dea*, waterlogged at sea, had suffered—twelve days without any food but a rat and a kitten—yet had all survived. He gave them some details of the *Wager*, the *Grosvenor*, the *Corbin*, the *Medusa*; but, above all, a most minute account of the *Bounty*, and Bligh's wonderful voyage in an open boat, short of provisions. He moralised on this, and showed his fellow-sufferers it was discipline and self-denial from the first, that had enabled those hungry spectres to survive, and to traverse two thousand eight hundred miles of water, in those

very seas ; and that in spite of hunger, thirst, disease, and rough weather.

By these means, he diverted their minds, in some degree, from their own calamity, and taught them the lesson they most needed.

The poor fellows listened with more interest than you could have thought possible under the pressure of bodily distress. And Helen Rolleston's hazel eye dwelled on the narrator with unceasing wonder.

Yes, learning and fortitude, strengthened by those great examples learning furnishes, maintained a superiority, even in the middle of the Pacific ; and not the rough sailors only, but the lady, who had rejected and scorned his love, hung upon the brave student's words : she was compelled to look up, with wonder, to the man she had hated and despised in her hours of ease.

On the sixth day the provisions failed entirely. Not a crust of bread : not a drop of water.

At 4 P. M., several flying fish, driven into the air by the dolphins and cat fish, fell into the sea again near the boat, and one struck the sail sharply, and fell into the boat. It was divided, and devoured raw, in a moment.

The next morning the wind fell, and, by noon, the ocean became like glass.

The horrors of a storm have been often painted ; but who has described, or can describe, the horrors of a calm, to a boat-load of hungry, thirsty creatures, whose only chances of salvation or relief, are wind and rain ?

The beautiful, remorseless, sky, was one vault of purple, with a great flaming jewel in the centre, whose vertical rays struck, and parched, and scorched, the living sufferers ; and blistered, and baked, the boat itself, so that it hurt their hot hands to touch it : the beautiful, remorseless ocean was one sheet of glass, that glared in their blood-shot eyes, and reflected the intolerable heat of heaven upon these poor wretches, who were gnawed to death with hunger ; and their raging thirst was fiercer still.

Towards afternoon of the eighth day, Mac-kintosh dipped a vessel in the sea, with the manifest intention of drinking the salt water.

"Stop him !" cried Hazel, in great agitation ; and the others seized him, and overpowered him : he cursed them with such horrible curses, that Miss Rolleston put her fingers in her ears, and shuddered from head to foot. Even this was new to her, to hear foul language.

A calm voice rose in the midst, and said :—"Let us pray."

There was a dead silence, and Mr. Hazel kneeled down and prayed loud and fervently ;

and, while he prayed, the furious cries subsided for a while, and deep groans only were heard. He prayed for food, for rain, for wind, for Patience.

The men were not so far gone but they could just manage to say "Amen."

He rose from his knees, and gathered the pale faces of the men together in one glance ; and saw that intense expression of agony, which physical pain can mould with men's features : and then he strained his eyes over the brassy horizon ; but no cloud, no veil of vapour was visible.

Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.

"We must be mad," he cried, "to die of thirst, with all this water round us."

His invention being stimulated by this idea, and his own dire need, he eagerly scanned every thing in the boat, and his eyes soon lighted on two objects, disconnected in themselves, but it struck him he could use them in combination. These were a common glass bottle, and Miss Rolleston's life-preserving jacket, that served her for a couch. He drew this garment over his knees, and considered it attentively ; then untwisted the brass nozzle through which the jacket was inflated, and so left a tube, some nine inches in length, hanging down from the neck of the garment.

He now applied his breath to the tube, and the jacket swelling rapidly proved that the whole receptacle was air-tight.

He then allowed the air to escape. Next, he took the bottle and filled it with water from the sea ; then he inserted, with some difficulty, and great care, the neck of the bottle into the orifice of the tube : this done, he detached the wire of the brass nozzle, and whipped the tube firmly round the neck of the bottle.

"Now, light a fire," he cried ; "no matter what it costs."

The fore thwart was chopped up, and a fire soon spluttered and sparkled, for ten eager hands were feeding it : the bottle was then suspended over it, and, in due course, the salt-water boiled and threw off vapour, and the belly of the jacket began to heave and stir. Hazel then threw cold water upon the outside. To keep it cool, and, while the men eagerly watched the bubbling bottle and swelling bag, his spirits rose, and he took occasion to explain that what was now going on under their eyes was, after all, only one of the great processes of Nature, done upon a small scale. "The clouds," said he, "are but vapours drawn from the sea, by the heat of the sun : these clouds are composed of fresh water, and so the steam

we are now raising from salt-water, will be fresh. We can't make whiskey, or brew beer, lads; but, thank Heaven, we can brew water; and it is worth all other liquors ten times told."

A wild "Hurrah!" greeted these words.

But every novel experiment seems doomed to fail, or meet with some disaster. The water in the bottle had been reduced too low, by vaporisation, and the bottle burst suddenly, with a loud report. That report was followed by a piteous wail.

Hazel turned pale at this fatal blow: but, recovering himself, he said, "That is unfortunate: but it was a good servant while it lasted: give me the baler; and, Miss Rolleston, can you lend me a thimble?"

The tube of the life-preserver was held over the baler, and out trickled a small quantity of pure water, two thimblesful a-pièce. Even that, as it passed over their swollen tongues and parched swallows, was a heavenly relief; but, alas, the supply was then exhausted.

Next day hunger seemed uppermost, and the men gnawed and chewed their tobacco pouches: and two caps, that had been dressed with the hair on, were divided for food.

None was given to Mr. Hazel or Miss Rolleston; and this, to do the poor creatures justice, was the first instance of injustice or partiality the sailors had shown.

The lady, though tormented with hunger, was more magnanimous; she offered to divide the contents of her little medicine chest; and the globules were all devoured in a moment.

And now their tortures were aggravated by the sight of abundance. They drifted over coral rocks, at a considerable depth, but the water was so exquisitely clear that they saw five fathoms down. They discerned small fish drifting over the bottom; they looked like a driving cloud, so vast was their number; and every now and then there was a scurry among them, and porpoises and dog-fish broke in and feasted on them. All this they saw, yet could not catch one of those billions for their lives. Thus they were tantalised as well as starved.

The next day was like the last, with this difference, that the sufferers could no longer endure their torments in silence.

The lady moaned constantly: the sailors groaned, lamented, and cursed.

The sun baked, and blistered; and the water glared.

The sails being useless, the sailors rigged them as an awning, and salt water was constantly thrown over them.

Mr. Hazel took a baler and drenched his

own clothes and Miss Rolleston's upon their bodies. This relieved the hell of thirst in some degree: but the sailors could not be persuaded to practise it.

In the afternoon Hazel took Miss Rolleston's bible from her wasted hands, and read aloud the forty-second Psalm.

When he had done, one of the sailors asked him to pass the Bible forward. He did so; and in half-an-hour the leaves were returned him; the vellum binding had been cut off, divided and eaten.

He looked piteously at the leaves, and, after a while, fell upon his knees, and prayed silently.

He rose, and, with Miss Rolleston's consent, offered the men the leaves as well. "It is the Bread of Life for men's souls, not their bodies," said he. "But God is merciful; I think he will forgive you; for your need is bitter."

Cooper replied that the binding was man's, but the pages were God's; and, either for this or another more obvious reason, the leaves were declined for food.

All that afternoon Hazel was making a sort of rough spoon out of a fragment of wood.

The night that followed was darker than usual, and, about midnight, a hand was laid on Helen Rolleston's shoulder, and a voice whispered, "Hush! say nothing. I have got something for you."

At the same time, something sweet and deliciously fragrant, was put to her lips; she opened her mouth, and received a spoonful of marmalade. Never did marmalade taste like that before. It dissolved itself like Ambrosia over her palate, and even relieved her parched throat in some slight degree by the saliva it excited.

Nature could not be resisted; her body took whatever he gave. But her high mind rebelled.

"Oh, how base I am," said she, and wept.

"Why, it is your own," said he, soothingly; "I took it out of your cabin expressly for you."

"At least, oblige me by eating some yourself, sir," said Helen, "or (with a sudden burst) I will die ere I touch another morsel."

"I feel the threat, Miss Rolleston; but I do not need it, for I am very, very hungry. But no; if I take any, I must divide it all with *them*. But if you will help me unrip the jacket, I will suck the inside—after you."

Helen gazed at him, and wondered at the man, and at the strange love which had so bitterly offended her, when she was surrounded by comforts; but now it extorted her respect.

They unripped the jacket, and found some

moisture left. They sucked it, and it was a wonderful, an incredible relief to their parched gullets.

The next day was a fearful one. Not a cloud in the sky to give hope of rain; the air so light, it only just moved them along; and the sea glared, and the sun beat on the poor wretches, now tortured into madness with hunger and thirst.

The body of man, in this dire extremity, can suffer internal agony as acute as any that can be inflicted on its surface by the knife; and the cries, the screams, the groans, the prayers, the curses, intermingled, that issued from the boat, were not to be distinguished from the cries of men horribly wounded in battle, or writhing under some terrible operation in hospitals.

Oh, it was terrible and piteous to see and hear the boat-load of ghastly victims, with hollow cheeks, and wild-beast eyes, go groaning, cursing, and shrieking loud, upon that fair glassy sea, below that purple vault and glorious sun.

Towards afternoon, the sailors got together, forward, and left Hazel and Miss Rolleston alone in the stern. This gave him an opportunity of speaking to her confidentially. He took advantage of it, and said, "Miss Rolleston, I wish to consult you. Am I justified in secreting the marmalade any longer? There is nearly a spoonful a-piece."

"No," said Helen, "divide it amongst them all. Oh, if I had only a woman beside me, to pray with, and cry with, and die with: for die we must."

"I am not so sure of that," said Hazel, faintly, but with a cool fortitude all his own. "Experience proves that the human body can subsist a prodigious time on very little food: and saturating the clothes with water is, I know, the best way to allay thirst. And women, thank heaven, last longer than men, under privations."

"I shall not last long, sir," said Helen. "Look at their eyes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that those men there are going to kill me."

CHAPTER XX.

HAZEL thought her reason was going; and, instead of looking at the men's eyes, it was hers he examined. But no; the sweet cheek was white, the eyes had a fearful hollow all round them, but, out of that cave, the light hazel eye, preternaturally large, but calm as

ever, looked out, full of fortitude, resignation, and reason.

"Don't look at *me*," said she, quietly; "but take an opportunity and look at *them*. They mean to kill me."

Hazel looked furtively round; and, being enlightened in part by the woman's intelligence, he observed that some of the men were actually glaring at himself and Helen Rolleston, in a dreadful way. There was a remarkable change in their eyes since he looked last. The pupils seemed diminished, the whites enlarged; and, in a word, the characteristics of humanity had, somehow, died out of those bloodshot orbs, and the animal alone shone in them now; the wild beast, driven desperate by hunger.

What he saw, coupled with Helen's positive interpretation of it, was truly sickening.

These men were six, and he but one. They had all clasp knives; and he had only an old penknife that would be sure to double up, or break off, if a blow were dealt with it.

He asked himself, in utter terror, what on earth he should do.

The first thing seemed to be to join the men, and learn their minds: it might also be as well to prevent this secret conference from going further.

He went forward boldly, though sick at heart, and said, "Well, my lads, what is it?"

The men were silent directly, and looked sullenly down, avoiding his eye; yet not ashamed.

In a situation so terrible, the senses are sharpened; and Hazel dissected, in his mind, this sinister look, and saw that Morgan, Prince, and Mackintosh were hostile to him.

But Welch and Cooper he hoped were still friendly.

"Sir," said Fenner, civilly but doggedly, "we are come to this now, that one must die, for the others to live: and the greater part of us are for casting lots all round, and let every man, and every woman too, take their chance. That is fair, Sam, isn't it?"

"It is fair," said Cooper, with a terrible doggedness. "But it is hard," he added.

"Harder that seven should die for one," said Mackintosh. "No, no: one must die for the seven."

Hazel represented, with all the force language possesses, that what they meditated was a crime, the fatal result of which was known by experience.

But they heard in ominous silence.

Hazel went back to Helen Rolleston: and sat down right before her.



[Feb. 15, 1884.]

Once a Week.]

"Well!" said she, with supernatural calmness.

"You were mistaken," said he.

"Then why have you placed yourself between them and me. No; no: their eyes have told me they have singled me out. But what does it matter? We poor creatures are all to die; and that one is the happiest that dies first, and dies unstained by such a crime. *I heard every word you said, sir!*"

Hazel cast a piteous look on her, and, finding he could no longer deceive her as to their danger, and being weakened by famine, fell to trembling and crying.

Helen Rolleston looked at him with calm and gentle pity. For a moment, the patient fortitude of a woman made her a brave man's superior.

Night came, and, for the first time, Hazel claimed two portions of the rum; one for himself, and one for Miss Rolleston.

He then returned aft, and took the helm. He loosened it, so as to be ready to unship it in a moment, and use it as a weapon.

The men huddled together forward; and it was easy to see that the boat was now divided into two hostile camps.

Hazel sat quaking, with his hand on the helm, fearing an attack every moment.

Both he and Helen listened acutely, and about three o'clock in the morning, a new incident occurred, of a terrible nature.

Mackintosh was heard to say "Serve out the rum, no allowance," and the demand was instantly complied with by Morgan.

Then Hazel touched Miss Rolleston on the shoulder, and insisted on her taking half what was left of the marmalade: and he took the other half. The time was gone by for economy: what they wanted now was strength, in case the wild beasts, maddened by drink, as well as hunger, should attack them.

Already the liquor had begun to tell, and wild hallos and yells, and even fragments of ghastly songs, mingled with the groans of misery, in the doomed boat.

At sunrise there was a great swell upon the water, with sharp gusts at intervals; and on the horizon, to windward, might be observed a black spot in the sky, no bigger than a fly. But none saw that; Hazel's eye never left the raving wretches in the forepart of the boat; Cooper and Welch sat in gloomy despair amidships; and the others were huddled together forward, encouraging each other to a desperate act.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, Helen Rolleston awoke from a brief doze, and

said, "Mr. Hazel, I have had a strange dream. I dreamed there was food, and plenty of it, on the outside of this boat."

While these strange words were yet in her mouth, three of the sailors suddenly rose up with their knives drawn, and eyes full of murder, and staggered aft as fast as their enfeebled bodies could.

Hazel uttered a loud cry, "Welch! Cooper! will you see us butchered?" and rose to his feet.

Cooper put out his arm to stop Mackintosh, but was too late. He did stop Morgan, however, and said, "Come, none of that; no foul play!"

Irritated by this unexpected resistance, and maddened by drink, Morgan turned on Cooper and stabbed him; he sank down with a groan, on this Welch gave Morgan a fearful gash, dividing his jugular, and was stabbed, in return, by Prince, but not severely: these two grappled and rolled over one another, stabbing and cursing at the bottom of the boat; meantime, Hazel had unshipped the helm, and Mackintosh was received by him with a point blank thrust in the face from it that staggered him, though a very powerful man, and drove him backwards against the mast; but, in delivering this thrust, Hazel's foot slipped, and he fell with great violence on his head and arm; Mackintosh recovered himself, and sprang upon the stern thwart with his knife up and gleaming over Helen Rolleston. Hazel writhed round where he lay, and struck him desperately on the knee with the helm. The poor woman knew only how to suffer; she cowered a little, and put up two feeble hands.

The knife descended.

But not upon that cowering figure.

CONCERNING FLOWERS.

THE other day, as I was reading Jeremy Taylor's *Rule of Holy Dying* (I am an old woman, and old books please me best), I was peculiarly impressed by that part where he advises the sick man to return especial, and, as far as might be, public thanks for his especial blessings, enforcing his precept by the examples of Cyrus, Philagrius, Antipater Tarsenis, and other worthies. I smiled at the quaint particularity of the passage; but it set my memory running backwards along the web of my life, and numbering the gold threads that were woven into it (black enough some of them had looked in the weaving). Of them all, there was none that looked so bright to me as that I was

once a child. This may seem rather a common than a peculiar blessing; but not such is my view of it. That I was a child, in my sense of the word, implies that I was healthy in mind and body; that I had brothers and sisters, and that I lived in the country. Also that I was not dragged up, nor brought up, but that, in Topsy's phrase, "I grewed." I am not sure that I am much better for it now. Still, letting children alone, to grow up freely in a healthy atmosphere, has one advantage, that their ideas of this old world, which to them is so marvelously new, are the graceful fantasies of their own fresh minds, and not ugly, dwarfish mimics of what we grown people are pleased to call our wisdom and experience.

I do not know whether our elders and betters held this doctrine in theory, or whether they acted on it because they had work and duties in the world that prevented them from giving us what is called a careful education: in any case, the benefit was ours. Our clothes were not of a sort easily spoiled. If we were late for any meal, we knew our way to the low pantry-shelf, where a brown loaf and a jug of milk were permanent institutions for our benefit; and after our lessons and prayers, both of the shortest, were said, the world was all before us—all the world that we wished for—the beautiful world of L——, in Ireland, with its green hills, through which here and there the grey old granite peeped; with its lonely moors, and with its sheltered valleys, which summer loved. L—— must have been very rich in wild flowers and plants of all sorts, for there are very few, and these of the rarest kinds, that I ever remember to have regarded as new to me, except, indeed, ferns. When I first became intimately acquainted with these, which was long after I had left L——, I was vexed to think that I could have been so blind to their varied beauty; but when I next went there and searched, I could find scarcely any but common brakes. These I knew well. Often I had sat among them on the hill-side, and fancied myself in a palm forest. It was one to me, as truly as the pools which the rain left on the moors among the hills were lonely mountain meres, like those I read of. And now, when I am going to write about flowers, I naturally think of my childhood and of the flowerland to which childhood properly belongs. As children we revelled in flowers, and much of one's later love for flowers depends on youthful associations which they recal. A flower while it lasts is itself a child.

If L—— had a speciality in flowers, it was

primroses—primroses of all colours; crimson, rose, purple, lilac, brownish, and snow-white. As for the common pale yellow ones, they were so abundant that, by us children, they were no more accounted of than silver was in Jerusalem in the days of Solomon. And yet, though we did not, to be sure, account them quite so grand as the others, I think we loved them best of all (but we loved all well); and even in early spring, when they were still novelties to us, we would not pull all the blossomed ones of a tuft, lest the young buds might feel lonely and unprotected; for primroses, though they do not hide themselves away under their leaves as some flowers do, are modest and faint-hearted. Shakespeare, who knew everything, knew this, for he speaks of

Pale primroses, that die unmarried.

What would children do if there were no daisies? Why, then there might be times without any flowers: a thing which can never be while we have

The constellated flower that never sets.

When the Irish wish each other a Happy New Year, along with the wish they present a daisy (the custom, I am sorry to say, is dying out); and, all the spring and summer, our uplands are ashine with their rosy snow. Farmers are not of the opinion, but it was a firm article of our faith that cows are fond of daisies; and when we pulled them, if a cow passed, we gathered our pinafores up tightly so that she might not see how we were robbing her. Daisies were very useful to us; with them we carpeted our baby-houses; we strung them into necklaces (silver these were, dandelions made gold ones); and we revelled them asunder to make food for our dolls, sometimes strewing over it the petals of the red garden daisy. Even without this condiment it was a dainty dish, and one that they were very fond of—and with it there was no fear of their clothes being spoiled, as often happened when such things as raspberries and cream, and sugared bread and butter were served at their table. But their favourite dish was a sort of cake made of the soft part of haws pressed into shape and dried on the window-stool of the nursery.

Here are blue flowers: speedwell, wild hyacinths, and forget-me-not. Do you remember what Alphonse Karr says of blue flowers? That they are morsels of the sky, too precious for many of them to be set in the rich man's garden, but given freely to the poor.

The next flower is bright golden yellow—

and it has many names : kingcups, baffleers, goldy locks, buttercups, and crow-foot. I wonder can it be the "tufted crow-toe" of which Milton sings? It does not seem fit strewnment for the "laureate hearse" of Lycidas. Children, in my time, used to hold buttercups under each other's chins, and the child upon whose skin they cast the brightest reflection was held to be fondest of butter. And it may have been so; at least, that great authority upon the diet of children, Mr. Wackford Squeers, used to feed his son on greasy tarts to make his skin shiny.

We used to be greatly delighted with the leaves of living green which the woodbine puts out in the latter end of winter; but I do not think we cared much for its graceful blossoms and delicious fragrance; nor have I ever known children who did. I suppose it speaks a language of which they are ignorant. Mezereon, however, is a veritable child's darling; all flowers, that do not give the busy presumptuous little fingers the trouble of pulling off the leaves. It has a delicate perfume, so subtle, that after it has been once inhaled, the nerves of smell must rest before it can be again perceived. The likes and dislikes, however, which we feel towards flowers, are almost as capricious as those we have towards people. Looks and intrinsic qualities have a good deal to do in both cases; but not all nor half.

There, for instance, are the brother and sister, broom and furze. Furze, which is also known under the names of gorse and whin, is certainly the handsomer; it even has the stronger individuality; but who does not love broom better? It blossoms in a hundred songs, while furze, with all its beauty, is mentioned with slight regard;

The blossomed furze unprofitably gay.

The only exceptional instance of regard for it that I remember, is the anecdote told of Linnæus falling on his knees before its beauty. Nor is this because it is more common than the broom. Long ago both were equally common; but modern agriculture has overrun the rich low countries where broom thrives best; while it has neglected the barren hills where furze grows. One cannot help pitying the poor flowers that we have dispossessed from their homes (it is of no use to try, even an old woman cannot keep away from the subject of tenant right if she be Irish). Many a plant that old herbals say "groweth plentifully on waste places throughout this land," can now only be found by diligent search.

Broom has not been treated so badly as some others, nevertheless many of the places where waved

the broom groves
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass lorn,

and from whence Ceres was called to bless the betrothal on the Enchanted Isle, have long since been sown with wheat and barley;—the plough and the harrow have torn up the tract of country through which fair Ellen's cruel lover rode,

(She all the live-long summer day
Ran bare-foot through the broom,
Yet did he never to her say,
"Ellen, put on your shoon;")

and there is a roaring town, or a trim railway, or a flourishing crop of mangel wurzel in the "bonnie broom field" where the lady

found the knight asleep,
His bound by his side, his hawk on his hand,
As he lay in the broom so deep.

Its chief dwelling now is in cottage gardens, where it is sown to make besoms; yet still around it cling stately reminiscences of the time when through the humility of a royal race it became a badge of honour; and humbler, dearer memories of the time when the theme that ran through many a song was summed up in the burden of one—

Low down in the broom he is waiting for me.

Wordsworth is rather hard on botanists, when he says that they "murder to dissect;" but read this description of the Foxglove:—"Foxglove hath many long and broad leaves lying on the ground, dented on the edges, a little soft or woolly, and of a hoary green colour. Among them rise up, sometimes, sundry stalks, but more often one bearing like leaves from the bottom to the middle; from whence to the top it is stored with large and long hollow reddish-purplish flowers, a little more long and imminent at the lower edge with some white spots within them. It hath small green leaves at each joint. Its flowers rise one above another, turning their heads one way, and hanging downwards; having some threads in their middles, from whence also arise small round heads wherein lie brown seeds." There is a portrait; done before it was the fashion to define flowers in polysyllables instead of describing them in plain English. The only verse that I remember about foxglove happens also to be the first verse that ever I read; it made a deep impression on my mind, enhanced as

its native beauty was by the sister art of painting.

'Tis the foxglove that Tom stays to pop,
Though his mother has sent him for bread to the shop.

I saw Tom last summer, and I knew his red cheeks, curly head, and round blue eyes at once, though it was so long since I had seen his picture; and though the jacket and trousers that used to look so smart were as wofully dilapidated as the foxglove that he was popping (for Tom had not mended his ways) he still loitered on his way to the shop where shortly after I heard him asking, in a sing-song tone, and without the ghost of a stop, for "A ha'porth o' bread and a ha'porth o' butther a ha'porth o' tay and a ha'porth o' sugar the worth of two eggs in tobacky and a long pipe for my mammy." I will only add about foxglove, that the name is a corruption of Folk's, that is, fairy's glove.

What a prosaic mind it must have been which gave the name of bind-weed to that pure proud maiden, the wild convolvulus. Of all wild flowers surely it is the least of a weed. But sweet-briar is as well named as if it had a fairy godmother; for it is a briar, though most sweet. We cannot make it double or alter it in any way from its native wildness; while for a name to wear "o' Sundays" it has that most musical of words—*eglantine*. The daffodil is another flower happy in a name. How well it can be linked into verse poets know very well; (who could sing of *Erysimum Peroffskianum*, or *Schysopetatum Walkerii*) while children, who love it even better than poets do, call it by the pet name of daffy-down-dilly. Our English pet names are, in general, short; with few of them do we dally as with this; loth to let the sound leave our lips. We used to make dolls of daffodils by breaking the stalks off short, and drawing the withered flower-sheath over the end of it in the manner of a hood, and looping up the outer row of petals with thorns, as skirts are looped now. Then we said, "We'll fortend she has arms," and the thing was done. They did well enough to act as supernumeraries in plays where a school, a ball-room, or the like was represented.

On white lilies children gaze with delight and astonishment; scarcely daring to love the bright wonders. Lily of the Nile is not a flower at all. It is a spirit.

What a grand sweeping style had Thomson to paint a spring orchard in ten words:

One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms.

Very fortunate we thought it that crab

blossoms, which it was no harm to pull, were the same as apple blossoms. Once we made a pie of crabs, than which no acid that chemist ever made was sourer. I still refresh myself by thinking of it when I have to listen to over-sweet talk. But raw crabs, some of them, were not so bad. They grew plentifully at L—, as did also whorts, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and nuts; the few luxuries of the poor man's child,

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat of the lean
Instead of the fat of earth.

I wonder, does anything make children happier than pulling tulips does? It gratifies at once the love of beauty and of property; and, besides, yields the dear destructive delight which children feel when their fingers snap the brittle stalk.

I have always admired poppies, as well the bright scarlet ones that grow in corn (sore eyes we called them), as the various-coloured cultivated sorts that are so anxious to become wild that they soon become troublesome weeds in a garden. And they are not vulgar, how could they be?—those wondrous flowers, one of whom is the mother of the mystic deluding joys—the terrible evils—the merciful reliefs to pain—the healing influences that are summed up in the word *Opium*! The opium poppy itself I never saw; I have heard that it has an ugly dull flower, as indeed have most poisonous plants. Crabbe photographs a couple of them for us:—

Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green
And pencil'd flower of sickly hue is seen.

Aconite, however, is an exception; I don't know how it ever came to be blue. But it does not call itself in the garden by this baleful name. There it is known as monkshood, granny's night-cap, and *Venus's* carriage drawn by doves. This last phenomenon may be seen by carefully taking off the top part of the corolla. Another bird-flower, as its name denotes, is the columbine, the single species of which is just like a brood of young birds, balancing themselves with outstretched wings on the edge of a nest; but I never could think them doves. Every child knows that there are never more than two young doves at a time in a nest; and every Irish child has heard the old bird, like Rachel weeping for her children, mourning over her empty nest.

Phyllareen [*i.e.* the wren] had fifteen,
And I only poor two-oo-oo.
All gone! all gone! What shall I do-oo-oo?

There was an old garden at L——, where flowers, vegetables, and weeds, grew luxuriantly, the flowers having decidedly the upper hand, scorning to be confined within their own domains, and having colonies here, there, and everywhere amongst the territories of their rivals. There were rows of yew-trees, so old that some of them had died of age; hedges of spicy balm and lavender; trees of laburnum, lilac, bay-tree, arbutus, laurel, guelder-rose; every sort of old-fashioned shrub; long turf sofas, from which the sun dried the morning dews, and upon which, when he “down heaven’s descent did slope with westering wheel,” rested cool, soft shadows. The flower-garden itself was a wonder, especially when, in the cool, crisp early mornings of June, the level shining beams of the low sun showed its dark brown walks, its green plots, and its knots of high-heaped flowers, with something of the same effect of light that the foot-lights throw upon the stage. Forgive me, well-beloved garden, for this comparison, and take these lines of Hood’s as an atonement.

’Twas like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light was made of many dyes,
The air was all perfume.
There were crimson buds, and white and blue,
The very rainbow showers
Had turned to blossoms as they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

I have seen grander, and neater gardens, but I never saw one from which such quantities of flowers could be taken without ever being missed as from the garden at L——. There were fruit-trees, but we children seldom allowed any fruit to ripen, except raspberries, which ought to be great favourites with mothers, seeing that they cannot be eaten green. I wonder that any of us are alive to tell the tale of all the trash that we ate; yet I do not remember its doing any of us the least harm.

Part of the garden was our own to do as we chose with; and very strange things we sometimes chose to do. Yet it looked pretty enough sometimes, when our gardens were newly done up, the fantastic borders of shells and pebbles arranged afresh and the whole thickly stuck with gathered flowers. Our own plants were removed too often to blossom. Leaves were as much as they could afford; nor did our seeds often come up, though we looked for them every day, and uncovered them to see how they were getting on. I remember being greatly annoyed with the obstinacy of some beans, which were big enough surely to have known better; but

which, no matter how often I turned them, persisted in sending both stalk and rootlet in what I thought absurd directions. The garden at our part was fenced by a thorn hedge, at the other side of which was a deep trench of water. Many were our contrivances to draw water from it without the trouble of going round, and many a drenching our gardens got in consequence; but it is not true that I was once seen watering mine with an umbrella held over my head. I know it is said of me; but it was not the case. The umbrella was resting against a tree; for I did not begin until the shower was quite over.

Even in our own opinions we were “no great dabs” at drawing and painting; but of course we made pictures of flowers in our scrap-books, which, when our paint-boxes were empty, we coloured by rubbing flowers on them, never becoming reconciled to the fact that flowers do not give their own colours; a pink rose, for example, giving pale purple; and a brown wall-flower, yellow. The nature-printing of leaves we managed better. We held oiled paper over a candle until it was black, and then pressed the leaf that was to be copied, first on the black prepared paper, and then on white. We used to press flowers in books (such flowers as auriculas and pansies whole, and the petals of such as anemone and flower-de-luce) to look at on Sunday evenings in winter; there was nothing to prevent our doing so at other times, but we never did it. A summer amusement was to arrange small flowers and parts of flowers in a kind of mosaic on a piece of glass, which we sealed up in strong paper, afterwards cutting the paper in such a way that it opened like a miniature-case. We tried to make garlands, but they always fell asunder from their own weight; and we were very clever at dressing may-bushes. Fortunately for our friends, we did not know that many flowers, when held over the fumes of sulphur, change their colours. Yet it was a pity, it improves some of them so much, dahlias especially.

My old fingers are beginning to ache from holding the pen so long, and yet I have said nothing of violets or pinks; of meadow sweet, wild thyme, narcissus, heather, sundew, marsh mallows, rock rose, orchis, sweet-williams, or gillyflowers; nor even of crocuses and snowdrops; but there is one flower more of which I must speak. It did not grow at L——. For a long time, as children count time, I did not even know that there was such a flower; not until a little girl, a new acquaintance of ours, sent one of my sisters a present of a little glass box, a pretty toy; and it was nearly full of the

petals of flowers ; chiefly the regal velvet of the purple garden flag, and the gorgeous satin of the crimson peony ; but on the top, lying on the soft green of their own leaves, were the pure lovely bells of the lily of the valley. I saw it through the box ; but until M. raised the lid, (she would not trust it out of her own hand,) I could hardly be said to see it. No scented flower can be properly seen unless it be at the same time smelled, much less lily of the valley ; whose beauty and whose fragrance more than those of any other flower interpenetrate each other and exalt each other to the topmost pitch of perfection.

It was another pleasure when I saw it growing ; and ruffled with my fingers the leaves under which it hid ; but my first love is for the time that I saw it first.

The naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.

THE ONLY CONQUEST OF KÖNIGSTEIN.

IN the autumn of 1848 I visited Saxon Switzerland, and of course I did not omit to ascend the famous Königstein. My guide was telling me about the various prisoners who had passed long years of captivity within the walls, when we found ourselves on the spot where the notorious alchemist Klettenburg paid with his life for having deceived his prince.

"And here is also the place, where, in March last, the chimney sweeper got into the fortress," said my guide.

On hearing this I eagerly stepped to the breastwork, and gazed down into the valley below ; then, turning to the guide, said, "But how is this possible ? How could anyone clamber up this steep rock ?"

"Well, sir, it appeared incredible to us," answered the man, "but, nevertheless, it is a fact. Look, there in that cleft he managed to climb up, and after resting himself on the crag you see just below the breastwork, he got safely in. And he did all this in full daylight."

Again I looked below, and the sight made my blood run cold. We were on the east side, facing the village of Königstein and the Elbe, where the precipice is about 400 feet high, and then rocks less steep form the base of the mountain, giving the fortress a total elevation of 1400 feet. As I looked at the wall of rock, it was difficult to believe that anyone really could have performed the feat.

Ten years later, on my road from Prague, I was steaming down the river towards the Saxon capital, and as Königstein came in view I thought of the chimney-sweeper's extraordinary ascent. I stepped to the side of the vessel, and measured with my eye the enormous height of the rock. A young man was standing near me, and as he seemed to be looking with interest at the fortress, I turned to him, and asked him whether he thought it within the bounds of possibility that anyone could get up that rock except by the usual path ?

"Why shouldn't he ?" replied the young man. "Ten years ago, I myself had a try at it."

Astonished at this, I examined my companion more closely. His figure was small, but powerfully built, and he appeared to me about thirty years of age. At first I thought he could not have understood what I was speaking about, and I explained that I meant the rock of Königstein, but he quickly said,—

"Yes, I know ; and, from where we are now, I can show you the cleft in which I climbed up."

"Which you climbed up !" I stammered. "Do you mean to say, then, that you were the very chimney-sweeper, who—"

"Indeed, I am the very man," smiled my companion, "and if you would like to hear all about it, I shall have great pleasure in telling you."

Of course I gratefully accepted the offer ; so drawing our deck-stools together, we lighted fresh cigars, and he began the story :—

"I don't think I need tell you much about my apprentice and journeymanhood, for all chimney sweepers are wild and venturesome young rascals ; so suffice it to say, that I was one of the wildest and surpassed all my companions in fool-hardy tricks. I always pleased my masters as far as doing my work went ; but my mad pranks had a different effect, and consequently I never remained long in one place. It happened then in 1848, when about eighteen years old, that I was out of employment. My parents had lately died, and I found that if I did not wish to starve, I should have to look out quickly for fresh work. Just then the Saxon-Bohemian Railway was being made, and I was lucky enough to get engaged on the line near the village of Königstein.

"I arrived on the Saturday, quite penniless, and as my work was only to begin on the Monday, I had no idea how to exist in the meantime. After much trouble, however, I managed to arrange with the innkeeper, in consideration of my giving my passport into his

keeping, for a shake-down in the stable, and something to eat for supper. When I awoke next morning the bells were already ringing for church. My first thoughts were how I was to get the day over. Into the inn parlour I dared not go, for I had nothing to pay with, so I sauntered out into the open air to see what the country was like.

Before me stood the majestic fortress, which of course immediately attracted my attention, and I started off towards it. I asked some people whom I met whether I could go into the fortress, and the answer was that if I had a friend inside I might, but if not, I must pay a thaler admission. But I had neither one nor the other, so contenting myself with the view of the exterior, I turned from the path and wandered up the lower part of the rock. After some time I found myself on what they call the patrol's walk, which runs round the foot of the deep sand-stone rock, on which the fortress itself is built. As you may see from here, it is the east side, and the steepest part of the rock.

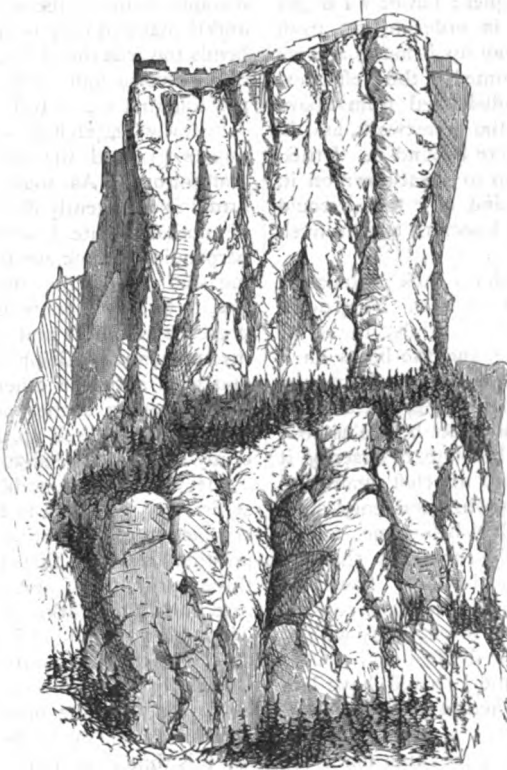
"I stood and looked up at the wall of rock above me, and whilst so doing, a conversation that had taken place during my apprenticeship between my master and an assistant occurred to my mind. They were talking about Königstein, and the assistant said that, in his opinion, it was possible to get into the fortress without going the usual road through the gateways. I remembered how my master quietly shook his head, for no doubt such a thing was incredible to him, whilst I listened wondering. But now here I was at the foot of the rock and looking up the very clefts and fissures of which our assistant had spoken. As quick as lightning the thought occurred to me to climb up the

rock myself; and besides, I reasoned, it might be the means of getting me out of all my embarrassments, because after I got up I should get admired for my achievement, and they would no doubt give me something to eat, and perhaps even money in reward for my daring. And it also struck me that I might possibly

meet my brother up there, as he had gone for a soldier some time ago.

"Without further delay, then, I prepared for the ascent. I looked carefully up at the fissures in the rock; only one went quite up to the top. I noticed it was bridged over by the breastwork; but this seemed so small, that I thought, once there, I could easily spring over the wall. My boots would, of course, impede me in climbing; so I took them off and hung them round my neck, letting them fall on my breast. My stick I left leaning against the rock, and then I got into the cleft and began to climb up as if I was in a chimney.

"I do not know, sir, whether you have ever seen a chimney-sweeper climb. We make use, principally, of the knees, pressing them against one side of the wall and our backs firmly against the other side; and so we shove ourselves up the chimney. The hands have to hold the brush, so we hardly make any use of them in climbing. In this way I got on famously. The cleft was, on an average perhaps, about one yard wide; but sometimes it got very much narrower, and sometimes it widened to one and a half yards in width. Before and behind me was rock, on the left was the Elbe, and on the right the inside of the cleft, which was gradually growing narrower as I got higher. I had to keep as near as possible to the outside of the fissure, for further in it was too wet and slippery.



"As yet I was not in the slightest degree tired; and as I went on at a quick pace, I had got a considerable way up when it struck ten in the little town below. Here and there shrubs were growing in my way, particularly little gooseberry bushes; but being only superficially fixed on the rock, they gave way at the slightest endeavour to hold on by them. I still continued mounting higher and higher; but now I began to have to stop often, in order to get fresh strength. About half-way up I found a large block of sand-stone jammed in the cleft, most probably having been dislodged from above during the building of the breastwork, and in its fall it had stuck where I found it. I tried if it was firm, stepped on to it, sat down on it, but it did not move; and now that I could comfortably rest myself, I seemed to gain fresh strength.

"There I was now with my back to the rock, and enjoying the magnificent view. Deep down below lay the little town; whilst the Elbe glistened in the sunshine, and the boats on it looked like nutshells. Opposite to me rose the Lilienstein; but I am forgetting, sir, that we have almost the same prospect before us now, and what need have I, therefore, to describe it to you? Well, I got into my cleft again and was steadily climbing on, when suddenly something cracked in the cleft below me, and it seemed as if the whole rock was shaking. Horror-stricken, I stopped short. The rock, which had so opportunely afforded me a resting-place, evidently loosened through my weight, had fallen crashing to the depth below. Only a few minutes sooner, and I should have lain there at the bottom, smashed to pieces. A cold shudder ran through me as I gazed down. Don't think, sir, however, that this made me nervous; for chimney-sweepers are used to unforeseen dangers, and fear is only known to us by name.

"Again I applied myself energetically to my work, and, in spite of the rocky cleft being in some places almost too wide and in others almost too narrow, I still kept rising; but the time began to appear very long to me, and it seemed as if I had been days sticking in this miserable place. If I should become giddy! If I should slip out of the cleft, I am irrecoverably lost! I look up above me to see if I am near the top, but there is a turn in the rock and I cannot ascertain. A feverish impulse urges me on. Higher! higher! The cleft gets wider and wider, and now I must stop, for I cannot stretch across it. I look upwards once more, and, to my great joy, see the breastwork; but what appeared so insignificant from below,

I find now to be a formidable arch spanning my cleft and presenting an apparently insurmountable barrier. What am I to do now? I feel a cold perspiration cover me as death looks up from the frightful depth below. Once more I nerve myself; I climb as far as possible round to the outward side of the cleft, to see if there can be any possibility of escape. A short distance from me there is a projecting ledge, and if that can only be reached! The ledge bends towards the cleft, and the narrow points of it seem to come within half a yard. Is it possible that this is to be my rescue?

"Slowly I stretched out my hands, and my fingers grasped the point of the rock like cramp-irons. As soon as I had my hands firmly fixed, I gently drew my body round, and, in another minute, I was hanging against the perpendicular rock 400 feet high, and depending entirely on the strength of my fingers. But, in this awful moment, I did not lose my presence of mind, and I knew that I was at my last chance. Gripping first with one hand and then with the other, and then with bent arms creeping further on, I gained my point. Then raising myself up, I put the upper part of my body on the ledge, and I was saved.

"It was a considerable time before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to think of the completion of my journey. On examining my position, I found that the ledge was about three yards wide, and immediately above it rose the breastwork, about four yards high. This wall was built of large sand-stone blocks set together with mortar, but the wind and weather had, in the course of years, considerably worn away the mortar from between the stones. I hung my boots round my neck again, but this time in such a way that they rested on my back; then inserting my fingers in the spaces left by the mortar, and sticking my toes in below, I raised myself up the wall. The two top stones were quite smooth, and so inclined that they resembled a roof, but between these luckily I found a crevice large enough for me to stick my hand in. I tried first to creep through one of the embrasures for the cannon; but finding this built of smooth stones, I had to decide to get over the higher part of the castellated battlements.

"With my right hand grasped firmly in a crevice, I swung out my left to try to lay hold of the corner. I was successful; my left hand fastened like a vice on the top corner, and then with the help of my right I raised my body, and—gazed into the very inside of the fortress. Opposite me stood a house; behind that some trees, and right and left the sentinels, who were

pacing in my direction. In a moment I crouched down, with my head below the parapet, and the sentinels paced back again without noticing me.

"As I was clinging in this way, like a shadow to the wall, holding myself up to the battlements by my arms, the clock below in the town struck twelve. All at once a fit of trembling seized me. We chimney-sweepers know too well, sir, what that means. All one's strength seems suddenly to go; the brain whirls, the hands and feet are drawn up together, as with the cramp, and the next moment down you crash. I felt it was now or never, and giving a tremendous spring, I dropped over into the fortress. At the same moment a fearful pain shot through me. An iron spike on which I must have jumped had penetrated between the little toes of my right foot, and torn the half of them off. The loss of blood put the finishing stroke to my strength, and, completely exhausted, I sank on the path.

"In a little time the sentinel noticed me; and I have no doubt my peculiar dress, made up out of an old soldier's coat, black trousers, and a velvet cap, appeared suspicious to him, for he immediately saluted me with 'Who goes there?' 'Sebastian Abratsky, from Mahlis,' I replied. 'How did you come here?' 'Up there.' This seemed to amuse the soldier; but as he observed my whole appearance, with my wounded foot and the blood, he became serious and said he must arrest me. This was out of my reckoning and I wanted to climb down the rock again, but of course I was prevented by my captor, and I had to resign myself to my fate. The sentinel shouted to his comrade, telling him the extraordinary event, and then came the patrol, and by chance also the adjutant, and so I was marched to the guard-house, the officer in front, then I with naked feet and my boots on my back, and behind me the guard.

"I was almost in the last stage of exhaustion, and so hungry that I seemed to have only one wish, and that was to get something to eat. I mistook the officer in front of me for the commandant of the fortress, on account of his cocked hat, and I thought he could gratify my fearful longing; but he gave no answer to my entreaties. We soon arrived at the guard-house, where the news of my daring adventure had preceded me, and crowds of soldiers were there to stare at the plucky chimney-sweeper. Presently the commandant appeared, and after a preliminary report, I was taken off to the prison called the Moor's Chamber, which is, however, better than one would imagine from the name.

"Meantime my prayers for something to eat had not remained unanswered, and I need not tell you that I did not leave much of what they brought me. However, my dessert was terribly spoilt, for the door opened, and an officer entered, accompanied by a corporal and gaoler, and I was chained hand and foot. In vain I assured them of my harmlessness; I cried and prayed, but it was of no use. The door shut again, and I was alone with my chains and my anything but pleasant thoughts. What was to come of all this? My heart sank at the thought of the future. I raised my hand, the chain rattled. On looking closer at the rings, I saw they were so made that they could easily be slipped off. At this my pride was aroused. 'If I am to wear fetters,' thought I, 'at least they shall be such that oppress me.' I called to the gaoler, and he soon brought another chain.

"The next morning, driven by the tediousness of my confinement, I was again examining my fetters, when I noticed that the lock was what they call a German lock; and with the help of a bent nail I succeeded in forcing it open; then, to the astonishment of the sentinel outside, I suddenly acquainted him that I had succeeded in freeing myself. In a minute, however, the sergeant of the guard appeared with another chain, and I was bound for the third time.

"In the meanwhile, a court-martial had assembled, and I was summoned to appear before it. By order of the president, my chains were at once struck off. I then had to undergo a strict examination. I was very composed, and told the officers quietly all that I have told you. At first it was feared there was some danger about, as no one would believe I had risked my life for so small a purpose; by-and-by, however, my innocence and harmlessness became apparent to all, and I was ordered to be conducted back to my quarters unfettered. I was now treated kindly, and they bandaged my wounded foot.

"Ten days after my arrest a patrol appeared at my door, and as they led me out, I found the commandant outside with the adjutant and the head mason. I had to indicate precisely the spot where I had entered the fortress, and then we descended the hill by the usual road, and I had to show them the cleft in the rock up which I had clambered. Whilst doing this, I offered to undertake the same journey again, but they informed me that one attempt was enough for them. I was then conducted back to my prison. The next day I was again brought before the court, and formally set at liberty, with the information, however, that I

should have to betake myself to my native place. I was to look upon the confinement, which had now lasted twelve days, as a punishment for my audacity. Some compassionate persons had, meanwhile, collected a sum of money to serve for my journey. The sergeant then conducted me to the gate, gave me my passport, and I was once more a free man.

"You may imagine what a pleasant time my homeward journey was ; and it was also very profitable, for wherever I went I had to relate my adventure, after which something handsome was always collected for me.

"And now, in conclusion, I must prove to you that I am in reality that very chimney-sweeper."

With these words my companion took a passport out of his pocket-book, and I read the following :—

"The bearer of this, John Frederick Sebastian Abratsky, who has lain here in arrest from the 19th inst. till to-day, on account of unauthorised entrance, is, after due investigation, directed to return to his home at Mahlis, *vid* Dresden and Wilsdruff.

"Fortress Königstein. 31st March, 1848.
"The Court-martial Royal in the said fortress."

I took a copy of this interesting document, and gave him the passport back, which, I noticed, he carefully placed again in his pocket-book. Just then the steamer arrived at Pilitz, and I had to take leave of the daring climber.

"A happy journey to you, sir," he called out from the bank, and in a few seconds he was out of sight.

STARLIGHT.

IN all lectures on astronomy the velocity of light forms a prominent subject of discourse. Lecturers have various methods by which they attempt to convey to the minds of their hearers some idea of the astonishing distance of the heavenly bodies from the world in which we live. The mere mention of the number of miles as expressed in words, or shown in figures, is powerless to convey to the mind any idea of the distance of the fixed stars. What imagination, for instance, can conceive twenty billions of miles, which, according to Sir John Herschel, must be at least the distance of the nearest fixed star? As for representing in miles the distance of the remotest star seen through a telescope, the task would be still more hopeless. Generally, therefore, astronomers have recourse to some familiar simile,

such as the time it would take a cannon-ball to reach us if fired from the star mentioned, supposing the ball to continue its course at the same speed as when it left the cannon's mouth, or the time an express train travelling at sixty miles an hour would take to traverse the distance. But light, which is known to travel at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, or about twelve million miles in a minute, is the agent most commonly used for illustration. We are told that the light of the sun, which is about 95 millions of miles distant from us, takes rather more than eight minutes to reach the earth ; and that some slight idea of the distance of the nearest fixed star may be gathered from the fact that the light from that remote orb has been travelling onwards for upwards of three years before it reaches us, in other words, that if on any clear night we look at Sirius (which is one of the nearest fixed stars) the light which then strikes upon our eye, left that star more than three years ago ! On the same principle the light of one of the telescopic stars, so called because invisible without the aid of a telescope—a star, for instance, in the Milky Way—must have occupied upwards of *two thousand years* in travelling over the distance which separates it from our own system ; so that when we observe the place and note the appearance of such a star, we are only reading its history of two thousand years anterior date, thus wonderfully recorded.

Up to about two centuries ago it was supposed that the motion of light was instantaneous. The manner in which this supposition was proved to be erroneous is most interesting, and may be read in any good work on astronomy. It is sufficient here to say that the discovery was made by Roemer, a Danish astronomer, and that the eclipses of Jupiter's moons first suggested the idea of the motion of light ; this was subsequently proved in the most unequivocal manner by Dr. Bradley, the discoverer of the aberration of light.

Some five or six years back, the writer of this paper resolved to devote a portion of his leisure time to the study of astronomy. His knowledge of mathematics was, unfortunately, very limited, and he had in consequence many difficulties to contend with ; but he determined at all events to make himself acquainted with the names and motions of the heavenly bodies, and all about them, so far as lay in his power. He procured a few good works on astronomy, and a celestial globe ; and set to work to read. After mastering the rudiments of the science, one of the first things that puzzled him beyond measure, was this very question of light and its

motion. He thinks it likely that the question has puzzled amateur astronomers before, and there may perchance at this moment be some who are similarly puzzled. If these lines should meet the eye of any one such reader, and the writer should be the means of conveying to his mind a solution of the puzzle, it will afford him great satisfaction. The statement concerning the motion and velocity of light is one the truth of which he never doubted, and this led him on to reason in the following manner.

The light from the star Sirius has been upwards of three years in reaching the earth, travelling at the rate of twelve million miles a minute. How is it that we do not now and then see some new star or stars whose light has been travelling on towards us at this rate for centuries? The more the writer thought about this matter, the more puzzled he became. He tried to gain information from the books at his command, but there was not one that entered minutely into the subject; on the contrary, the more books he consulted, the less he became enlightened. What, for instance, was he to understand from the following, which he read in Arago's *Astronomy*? (Vol. I. p. 228; edited by Admiral Smyth)—“Does the number of the stars sensibly increase from year to year, either because new stars are in the course of forming, or because the light of the most remote has not had time to arrive at the earth since the beginning of Creation?” Or what from the following (Ferguson's *Astronomy*, London, 1757, p. 2)?—“By the help of telescopes we discover thousands of stars which are invisible to the naked eye, and the better our glasses are, still the more become visible; so that we can set no limits either to their number or distances. The celebrated Huygens carries his thoughts so far as to believe it not impossible that there may be stars at such inconceivable distances, that their light has not yet reached the earth since its creation, although the velocity of light be a million of times greater than the velocity of a cannon bullet.”

The earliest trustworthy catalogue of the stars that has come down to us is that compiled by Hipparchus, the astronomer of Rhodes, who lived about a century and a half before the Christian era: and it is here curious to note that this astronomer was induced to number and catalogue the stars, in consequence of the sudden appearance in the heavens of a new star, never before seen by him, in the year 125, B.C. If we compare the most modern catalogue of the fixed stars, as seen with the naked eye, with that of the catalogue of Hipparchus, we

shall find that they are almost precisely the same. Some few stars are certainly missing; but Sir J. Herschel informs us that these losses have arisen, in the great majority of instances, from mistaken entries, and in some, from planets having been mistaken for fixed stars; yet, in some, he says, it is equally certain that there is no mistake in the observation, and that the star has really been seen, and as really has disappeared from the heavens. At all events, our modern catalogues do not contain any fixed stars that are not included in that of Hipparchus. It seems, therefore, clear that no new stars have made their appearance.

By the aid of our modern telescopes, myriads of stars are brought into view, which could never have been seen by Hipparchus; but these stars would undoubtedly have been seen and noted by him had he possessed a telescope. Those extraordinary stars which have from time to time been seen, appearing suddenly, and then, after a short interval, being lost to our sight, must be left out of the question; the probability is that all such stars, of which there are many well-recorded instances, were what are termed variable stars of very long periods. Such a star was seen by Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer, in November, 1572. He had been at work in his laboratory, and was returning homewards, when he observed a crowd of country-folks looking up at the heavens; on directing his eyes there, he saw, to his great astonishment, a bright star which he knew very well had not been there a short time previously. This new star was as bright as Sirius; it became afterwards equal to Jupiter when at its brightest; it then began to diminish, and in about eighteen months had entirely disappeared. It was in the constellation Cassiopæia, and has never been seen since; there can be little doubt but that this was a variable star. One of the most interesting of these variable or periodical stars (because it has perhaps received more attention than any other) is the star called Algol, in the constellation of Perseus; it generally appears as a star of the second magnitude, and so it remains for between two and three days; it then suddenly diminishes in brightness, and in three hours and a half it becomes a star of the fourth magnitude; then it begins again to increase in brightness, and goes through all its changes in about two days and twenty-one hours. But what the writer wished to ascertain was, why some of the more remote stars did not now and then come into view and remain *permanently visible to the naked eye* in the heavens? The light of the stars is ever travelling onwards, but the

light of the faintest star now seen by us was equally visible to Hipparchus 2000 years ago. How is it that the star which we will suppose a few millions of miles beyond this faintest star has not yet become visible to us?

This question the writer was unable to solve. He consulted such of his friends and acquaintances as he thought most likely to know something about the matter; but, alas, there was not one who could enlighten him at all about it. He at last determined to address a letter to a gentleman, with whom he was totally unacquainted, but who is certainly one of the greatest living authorities in matters connected with astronomy. He wrote to this gentleman (whose name he has no authority to use) stating his difficulty in words very nearly as above, and to his letter received the following reply, "I do not entirely appreciate your difficulty. Suppose (not as an accurate supposition, but as one which will coarsely resemble truth) that stars generally are bodies of nearly the same dimensions and specific brightness. Those which are nearest to us have the appearance of first magnitude, those up to some other distance are of second magnitude, and so on to the smallest that we can see with a telescope, say fifteenth magnitude. All beyond this fifteenth magnitude, whether their existence has been long or short, we are unable to see as stars. Now it is probable that the light from all stars of the fifteenth magnitude, and even very much further, has reached us long ago, but it is not seen by us in the shape of images of stars, but as generally diffused sky-light. And all the fresh stars whose light has reached us successively since that time, would not appear as stars, but would make the sky a little brighter." Here then, thanks to the courtesy of this eminent astronomer, was a solution to the difficulty. It seems curious, however, that no work on astronomy in our language (as the writer believes) is to be found that will give a plain answer to the question which had puzzled him so long.

TABLE TALK.

A PRETTY epitome of feminine fickleness appears month by month in a certain domestic magazine patronized by the women of England. The editress has opened her columns as a medium for the barter of all sorts of articles between her fair friends. In one number of the journal there are thirty-two offers of exchanges, and very droll and sug-

gestive are some of them. Of course, dress and adornment are at the bottom of a good many: for instance, Dora offers "a large handsome Astrakan cloak (real) for a small seal-skin jacket (real);" and M. B. "three sets of Cluny lace collars and cuffs for a Cluny berthé." One dear creature has to go into mourning, and wants fourteen yards of black silk, with a long list of jet ornaments, for which she will give sixteen yards of blue silk, an opera-jacket, a new fan and some other articles. Mabel's tastes are canine: she sighs for "a *tiny* black and tan terrier, and will give her sable muff for one weighing no more than two pounds." Adriana goes in for comfort in lieu of appearance, and tenders gold and coral ear-rings for a seal-skin muff and cuffs. The literary dames and damsels veer capriciously in their tastes. Miss A. R. shows her present appreciation of the poet laureate by offering "a complete set of his poems for the four volumes of Thackeray's *Miscellanies*." Nora Dama wishes to change Miss Procter for Jean Ingelow. Mary S. laudably desires "a good book on ladies' gardening;" but she unblushingly exposes her disloyalty by offering "all the royal family photographs for one." Mr. Punch would hardly feel flattered if he knew that two of his mighty tomes are proffered for *Mildred's Wedding*. The editress of the magazine has, herself, however, to eat the leek by publishing an offer of a whole year of her precious journal for Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management*. Sewing-machines are in great demand; postage-stamps are at a discount; music is very brisk. What are we to think of this item?—"Margaret will exchange a complete set of unused baby-linen (cost £30), nicely made, for a gold watch and chain, and brooch!" From clothes to wearers: if this sort of thing goes on, we shall, by-and-by, see an "angel of a girl" tendered for "a cherub of a boy;" and then, who knows but perhaps some inconstant wife may start the idea of exchanging husbands!

TRUTH is often stranger than fiction. A statement is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that, in one of our country towns, a man has just sold his wife for £1, and the bill of sale is printed to confirm the story. Last week a lady was won at cribbage, here in steady-going London. The incident was dramatic. The lady wagered her eyes that she would win one of the games. She lost. Her opponent then suggested that, as he should not like to deprive her of her eyes, he would wager them against her altogether. The bet was made;

the lady lost. This story is quite true, and is recommended to the attention of French writers upon England.

WE spoke the other day of the king of Huaheine who changed names with Captain Cook, as a mark of friendship. The Japanese exchange clothes with their guests in a similar spirit. A farewell supper was given to the Japanese embassy at New York, a few years ago. The American gentlemen present were attired in the usual evening dress. Supper over; everybody pleased; the Americans had eaten with chop-sticks; the Japanese had partaken of pork and beans; all were about to separate in the best of humours, when suddenly the interpreter announced the Japanese custom above mentioned, and suggested its adoption. There was no help for it. Off came the black dress-coats, and on went the thin silk garments of the Japanese. The transformations were excessively comical; but the fun culminated when Major W. L., a fat good-natured old gentleman showed himself in a yellow spangled gown, and gave his arm to a wiry little bare-legged Japanese, extinguished under the blue swallow-tailed coat and brass buttons of the rotund warrior.

THE storm which passed over the British Islands on the 24th of last month (accurately registered in its movements at the Glasgow Observatory) is ascertained to be one of the most violent with which the country has ever been visited. At four o'clock, on the morning of Friday the 24th the wind began to rise, blowing from the S.S.E.; at nine o'clock its force had increased to a pressure of seven pounds on the square foot; from ten till eleven o'clock the average pressure was twelve pounds on the square foot; and by twelve o'clock, noon, it had risen to twenty pounds. Such a wind-force may be regarded as a great storm. But the tempest was still far from its height. Between noon and one o'clock, the force of the wind rose to a pressure of twenty-five pounds on the square foot; and in the course of the next hour the wind raged with awful fury, the pressure per square foot rising to forty-two pounds! Conceive what this means. It does not need a person of very great breadth and height to yield a frontage of six square feet. Such a person facing the storm would be met with a resistance of nearly two-and-a-half hundred weight. Then, again, as to the velocity of the wind, Professor Grant's records on this point will surprise many per-

sons. The Robinson cup anemometer, or wind measurer, which has recently been erected on the dome of the Glasgow Observatory, revolved with such amazing velocity that the cups ceased to be visible. The results furnished by its movements are of some interest. From four o'clock till nine o'clock on the morning of the storm the wind had an average velocity of eleven miles an hour; in the course of the next hour the velocity increased to twenty-seven miles an hour; on it went, increasing to thirty-six miles an hour, fifty-four miles, and finally attained its maximum average of sixty-two miles an hour, towards two o'clock, P.M. At times, however, the violence of the storm was so great that the wind could not have been moving at less than one hundred miles per hour. From the following little table which I have constructed, a general notion may be formed of the various stages of the storm in question:—

	Miles per hour.
A fresh breeze, sufficient to fill the sails of a ship, moves with a velocity of . . .	13½
A fresh breeze at sea, or a wind sufficiently strong to drive a windmill on land . . .	17
A very strong wind	34
A hurricane	81½
A storm sufficient to overturn buildings . .	109

Of course these numbers must be regarded as only giving the approximate velocities of the wind.

A RECENT visitor to a French prison asked the guide if the prisoners were well nourished. "Mon Dieu, monsieur," said the man; "the bill of fare for each day has been settled by a special commission: 33 per cent. nitrogenous matter, 27 albumenoid, 15 of gelatin, 18 of fibrin, and 7 of hydrated matter: moreover, each captive is entitled to 10 cubic metres of respirable air." How much technical education would be required ere an alderman could tell in terms thus precise what he has had for dinner?

WHAT is steel? Many people may deem the question easy of answer, but it is really not so. It was long accepted as a truism in the art or science of metallurgy that steel is simply a carbide of iron, that is, a compound of carbon and iron, the former element being present in the compound to the extent of from one to one and a-half per cent. This chemical definition is now quite superseded. Steel has become a generic term, and of the genus steel there are various species. Ordinary steel is carbon steel; but steely compounds of iron have been produced which have the same general properties

as ordinary steel, the carbon of which is replaced, either in whole or in part, by other chemical elements. Thus, we now have tungsten steel, in which the metal tungsten is combined with the iron; manganese steel containing the metal manganese; and other steels containing chromium and titanium. In the cases just mentioned, the steel is invariably a compound of iron with another metal; it is, in short, an alloy. Other species or varieties, however, contain non-metallic bodies as the steel-generating materials. Carbon is one of these elements, and, therefore, it is but natural to suppose that such elements as closely resemble it in their chemical properties will be the most likely to serve in its stead. Silicon, or, as some modern chemists call it, silicium, the basis of silica or flint, is one of the nearest chemical relatives of carbon. Well, the French chemist, Caron, has made silicon steel. Then there is the element boron, full-cousin, as it were, to carbon and silicon, the basis of ordinary borax. Steel has recently been made in Glasgow of most extraordinary hardness and cutting power, when used for tools in turning operations. In one instance that has come to my knowledge, the tool did thirteen times the amount of cutting work of an ordinary tool of carbon steel. The process of making this new steel is at present kept secret; but there is reason to believe that it is boron steel. Other varieties of steel besides exist. The material of which the celebrated Berlin castings are made is phosphorus steel, and many Swedish cannons are made of sulphur steel.

THE poor little news-boys. I have been surprised to learn what a number of them come to grief through the mistaken kindness of their customers. "Evening papers! *Standard*; *Pall Mall Gazette*. Eve—ning pe—perr!" cries one of the little urchins. "Here, boy, give me a *Pall Mall Gazette*: there's a four-penny piece," you say. "Ain't you got two-pence, sir?" "No; then give me a *Standard* as well, and keep the change." "Thank ye, sir." It is only a penny! But that penny sends the news-boy to jail; the jail introduces him to companions who send him to the assizes, and the assizes send him to the antipodes. It happens in this way: Little Billy is a sharp child, neither better nor worse than others, but brisker at work than most. He is employed by Messrs. W. H. Smith, the great news-vendors, as one of their myriad news-boys. His father was a pointsman on the Brighton line, and lost his life in

an accident. Billy has four little sisters and a baby brother, and he brings his six shillings home to his mother like a good boy, until he knows you. That penny you give him is the first penny he *has not earned*. Emboldened by your liberality, he practises a little game on his next customer. This game consists in pretending to search his various pockets for change—which operation is generally checked by the customer telling him to keep it. He soon discovers that this scheme is best played off on passengers who buy just before the train starts, or as it is moving. These frequently give him sixpence for a *Times*. Thus, at the end of a week, he finds himself possessed of fifteen shillings; six of which he gives to his mother, and nine he keeps for himself. With this money he seeks pleasures and enjoyments heretofore unknown to him except by name. He goes to the gallery of Drury Lane Theatre, and sees the pantomime; he treats himself and two young companions to a supper, and one of them induces him to put half-a-crown on Timbuctoo for the Derby. Billy soon finds he has more wants than pence; and he begins to look upon ten shillings as a poor thing. The passengers are not always careless of their change, and some weeks leave him short of money. But his pleasures have become necessities; and to obtain means to gratify himself, he returns his employers a few shillings less than their due. From shillings he goes to half-crowns; but still his receipts will not cover his expenses. The rest may be imagined. He loses his place; he is sent to jail; perhaps he is transported. And all this might not have happened had you taken a little more thought ere you cried out to Billy, "Keep the change!"

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CHAPTER XXI.



PURPLE RIPPLING

line upon the water had for some little time been coming down from the east with great rapidity : but, bent on bloody work, the crew had not observed it. The boat heeled over under the sudden gust ; but Mackintosh had already lost his footing under Hazel's blow, and the boom striking him suddenly almost at the same moment, he went clean over the gunwale into the sea ; he struck it with his knife first.

All their lives were now gone if Cooper, who had already recovered his feet, had not immediately cut the sheet with his knife ; there was no time to slack it ; and, even as it was, the lower part of the sail was drenched, and the boat full of water.

"Ship the helm," he roared.

The boat righted directly the sheet was cut, the wet sail flapped furiously, and the boat having way on her yielded to the helm and wriggled slowly away before the whistling wind.

Mackintosh rose a few yards astern, and swam after the boat, with great glaring eyes ; the loose sail was not drawing, but the wind moved the boat onward. However, Mackintosh gained slowly, and Hazel held up an oar like a spear, and shouted to him that he must promise solemnly to forego all violence, or he should never come on board alive.

Mackintosh opened his mouth to reply ; but, at the same moment, his eyes suddenly dilated in a fearful way, and he went under water, with a gurgling cry. Yet, not like one drowning, but with a jerk.

The next moment there was a great bubbling

of the water, as if displaced by some large creatures struggling below, and then the surface was stained with blood.

And, lest there should be any doubt as to the wretched man's fate, the huge back fin of a monstrous shark came soon after, gliding round and round the rolling boat, awaiting the next victim.

Now, while the water was yet stained with his life-blood, who, hurrying to kill, had met a violent death, the unwounded sailor, Fenner, excited by the fracas, broke forth into singing, and so completed the horror of a wild and awful scene : for still while he shouted, laughed, and sang, the shark swam calmly round and round, and the boat crept on, her white sail bespattered with blood—which was not so before—and in her bottom lay one man dead as a stone ; and two poor wretches, Prince and Welch, their short-lived feud composed for ever, sat openly sucking their bleeding wounds, to quench, for a moment, their intolerable thirst.

Oh, little do we, who never pass a single day without bite or sup, know the animal, man, in these dire extremities.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT last Cooper ordered Fenner to hold his jaw, and come aft, and help sail the boat.

But the man, being now stark mad, took no notice of the order. His madness grew on him, and took a turn by no means uncommon in these cases. He saw before him sumptuous feasts, and streams of fresh water flowing. These he began to describe with great volubility and rapture, smacking his lips, and exulting : and so he went on tantalizing them till noon.

Meantime, Cooper asked Mr. Hazel if he could sail the boat. The squall had passed, and the breeze was now steady from the south-west.

"I can steer," said Hazel, "but that is all. My right arm is benumbed."

The silvery voice of Helen Rolleston then uttered brave and welcome words. "I will do whatever you tell me, Mr. Cooper."

"Long life to you, miss!" said the wounded seaman. He then directed her how to reef the sail, and splice the sheet which he had been obliged to cut; and, in a word, to sail the boat; which she did, with some little assistance from Hazel.

And so they all depended upon her, whom some of them had been for killing: and the blood-stained boat glided before the wind.

At two P.M. Fenner jumped suddenly up, and, looking at the sea with rapture, cried out, "Aha! my boys, here's a beautiful green meadow; and there's a sweet brook with bulrushes: green, green, green! Let's have a roll among the daisies." And, in a moment, ere any of his stiff and wounded shipmates could put out a hand, he threw himself on his back upon the water, and sunk for ever, with inexpressible rapture on his corpse-like face.

A feeble groan was the only tribute those who remained behind could afford him.

At three P.M. Mr. Hazel happened to look over the weather-side of the boat, as she heeled to leeward under a smart breeze, and he saw a shell or two fastened to her side, about eleven inches above her keel. He looked again, and gave a loud hurrah. "Barnacles! barnacles!" he cried. "I see them sticking."

He leaned over, and, with some difficulty, detached one, and held it up.

It was not a barnacle, but a curious oblong shell-fish, open at one end.

At sight of this, the wounded forgot their wounds, and leaned over the boat's side, detaching the shell-fish with their knives. They broke them with the handles of their knives, and devoured the fish. They were as thick as a man's finger, and about an inch long, and as sweet as a nut. It seems that in the long calm these shell-fish had fastened on the boat. More than a hundred of them were taken off her weather-side, and evenly divided.

Miss Rolleston, at Hazel's earnest request, ate only six, and these very slowly, and laid the rest by. But the sailors could not restrain themselves; and Prince, in particular, gorged himself so fiercely that he turned purple in the face, and began to breathe very hard.

That black speck on the horizon, had grown by noon to a beetle, and by three o'clock to something more like an elephant, and it now diffused itself into a huge black cloud, that gradually overspread the heavens; and at last, about half-an-hour before sunset, came a pe-

culiar chill, and then, in due course, a drop or two fell upon the parched wretches. They sat, less like animals than like plants, all stretching towards their preserver.

Their eyes were turned up to the clouds, so were their open mouths, and their arms and hands held up towards it.

The drops increased in number, and praise went up to heaven in return.

Patter, patter, patter; down came a shower, a rain—a heavy, steady rain.

With cries of joy, they put out every vessel to catch it; they lowered the sail, and, putting ballast in the centre, bellied it into a great vessel to catch it. They used all their spare canvass to catch it. They filled the water cask with it; they filled the keg that had held the fatal spirit; and all the time they were sucking the wet canvass, and their own clothes, and their very hands and garments on which the life-giving drops kept falling.

Then they set their little sail again, and prayed for land to Him who had sent them wind and rain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE breeze declined at sunset; but it rained at intervals during the night; and by the morning they were somewhat chilled.

Death had visited them again during the night. Prince was discovered dead and cold; his wounds were mere scratches, and there seems to be no doubt that he died by gorging himself with more food than his enfeebled system could possibly digest.

Thus dismally began a day of comparative bodily comfort, but mental distress, especially to Miss Rolleston and Mr. Hazel.

Now that this lady and gentleman were no longer goaded to madness by physical suffering, their higher sensibilities resumed their natural force, and the miserable contents of the blood-stained boat shocked them terribly. Two corpses and two wounded men.

Mr. Hazel, however, soon came to one resolution, and that was to read the funeral service over the dead, and then commit them to the deep. He declared this intention, and Cooper, who, though wounded, and apparently sinking, was still skipper of the boat, acquiesced readily.

Mr. Hazel took the dead men's knives and their money out of their pockets, and read the burial service over them; they were then committed to the deep. This sad ceremony performed, he addressed a few words to the survivors.

"My friends, and brothers in affliction, we ought not to hope too much from Divine mercy for ourselves; or we should come soon to forget Divine justice. But we are not forbidden to hope for others. Those, who are now gone, were guilty of a terrible crime; but then they were tempted more than their flesh could bear; and they received their punishment here on earth: we may therefore hope they will escape punishment hereafter. And it is for us to profit by their fate, and bow to Heaven's will: even when they drew their knives, food in plenty was within their reach, and the signs of wind were on the sea, and of rain in the sky. Let us be more patient, than they were, and place our trust—What is that upon the water to leeward? A piece of wood floating?"

Welch stood up and looked. "Can't make it out. Steer alongside it, miss, if you please." And he crept forward.

Presently he became excited, and directed those in the stern how to steer the boat close to the object without going over it. He begged them all to be silent. He leaned over the boat side as they neared it. He clutched it suddenly with both hands, and flung it into the boat with a shout of triumph; but sank exhausted by the effort.

It was a young turtle; and being asleep on the water, or inexperienced, had allowed them to capture it.

This was indeed a godsend: twelve pounds of succulent meat. It was instantly divided, and Mr. Hazel contrived, with some difficulty, to boil a portion of it. He enjoyed it greatly; but Miss Rolleston showed a curious and violent antipathy to it, scarcely credible under the circumstances. Not so the sailors. They devoured it raw, what they could get at all. Cooper could only get down a mouthful or two: he had received his death wound, and was manifestly sinking.

He revived, however, from time to time, and spoke cheerfully, whenever he spoke at all. Welch informed him of every incident that took place, however minute. Then he would nod, or utter a syllable or two.

On being told that they were passing through seaweed, he expressed a wish to see some of it, and, when he had examined it, he said to Hazel, "Keep up your heart, sir; you are not a hundred miles from land." He added gently, after a pause, "but I am bound for another port."

About five in the afternoon, Welch came aft, with the tears in his eyes, to say that Sam was just going to slip his cable, and had something to say to them.

They went to him directly, and Hazel took his hand, and exhorted him to forgive all his enemies.

"Han't a got none," was the reply.

Hazel then, after a few words of religious exhortation and comfort, asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Ay," said Cooper, solemnly. "Got pen and ink aboard, any of ye?"

"I have a pencil," said Helen, earnestly; then tearfully, "oh dear! it is to make his will." After searching in vain for paper she offered her prayer-book, which had two blank leaves under each cover.

The dying man saw it, and rose into that remarkable energy, which sometimes precedes the departure of the soul.

"Write!" said he, in his deep, full tones.

"I, Samuel Cooper, able seaman, am going to slip my cable, and sail into the presence of my Maker."

He waited till this was written.

"And so I speak the truth."

"The ship Proserpine was destroyed wilful."

"The men had more allowance than they signed for."

"The mate was always plying the captain with liquor."

"Two days before ever the ship leaked the mate got the long-boat ready."

"When the Proserpine sank, we was on her port quarter, aboard the cutter, was me and my messmate Tom Welch."

"We saw two auger holes in her stern, about two inches diameter."

"Them two holes was made from within, for the splinters showed outside."

"She was a good ship, and met with no stress of weather to speak of, on that voyage."

"Joe Wylie scuttled her and destroyed her people."

"D——n his eyes!"

Mr. Hazel was shocked at this finale: but he knew what sailors are, and how little meaning there is in their set phrases. However, as a clergyman, he could not allow these to be Cooper's last words: so he said earnestly, "Yes, but my poor fellow, you said you forgave all your enemies. We all need forgiveness, you know."

"That is true, sir."

"And you forgive this Wylie, do you not?"

"Oh Lord, yes," said Cooper, faintly. "I forgive the lubber; d——n him!"

Having said these words with some difficulty, he became lethargic, and so remained for two hours. Indeed he spoke but once more, and that was to Welch; though they were all about him then. "Messmate," said he, in a voice that was now faint and broken, "you and I must sail together on this new voyage. I'm going out of port first; but" (in a whisper of inconceivable tenderness and simple cunning) "I'll lie-to outside the harbour till you come out, my bo. Then he paused a moment. Then he added, softly, "For I love you, Tom."

These sweet words were the last of that rugged, silent sailor, who never threw a word away, and whose rough breast enclosed a friendship as of the ancient world, tender, true, and everlasting, that sweetened his life and ennobled his death. As he deserved mourners, so he had true ones. His last words went home to the afflicted hearts that heard them, and the lady and gentleman, whose lives he had saved at cost of his own, wept aloud over their departed friend. But his messmate's eye was dry. When all was over, he just turned to the mourners, and said, gravely, "Thank ye, sir; thank ye kindly, ma'am." And then he covered the body decently with the spare canvass, and lay quietly down, with his own head pillowed upon those loved remains.

Towards afternoon, seals were observed sporting on the waters; but no attempt was made to capture them. Indeed, Miss Rolleston had quite enough to do to sail the boat with Mr. Hazel's assistance.

The night passed, and the morning brought nothing new; except that they fell in with seaweed in such quantities, the boat could

hardly get through it. Mr. Hazel examined this seaweed carefully, and brought several kinds upon deck. Amongst the varieties, was one like thin green strips of spinach, very tender and succulent. His botanical researches included seaweed, and he recognised this as one of the edible rock-weeds. There was very little of it comparatively, but he took great pains, and, in two hours' time, had gathered as much as might fill a good slop-basin. He washed it in fresh water, and then asked Miss Rolleston for a pocket handkerchief. This he tied so as to make a bag, and contrived to boil it with the few chips of fuel that remained on board.

After he had boiled it ten minutes, there was no more fuel, except a bowl or two, and the boat-hook, one pair of oars, and the midship, and stern, thwarts.

He tasted it, and found it glutinous and delicious; he gave Miss Rolleston some, and then fed Welch with the rest. He, poor fellow, enjoyed this sea spinach greatly; he could no longer swallow meat.

While Hazel was feeding him, a flight of ducks passed over their heads, high in the air.

Welch pointed up at them.

"Ah!" said Helen, "if we had but their wings!"

Presently a bird was seen coming in the same direction, but flying very low; it wobbled along towards them very slowly, and at last, to their great surprise, came flapping and tried to settle on the gunwale of the boat. Welch, with that instinct of slaughter which belongs to men, struck the boat-hook into the bird's back; and it was soon despatched. It proved to be one of that very flock of ducks that had passed over their heads, and a crab was found fastened to its leg. It is supposed that the bird, to break its long flight, had rested on some reef, and, perhaps, been too busy fishing; and caught this Tartar.

Hazel pounced upon it. "Heaven has sent this for you; because you cannot eat turtle." But the next moment he blushed and recovered his reason. "See," said he, referring to her own words, "this poor bird had wings; yet death overtook her."

He sacrificed a bowl for fuel, and boiled the duck and the crab in one pot, and Miss Rolleston ate demurely but plentifully of both. Of the crab's shell he made a little drinking-vessel for Miss Rolleston.

Cooper remained without funeral rites all this time; the reason was that Welch lay with

his head pillowed upon his dead friend, and Hazel had not the heart to disturb him.

But it was the survivors' duty to commit him to the deep, and so Hazel sat down by Welch, and asked him kindly whether he would not wish the services of the Church to be read over his departed friend.

"In course, sir," said Welch. But the next moment he took Hazel's meaning, and said hurriedly, "No, no; I can't let Sam be buried in the sea. Ye see, sir, Sam and I, we are used to one another, and I can't abide to part with him, alive or dead."

"Ah!" said Hazel, "the best friends must part when death takes one."

"Ay, ay, when t'other lives. But, Lord bless you, sir! I shan't be long astarn of my messmate here; can't you see that?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Hazel, surprised and alarmed. "Why, you are not wounded mortally, as Cooper was. Have a good heart, man, and we three will all see old England yet."

"Well, sir," said Welch, coolly, "I'll tell ye: me and my shipmate, Prince, was a cutting at one another with our knives a smart time, (and I do properly wonder, when I think of that day's work, for I liked the man well enough: but rum atop of starvation plays hell with seafaring men:) well, sir, as I was a-saying, he let more blood out of me than I could afford to lose under the circumstances. And, ye see, I can't make fresh blood, because my throat is so swelled by the drought, I can't swallow much meat, so I'm safe to lose the number of my mess; and, another thing, my heart isn't altogether set towards living. Sam, here, he give me an order; what, didn't ye hear him? 'I'll lie to outside the bar,' says he, 'till you come out.' He expects me to come out in his wake. Don't ye, Sam—that was?" and he laid his hand gently on the remains. "Now, sir, I shall ax the lady and you a favour. I want to lie alongside Sam. But if you bury him in the sea, and me ashore, why d—n my eyes if I shan't be a thousand years or so before I can find my own messmate. Eternity is a 'nation big place, I'm told, a hundred times as big as both oceans. No, sir; you'll make land, by Sam's reckoning, to-morrow, or next day, wind and tide permitting. I'll take care of Sam's hull till then, and we'll lie together till the angel blows that there trumpet; and then we'll go aloft together, and, as soon as ever we have made our scrape to our betters, we'll both speak a good word for you and the lady; a very pretty lady she is, and a good-hearted, and the best plucked one I ever did see in any distressed craft; now don't ye cry,

miss, don't ye cry, your trouble is pretty near over; *he* said you was not a hundred miles from land; I don't know how he knew that, he was always a better seaman than I be; but say it he did, and that is enough, for he was a man as never told a lie, nor wasted a word."

Welch could utter no more just then; for the glands of his throat were swollen, and he spoke with considerable difficulty.

What could Hazel reply? The judgment is sometimes ashamed to contradict the heart with cold reasons.

He only said, with a sigh, that he saw no signs of land, and believed they had gone on a wrong course, and were in the heart of the Pacific.

Welch made no answer, but a look of good-natured contempt. The idea of this parson contradicting Sam Cooper!

The sun broke, and revealed the illimitable ocean; themselves a tiny speck on it.

Mr. Hazel whispered Miss Rolleston that Cooper *must* be buried to-day.

At ten P.M. they passed through more seaweed; but this time they had to eat the sea-spinach raw, and there was very little of it.

At noon, the sea was green in places.

Welch told them this was a sign they were nearing land.

At four P.M. a bird, about the size and colour of a wood-pecker, settled on the boat's mast.

Their glittering eyes fastened on it; and Welch said, "Come, there's a supper for you as can eat it."

"No, poor thing!" said Helen Rolleston.

"You are right," said Hazel, with a certain effort of self-restraint. "Let our sufferings make us gentle, not savage: that poor bird is lost like us upon this ocean. It is a land-bird."

"How do you know that?"

"Water-birds have webbed feet—to swim with."

The bird, having rested, flew to the north-west.

Helen, by one of those inspired impulses her sex have, altered the boat's course directly, and followed the bird.

Half an hour before sunset, Helen Rolleston, whose vision was very keen, said she saw something at the verge of the horizon, like a hair standing upright.

Hazel looked, but could not see anything.

In ten minutes more, Helen Rolleston pointed it out again; and then Hazel did see a vertical line, more like a ship's mast, than anything else one could expect to see there.

Their eyes were now strained to make it out, and, as the boat advanced, it became more and more palpable, though it was hard to say exactly what it was.

Five minutes before the sun set, the air being clearer than ever, it stood out clean against the sky.—A tree—a lofty, solitary tree; with a tall stem, like a column, and branches only at the top.

A palm-tree—in the middle of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AND but for the land-bird which rested on their mast, and for their own mercy in sparing it, they would have passed to the eastward, and never seen that giant palm-tree in mid-ocean.

"Oh, let us put out all our sails, and fly to it!" cried Helen.

Welch smiled and said, "No, miss, ye mustn't. Lord love ye; what! run on to a land ye don't know, happy go lucky, in the dark, like that? Lay her head for the tree, and welcome, but you must lower the mainsel, and treble reef the foresel; and so creep on a couple of knots an hour, and, by day-break, you'll find the island under your lee. Then you can look out for a safe landing-place."

"The island, Mr. Welch!" said Helen. "There is no island, or I should have seen it."

"Oh, the island was hull down. Why you don't think as palm-trees grow in the water? You do as I say, or you'll get wrecked on some thundering reef or other."

Upon this Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston set to work, and, with considerable difficulty lowered the mainsail, and treble reefed the foresail.

"That is right," said Welch. "To-morrow, you'll land in safety, and bury my messmate and me."

"Oh, no!" cried Helen Rolleston. "We must bury him, but we mean to cure you."

They obeyed Welch's instructions, and so crept on all night; and, so well had this able seaman calculated distance and rate of sailing, that, when the sun rose, sure enough there was an island under their lee, distant about a league, though it looked much less. But the palm-tree was more than twice that distance. By force of wind and current they had made lee-way all night, and that tree stood on the most westerly point of the island.

Hazel and Miss Rolleston stood up and hurried for joy; then fell on their knees in silent gratitude. Welch only smiled.

But though there was no broken water at

sea, yet breakers, formidable to such a craft as theirs, were seen foaming over long disjointed reefs ahead, that grinned black and dangerous here and there.

They then consulted Welch, and he told them they must tack directly, and make a circuit of the island to land; he had to show them how to tack; and, the sea rising, they got thoroughly wetted, and Miss Rolleston rather frightened; for here was a peril they had wonderfully escaped hitherto.

However, before eleven o'clock, they had stood out to sea, and coasted the whole south side of the island: they then put the boat before the wind, and soon ran past the east coast, which was very narrow,—in fact, a sort of bluff-head,—and got on the north side of the island. Here the water was comparatively smooth, and the air warm and balmy.

They kept about a mile off the shore, and ranged along the north side, looking out for a good landing.

Here was no longer an unbroken line of cliffs, but an undulating shore, with bulging rocks, and lines of reef. After a mile or two of that the coast ran out seaward, and they passed close to a most extraordinary phenomenon of vegetation. Great tangled woods crowned the shore and the landward slopes, and their grand foliage seemed to flow over into the sea: for here was a broad rocky flat, intersected with a thousand little channels of the sea; and the thousand little islets so formed, were crowded, covered, and hidden with luxuriant vegetation. Huge succulent leaves of the richest hue hung over the water, and one or two of the most adventurous of them showed, by the crystals that sparkled on their green surface, that the waves had actually been kissing them at high tide. This ceased, and they passed right under a cliff, crowned with trees above.

This cliff was broad and irregular, and in one of its cavities a cascade of pure fresh water came sparkling, leaping, and tumbling down to the foot of the rock. There it had formed a great basin of water, cool, deep, transparent, which trickled over on to a tongue of pink sand, and went in two crystal gutters to the sea.

Great and keen was the rapture this sight caused our poor parched voyagers: and eager their desire to land at once, if possible, and plunge their burning lips, and swelling throats, and fevered hands into that heavenly liquid; but the next moment they were diverted from that purpose by the scene that burst on them.

This wooded cliff, with its wonderful cascade, was the very gate of paradise. They passed

it, and in one moment were in a bay—a sudden bay, wonderfully deep for its extent, and sheltered on three sides. Broad sands with rainbow tints, all sparkling, and dotted with birds, some white as snow, some gorgeous. A peaceful sea of exquisite blue kissing these lovely sands with myriad dimples; and, from the land side, soft emerald slopes, embroidered with silver threads of water, came to the very edge of the sands; so that, from all those glorious hues, that flecked the prismatic and sparkling sands, the eye of the voyagers passed at once to the vivid, yet sweet and soothing, green of Nature; and over this paradise, the breeze they could no longer feel, wafted spicy but delicate odours from unseen trees.

Even Welch raised himself in the boat, and sniffed the heavenly air, and smiled at the heavenly spot. "Here's a blessed haven!" said he. "Down sail, and row her ashore."

STREET SINGERS OF LONDON.

IN my pilgrimage through the metropolis I have stumbled upon vocal geniuses who under happier auspices might have made their own fortunes, and the fortunes of any theatre that had secured their services. Some of these notabilities still make our streets vocal; but the majority have gone to their long home, or more likely have been absorbed into that festering mass of drunkenness and destitution which forms a pregnant comment on our vaunted social progress. Let me endeavour to limn the outlines of a few of the unhonoured worthies I have met with; perchance the likeness will be recognised by some of those intelligent readers who are well on the road to their grand climacteric.

Forty years ago, ere railways had commenced their innovating march, the upper end of St. Paul's Church Yard was daily thronged with four-horse coaches to Richmond, Greenwich, Dulwich, and other suburban localities most affected by the wealthier rank of citizens; the lower half was kept free from the intrusion of vehicles by a bar which ran across the road hard by the Chapter-House. From 1820 to 1824, no one could have walked through this thronged thoroughfare on a fine summer's afternoon, without being startled at the apparition of a tall, gaunt tatterdemalion, "high gravel blind," picking his way gingerly by the aid of the wall surrounding St. Paul's, having one arm crossed over his breast, and holding tightly grasped a common, one-keyed German flute. For a few minutes this repulsive object,

made more repulsive by an unkempt fell of reddish hair, and whiskers which nearly hid his features, might be seen walking to and fro, as only blind men can walk, swaying half round and back again like a pendulum; suddenly he would come to a full stop, pull off his brimless apology for a hat, and while a visible radiance humanized his hideous features, and gave intelligence to his sightless eyes, bring forth melodious sounds that Orpheus himself might have envied. About the time I speak of, the three great masters of this once favourite instrument—Drouet, Tulou, and Nicholson—were contending in amicable but earnest rivalry for the palm of superiority. I have a cherished recollection of their masterly but different styles of playing;—Tulou's liquid smoothness, perfect articulation and unrivalled expression; Nicholson's exquisite finish and thrilling cadences; Drouet's clearness, brilliance, and purity of tone, likened by his admirers to "pillars of crystal in the sunshine;"—but all their separate and combined excellences never moved me half so strongly as the flood of rich and pure melody poured forth from his unpretending instrument by this blind and self-taught musician. It was not, however, the instrumental performance that held me and a densely packed audience enthralled in breathless attention, so much as the vocal display that followed. The song was a plaintive English ditty then popular but now passed out of favour, "On this cold, flinty rock," and the most finished of our professional singers might have despaired to rival the pathos, sweetness, and touching expression which this stark Apollo threw into his song. It was impossible to repress a feeling of wonder that such enchanting sounds could proceed from such a dirt-begrimed mass of squalor. Having reaped a bountiful harvest of eleemosynary donations, the blind musician would replace his hat, grope his way to the nearest court, down which he dived not to be seen again until the next sunshiny afternoon, when he would again make his appearance, to receive another liberal allowance of applause and pence.

I left town for a short tour in Scotland, and on my return, missed my musician from his usual beat. I addressed myself for information to the night watchman and street-keeper, whose box was over against the bar, and learned from him that the promenades and performances of Blind Joseph were over in this world. Some repairs were being done to the Cathedral, and a scaffold-pole had been carelessly left lying across the road, just at the moment when

Blind Joe was taking his professional walk. The consequence of this piece of negligence was that he tripped against the obstacle, pitched heavily forward, and in falling, struck his head with cruel force on the iron-shod bar, inflicting a deep and dangerous wound. But, direst disaster of all, his beloved companion for fifty years, his flute, was snapped in two. "I helped him up on his legs," said my informant; "but he seemed to think a deal more about his flute than his poor head. We picked up the pieces, and put them into his hands, and when he felt that the flute was broke, he gave a sort of scream, and all the way to Bartholomew's Hospital cried and moaned like a baby. As soon as ever he was put into the accident-ward he went right off into a faint; and the doctors, after strapping up his head, thought his case such a bad one that they would not let him go away, but gave him a bed in the hospital. He died the third morning; and his old woman, for he was married, told me that when she called to help to lay him out, he had a bit of his broken flute in each hand." To this piece of biography I was afterwards enabled to add, that Blind Joseph was put into a parish-shell with the fragments of his flute, and buried in a pauper's grave.

My next notoriety was of the softer sex. In Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, is, or was, a bend near Apothecaries' Hall, which formed a convenient recess for a well-looking buxom dame, who might be heard twice or thrice in the week singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. The handsome silk dress, the handsome guitar—an uncommon instrument for the street in those days—the handsome gold rings, and the bold bravura style of singing, never failed to secure a large audience. Her most popular song was an enumeration of the various ills of life, the unfailing panacea for all of which was indicated in the refrain of every verse—"Why, money is your friend, is it not?" Having delivered this line with strong emphasis, she would solicit a chorus, and so heartily was the invitation responded to, that an improvised concert was sure to result. This kind of participation in the guitar player's vocal exertions was so well relished that impromptu tenors and basses were sure to make their appearance simultaneously with the songstress; and at the close of the performance a handsome collection was certain to follow. Rumour, of course, was busy with the antecedents of the lady. The tale that gained most currency was that she was the wife of a Whitechapel tradesman, who took this novel mode of supplying herself with certain luxuries,

both wet and dry, which a somewhat niggardly marital allowance for house-keeping forbade her otherwise to indulge in. One little fact is certain: while the concert was in full force, a light cart, with the name of —, Bread and Biscuit Baker, George Street, Whitechapel on it, was making its way through the mob, when the driver, a respectable-looking man, turning his eyes on the lady, suddenly jumped out, laid hold of her by the wrist, hoisted her into the cart, and drove off. The lady-singer was never heard of afterwards.

I have heard it asserted that a strong man on a level plain can send his voice upwards of a mile. I can corroborate that statement, and so can thousands yet living, who will take the trouble to call to mind a young fellow known by the sobriquet of the Boatswain, pronounced Bosen, whose marvellous power of voice might be heard about the witching hour of night, pealing through the most frequented of the west-end thoroughfares. Who is there that cannot recollect almost with awe the melodious thunder of Lablache in the *Suono la Tromba* of *I Puritani*? Clear above all the combined power of orchestra and chorus that magnificent organ towered distinctly and grandly—but it is open to doubt, at least in my mind, whether in the mere volume of sound which he could produce, Lablache ever came up to the Boatswain. I heard this phenomenon for the first time while rambling in Kensington Gardens. I made my way towards the surprising sound, and after a quarter of an hour's sharp walking I came upon the singer in Park Lane. A shoeless, shirtless vagabond, with nothing on besides a pair of canvas trousers, and a Guernsey frock, was sending forth ear-splitting notes so powerful and penetrating as absolutely to make it painful to listen to him in anything like close proximity. That famous teacher Tom Welsh took this human ophicleide in hand, but could make nothing of him; the register contained not more than five or six notes—but notes that Stentor himself might have proudly owned. The last I heard of the Boatswain was that he had shipped on board an emigrant vessel, and was lost for ever to London fame.

My next anecdote has a small touch of romance about it. Some years ago a mysterious paragraph went the round of the press to the effect that a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at ten o'clock in one of the west-end squares, and that after a superb vocal display she disappeared, no one knew how or where, exactly as the clock struck eleven. The *Sunday Times* pro-

fessed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and even went so far as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this novel mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. I had the good fortune to hear her once in Berkeley Square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude just where a fashionable hotel is located, I inquired the cause, and was told that the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale, was about to show herself. As the clock struck ten, a lady dressed in deep mourning, and having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick black veil, glided forward and took her place in the centre of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided, from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin and the finely rounded fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy also in deep mourning, who carried an open reticule. Without delay the nightingale commenced a ballad, and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and rapt attention. The song was followed by several favorite *scenas* from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist. A collection was made—few gave coppers—all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent in his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and it was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The sum total must have been considerable, and this I was informed was the usual reward of the hour's work. When eleven struck the unknown stopped her song, made a slight curtsy, and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real story, I afterwards learned, was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music and had been educated for the stage; she married against the wishes of her parents a clerk in the Post Office, who being detected in the then one unpardonable sin of uttering a forged bank note, was tried, convicted, and hanged. With three helpless infants and no means of earning a sufficient income, the bereaved young wife adopted the plan of making her fine voice and scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close of this story is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortunes, and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the Eastern Counties. He married her, and she disappeared for ever from public view.

The result of the Peace of 1816 was to facilitate the invasion of a small army of foreign vocalists. One batch of four—three Frenchmen and a Frenchwoman—was at the time immortalized by George Cruikshank in one of his very happiest efforts. The group—all admirable portraits, with their foreign dress, grimace and attitudes—was limned with such exquisite humour—distinct from the exaggerated mannerism of a Gilray or a Rowlandson or the superfine elegances of a Gavarni—that it did much to make the artist's genius known, and to awaken the British public to the fact that they had among them a man destined to inaugurate a new school of comic art, to be recognised eventually as the worthy head of living English caricaturists. For a season or so, their French songs, French tunes and French novelty were so liberally rewarded, and the reputation of their earnings spread so widely abroad—that detachment after detachment from Italy, Switzerland and Germany, launched themselves on English shores and became the pioneers of that vast and continuous host of nuisances—German brass bands and Italian organ-grinders—to abate which effectually even legislative action has proved powerless.

The voices that charmed pedestrians of old are mute—are there none in our days to replace them? Is street vocalism defunct or degenerated, or has it found "fresh woods and pastures new?" British vocalists—sentimental, Bacchanalian, or comic—were never in greater vogue than now. The demand exceeds the supply; let political economists account if they can for this direct contravention of one of their fundamental dogmas. Even mediocre talent finds a ready market, while approximate excellence commands its own price. Music Halls and Penny Concerts are at the root of this change. But though good street-singers are rarely to be met with in our day, the race is by no means extinct.

Few persons can have passed over the Hungerford Suspension Bridge when in process of conversion by the South Eastern Railway Company, without having had their ears delighted by the mellifluous notes of a very young girl who might be heard each morning, weather permitting. Generally between twelve and two o'clock, a blind man would be seen in Villiers Street seated before a portable harmonium, on which he performed with no mean skill. This extemporised medley being finished, a small girl, perhaps ten years old, perhaps fourteen—she might be either—would place herself by his side, and begin an English song

with harmonium accompaniment. The pure, sweet and fresh voice—a mezzo-soprano—penetrating like a ray of sunshine into the dullest soul, would arrest the steps even of the most unimpressible. I confess without shame, such is my predilection for English songs well interpreted by English voices—that when I hear what I will term a pure national voice—for I insist that we have a national voice and a national school of music, as indisputably as we have a national physiognomy, a national language, and a national style of dress—whether in the street, in a room, or at the theatre—I surrender myself without reserve to the unalloyed gratification. In the case of this child and her blind father I acknowledge that I never missed an opportunity of listening to the precocious Siren, and of dropping, cheerfully, my modest copper for a treat greater than I have experienced after paying for a guinea stall at the Opera—(this is literary bounce, for I always went in with somebody's bone) and having my tympanum excoriated by the scientific exertitions, interminable roudades, and complicated vocal displays of some of our most distinguished prima donnas. There—I have branded myself for ever a musical heretic—let me complete my degradation by avowing that I infinitely prefer such voices as were possessed by such true English singers as Mrs. Bland, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Waylett, and Miss Horton, and such true English songs as were produced by such true English composers as Bishop, Horn, Barnett, Lee and poor Wade—to the voices and productions of foreign artists whose names rank highest in the regions of the Italian Opera. But return we to the child—for I think she was juvenile from one little circumstance. While singing her most charming song an itinerant lollipop vendor passed. I saw her quiet eyes sparkle as she fixed them on the collection of sweets, with that intense look of greediness natural to early girl and boyhood—and I saw her, as soon as the song was done, and the flow of pence had ceased, dart after that lollipopman and become the purchaser of a halfpenny lump of black compound idolised by juvenile palates, and known in the nursery as almond toffy. With the opening of the railway bridge the pair disappeared—I hope only to establish their concert in some equally appreciative locality.

I have hitherto described only singers of profane songs; but in an article devoted to street singing, the singers of psalms and meeting-house tunes must not be overlooked. In Spitalfields and the silk-weaving districts

at the east of London, this class mostly abounds; but specimens are not wholly unknown in the more aristocratic parts of the metropolis. Turn out of Regent Street into Golden Square, and prolong your walk to Silver Street; the odds are in favour of your seeing a forlorn couple, both blind, slowly march along the street. The man grasps a fiddle, the woman, overtopping him by the head and shoulder, carries an accordion. Hideous objects both—mere compounds of filth and penury. Wait for a moment. In a second or so your ears will be ravished by melodious sounds marvellously blended—voices and instruments. Shut your eyes, and your very soul will feel exalted by the solemn strains, fit for some sacred fane; open them, and the disenchantment is complete.

But above all, my sympathies were specially enlisted in a family of small musicians I frequently stumbled upon two years ago in some of the by-streets abutting on the Strand. Four children (the eldest might be eight, the youngest three) accompanied by their father, a little wizened man—a thing of shreds and patches—ranged themselves in line; the two boys with violins, the eldest girl with concertina, and the youngest with triangle. The execution of this infantine orchestra was not calculated to send you into fits of rapture; they were no musical prodigies—they performed just as children of tender years, who had undergone hard training, might be supposed to do, and that was all. But the father was a study. His whole soul, and body too, for that matter, seemed wholly wrapped up in the performance. He took no part in the display except that of conductor, and Jullien or Costa never threw more real spirit into their office when wielding the baton at Covent Garden concerts or at Exeter Hall. The old man's looks became eager, his frame shook with excitement, now giving the true time to one, to another indicating more spirit, and not forgetting to moderate the occasional aberrations on the triangle of the infant Euterpe. When the last note was played out he would place himself at the head of his orchestra, surveying them with a proud and satisfied air, filled from top to toe with feelings that a monarch might envy. The second part was vocal; the whole strength of the band, the father, who contributed a cracked bass, included, was put in requisition. The finale was a movement on the part of the smallest of the performers, who applied to the audience for any little donations they might please to bestow.

Reader, should you meet with this family, turn not scornfully aside, but bestow thy spare pence freely, for be sure that the look of slow starvation on that poor old father's shrunk face—perhaps too on that of his helpmate at home—has been produced mainly by going dinnerless himself that his children may have the more, and that they may present to the public whom they find it necessary to address that tidy appearance which only in England is to be seen in the children of the very poor.

BEE HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

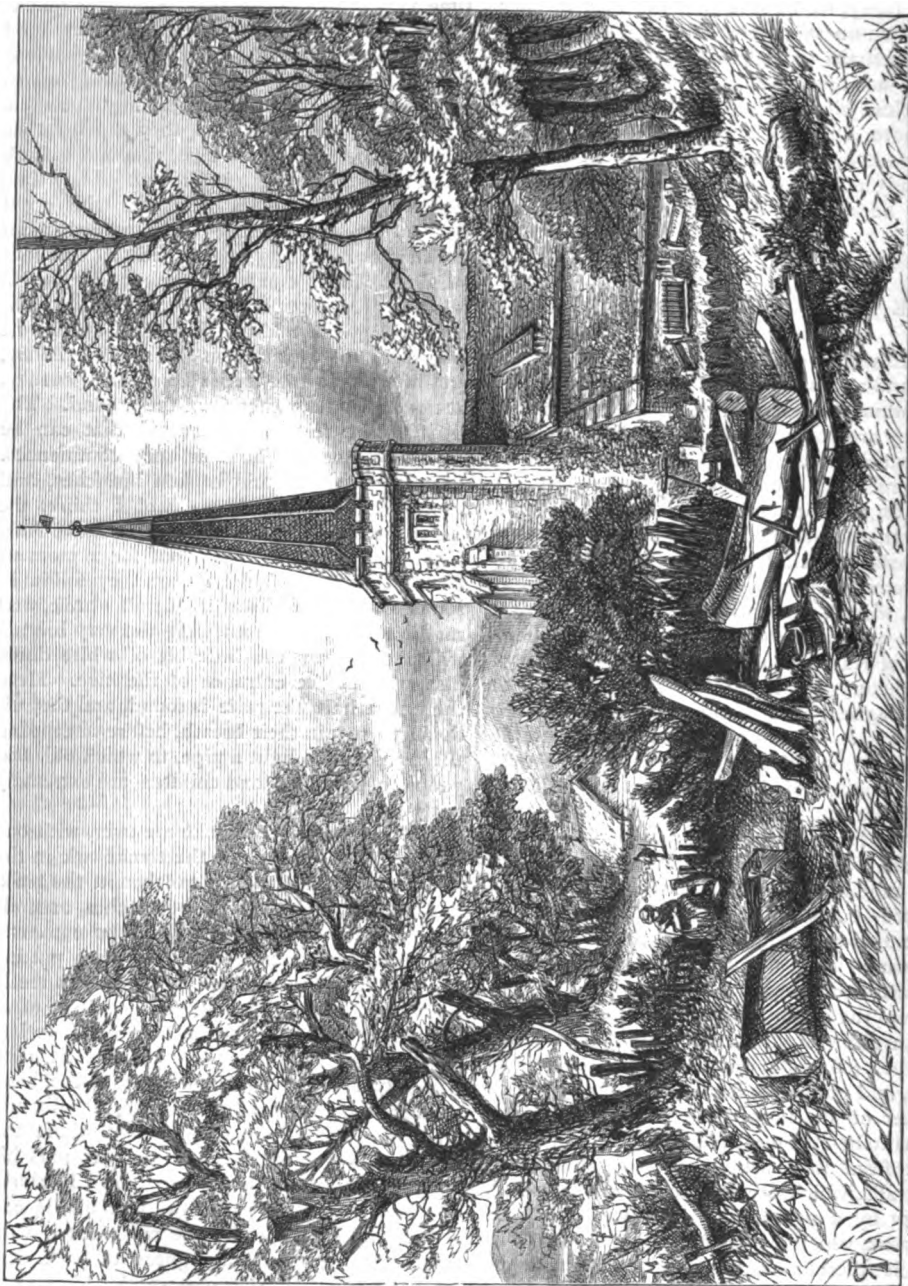
THE wild bee of Australia differs little in size and appearance from our common house-fly, and is stingless. Most of the trees in that country are hollow, and it is in the cavities of the branches that the bees deposit their honey, at a considerable distance from the ground. It is of an aromatic taste, and chiefly gathered from the leaves and blossoms of the different trees that clothe the whole country, from the summits of the mountains to the seashore, with the exception of occasional plains, which are of rare occurrence. By the aborigines of Australia this honey is regarded as a great luxury, and it is interesting to note what sagacity they contrive to indulge their taste for it—searching it out with infallible eyesight, and with amazing delicacy of touch. Their method of finding these natural hives, which are not numerous, is curious, not only from the fact that the most minute observation and the most delicate manipulation must have been required to enable the inventor of it to succeed, but also because it displays a knowledge of the natural history of the insect, such as I can venture to say, a large portion of the civilized world does not possess.

From the absence in many parts of the bush of Australia of flowers, the little native bee may be seen busily working on the bark of the trees, and unlike the bee of this country, which is ever on the move from flower to flower, it seems to be unconscious of danger. This may arise from the vastness of the solitudes in Australia, which are seldom or ever disturbed, except by a passing tribe, or by its own wild denizens, which are far from numerous. The bee is therefore easily approached, and the bright clear atmosphere of the climate is peculiarly favourable to the pursuit.

A party of two or three natives, armed with a tomahawk, sally forth into the bush, having previously provided themselves with the soft

white down from the breast of some bird, which is very light in texture, and at the same time very fluffy. With that wonderful quickness of sight which practice has rendered perfect, they descry the little brownish leaden-coloured insect on the bark, and rolling up an end of the down feather to the finest possible point between their fingers, they dip it into a gummy substance, which a peculiar sort of herb exudes when the stem is broken. They then cautiously approach the bee, and with great delicacy of touch place the gummed point under the hind legs of the bee. It at once adheres. Then comes the result, for which all this preparation has been made. The bee, feeling the additional weight, fancies he has done his task and is laden with honey, and flies off the tree on his homeward journey, at not a great distance from the ground. The small white feather is now all that can be discerned, and the hunt at once commences. Running on foot amid broken branches, and stony ground, requires, one would think, the aid of one's eyesight; but with the native Australians it is not so. Without for a moment taking their eyes off the object, they follow it, sometimes to the distance of half a mile, and rarely, if ever, fail in marking the very branch where they saw the little bit of white down disappear at the entrance of the hive. Here there is a halt, the prize is found, and they sit down to regain their breath, before ascending the tree, and to light a pipe, to which old and young men, women, and children, are extremely partial.

When the rest and smoke are over, with one arm round the tree, and the tomahawk in the other, the black man cuts notches in the bark, and placing the big toe in the notches, ascends this hastily-constructed stair, till he comes to where the branches commence; then, putting the handle of the tomahawk between his teeth, he climbs with the ease and agility of a monkey, till he reaches the branch where last he saw the white down disappear; he then carefully sounds the branches with the back of his tomahawk till the dull as distinct from the hollow sound tells him where the hive is; a hole is then cut, and he puts his hand in and takes the honey out. If alone, the savage eats when up the tree till he can eat no more, and leaves the rest; but if with others, he cuts a square piece of bark, and after having had the part of the hive as a reward for his exertion, brings down a mass of honey and comb mixed up together, which, though not inviting, is greedily devoured by those below.



WEST TARRING CHURCH.—By R. T. PRITCHETT.

HE WOULD BE AN ATHLETE.

WHERE Littlejohn got his gymnastic, gladiatorial, and adventurous tastes from, is a problem which his friends are utterly unable to solve. He did not inherit them, for the tendency of his ancestors was towards mild commerce; the only one of them who had sufficient spirit to make a fortune, gave it, when he thought himself dying, to a monastery, a proof that he must have been in a terrible fright; and his actual father was a weakly Plymouth Brother, who lived upon hard dumplings and tea. Neither was he cast by nature in a heroic mould; for on his first appearance in the world's arena he was on the point of being put under the bed as a failure by a hasty nurse, and it took an infinite amount of trouble to rear him. Nor was his mother imbued with Spartan principles, prompting her to strengthen her boy's delicate constitution by inuring him to hardness; on the contrary, she cosseted him and wrapped him in flannel, and forbade his breathing the outer air when it was too hot, or too cold, or too damp—a course in which she was abetted by a medical gentleman, who has realised a comfortable independence by always advising his lady patients to do what they wished. He showed no symptoms of athletic tendency in these early days, but accepted all the pampering he could get with great content. Neither when, at the age of fifteen, he was at last sent to school, did the dormant taste for sports and games awake. Introduced to cricket, he tried to stop the ball with widely separated arms, as if endeavouring to turn a runaway bullock. Forced to take part in a game of football, he fairly turned tail when the inflated leather-coated bladder was kicked towards him, and ran away from it.

It was not until he had reached an age at which most men cease to pride themselves on their strength and agility, and desire rather to be esteemed good judges of wine, dangerous to the female heart, and rich, that Littlejohn suddenly fell in love with his biceps. It was a book which at length struck the chord that had hitherto been silent; the work in which an undergraduate thrashes a prize-fighter in *full training* for an approaching mill, without getting so much as a black eye. Such an astounding incident might well work upon the imagination. Littlejohn, deserting his classical and mathematical studies, became an ardent devourer of all romances of the modern florid Scandinavian type of architecture. He learned

from these that a sound mind is only to be found in a sound body; that ordinary exercise will render a gentleman fit to cope with a navy whose muscles have been knit with the hardest daily work; and that physical prowess is as much worthy of cultivation and honour in the nineteenth century as they were in the ninth. In short, he became a convert to muscular Christianity, the religious element bearing about the same proportion to the physical that Falstaff's bread did to his sack.

His first act was to become a member of a gymnasium. "What class do you wish to join?" asked the professor, handing him a receipt for the first quarter's subscription. "There is the gymnastic class." "Oh, I must learn gymnastics," said Littlejohn. "The fencing class." "I will join that too; what is a man worth who cannot fence?" "Vat, indeed!" cried the French fencing-master, stepping forward. "Quelques messieurs prepare ze zinglestick. Bah!" "Oh, but I must learn singlestick," cried Littlejohn, remembering one of his heroes who had kept three garotters at bay for half-an-hour with a walking-cane. "And boxing; you teach boxing?" "Certainly," said the professor. "The Bayswater Gamecock attends every Tuesday and Thursday evening from eight till eleven to give instructions in the noble art of self-defence."

Littlejohn procured a suit of flannels, a pair of canvas shoes, leather jacket and thigh-piece, single sticks, foils, masks and gloves, at once; but beyond that money could not help him, and the heroic progress was slow. He was very weak and very awkward. He hung on the horizontal bar for weeks (at intervals of course) before he could raise his chin to it; he was for three months disengaging and lunging at the Frenchman's plastron, ere that conscientious ex-Zouave would place him opposite an adversary who had been learning a quarter of the time, and pinked him whenever he chose; and it was a still longer period before the gentleman from Bayswater allowed him to do anything but "lead off at the 'ed," and "lead off at the mark." Then, when he was getting out of the athletic rudiments, he met with untoward accidents which threw him back sadly. In attempting a performance which has been invented to test Mr. Darwin's theory of man's relationship to the ape, called the flying trapeze, he sadly needed a prehensile tail, the lack of which caused him to sprain his ankle. Scarcely recovered from this, a well-delivered No. 3 cut, from an adversary's single stick made his wrist useless for a

period. He soon got over that, but then he damaged his knee-cap while trying to wield a club which was a good deal too heavy for him. Shortly afterwards, the Gamecock, bribed with beer to teach him a cross-counter, caught him a blow on the jaw which had the effect, in the words of the artist, "of knocking him out of time," and poor Littlejohn certainly thought that he was knocked into eternity. Still he persevered with undiminished ardour. He had himself weighed and measured once a fortnight, and entered the results in a grocer's penny account book. "Round the biceps — inches; triceps, — inches; round the chest, round the waist, &c.," and when he found his muscles a little developed since the last scrutiny, it was a treat to see him, he was so happy. Instead of being disgusted with the "visitation to his jaw" which had had the strange psychological effect upon his relations with time, Littlejohn conceived a still greater respect for the science which could produce such surprising results. He rather neglected his fencing and gymnastics to give himself up more thoroughly to the study of the fistic art. He paid visits on benefit nights to houses of entertainment where "harmony reigned supreme," and where the spectacle of an interesting set-to between the highest P.R. celebrities was diversified by Rats. Nay, on one occasion he attended a real prize fight, accompanied and protected by the Bayswater Gamecock, who saved his life at least four times in the course of the twenty-four hours, which was the exact time it took to get to the place of rendezvous, shift about three counties before the sport-spoiling police (who were called Philistines), witness the mill, which was as merry as blood, raw flesh, and blasphemy could make it, and return to town. But even this very practical exhibition failed to destroy the romantic impression produced by the novels of his heart. If he could only produce such terrible effects with his unarmed hand, would he not then be a real hero? Other frequenters of the gymnasium shared Littlejohn's enthusiasm for boxing, and they subscribed amongst them for a couple of silver cups to be sparred for, one by the heavy weights of their number, the other by the light. Of course Littlejohn was a competitor, and he sent his friends tickets of admission to see the mimic combats on the day when the match was decided. Everything was conducted regularly. Seats were placed round a twenty-four-foot space which formed the ring; the competitors drew the names of their opponents from a hat; each couple set-to for five minutes, and two umpires and a referee were appointed to decide who

displayed most skill and quickness. It was really an interesting spectacle, nor was the British thirst for blood even entirely unslaked, more than one pair of new boxing gloves being dyed in nasal gore. Pretty to see Littlejohn, in white kerseymere breeches, white stockings, shoes with buckles, and the thinnest of silk jerseys, skipping about and sparring with much activity of hand and leg: but he failed to get the light-weight cup.

It must not be imagined that Littlejohn's ambition was confined within the walls of a gymnasium. Not being a rich man, and eking out his income with an employment which did not indeed engross very much of his time, but which rendered it necessary that he should reside principally in London, he could not hurt. But he practised rowing; and every summer when he went down to the sea side, he made daily excursions on the waves in the forlorn hope of overcoming the sickness. It was an alarming thing to take a walk with him on the cliffs: he would keep close to the edge, and every now and then peep over, or, worst of all, he would seat himself on the brink, and dangle his legs. All this was done to conquer a natural giddy timidity which he apprehended would interfere with his ever becoming a prominent member of the Alpine Club. He failed indeed in his attempt to shine in Swiss climbing, but it was from another cause. Having arranged to accompany a party in an ascent of Mont Blanc, he took the precaution of hardening himself by sleeping the night before in the open air, and was so crippled by rheumatism in the morning that it was a fortnight before he could be sent home to England. But he means to make another attempt some day.

Littlejohn suffers more, however, from the heroic diet than from anything else. He is firmly persuaded that every man worthy of the name ought to breakfast off beefsteaks and beer, and in spite of perpetual headache and heartburn he will persist in preferring such Elizabethan aliments to toast and tea. It is of no use to tell him that he will kill himself, as he replies that it is better to die than be a milksoy, and dips his face the deeper into the pewter. He has likewise come to the conclusion that he must smoke short pipes—all the heroes of muscular romances doing so—and short pipes never did and never will agree with him. Poor little man! He has also a tender skin which peels in the sun, and weak eyes which are offended by a strong light: yet he will not wear a hat or cap with a peak to it in the hottest weather, for he desires to be tanned,

and takes as much interest in the colouring of his face as of his pipe.

What a joyous April morning was that for Littlejohn on which his preceptor, the Bayswater Gamecock, asserted that his pupil was able to fight any man of his weight in England; and how unfortunate were the results of that too confident assertion. It was the curb our friend wanted, not the spur. From that moment Littlejohn's soul was in his arms and eager for the fray, and in the following month he found one. We were returning from the Derby on a drag, Littlejohn being one of the party; and we were pelted, of course: but the missiles had come out of a countless crowd, and there was nothing personal in the matter. At Sutton, however, a single radish, flung by a perceptible costermonger, struck Littlejohn on the neck, stinging. "I have a good mind to give you a thrashing!" observed the hero. "That's just what I want is a hiding, my little bantam: come along." Down jumped Littlejohn. "Hold my watch, pin, purse, and hat." One of us took charge of those valuables, a crowd gathered, and our friend and the costermonger were hard at it in a moment. But, alas, for blood, gentility, and science, the costermonger was "all over" poor Littlejohn in a way never contemplated by romance. He visited his eyes, and he tapped his nose, and he rattled his ivories, and he drew a cork from his ear, and he treated him to rib benders, and finally closing, threw him heavily on the road, and fell on him. The plucky soul begged hard for another round, but we, his friends, hauled up his dilapidated little carcase, and drove off with him, as goddesses used to do, you know, with Greeks and Trojans during the great siege. This misadventure has not cured Littlejohn, who is convinced of the costermonger's final defeat had the combat been continued. But he is as unfortunate in the pursuit of fame as Don Quixote, and an artist who dwells in a quiet street, devoted apparently to the sale of small birds, and who makes the painting of the human eye his peculiar study, considers our friend to be one of his very best customers.

LEGEND OF THE SAFFRON.

AMONG the ruined fortresses which frown down upon the wild and desolate banks of the Danube, stands the Castle of Rauhenstein. In the "days when it was young and proud," its keep and turrets were inhabited by a powerful and wealthy lord, Graf Heinrich v.

Rauhenstein, and his motherless daughter, the beautiful Hüllda.

Hüllda's wealth, rank, youth and beauty naturally attracted a crowd of suitors to her father's castle, and the rival knights who contended for her hand, were all so noble, so chivalrous, so handsome, so powerful, that it became a difficult matter to decide on whom among them she was to be bestowed. Graf Heinrich was growing old, and as he hoped to end his days in peace, he was desirous of putting an end to the perplexity in which he found himself, by fixing his daughter's destiny. He accordingly called her to him, and led her gently to the broad, sunny terrace overlooking the majestic river which skirted his domains. He there made known to her his wishes, adding that as a new crusade was on the point of calling away all the men of valour to the scene of their former exploits, he thought it expedient that, previous to their departure, she should make her choice of one who might return covered with glory to claim her as his bride. Hüllda timidly and submissively acquiesced in her father's desires, which it was not very difficult, under the circumstances, to obey. She nourished a secret preference for a playmate of her childhood, a right noble youth, Walter v. Merkenstein, who, although her equal in rank, possessed no fortune to lay at her feet, and who had therefore left her to seek distinctions which should render him worthy of competing for the treasure of his soul. The gentle Hüllda was not wanting in adroitness, and she resolved that her absent lover should not suffer any wrong because he was far away. Graf Heinrich had proposed that a farewell banquet should be given at the Castle of Rauhenstein, to which all Hüllda's suitors were to be bidden. Accordingly on the appointed night the hospitable baronial hall was prepared for the great event: banners hung from the cornices, the old windows sent forth their streams of light, large logs blazed and crackled on the ample hearth, and the silver flagons and tankards glittered on the side-board, while the tables groaned under the ample supply of venison and boars' heads, and roast peacock.

All the guests had been duly announced and placed by the herald in order of precedence. When the roast peacock was to be served, Hüllda rose, and taking from the hands of the chief servitor the silver dish on which after having been carved with consummate cleverness into as many portions as there were guests, it had been again built up into its original form—she passed round the table and proceeded to help a portion to each, until there

remained no more, begging at the same time each one to declare his pretensions and make known his vow. Then all rose in order and spoke.

The first, who was an old and powerful Baron, swore that if his son should be fortunate enough to obtain the hand of the beautiful Hülde, he would, on the day of the marriage, portion any twelve maidens in the village that she might select.

The second undertook that he would pay the ransom of twelve Christian captives.

The third that he would build a hospital for the maintenance of twelve wounded Christians.

The fourth that he would found a house of reception for pilgrims.

Others made other vows, and then, when all had said their say, Hülde spoke in her turn, promising that on the following day she would declare to them her determination.

The next day, therefore, saw the gathering of the Austrian Crusaders in the great hall of Rauhenstein to hear the sentence of life or death about to be recorded. When all had been announced, Graf Heinrich appeared leading by the hand his daughter richly dressed but veiled as became her maiden modesty on so singular an occasion; and when her father called upon her to give words to her decision, the blushing girl placed in his hands a tablet on which was inscribed her resolution. Graf Heinrich stood in the midst, and as all these manly and noble faces were eagerly turned towards him, he read as follows: "Hülde v. Rauhenstein, overcome by the homage of so many brave and chivalrous knights, tenders to them her thanks for their esteem and regard. She acknowledges the difficulty of making a selection where all are so excellent, and has therefore resolved to bestow her hand on him who, returning from the Holy Land, brings with him the gift which is at the same time the most useful in itself and the most agreeable to her."

Although this evasive answer satisfied no one, it was a relief to all, for none felt his hopes crushed, and each still could flatter himself that he might, after all, deserve to be the chosen one.

The adventurous warriors soon left their native land far behind them, and in due time arrived at the scene of action. Hostilities began with the glorious siege of St. Jean d'Acre. On one unfavourable night, however, the besieged army made an attack upon the French camp and threw the Christian forces into such confusion that a surrender was imminent. At this critical moment the young and brave Adolph v. Liebach, heading the Austrian

knights, came to the rescue, and reinforcing the French army, succeeded in routing the foe.

He was, however, severely wounded, and as he lay on the field waiting till he should be recognised and succoured, he perceived beside him a young knight, whose features he could not recall, also severely wounded, for his arm was laid open, and was supported by his sword-sash. Liebach turned towards his companion in suffering, and inquired if he too were not an Austrian warrior, and if so, how it was he had not seen him before. The stranger informed him that he was truly an Austrian, but that he had not started with the expedition of which Liebach formed one. "I have been," he continued, "in Sicily; and I arrived here, under command of the Connétable Raoul de Clermont, by a fortunate chance, just in time to join my brave countrymen, and to help them to defeat our common foe."

Adolph had, as he listened, been attentively examining the richly embroidered sword-sash the stranger wore, and he now asked him whether he might be permitted to inquire if it were not the gift of his lady-love, doubtless some fair Sicilian.

"You are right, and you are wrong, at the same time, in your conjecture," replied the other. "This precious gift," and he kissed it reverently, "was embroidered for me by the fair fingers of the mistress I serve. But she was the playmate of my childhood, and my love for her has grown with me from the earliest dawn of infancy; it is no short-lived passion of yesterday."

"May I presume further," said Adolph, thoughtfully, "and ask your name?"

"My name," answered the stranger, with dignity, "is Walter v. Merkenstein."

"And that of your mistress," interrupted Adolph, "is Hülde v. Rauhenstein."

"How know you this?" inquired Walter.

"By an instinct which you may perhaps one day understand," said Adolph, with some emotion, which he immediately overcame. "But are you aware that she has promised her hand to him among her suitors, who on their return from this Crusade, shall lay at her feet the gift which will prove at once the most useful in its properties, and the most agreeable to herself? But I have my own notions as to her ultimate intentions."

"And pray what may those be, Sir Knight? for I have answered all your questions, and it is now time that I asked you some, in my turn."

"My belief, then," said Adolph, "is that she secretly loves one who is absent," and he

looked scrutinisingly but kindly in the young man's face; "and that this resolution is a contrivance to give him an opportunity of claiming her with the rest—but you change colour, and are silent. I am Adolph v. Liebach; will you regard me as unworthy of your confidence?"

"Adolph v. Liebach!" exclaimed Walter, despite his wound, starting to his feet and embracing the hero beside him; "he to whom the Christians owe so much, and to whom I myself am so deeply indebted; he who in the war with Karl the Lion, received my father's dying breath, and without whose gallant aid my mother would have been left dependent on the compassion of strangers! Nay, indeed, Adolph v. Liebach has the strongest claim on my confidence, my gratitude, my love; neither will I further conceal from you that it is indeed the beautiful Hilda whom I have loved with passion from my boyhood, and that I only left my home in the hope of performing some act of prowess which might entitle me to rank among her suitors."

Adolph v. Liebach had long entertained a sincere attachment for Hilda, but he was struck by the enthusiasm of his new friend, whose love he perceived had a prior date even to his own; and he now felt convinced that, on the other hand, Walter was not indifferent to Hilda. His own affection, deep and devoted as it was, seemed to him an unworthy obstacle in the way of two loving hearts, and, with noble self-sacrifice, he resolved that the admission of its existence should never escape him, but that he would from that moment use every effort to promote the happiness of the woman he loved.

"Walter," he said, extending his hand and commanding his voice, "may heaven prosper your aspirations; for my part, I promise you from this hour to devote myself to your interests, and no exertion of which I am capable shall be wanting to promote your suit."

Walter was overcome by this disinterested frankness, and, rejoiced to meet with a friendship of which he little guessed the sacrifice, threw himself into Adolph's arms, and, from that moment, the two young men became inseparable friends. They ate together, they walked together, they prayed together, they might always be seen fighting side by side, and, many a time, did each expose his life to save that of his companion-in-arms.

One day, after a desperate encounter during which many were the slain and wounded on both sides, Walter v. Merkenstein was among the missing. Every inquiry, every search was

futile,—the brave youth was nowhere to be found! Adolph was inconsolable, he was utterly at a loss to account for the disappearance of his friend: there was only one way in which he could explain it, and he shuddered to think it must be the true solution of his perplexity; Walter must have been carried off among the captives! As day after day passed without tidings, Adolph became confirmed in his idea, and now lost no time in presenting himself before Duke Leopold of Austria to crave the requisite permission to visit Damascus, to ascertain if his friend were there, and if so, to obtain his release.

Having arrived at the Sultan's Court, he immediately requested an audience of Saladin. After a delay of three days Adolph obtained the coveted interview, and fearing to name the object of his anxious search, he simply announced himself as having been sent to beg the liberation of twelve Austrian prisoners, and to offer double the number of infidels in exchange. The Sultan consented, and the required number were produced, but bitter indeed was Adolph's disappointment when, after eagerly glancing at his compatriots, he found that his beloved Walter was not among them. He turned pale at the discovery, and the Sultan observing how disconcerted he appeared, inquired with concern what ailed him. Adolph was overcome by the condescension of the monarch, and by his own grief, and he confided to him the cause of his visit. "Then," said he, "your friend is in all probability no other than an Italian knight named Gualtiero, of whom I have just made a present to my son, as he has long been seeking a companion with whom he may converse in the Italian tongue. If you wish to identify him," he added, "you can see him."

"I should much wish it, sire," said Adolph, "provided he did not at the same time see me."

"Then," said Saladin, "you have only to place yourself behind this curtain, which no slave can approach on pain of death, and he shall be introduced."

The captive warrior was now brought in, and it was only with an effort that Adolph could restrain himself from rushing from his hiding-place to embrace him. He quickly gave the signal; Walter was withdrawn, and Adolph, throwing himself at the Sultan's feet, besought him to name the easiest terms on which he would consent to release his friend.

The Sultan was vexed: "If I retain him," he said, "it is for the reason I first gave you, and I cannot now exercise any authority over

him, as he is no longer mine, but made over to the Prince, who has great need of his services as interpreter."

"Then," said Liebach, "there *is* one way of liberating him. I also speak the Italian language, and I will serve your son in his stead; I will indeed promise to serve him even more devotedly, as it will be a labour of love for my rescued friend."

"And pray what can move you to make so tremendous a sacrifice?" asked Saladin.

"Sire," replied Adolph, "my mother is dead, and in my father's halls no eye weeps for me; but tears, precious as orient pearls, daily fall for Walter's captivity: he *must* return at any price that I can pay."

The Mussulman sovereign was moved, and he replied, not without emotion: "Generous Christian! I grant your request; my son will accept the exchange."

"One more favour, Sire," interposed Adolph; "my friend knows not whether I still live; let him, I pray you, remain in ignorance of the step I have taken, and of the circumstance to which he owes his freedom."

On the next morning Walter was ordered into the Sultan's presence.

"Your chains are struck off," he said, "you are at liberty to return to your country. Here is gold," he continued, with a gesture which forbade inquiry on the part of the astonished youth, "to enable you to defray the expenses of your journey: go and present yourself to the beautiful Hülde, the fame of whose beauty has travelled even to my court. I ask no thanks, all I desire is that you will place in her fair hands this amber casket closed with my seal which she alone must break. It contains your present to her, and I hope she will find it more to her taste than any others that may be brought to her from abroad."

Walter could scarcely believe that he was not dreaming, the whole interview seemed so strange. However it was in vain he puzzled himself, he could find no solution to the mystery, so he set out on his homeward way rejoicing in his good fortune, and totally unconscious of the sacrifice to which he owed so much happiness.

In Rauhenstein's old halls, once more "there was a sound of revelry by night." The surviving champions of the Faith, who had returned, covered with glory, from the East, were re-assembled. Warm were the greetings, and hearty the congratulations. At the conclusion of the banquet which welcomed their return, the gifts they had brought were to be laid at the feet of the fair Hülde. Among

them might be seen pale cheeks, and might almost be heard fluttering hearts, for none knew whether his lot would be a sad or a happy one. Much was there for a philosopher to comment on; and no doubt La Rochefoucauld has since amply provided for the case of each one separately, and of all in the aggregate; but just then, the thoughts of all were concentrated on the coming moment, and not one bestowed so much as a passing remembrance on the poor captive, sighing unheard in hard chains, far from the scene which he, too, ought to have graced. At length the moment had arrived when the gifts were to be presented, and each knight was to approach in order of precedence with his offering.

The first brought a miraculous talisman, possessing the power of averting from the wearer the malice of all enemies. Hülde took it, examined, admired it, listened to the directions for use, and laid it quietly on the slab beside her, while the giver rose from his bended knee, and made place for the next in order.

The second advanced, and opened with care a costly casket containing jewels of the rarest description. A murmur of applause ran through the assembly, and the knight as he held them before Hülde, assumed a look of triumph, which seemed to say, "I have found out how to win a woman's heart." Hülde's face, however, betrayed no emotion; she simply deposited these matchless gems beside the talisman.

A third brought a golden box, within which were deposited holy relics, supposed to be able to heal every malady.

A fourth and fifth followed with treasures more or less rare, and in due time all had had their turn.

Last of all came Walter v. Merkenstein: he, too, dropped gracefully on one knee, and, as he looked up into Hülde's face with modest trustfulness, his eyes beaming with unspoken love, he fastened on her rounded arm a simple circlet of gold, and presented her with a flower, the scent of which, he said, would instantly remove the heart-ache. Hülde returned his look with an approving smile, which betrayed the long-cherished secret of her heart. She suffered the bracelet to remain where he had clasped it, and placed the flower in her bosom, declaring she regarded it as the most useful of the presents that had been brought to her.

Graf Heinrich looked on; he had watched his daughter's face, and he read all that was written in the innocent eyes which now turned to his. He rose, and placing her hand within that of Walter, said, "I ratify, before all

present, my daughter's choice, and I proclaim Ritter Walter v. Merkenstein her affianced husband."

Beside himself, first with apprehension and then with joy, Walter had entirely forgotten to deliver Saladin's casket, and it was only when Graf Heinrich began to compliment him on the success of his arms in the holy cause, for which he had so bravely fought and suffered, that he recalled the duty he had neglected. He begged Hüllda's forgiveness for the oversight, and laying the precious casket before her, he related to her the details of his captivity, and the singular manner in which it had been brought to a termination.

Hüllda opened the seal, and raising the lid of the perfumed box, perceived a letter; but she had scarcely read the words it contained, when she sank, trembling, upon a chair, exclaiming,—“Walter, I cannot be your bride; another lives who has stronger claims on me than even you! Yes,” she continued, “the most undeniable claims; for he has not only fulfilled the stipulated conditions in the most perfect way, but he has sent me the gift I most desired, at a sacrifice which none can appreciate so well as yourself. Read, dear father, the words Adolph addresses to me.”

Heinrich took the letter, and read as follows,—“The most welcome gift a woman can receive is the hand of him she loves; I send your lover to you herewith, and that hand will present you, in this box, with a gift as ‘useful in itself’ as the bearer will be ‘agreeable to you.’ In it you will find the seed of a plant as yet unknown in Europe; but if you succeed in rearing it, your fatherland will owe to you an article of commerce as valuable for its rich dye as for the medicinal properties that belong to it; you will cultivate it in the gardens of the Castle of Liebach, which, with all its domains, I make over to Walter v. Merkenstein, that he may have possessions to offer you, equal to your own. He will find your dear name carved on every tree within my territory, and there, will the ransomed slave of Saladin learn to understand the heart of the friend who exchanged his own liberty for his.”

All present were deeply moved as the unheard of generosity of Adolph was thus revealed, and Walter, overcome by conflicting emotions, exclaimed,—“Hüllda is right; her hand does not belong to me; I should at this hour be groaning in alien bonds but for the magnanimous friendship of the noblest of men; base indeed should I be, and unworthy of such a friend, if I did not recognise it to be my paramount duty to return to Syria, and, by

resuming my chains, restore to him that liberty he so readily sacrificed to me.”

Graf Heinrich embraced the youth, with tears, and approved of his resolution. He placed in his hands a purse of two hundred golden florins, with which to pay the ransom of Adolph, to whom Hüllda sent a written message in these significant words,—

“Your gifts combine all the required conditions—my hand awaits you.”

Walter was gone. The walls of Rauhenstein repeated no echoes but those of Hüllda's soft sighs, and the old knight mused sadly on his daughter's fate. Hüllda's cheek grew paler day by day, and her eyes looked anxiously from her turret-windows, as if her thoughts were travelling in the direction of those who were risking their lives for her.

Graf Heinrich's concern augmented with the sadness of his child, and he felt that some step must be taken, though he knew not what. It was amid these conflicting thoughts that Hüllda herself one day adverted to the subject which pre-occupied both.

“Father,” she said, “I know you have understood my sorrow since Walter left us, and I have every hope you will approve of the vow I have made, and consent to the request I am about to lay before you.”

“Speak on, my child,” said Heinrich, “I have no doubt your wish is reasonable.”

“It is then, father dear,” resumed Hüllda, “that you will allow me to retire for a time from this life of care and luxury. Two noble knights have, for my sake, abandoned their native land, and the home of their ancestors, and are incurring hardships, of which we know nothing, in foreign climes. The one sighs in infidel chains, the other, forsaking the love of mother and sister, pursues his way over unknown lands, willing to assume a new captivity, and I, the cause of all, am living idly in the home of my childhood, sunned by a father's love, served by attached domestics; this cannot be; I must withdraw and labour and pray for myself and for them. On the road to Wiener Neustadt stands a stone cross, beside which pilgrims halt to repose and pray, there let me await in pilgrim garb, the return of the absent knights; there let me devote my time to some useful work, and spin for the poor, till heaven, touched by my humiliation, shall send them safely back.”

The old Ritter, somewhat reluctantly, yielded to his daughter's wishes. He bought a small cottage near the old Gothic monument, and repaired thither with her. Daily now did Hüllda resort to the spot, working with her

fingers, distaff in hand, while she poured forth her innocent prayers, till she was known through all the country round as the "Spin-nerin am Kreuz."

About fifteen months had thus rolled away, and one evening Hilda was kneeling on the old moss-grown step, as was her wont, when suddenly she heard the approach of a quick footstep, and turning round beheld a pilgrim near her, making his way to the well-known halting place. The instincts of love are keen, and notwithstanding the double disguise they were soon in each other's arms. After the sweet joy of meeting had been expressed on either side, Hilda with a blush inquired what tidings the wayfarer had brought of Adolph, and learned that on reaching Damascus, Walter was informed of the Sultan's death, which had taken place two months previously, and that the Austrian slave he was in quest of, had, by that generous monarch's desire, received his liberty. His subsequent fate, it had been very difficult to trace, notwithstanding the most minute researches, as no one seemed to know with any certainty whither he had betaken himself. From one informant he had received the mournful tidings that Adolph had fallen into a profound melancholy and had died of a broken heart. Hilda was deeply touched, but declared that, without more positive information, she could not consent to exclude him from her life; so that notwithstanding her father's anxiety to see her at once and happily married, she obtained his consent to wait at least another year in order to give him time to appear.

The stipulated term was drawing to a close, when one evening as the old Ritter with his daughter and her lover were seated round the fire, they were startled by the clatter of hoofs in the court-yard below, and in a few minutes a figure, muffled in a martial cloak, stood on the threshold.

"Adolph v. Liebach!" exclaimed all three in a breath, but the returning wanderer waved them back.

"Friends," said he mournfully but tenderly, "I come to witness your happiness for a moment, and to take my last farewell before my final return to the wars: I wish to pronounce my satisfaction at your union."

"How," exclaimed Walter, "did you then think I would meanly and cruelly take advantage of your absence to rob you of the bride who is yours by every right? Adolph, good and generous Adolph, Hilda is yours, and yours only, and you only are worthy of her."

Adolph's surprise was great, but he replied with a melancholy smile, "What I did, Walter, I did with entire sincerity of purpose, and nothing can now alter the resolution I then took"—and as he spoke he opened his vest and displayed upon his breast the cross of the Knights Templars, whose vows he had taken. "My only happiness," he continued, "now consists in knowing that you are happy: do not make my task more difficult than it already is. Farewell, and sometimes spare me a loving remembrance."

With these words he hurried out, threw himself on his horse and disappeared. Those who remained looked at each other; the whole interview seemed like a strange and mysterious dream, and to this day it is whispered that Adolph v. Liebach had been slain in Palestine, and that the muffled Knight who visited the inmates of the Castle of Rauhenstein on that winter's evening, was the spirit of the departed hero, who was never heard of more!

The wedding of Walter and Hilda was celebrated in due course, and Walter settled upon his wife the domain of Liebach, where they planted with great success the seeds which Adolph had transmitted from the East. It is, therefore, to him that Austria is indebted for the valuable herb which now flourishes throughout the land, and is called Saffron.

TABLE TALK.

I SEE by the French papers that steps are again about to be taken to establish judicially the innocence of Lesurques, who was executed for participation in the murder of the courier of Lyons. The drama in which poor Charles Kean played the two personages whose extraordinary resemblance led to this supposed blunder of justice, has made most of us familiar with the outlines of this *cause célèbre*, and we all believe here, as they do in France, in the innocence of Lesurques. It is to be feared that his family, notwithstanding their persevering efforts for the last sixty years to remove legally the stain upon his memory, will have to be content with this whitewashing by the popular voice. Not only does the French code offer no process by which a sentence carried out can be reversed, justice being supposed infallible, but the case is by no means clearly one of mistaken identity. According to a report made in 1832 by the president of the Court of Cassation to the Conseil d'état on this affair, it would seem that after Duboscq had declared he was the man for whom Lesurques

had been mistaken, eight out of the nine witnesses who swore to seeing Lesurques in company with the murderers, on being twice confronted with Duboscq, persistently maintained their previous conviction, and pointed out a variety of differences between the two men, as to face and figure, on which they founded their belief. Another point urged was, that seven persons were executed for this murder, whereas according to the statement of the criminals, they were only five in number, but, according to the testimony of two witnesses there can be little doubt that seven individuals in all were concerned in it. Lastly, it seems clear that Lesurques had dealings with several of the accused, notably Couriol one of the actual murderers, and Richard a receiver of stolen goods. Altogether the story is a very impressive one, as full of mystery and perplexity as the most ingeniously constructed masterpieces of the sensational school of fiction, and one is not surprised to find that a French writer has pitched upon it as the subject for a *feuilleton* now in course of publication.

THE topic of wrongful executions naturally suggests the case of the Maid and the Magpie, to which Scribe gave a happy ending, while Rossini removed the record from the dusty archives of justice to the ever-shining Temple of Fame. The story is no fanciful myth. The magpie and the maid both lived, though not at Palais-eaux, but in Paris; and the one suffered for the crime of the other, whose real delinquency was only found out long after infallible justice had solemnly strangled the innocent servant-girl. There is mention made in Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* of an annual mass which was regularly celebrated for the repose of the soul of this unhappy victim at the church of St. Jean en Grève, the service being popularly known as *la messe de la pie*. In those days Justice with its bandaged eyes seemed to have played a sort of game of blindman's-buff. When a crime was committed, it was "Turn round three times and catch whom you can." The same author relates a case in which another servant-girl had been brought to the gallows equally innocent of the crime imputed to her. Her master had endeavoured to seduce her, and failing, wreaked his vengeance by placing valuables in her box, and then denouncing her as a thief. The scoundrel was powerful, the facts seemingly damnable; and the only defence tears and asseverations of innocence. She was handed over to the hangman, or rather to his bungling apprentice, whose unavoidable nervousness—the natural conse-

quence of a first appearance—left the girl inanimate, but not dead. A surgeon's dissecting knife set the tide of life in motion again, and his care soon effected her complete resuscitation. In doubt as to how he should act under these strange circumstances, he sent for a priest in whose discretion he placed implicit trust. The priest, a venerable and solemn-looking personage, arrived just as the girl was awakening to the outward world, which she mistook for that which is promised in the future, and perceiving the priest she clasped her trembling hands and exclaimed, "Père Eternel, vous savez mon innocence, ayez pitié de moi." It was a difficult task to remove this impression which, however, had furnished the clearest possible proof of her innocence to those who heard the touching appeal to one whom she regarded as her supreme and all-seeing Judge. No attempt was made in this case to prove the girl's innocence before a court of justice. She hid herself in a distant village, not daring to face human justice again; and, considering all things, it must be owned she was right. Mercier says he knew the priest, and had the story from his own lips; so he being, by all testimony, an upright, truthful man, there can be no doubt the tale is authentic.

THE French are just now claiming the honour of inventing the sewing machine on behalf of one Barthélemy Thimmonier, a dissolute young tailor of St. Etienne, who did not like plying the needle himself, but, without any mechanical ideas, set about making a machine to do it for him. It is asserted that, after years of labour, he perfected a plan, and obtained a patent in 1830: and further, that he got eighty of his machines, with himself at their head, installed in the atelier of a Paris army tailor; but the workmen would not tolerate the innovations, and frequently damaged them. He came to England, and sold rights to a Manchester company. One of his machines was sent to the 1851 Exhibition, but by some fatality did not reach it till too late for the jury examination. The poor man came before the time; and while Howe was beginning to reap fame and fortune from his inventions, the first of which dates 1846, Thimmonier was dying in misery. Grant all this: still the Frenchman did not originate the idea of sewing by mechanical appliances, for in 1755 a German, by name Weisenthal, produced embroidery by a double-pointed needle, threaded in the centre, which was automatically pushed into and drawn through the fabric by pincers

plying on both sides. Machines are not invented off-hand—they grow. Clocks and watches grew; steam-engines grew; agricultural machinery grew, literally, for the primitive plough was nothing more than a hooked branch of a tree, and the primitive harrow a bough drawn over the ground: and the mechanics of our day are sowing the seeds which will, as years roll on, grow into machines of which we can have no notion.

ONE does not very often encounter amorous lawyers: yet they must exist, or how came the following quatrain to be written? It would hardly be the production of anyone outside the profession. I met with the lines, scratched by a diamond upon a window-pane of an inn in a Welsh county-town, some time ago; and the sight of valentines has recalled them to mind:—

Fee simple or a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female.

THERE are some good rhymes, doubtless well known. I wish to know who is the author of them:—

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
And when she wo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man.
But now with folly, dress, and pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men!

HAS the apotheosis of the human race arrived? Is there to be no death, but only disappearance? If half the stories now pouring into the newspapers are true, we must conclude that the vulgar method of quitting life is rapidly becoming obsolete. But whither do those mysteriously translated persons go? We have a strong suspicion that America becomes their home; and that the United States are gradually taking the place of heaven in the estimation of those persons whose distresses have brought them to choose between suicide and emigration. America has been accused of many things, but she has never hitherto been looked on as a land of spirits.

AN old man having three sons, made his will thus: One-half to eldest, one-third to second, one-ninth to youngest son ($\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{9}$). He died possessed of nothing but seventeen fine healthy camels. The sons failed to manage the division in the terms of the will; they

went, therefore, to the Cadi, who promised to settle the matter. After consideration, he propounded a scheme of distribution which *more* than satisfied each claimant, and disposed of the whole estate. What did he do?

THE inhabitants of St. George's, Hanover Square, have this year received a little document which ought to be preserved for the study of future historians. It is to be supposed that the honourable dustmen have chosen a device which they deem proper to their calling, and the future historian, interested in dusty enquiries, will rack his brains to discover wherein the fitness of it consists.

TO THE WORTHY INHABITANTS OF ST. GEORGE'S,
HANOVER SQUARE, SOUTH BELGRAVIA.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We, your constant Dustmen, in the employ of Mr. Cookson, Contractor, make humble application for A CHRISTMAS BOX, which you are usually so kind as to give, and to prevent fraud on you and imposition on us, which is frequently practised by men dressed as dustmen, saying they are employed by the contractor above named, we hope you will not give your bounty to any one who cannot show on their left arm "*Our Saviour on the Cross, and the Virgin Mary Weeping.*"

Please to keep this Bill, and request to see my arm when called on. No Connection with the Scavengers.

GEORGE STROUD.
THOMAS STROUD.

MOST folks are at liberty to fix their washing-days when they please: but in Saline County, Missouri, Nature has determined that the laundresses shall work only on Friday, for a spring there flows freely on that day but is dry all the rest of the week. The people thereabout have christened this watersource "Washing-day Spring."

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XXV.



THEY ROWED more than a mile, so deep was the glorious bay; and then their oars struck the ground. But Hazel with the boat-hook propelled the boat gently over the pellucid water, that now seemed too shallow to float a canoe; and at last looked like the mere varnish of that picture, the prismatic sands below; yet still the little craft glided over it, till it gently grazed the soft sand, and was stationary. So placidly ended that terrible voyage.

Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston were on shore in a moment, and it was all they could do not to fall upon the land and kiss it.

Never had the sea disgorged upon that fairy isle such ghastly spectres. They looked, not like people about to die, but that had died, and been buried, and just come out of their graves to land on that blissful shore. *We* should have started back with horror; but the birds of that virgin isle merely stepped out of their way, and did not fly.

They had landed in paradise.

Even Welch yielded to that universal longing men have to embrace the land after perils at sea, and was putting his leg slowly over the gunwale, when Hazel came back to his assistance. He got ashore, but was contented to sit down with his eyes on the dimpled sea and the boat, waiting quietly till the tide should float his friend to his feet again.

The sea-birds walked quietly about him, and minded him not.

Miss Rolleston ascended a green slope very

slowly, for her limbs were cramped; and was lost to view.

Hazel now went up the beach, and took a more minute survey of the neighbourhood.

The west side of the bay was varied. Half of it presented the soft character that marked the bay in general; but a portion of it was rocky, though streaked with vegetation, and this part was intersected by narrow clefts, into which, in some rare tempests and high tides combined, tongues of the sea had entered, licking the sides of the gullies smooth; and these occasional visits were marked by the sand, and broken shells, and other *débris* the tempestuous and encroaching sea had left behind.

The true high water-mark was several feet lower than these *débris*, and was clearly marked. On the land above the cliffs he found a tangled jungle of tropical shrubs, into which he did not penetrate, but skirted it, and, walking eastward, came out upon a delicious down or grassy slope, that faced the centre of the bay. It was a gentleman's lawn of a thousand acres, with an extremely gentle slope from the centre of the island down to the sea.

A river flowing from some distant source ran eastward through this down, but at its verge, and almost encircled it. Hazel traversed the lawn until this river, taking a sudden turn towards the sea, intercepted him at a spot which he immediately fixed on as Helen Rolleston's future residence.

Four short, thick, umbrageous trees stood close to the stream on this side, and, on the eastern side, was a grove of gigantic palm trees, at whose very ankles the river ran. Indeed, it had undermined one of these palm trees, and that giant at this moment lay all across the stream, leaving a gap through which Hazel's eye could pierce to a great depth among those grand columns; for they stood wide apart, and there was not a vestige of brushwood, jungle, or even grass, below their enormous crowns. He christened the place St. Helen's on the spot.

He now dipped his baler into the stream and found it pure and tolerably cool.

He followed the bend of the stream; it evaded the slope and took him by its own milder descent to the sands: over these it flowed smooth as glass into the sea.

Hazel ran to Welch to tell him all he had discovered, and to give him his first water from the island.

He found a roan-coloured pigeon, with a purplish neck, perched on the sick man's foot. The bird shone like a rainbow, and cocked a saucy eye at Hazel, and flew up into the air a few yards, but it soon appeared that fear had little to do with this movement; for, after an airy circle or two, he fanned Hazel's cheek with his fast flapping wings, and lighted on the very edge of the baler, and was for sipping.

"Oh, look here, Welch!" cried Hazel, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Ay, sir," said he. "Poor things, they haven't found us out yet."

The talking puzzled the bird, if it did not alarm him, and he flew up to the nearest tree, and, perching there, inspected these new and noisy bipeds at his leisure.

Hazel now laid his hand on Welch's shoulder and reminded him gently they had a sad duty to perform, which could not be postponed.

"Right you are, sir," said Welch, "and very kind of you to let me have my way with him. Poor Sam!"

"I have found a place," said Hazel, in a low voice. "We can take the boat close to it. But where is Miss Rolleston?"

"Oh, she is not far off: she was here just now, and brought me this here little cocoa-nut, and patted me on the back, she did, then off again on a cruise. Bless her little heart!"

Hazel and Welch then got into the boat, and pushed off without much difficulty, and punted across the bay to one of those clefts we have indicated. It was now nearly high water, and they moored the boat close under the cleft Hazel had selected.

Then they both got out and went up to the extremity of the cleft, and there, with the axe and with pieces of wood they found there, they scraped out a resting place for Cooper. This was light work; for it was all stones, shells, fragments of coral, and dried sea-weed, lying loosely together. But now came a hard task in which Welch could not assist. Hazel unshipped a thwart, and laid the body on it: then by a great effort staggered with the burden up to the grave and deposited it. He was exhausted by the exertion, and had to sit down panting for some time. As soon as he

was recovered, he told Welch to stand at the head of the grave, and he stood at the foot, bare-headed, and then from memory he repeated the service of our Church, hardly missing or displacing a word.

This was no tame recital; the scene, the circumstances, the very absence of the book, made it tender and solemn. And then Welch repeated those beautiful words after Hazel, and Hazel let him. And how did he repeat them? In such a hearty loving tone, as became one who was about to follow, and all this but a short leave-taking. So uttered, for the living as well as the dead, those immortal words had a strange significance and beauty.

And presently a tender, silvery voice came down to mingle with the deep and solemn tones of the male mourners. It was Helen Rolleston. She had watched most of their movements unseen herself, and now, standing at the edge of the ravine, and looking down on them, uttered a soft but thrilling amen to every prayer. When it was over, and the men prepared to fill in the grave, she spoke to Welch in an undertone, and begged leave to pay her tribute first; and with this, she detached her apron, and held it out to them. Hazel easily climbed up to her, and found her apron was full of sweet smelling bark and aromatic leaves, whose fragrance filled the air.

"I want you to strew these over his poor remains," she said. "Oh, not common earth! He saved our lives. And his last words were, 'I love you, Tom.' Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" And with that she gave him the apron, and turned her head away to hide her tears.

Hazel blessed her for the thought, which, indeed, none but a lady would have had; and Welch and he, with the tears in their eyes, strewed the spicy leaves first; and soon a ridge of shingle neatly bound with sea-weed marked the sailor's grave.

Hazel's next care, and that a pressing one, was to provide shelter for the delicate girl and the sick man, whom circumstances had placed under his care. He told Miss Rolleston Welch and he were going to cross the bay again, and would she be good enough to meet them at the bend of the river where she would find four trees? She nodded her head and took that road accordingly. Hazel rowed Eastward across the bay, and it being now high water, he got the boat into the river itself near the edge of the shore, and, as this river had worn a channel, he contrived with the boat-hook to



See page 17.

Once a Week, Feb. 29, 1884.

propel the boat up the stream, to an angle in the bank within forty yards of the four trees. He could get no farther, the stream being now not only shallow but blocked here and there with great and rough fragments of stone. Hazel pushed the boat into the angle out of the current, and moored her fast. He and Welch then got ashore, and Miss Rolleston was standing at the four trees. He went to her and said enthusiastically, "This is to be your house. Is it not a beautiful site?"

"Yes it is a beautiful site, but—forgive me—I really don't see the house," was her reply.

"But you see the framework."

Helen looked all about, and then said ruefully. "I suppose I am blind, sir, or else you are dreaming, for I see nothing at all."

"Why here's a roof ready made, and the frame of a wall. We have only to wattle a screen between these four uprights."

"Only to wattle a screen! But I don't know what wattling a screen is. Who does?"

"Why you get some of the canes that grow a little farther up the river, and a certain long wiry grass I have marked down, and then you fix and weave till you make a screen from tree to tree; this could be patched with wet clay. I know where there is plenty of that. Meantime see what is done to our hands. The crown of this great palm tree lies at the Southern aperture of your house, and blocks it entirely up: that will keep off the only cold wind, the south wind, from you to-night. Then look at these long, spiky leaves interlaced over your head. (These trees are screw pines.) There is a roof ready made. You must have another roof underneath that, but it will do for a day or two."

"But you will wattle the screen directly," said Helen. "Begin at once, please. I am anxious to see a screen wattled."

"Well," said Welch, who had joined them, "landsmen are queer folk, the best of 'em. Why, miss, it would take him a week to screen you with rushes and reeds, and them sort of weeds; and I'd do it in half an hour, if I was the Tom Welch I used to be. Why there's spare canvass enough in the boat to go between these four trees breast high, and then there's the foresel besides; the mainsel is all you and me shall want, sir."

"Oh, excuse me," said Miss Rolleston, "I will not be sheltered at the expense of my friends."

"Welch, you are a trump," said Hazel, and ran off for the spare canvass. He brought it, and the carpenter's basket of tools. They went to work, and Miss Rolleston insisted on

taking part in it. Finding her so disposed, Hazel said that they had better divide their labours since the time was short. Accordingly he took the axe and chopped off a great many scales of the palm-tree and lighted a great fire between the trees, while the other two worked on the canvass.

"This is to dry the soil as well as cook our provisions," said he; "and now I must go and find food. Is there anything you fancy?" He turned his head from the fire he was lighting and addressed this question both to Welch and Miss Rolleston.

Miss Rolleston stared at this question, then smiled, and, in the true spirit of a lady, said, "I think I should like a good large cocoanut, if you can find one." She felt sure there was no other eatable thing in the whole island.

"I wants a cabbage," said Welch, in a loud voice.

"Oh, Mr. Welch, we are not at home," said Miss Rolleston, blushing at the preposterous demand.

"No, miss, in Capericorn. Whereby we shan't have to pay nothing for this here cabbage. I'll tell ye, miss: when a sailor comes ashore he always goes in for green vegetables; for why, he has eaten so much junk and biscuit, nature sings out for greens. Me and my shipmates was paid off at Portsmouth last year, and six of us agreed to dine together and each order his dish. Blest if six boiled legs of mutton did not come up smoking hot; three was with cabbage, and three with turmots. Mine was with turmots. But them I don't ask so nigh the Line: don't ye go to think, because I'm sick, and the lady and you is so kind to me, and to him that is a-waiting outside them there shoals for me, as I'm on-reasonable; turmots I wish you both and plenty of 'em, when some whaler gets driven out of her course and picks you up, and carries you into northern latitudes where turmots grow; but Cabbage is my right, Cabbage is my due, being paid off in a manner; for the ship is foundered and I'm ashore: Cabbage I ask for, as a seaman that has done his duty, and a man that won't live to eat many more of 'em; and" (losing his temper), "if you are the man I take you for, you'll run and fetch me a cabbage fresh from the tree;" (recovering his temper), "I know I didn't ought to ax a parson to shin up a tree for me: but, Lord bless you, there ain't no sarcy little boys a-looking on, and here's a poor fellow mostly dying for it."

Miss Rolleston looked at Mr. Hazel with alarm in every feature; and whispered, "Cabbage from the tree. Is he wandering?"

Hazel smiled. "No," said he. "He has picked up a fable of these seas, that there is a tree which grows cabbages."

Welch heard him and said, with due warmth, "Of course there is a tree on all these islands, that grows cabbages; that was known a hundred years before you was born, and shipmates of mine have eaten them."

"Excuse me, what those old Admirals and Buccaneers, that set the legend afloat, were so absurd as to call a cabbage, and your shipmates may have eaten for one, is nothing on earth but the last year's growth of the palm-tree."

"Palm-tree be —," said Welch: and thereupon ensued a hot argument, which Helen's good sense cut short.

"Mr. Hazel," said she, "can you by any possibility get our poor friend the *thing* he wants?"

"Oh, *that* is quite within the bounds of possibility," said Hazel, drily.

"Well then suppose you begin by getting him the *thing*. Then I will boil the *thing*, and he will eat the *thing*: and after all that it will be time to argue about the *name* we shall give to the *thing*."

The good sense of this struck Mr. Hazel forcibly. He started off at once, armed with the axe, and a net bag Welch had made since he became unfit for heavy labour: he called back to them as he went, to put the pots on.

Welch and Miss Rolleston complied; and then the sailor showed the lady how to sew sailor-wise, driving the large needle with the palm of the hand, guarded by a piece of leather. They had nailed two breadths of canvass to the trees on the north and west sides, and run the breadths rapidly together; and the water was boiling and bubbling in the balers, when Miss Rolleston uttered a scream, for Hazel came running over the prostrate palm-tree as if it was a proper bridge, and lighted in the midst of them.

"Lot one," said he, cheerfully, and produced from his net some limes, two cocoa-nuts, and a land-turtle; from this last esculent Miss Rolleston withdrew with undisguised horror, and it was in vain he assured her it was a great delicacy.

"No matter: it is a reptile. Oh, please, send it away."

"The Queen of the Island reprieves you," said he, and put down the terrapin, which went off very leisurely for a reprieved reptile.

Then Hazel produced a fine bream, which he had found struggling in a rock-pool, the tide having turned, and three sea cray-fish, bigger than any lobster. He chopped their heads off

outside, and threw their tails into the pots; he stuck a piece of pointed wood through the bream, and gave it to Welch to toast; but Welch waved it aside.

"I see no cabbage," said he, grimly.

"Oh, I forgot: but that is soon found," said Hazel. "Here, give me the fish, and you take the saw, and examine the head of this palm-tree, which lies at Miss Rolleston's door. Saw away the succulent part of last year's growth, and bring it here."

Welch got up slowly.

"I'll go with you, Mr. Welch," said Miss Rolleston.

She will not be alone with me for a moment, if she can help it, thought Hazel, and sat moody by the fire. But he shook off his sadness, and forced on a cheerful look the moment they came back. They brought with them a vegetable very like the heart of a cabbage, only longer and whiter.

"There," said Welch, "what d'y'e call that?"

"The last year's growth of the palm," said Hazel, calmly.

This vegetable was cut in two and put into the pots.

"There, take the toasting-fork again," said Hazel to Welch, and drew out from his net three huge scallop-shells. "Soup-plates," said he, and washed them in the running-stream: then put them before the fire to dry.

While the fish and vegetable were cooking, he went and cut off some of the leafy, pinnated, branches of the palm-tree, and fastened them horizontally above the strips of canvas. Each palm-branch traversed a whole side of the bower. This closed the northern and western sides.

On the southern side, the prostrate palm-tree, on striking the ground, had so crushed its boughs and leaves together, as to make a thick wall of foliage.

Then he took to making forks; and primitive ones they were. He selected a bough the size of a thick walking stick; sawed it off the tree; sawed a piece six inches long off it, peeled that, split it in four, and, with his knife, gave each piece three points, by merely tapering off and serrating one end; and so he made a fork a minute. Then he brought all the rugs and things from the boat, and, the ground being now thoroughly dried by the fire, placed them for seats; gave each person a large leaf for a plate, besides a scallop-shell; and served out supper. It was eaten with rare appetite; the palm-tree vegetable in particular was delicious, tasting between a cabbage and a cocoa-nut.

When they had supped, Hazel removed the plates and went to the boat. He returned, dragging the foremast and foresail, which were small, and called Welch out. They agreed to rig the mainsail tarpaulin-wise and sleep in the boat. Accordingly they made themselves very busy screening the east side of Miss Rolleston's new abode with the foresail, and fastened a loop and drove a nail into the tree, and looped the sail to it, then suddenly bade her good-night in cheerful tones, and were gone in a moment, leaving her to her repose as they imagined. Hazel in particular, having used all his ingenuity to secure her personal comfort, was now too bent on showing her the most delicate respect, and forbearance, to think of anything else. But, justly counting on the delicacy, he had forgotten the timidity, of her sex, and her first night in the Island was a terribly trying one.

Thrice she opened her mouth to call Welch and Hazel back, but could not. Yet when their footsteps were out of hearing she would have given the world to have them between her and the perils with which she felt herself surrounded.

Tigers ; Snakes ; Scorpions ; Savages ! what would become of her during the long night ?

She sat and cowered before the hot embers. She listened to what seemed the angry roar of the sea. What with the stillness of the night and her sharpened senses she heard it all round the island. She seemed environed with peril, and yet surrounded by desolation. No one at hand to save her in time from a wild beast. No one anywhere near except a sick sailor, and one she would almost rather die than call singly to her aid, for he had once told her he loved her.

"Oh Papa ! oh Arthur !" she cried, "are you praying for your poor Helen ?" Then she wept and prayed ; and half nerved herself to bear the worst. Finally her vague fears completely overmastered her. Then she had recourse to a stratagem that belongs to her sex—she hid herself from the danger, and the danger from her : she covered herself face and all, and so lay trembling, and longing for the day.

At the first streak of dawn she fled from her place of torture, and after plunging her face and hands in the river, which did her a world of good, she went off, and entered the jungle, and searched it closely, so far as she could penetrate it. Soon she heard "Miss Rolleston" called in anxious tones. But she tossed her little head, and revenged herself for her night of agony by not replying.

However, Nature took her in hand ; imperious hunger drew her back to her late place of torture ; and there she found a fire, and Hazel cooking cray-fish. She ate the cray-fish heartily, and drank cocoa-nut milk out of half a cocoa-nut, which the ingenious Hazel had already sawn, polished, and mounted for her.

After that, Hazel's whole day was occupied in stripping a tree that stood on the high western promontory of the bay, and building up the materials of a bon-fire a few yards from it, that if any whaler should stray that way, they might not be at a loss for means to attract her attention.

Welch was very ill all day, and Miss Rolleston nursed him. He got about towards evening, and Miss Rolleston asked him rather timidly if he could put her up a bell-rope.

"Why, yes, miss," said Welch, "that is easy enough ; but I don't see no bell."

Oh, she did not want a bell—she only wanted a bell-rope.

Hazel came up during this conversation, and she then gave her reason.

"Because, then, if Mr. Welch is ill in the night, and wants me, I could come to him. Or—" finding herself getting near the real reason she stopped short.

"Or what ?" inquired Hazel, eagerly.

She replied to Welch. "When tigers and Things come to me, I can let you know, Mr. Welch—if you have any curiosity about the result of their visit."

"Tigers !" said Hazel, in answer to this side slap ; "there are no tigers here ; no large animals of prey exist in the Pacific."

"What makes you think that ?"

"It is notorious : naturalists are agreed."

"But I am not. I heard noises all night. And little I expected that anything of me would be left this morning, except, perhaps, my back hair. Mr. Welch, you are clever at rigging things—that is what you call it—and so please rig me a bell-rope, then I shall not be eaten up alive, without creating some *little* disturbance."

"I'll do it, miss," said Welch, "this very night."

Hazel said nothing, but pondered. Accordingly, that very evening a piece of stout twine, with a stone at the end of it, hung down from the roof of Helen's house ; and this twine clove the air, until it reached a ring upon the mainmast of the cutter ; thence it descended, and was to be made fast to something or somebody. The young lady inquired no further. The very sight of this bell-rope was a great comfort to her ; it re-united her to civilized life.

That night she lay down, and quaked considerably less. Yet she woke several times; and an hour before daylight she heard distinctly a noise that made her flesh creep. It was like the snoring of some great animals. This horrible sound was faint and distant; but she heard it between the roll of the waves, and that showed it was not the sea roaring; she hid herself in her rugs, and cowered till day-break. A score of times she was minded to pull her bell-rope; but always a womanly feeling, strong as her love of life, withheld her. "Time to pull that bell-rope when the danger is present or imminent," she thought to herself. "The Thing will come smelling about before it attacks me, and then I will pull the bell;" and so she passed an hour of agony.

Next morning at daybreak, Hazel met her just issuing from her hut, and pointing to his net told her he was going to forage; and would she be good enough to make the fire and have boiling water ready: he was sorry to trouble her; but poor Welch was worse this morning. Miss Rolleston cut short his excuses. "Pray do not take me for a child; of course I will light the fire, and boil the water. Only I have no lucifer matches."

"Here are two," said he. "I carry the box, wrapped in oil-skin: for if anything happen to *them*, Heaven help us."

He crossed the prostrate palm-tree, and dived into the wood. It was a large beautiful wood, and except at the western edge, the trees were all of the palm-tree genus, but contained several species, including the cocoa-nut tree. The turf ran under these trees for about forty yards and then died gradually away under the same thick shade, which destroyed all other vegetation in this wood, and made it so easy to see and travel.

He gathered a few cocoa-nuts that had burst out of their ripe pods and fallen to the ground; and ran on till he reached a belt of trees and shrubs, that bounded the palm forest. Here his progress was no longer easy: but he found trees covered with a small fruit resembling quinces in every particular, of look, taste, and smell, and that made him persevere, since it was most important to learn the useful products of the island. Presently he burst through some brushwood into a swampy bottom surrounded by low trees, and instantly a dozen large birds of the Osprey kind rose flapping into the air like windmills rising. He was quite startled by the whirring and flapping, and not a little amazed at the appearance of the place. Here was a very charnel house; so thick lay the shells, skeletons, and loose bones of fish.

Here too he found three terrapin killed but not eaten: and also some fish, more or less pecked. "Aha! my worthy executioners, much obliged," said he: "you have saved me that job:" and into the bag went the terrapin, and two plump fish, but slightly mutilated. Before he had gone many yards, back came the sailing wings, and the birds settled again before his eyes. The rest of the low wood was but thin, and he soon emerged upon the open country: but it was most unpromising; and fitter for geese than men: a vast sedgy swamp with water in the middle, thin fringes of great fern-trees, and here and there a disconsolate tree like a weeping willow, and at the end of this lake and swamp which altogether formed a triangle, was a barren hill without a blade of vegetation on it, and a sort of jagged summit Hazel did not at all like the look of. Volcanic!

Somewhat dismayed at finding so large a slice of the island worthless, he returned through the wood, guiding himself due west by his pocket compass, and so got down to the shore, where he found scallops and cray-fish in incredible abundance. Literally he had only to go into the water and gather them. But "enough" is as good as "a feast." He ran to the pots with his miscellaneous bag, and was not received according to his deserts. Miss Rolleston told him a little severely, the water had been boiling a long time. Then he produced his provender, by way of excuse.

"Tortoises again!" said she, and shuddered visibly.

But the quinces and cocoa-nuts were graciously received. Welch however cried out for cabbage. "What am I to do?" said Hazel. "For every such cabbage, a King must die."

"Goodness me!"

"A monarch of the grove."

"Oh, a King Log. Why, then, down with them all of course; sooner than dear Mr. Welch shall go without his cabbage."

He cast a look of admiration on her, which she avoided, and very soon his axe was heard ringing in the wood hard by. Then came a loud crash. Then another. Hazel came running with the cabbage, and a cocoa-pod. "There," said he, "and there are a hundred more about. Whilst you cook that for Welch, I will store them." Accordingly he returned to the wood with his net, and soon came back with five pods in it, each as big as a large pumpkin.

He chucked these one at a time across the river, and then went for more. It took him all the afternoon to get all the pods across the river. He was obliged to sit down and rest.

But a suggestion of Helen's soon set him to work again.

"You were kind enough to say you would store these for me. Could you not store them so as to wall out those terrible beasts with them?"

"What terrible beasts?"

"That roar so all night, and don't eat us, only because they have not found out we are here yet. But they will."

"I deny their existence," said Hazel. "But I'll wall them out all the same," said he.

"Pray do," said Helen. "Wall them out first, and disprove them afterwards; I shall be better able to believe they don't exist, when they are well walled out—much."

Hazel went to work, and with her assistance laid cocoa pods two wide and three deep, outside the northern and western side of her leafy bower, and he promised to complete the walls by the same means.

They all then supped together, and to oblige him, she ate a little of the terrapin, and when they parted for the night, she thanked him and said, with a deep blush. "You have been a good friend to me—of late."

He coloured high, and his eyes sparkled with delight; and she noticed, and almost wished she had kept her gratitude to herself.

That night, what with her bell-rope and her little bit of a wall, she was somewhat less timorous, and went to sleep early.

But even in sleep she was watchful, and she was awakened by a slight sound in the neighbourhood of the boat.

She lay watching, but did not stir.

Presently she heard a footstep.

With a stifled cry she bounded up, and her first impulse was to rush out of the tent. But she conquered this, and gliding to the south side of her bower, she peered through the palm leaves, and the first thing she saw, was the figure of a man standing between her and the boat.

She drew her breath hard. The outline of the man was somewhat indistinct. But it was not a savage: the man was clothed; and his stature betrayed him.

He stood still for some time. "He is listening to see if I am awake," said Helen, to herself.

The figure moved towards her bower.

Then all in a moment she became another woman. She did not rely on her bell-rope; she felt it was fast to nothing that could help her. She looked round for no weapon; she trusted to herself. She drew herself hastily up, and folded her arms; her bosom panted,

but her cheek never paled. Her modesty was alarmed; her blood was up, and life or death was nothing to her.

The footsteps came nearer; they stopped at her door; they went north; they came back south. They kept her in this high-wrought attitude for half-an-hour. Then they retired softly; and when they were gone, she gave way, and fell on her knees, and began to cry hysterically. Then she got calmer, and then she wondered and puzzled herself; but she slept no more that night.

In the morning she found that the fire was lighted on a sort of shelf close to the boat. Mr. Hazel had cut the shelf and lighted the fire there for Welch's sake, who had complained of cold in the night.

Whilst Hazel was gone for the cray-fish, Welch asked Helen to go for her prayer-book. She brought it directly, and turned the leaves to find the prayers for the sick. But she was soon undeceived as to his intention.

"Sam had it wrote down how the Proserpine was foundered, and I should like to lie alongside my messmate on that there paper, as well as in t'other place" (meaning the grave). "Begin as Sam did, that this is my last word."

"Oh, I hope not. Oh, Mr. Welch, pray do not leave me!"

"Well, well, then, never mind that; but just put down as I heard Sam; and his dying words, that the parson took down, were the truth."

"I have written that."

"And that the two holes was on her port-side, and seven foot from her stern-post; and I say them very augers that is in our cutter made them holes. Set down that."

"It is down."

"Then I'll put my mark under it; and you are my witness."

Helen, anxious to please him in everything, showed him where to put his mark. He did so; and she signed her name as his witness.

"And now, Mr. Welch," said she, "do not you fret about the loss of the ship; you should rather think how good Providence has been to us in saving us three out of so many that sailed in that poor ship. That Wylie was a wicked man; but he is drowned, or starved, no doubt, and there is an end of him. You are alive, and we are all three to see Old England again. But to live, you must eat; and so now do pray make a good breakfast to-day. Tell me what you can fancy. A cabbage?"

"What, you own it is a cabbage?"

"Of course I do," said Helen, coaxing. "You must excuse Mr. Hazel; these learned men are so crotchety in some things, and go

by books ; but you and I go by our senses, and to us a cabbage is a cabbage, grow where it will. Will you have one?"

"No, miss, not this morning. What I wants this morning very bad, indeed, it is—I wants a drink made of them sweet smelling leaves, like as you strewed over my messmate—the Lord in Heaven bless you for it."

"Oh, Mr. Welch, that is a curious fancy : but you shall not ask me twice for anything ; the jungle is full of them, and I'll fetch you some in five minutes. So you must boil the water."

She scudded away to the jungle, and soon returned with some aromatic leaves. Whilst they were infusing, Hazel came up, and on being informed of Welch's fancy, made no opposition ; but, on the contrary, said that such men had sometimes very happy inspirations. He tasted it, however, and said the smell was the best part of it in his opinion. He then put it aside to cool for the sick man's use.

They ate their usual breakfast, and then Welch sipped his spice tea, as he called it. Morning and afternoon he drank copious draughts of it, and seemed to get suddenly better, and told them not to hang about him any longer ; but go to their work : he was all right now.

To humour him they went off in different directions ; Hazel with his axe to level cocoa-nut trees : and Helen to search for fruits in the jungle.

She came back in about an hour, very proud of some pods she had found with nutmegs inside them. She ran to Welch. He was not in the boat. She saw his waistcoat, however, folded and lying on the thwart ; so she knew he could not be far off, and concluded he was in her bower. But he was not there ; and she called to Mr. Hazel. He came to the side of the river laden with cocoa-nuts.

"Is he with you?" said Helen.

"Who? Welch? no."

"Well, then, he is not here. Oh, dear ! something is the matter."

Hazel came across directly. And they both began to run anxiously to every part whence they could command a view to any distance.

They could not see him anywhere, and met, with blank faces, at the bower.

Then Helen made a discovery.

This very day, while hanging about the place, Hazel had torn up from the edge of the river an old trunk, whose roots had been loosened by the water washing away the earth that held them, and this stump he had set up in her bower for a table, after sawing the roots

down into legs. Well, on the smooth part of this table, lay a little pile of money, a ring with a large pearl in it, and two gold ear-rings, Helen had often noticed in Welch's ears.

She pointed at these and turned pale. Then suddenly waving her hand to Hazel to follow her, she darted out of the bower, and, in a moment, she was at the boat.

There she found, beside his waistcoat, his knife, and a little pile of money, placed carefully on the thwart ; and, underneath it, his jacket rolled up, and his shoes and sailor's cap, all put neatly and in order.

Hazel found her looking at them. He began to have vague misgivings. "What does this mean?" he said, faintly.

"'What does it mean!'" cried Helen, in agony. "Don't you see? A Legacy! The poor thing has divided his little ail. Oh, my heart! What has become of him? Then, with one of those inspirations her sex have, she cried, "Ah! Cooper's grave!"

Hazel, though not so quick as she was, caught her meaning at a word, and flew down the slope to the sea-shore. The tide was out : a long irregular track of footsteps indented the sand. He stopped a moment and looked at them : they pointed towards the cleft where the grave was. He followed them all across the sand. They entered the cleft, and did not return. Full of heavy foreboding, he rushed into the cleft.

Yes : his arms hanging on each side of the grave, and his cheek laid gently on it, there lay Tom Welch, with a loving smile on his dead face. Only a man ; yet faithful as a dog.

Hazel went back slowly, and crying. Of all men living, he could best appreciate Fidelity ; and mourn its fate.

But, as he drew near Helen, he dried his eyes ; for it was his duty to comfort her.

She had at first endeavoured to follow him ; but after a few steps her knees smote together, and she was fain to sit down on the grassy slope that overlooked the sea.

The sun was setting huge and red over that vast and peaceful sea.

She put her hands to her head, and sick at heart, looked heavily at that glorious and peaceful sight. Hazel came up to her. She looked at his face, and that look was enough for her. She rocked herself gently to and fro.

"Yes," said he in a broken voice. "He was there—. Quite dead—."

He sat gently down by her side, and looked at that setting sun and illimitable ocean, and

his heart felt deadly sad. "He is gone—and we are alone—on this island."

The man said this in one sense only; but the woman heard it in two.

ALONE!

She glanced timidly round at him, and without rising, edged a little away from him, and wept in silence.

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

I.

WIFE, *at her piano.*

IN the early morning, when the gauzy mist
Skyward vanished in the lift, while the sun had kissed
But a dewdrop here and there, leaving brighter yet
All the wealth of gems wherewith earth's coronet was set,—
Oh! but it was pleasant, in the olden times,
In the fresh May morning, underneath the limes!

II.

In the winking noon-tide, when with drowsier tune
Ev'n the bee went humming through the breathless June,
And the flecks of golden light fell few and far between,
Little restless wanderers, lost in a maze of green,—
Oh! but it was pleasant, in the olden times,
Youth's delicious daydream, underneath the limes!

III.

In the closing twilight, when the first white smile
Shimmered of the waking moon down the leafy aisle,
And some one mocked the nightingale, swearing every tone
Of one voice he knew was softer, sweeter, than her own,—
Oh! but it was pleasant, in the olden times,
Pacing slowly, whispering lowly, underneath the limes!

IV.

HUSBAND, *in his easy chair.*

Sunrise?—ah! the mushrooms then are gathered best, they say!
Noon?—/ love to perch, with the peach, on the sunny side o' the way!
Moonlight?—Nonsense! poke the fire! What keeps our Tom so late
Out, amid the gathering damps, with that baggage, Kate?
Pleasant?—ah! what trash these Poets babble in their rhymes!
Ugh!—the cold I caught last night—underneath the limes!

BRITISH OYSTERS AT ROME.

WHATEVER the date may have been at which the Romans first discovered the excellence of British oysters, they seem to have lost few opportunities of testing their merits to the uttermost. In the time of Horace, who died B.C. 8, they were either unknown or were not reckoned to be of the first quality, while at the close of the first century of our era they were a thoroughly recognised institution in spite of the trouble and outlay that must have been incurred in their transport southward. Unfortunately the records of the earlier Roman descents on the island are wanting in all particulars on the subject, but it does not seem that Julius Cæsar ever held, in either of his

two invasions, so settled a position there as to admit of his making any such importations into Italy, though, according to Pliny, he brought home with him some British pearls (not of fine quality), out of which he made a breastplate which he dedicated to Venus. Pomponius Mela, who wrote in the time of Claudius, refers to pearls found in British tidal rivers; the passage is a little doubtful, as the rivers are also said to have contained gems, and the pearls may have been white stones, but I cannot find any use of the word *margarita* except for a pearl. For nearly a hundred years from Cæsar's time, the name of Britain hardly occurs in history as far as I know, though, from a passage in Strabo, who wrote not later than A.D. 20, it appears that there was some slight trade between

Britain and Gaul, and that duties were levied on the goods. These could scarcely have been fresh oysters consigned to Rome, as the roads were not at that time good enough for rapid travelling. It does not plainly appear whether these duties ($\tau\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\eta$) were import or export duties, but they were collected in Gaul, as no garrison was kept up to levy tribute or taxes in England, because the returns would not have sufficed to pay the expenses of a legion. The articles taxed in Strabo's time were ornaments of ivory and glass, torques and $\lambda\upsilon\gamma\gamma\acute{o}\rho\iota\alpha$, in Latin *lyncuria* or lynx-stones. What these were is a matter which has been greatly fought over by critics, some thinking them to have been amber, others belemnites, carbuncles, tourmalin, jacinth. If Pliny's account of them, which is taken from Theophrastus, is correct, something electrical, such as amber or tourmalin, must be meant, but Mr. C. W. King, the latest and best authority on the subject, decides in favour of jacinth.

It was not long after Strabo's date that the mysterious *bascauda*, mentioned by Martial and Juvenal, was exported from Britain to Rome. This cooking-pot, plate-basket, or whatever it was, has been a difficulty to many generations of archæologists, and is likely to remain so, if I may judge from my own entire inability to find out anything about it after trying hard.

In A.D. 43 Claudius, who had recently become emperor, a position for which he was entirely unfit, selected the island as the field in which to display his prowess; according to the well-known story told by Dion Cassius and Orosius, who wrote relatively nearly two and nearly four centuries after the events they narrated, and whose accounts must accordingly be received with care, though they no doubt had sources of information that are lost to us, "he sailed from Gaul towards Britain, and changing his mind when just off shore, ordered his soldiers to pick up shells from the Gaulish beach, and to bring them home as trophies." However, he plucked up a better spirit after sending Aulus Plautius before him with a great force, and with Vespasian, afterwards emperor, as his principal lieutenant, and actually crossed over into Britain and made his way, according to Dion Cassius, to London, and thence to Colchester, if *Camulodunum* is rightly so translated. Perhaps his recollection of the Gaulish shells turned his attention to the collection of British molluscs, or, perhaps, they were first exported during the time of Suetonius Paulinus (A.D. 61), or possibly their introduction was postponed till the more settled times of Agricola (A.D. 78—85); but at all events they were well

known in Rome in the days of Domitian, who died A.D. 95, for in the fourth satire of Juvenal, written in the days of Domitian, and published at or about A.D. 100, the most direct mention is made of them as one of the principal articles of luxury of the period. In his description of Montanus, the Sefton of his day, Juvenal speaks of him as one

Who

At the first bite each oyster's birthplace knew !
Whether a Lucrine or Circæan he'd bitten,
Or one from Rutupinian depths in Britain.

And no great feat either, especially for a professed *gourmet*. Any one who cannot tell a Welsh oyster from a Poldoodie, or either from a Whitstable native, or all three from a New Yorker, must be deficient in the sense of taste. From the passage we have quoted it would appear that in Juvenal's time British oysters were eaten at Roman tables, side by side and in competition with those of Italy. The Romans were not bad judges of oysters. The coasts near Rutupæ (Richborough in Kent) produce the best natives to the present day, perhaps even better ones than in Montanus's time, if it be true that the abundance of food which makes them so fat is indirectly due to the large population of the basin of the Thames. Montanus, who was an old table companion of Nero's, and who was steeped to the eyes in all the sensual and gluttonous delights of his most debased court, was hardly likely to have emigrated to the barren and insecure coasts of Britain for the sake of oysters, which, however excellent they might be, were all the island had to offer in exchange for the unbridled luxury of Rome.

On this point Rondelet writes "Les huîtres aiment d'estre transportées en eaux diverses. Ainsi anciennement les Romains le faisoient. Davantage ilz en faisoient des viviers, ce que fit premierement Serge Orate, non pour friandise, mais pour avarice." Pliny, who died A.D. 79, tells us in his *Natural History*, as translated by Riley, that "The British shores had not as yet sent their supplies at the time when Orata thus ennobled the Lucrine oysters: at a later period, however, it was thought advisable to fetch oysters (British?) from Brundisium at the very extremity of Italy: and in order that there might exist no dispute between the two flavours, a plan has been more recently hit on of feeding the oysters of Brundisium in Lake Lucrinus, famished as they must naturally be after so long a journey." The notes in both Valpy's and Lemaire's editions of Pliny explain this passage—"Lest it should be a matter of doubt

whether the British or Brundusian oyster were the better, it was settled that both kinds should be fed together in the Lucrine lake to recover from the effects of long travelling, and that they should then be adjudicated on." I do not myself think, from the Latin text, that this passage suggests a comparison of British and Brundusian so much as of Lucrine and Brundusian oysters: it seems to me that the Brundusians were laid down in Lucrinus before they and the indigenous oysters were scientifically compared. Indeed I have hardly a doubt that this is the right meaning, in spite of the authorities. But Pliny mentions British oysters elsewhere in terms which show that they must have been known at Rome in their live state, in a passage in which he makes a comparative estimate of the merits of oysters from all parts. Surely we should never pretend to decide upon the value of Australian or South American beef from the preserved supplies which we receive from those parts, and the Romans would not have judged British oysters from pickled specimens only, and Pliny could not have said anything of them *in situ*, for he never was in Britain. Though he was credulous in the extreme in some things he was accurate in such matters of fact as came within the range of his own observation, and in the present case he may, in my opinion, be fully trusted.

That the Romans did convey fresh oysters to long distances there is further testimony. According to Athenæus, whose authority is first-rate, Apicius supplied Trajan when in Parthia with fresh oysters (*βορρεα νεαρά*) in A.D. 115. Now *νεαρά* not only means "fresh" in a general sense, but also *fresh as opposed to salt*, in which sense it may frequently be found, and if it did not, Athenæus was so thoroughly conversant with cooking terminology that he would not have used a questionable term. In the book attributed to Apicius a receipt is given for the preservation of oysters by putting them into a well-pitched pot and pressing them down, but commentators are in some doubt as to whether they are to be put in with or without their shells. The matter is not very important as far as Apicius himself is concerned, as the book, though undoubtedly old and curious, is now generally thought to be spurious, and to be a compilation dating from the Antonine period. The name of Apicius probably came to be a generic name for a *gourmet*, and was put at the head of this receipt book as that of Talleyrand or Cambacères might have been fifty years ago. The passage of Athenæus is sufficiently curious to

be worth quoting. "When Trajan the Emperor was in Parthia, many days' march from the sea, Apicius sent him fresh oysters, kept so by his care and wisdom: real oysters, not like the sham anchovies which the cook of Nicomedes, king of the Bithynians, made in imitation of the real fish when he was far from the sea. Euphron, a comic poet, brings on to the stage a cook who says:—

A. Rare old Soterides my tutor was,
Who fed his master, twelve days' march from sea,
With sham anchovies in mid-winter's depth
Till all Bithynia's nobles and their king,
Great Nicomedes, wondered.

B. How was that?

A. He shred a turnip fine and moulded it
After the fashion of the wished-for fish;
Then oil and seasoning delicately mixed
And added with twelve grains of poppy-seed.
Then Nicomedes tasted it, and ate
And ate again the turnip-fish with praise,
And told his guests, "A cook is like a poet,
He must have wits:—mine has—his triumphs show it."

That the Romans, after once tasting fresh British oysters, would continue to import them is beyond a doubt, for they rightly looked upon them as dainties of the highest class, and they did not allow considerations of expense to weigh heavily with them. Seneca, himself the most luxurious of philosophers, praised Attalus for his sobriety and self-denial in renouncing oysters and mushrooms on the ground that they were not so much food as superfluities, which people who had already dined well could still eat, and which (whisper it not in Gath) were easily got rid of, if the eater found himself too full, by the same route they used in getting into his stomach. This interesting and ingenious method of supping after dinner was much in use among the richer Romans under the empire.

Athenæus is full of oyster lore: he says:—

I took some oysters
And some sea-urchins, as a good first course
To a rich banquet, daintily supplied.

And again, "Oysters are not very digestible when eaten raw, having a saline moisture which has an effect on the digestion; but when boiled they get rid of most of their saltiness. When roasted cleverly, they are free from any sort of inconvenience, for their evil propensities are removed by the fire." In another place he calls them the truffles of the sea, and otherwise enlarges on them; but as those to which he refers are probably not of British growth at all, I must get back to my text, without diving into the further gastronomic details to be found in Xenocrates, the physician.

I have shown, I conceive, that British oysters were eaten fresh at Rome; the next thing is to try and find out how they were taken there. They might have travelled by either of two routes—first, round by Gibraltar and up the Mediterranean, on board ship all the way; and second, by road from Calais, or wherever it was that they disembarked, to Marseilles, a city which had a large trade with Italy, and so by sea to Rome. In the first case it ought to be shown that Roman vessels were in the habit of making the sea voyage to Britain, and that would, I think, be somewhat difficult of proof. It is true that Strabo, the geographer, writing at the very beginning of our era, before A.D. 20, says that the voyage to Britain had been many times made; but he is referring to Phœnician, that is Carthaginian, ships, and he makes so obvious a mistake about the matter that his opinion must be received with great care. He tells how a Carthaginian captain destroyed his ship to escape capture of it and its secrets at the hands of P. Crassus, lieutenant of Julius Cæsar. Now, Crassus first appears in history as quite a young man, about B.C. 52, whereas Carthage had been utterly destroyed B.C. 146, and had had no ships, no captains, and no trade, open or secret, from that period. I will not say that there is no other record of the long sea voyage having been made; but I have found none. If it was usually made, of course oysters could have been readily so imported, for they could have been supplied with salt water on the route, or could have come in well-boats made expressly. But it is clear that even as late as the time of Tacitus there were repeated and obvious misstatements made as to matters nautical, noticeably those made as to the navigation of Agricola in Scottish waters (A.D. 80, or thereabouts), which should prevent us from believing that the Romans were skilful and ardent navigators. Tacitus says that they found the sea thick, and not to be moved by winds, and saw other phenomena which induced them to shirk their work; and Juvenal speaks of Britain as having an absolutely Arctic climate. Sir J. Lubbock tries to explain these matters satisfactorily for the Romans; but as their report is a mere copy of that of Avienus about the voyage of Hamilco eastward of Northern Africa, where he probably met the Sargasso Sea, and found the water thickened with weed, I am afraid I cannot trust to their truth and honesty. If they had merely exaggerated, their tales would have been substantially true; but they are entirely untrue. They used the old stock reasons against venturing into unknown

waters, and I think that such timid sailors would have been very shy of crossing the Bay of Biscay if they could have got the goods they wanted overland from Calais, or elsewhere.

If the oysters came overland, we have to find out whether they would have kept for the time required in the transit. It is hardly necessary to count the cost, for the men who gave fifty pounds for a mullet would hardly have minded a pound a dozen for natives; but they must have been very expensive:—

Potuit fortasse minoris
Piscator quam piscis emi.

Diodorus Siculus tells us that tin was brought from Britain through Gaul (a strong argument against the commonness of the long sea voyage), and conveyed on horses to the mouth of the Rhone in about thirty days. This tin being a heavy commodity, and one for the transport of which there could be no especial hurry, was probably taken along in a leisurely way to Marseilles for embarkation: oysters, being much more perishable goods, were no doubt carried at a better pace. And further than this, the Romans had communication and commerce with Lyons and Besançon, at either of which there might have been stores of salt-water kept; and even without recourse to this plan oysters could have been sent down the Rhone in boats far quicker than pack-horses could carry tin. From Calais to Besançon the distance is not much over 300, and to Lyons, under 400 miles in a straight line, and Roman roads did not waste much distance; to accomplish this distance, and to go down the Rhone to salt water ought not to have taken oysters, travelling by express, more than half the time taken by the pack-horses in carrying tin to Marseilles: this would make their journey one of fifteen days.

Now, can oysters stand a journey of fifteen days under favourable circumstances? I have made inquiries at various places, and have no hesitation in saying that they can. They even keep in first-class condition, thoroughly fit to be eaten at once, for a much longer time, and it was only necessary that those going to Rome should arrive there in a healthy state, as they were to be fattened in Lake Lucrinus. I do not apprehend that the act of travelling has any material effect on them when the weather is favourable; but believe that if well packed they will last very nearly as long on a horse's back as if kept stationary, and I am able to state, on high authority, that they have been known to be in excellent condition for eating after a journey, and a month's subsequent

keeping. My informant is a hereditary oyster-merchant, whose practical knowledge of their habits is undeniable : he also says that in days gone by, when travelling was slow, oysters have repeatedly been sent from England to Ostend, and thence by land to St. Petersburg, a distance of some 1500 miles, and that they have arrived there in good order, not only for laying down but for immediate eating. On these and similar grounds he assumes that they can, beyond all reasonable doubt, bear a journey of a fortnight if properly managed.

At Pimm's I have got nearly similar information ; they do not think that their own oysters would keep quite so long as those above mentioned, but this is not to be wondered at, as it is notorious that the fat Whitstable natives are not so enduring as those from other parts, and yet they go to Moscow, and even further, in the middle of winter. Again, New York oysters are easily brought to England without food on the voyage, though the freight is too heavy for them to be imported at a profit.

Proofs might readily be multiplied of the capacity of oysters to live a long time out of water, but I think enough has been said to establish fair ground for the belief that those bred in Britain might have been brought to Rome by whichever route was most in use at the time of their first importation. My own views point to the overland system, but I should be glad of any further information tending to show that the voyage by Gibraltar was in common use before A.D. 100. The old geographers and chroniclers are not very lively reading, and I do not profess to have done more in most cases than refer to their passages about Britain as marked in the indexes, some of which, and perhaps the most important, are likely enough to have escaped me.

There is probably no reason to suppose that the exportation to Italy was continued after the breed was once fairly established in the Lucrine waters. That they thrive there abundantly is clear, and the chances are that they bred there and formed a cross or a permanent variety of such merit as to make it unnecessary that fresh breeding stock should continue to be supplied ; though if a story which I have read somewhere, that the Emperor Vitellius could sit down four times a day to his oysters, and dispose of a *hundred dozen* at each sitting, be true, and if his court at all shared his taste and his capacity, the strain on the beds of natives in his day must have been terrible indeed : it is perhaps lucky that his reign did not last for a year. However, whether they bred there or not—and it is

hardly to be doubted that they did—the waters in which they were laid down on their first arrival in Italy continued for a long time to be in high estimation for the quality of their produce, as we learn from Martial and others, though the name of British oysters is little found after Trajan's day. The last mention we find of them in a classical author is in Ammianus Marcellinus, who wrote shortly before A.D. 400 ; he tells us that pearl fisheries (perhaps not of oysters at all, but of mussels) existed in Britain in his day, but that the produce was inferior in quality to the Indian pearls. He certainly did not know himself what mollusc produced these pearls, as he held that they grew out of dew, the smooth and round ones from that which fell in the morning, and the unshapely ones from that in the evening. In A.D. 410, soon after his death, Alaric took Rome, and the connection of Britain with the Empire and its luxuries was broken, never to be re-established.

MY BAIRNS.

MIND, I make no boast of it, but I suppose that I am a happy man, from the fact of being the possessor of a large number of very keenly-pointed young arrows—barbed, no doubt ; but the barbs have never yet torn flesh ; winged, too, doubtless they are, and in all good time they will take, I suppose, their flight ; but though they are very expensive, and the quiverful weighs heavy on my back, I hope that the day of flight-winging is far distant. I want a governess for them ; a quiet, staid, encyclopædia of reference, who will undertake to do what my wife and I give up as almost an impossibility—namely, the answering of *all* questions, and the giving of satisfactory replies to the various problems propounded by a series of philosophers, male and female, of years of ripeness varying from two to ten.

Like Mrs. Pipchin I grow doubtful, timid, suspicious, and almost afraid of the holders of certain little minds of most opinionative tendencies ; such, for instance, as one who comes running to me in the hall while I am divesting myself of hat and overcoat, to overwhelm me with a piece of information which has been in my possession some six hours, namely, that there is a new baby ; and when I have expressed a proper amount of surprise, I am posed with the question "Where did it come from?"

"Because, pa, Mary says the doctor brought

it, and nurse says it came from under the big rose tree in the garden ; and one must be wrong."

"God sent it, my dear ; but little girls shouldn't ask such questions—What's that ? What do you say ?"

"I don't think God did send it, because if He had, He would not have sent it when my mamma was too ill to nurse it."

However, it appears that maid Mary's version is considered to be correct, and the doctor is watched with curious eyes from around corners at his next arrival ; while from the direction of glances towards his pockets, I feel morally certain that were that overcoat taken off and hung upon a peg in the hall, it would be searched for babies, as surely as mine often undergoes the same process for oranges and buns. Mary's version is canvassed, too, largely ; and another small sage thinks how nice it would be to go and live at the doctor's, since there would be no further need for dolls, which get chipped, bleed sawdust, and lose their eyes ; and there would be such lots of babies to play with.

We have had our little ones duly christened, and we have them instructed in the matters set forth to be learned in the vulgar tongue ; but they will not be content with learning and repeating their lessons, religious and secular ; they will *think*, preparatory to propounding some of the posers already alluded to. One young female, aged five, takes a walk with her mother upon a hot day in summer, and, after proceeding some distance, begins to halt. Mamma perceives that something is wrong, so stoops, unfastens the strap of a little shoe, empties out some dust and sharp grains of stone, replaces the shoe, buttons the strap, and onward trips the little fairy again, but not smilingly : she is serious, and deep in thought for a few minutes, and mamma nerves herself for what she foresees is coming.

"Didn't you say, ma, that I was made of the dust of the earth ?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then, if I was,"—doubt implied,—"if I was, do you think I ever got into anybody's shoe ?"

Little Tom comes in with flaming cheeks, red as if reflections from the fire he had watched still lingered in the pleasant dimpled spots, to patter along the passage, and hammer at the door of the workshop where I spend my reading and writing hours,—a region tabooed to all ; edicts published daily that no one is to go near papa's study under pain of terrible inflictions, but the edicts are always forgotten

in times of excitement, as in this case ; and Tom hammers away with his hoop-stick, and his voice sounds like that of a young rook, as he energetically, at twenty-second intervals, shouts out, "Pa !"

As he will not go away, he is admitted, boiling over with the information that he has seen a man making a "great, large—ever—so big horse."

"But men don't make horses, my boy," I say, as I perch the little form upon my knee, and the little legs begin to swing vigorously about. "Don't put your hoop-stick in the ink !"

"But they do, pa, toz I saw one while I was out, and Mary stopped and let me ; and he'd got a hammer and nails, and one leg in his lap, and I saw him keep on knocking till he'd finished and put it down, and the horse walked away ; and will you buy me a big horse—one ever so big, pa ?"

Then again, "Totty should always put her hands behind her when she is saying lessons," says mamma ; and the little, sticky, wet fingers go behind the small back.

"Now Totty," mamma goes on to say, "who was the first man ?"

"Adam," says Totty.

"Very good girl," says mamma ; "and now, who was the first woman ?"

"Mrs. Adam !" says Totty, after a minute's reflection ; but mamma does not seem satisfied with the new reading, and Totty is set right upon the point. It was this young lady, who after another year's instruction in Scriptural knowledge, was one day questioned concerning the history of Joseph, and replied, that it was the chief butler of King Pharaoh who was in prison with Jacob's younger son.

"And now," said the querist, "who was the other man in prison with Joseph and the chief butler ?"

It was evident that Totty did not know ; for one shoulder forced itself out of containing straps, and then the other. Totty looked at floor and ceiling for information, but found it not, and the question was repeated :

"Now, Totty, I told you only just now. Who was in prison with Joseph and the chief butler ?"

Totty did not know, but she could invent ; she would not give up ; and her little face gleamed with triumph, as directly after the question was propounded for the last time, "Who was in the prison with Joseph and the chief butler !" she exclaimed :

"The chief footman !"

I'm sorry to say that Bobby is not honest. He it was who helped himself to as many pea-

pod as he could clutch when passing the greengrocer's, and was bearing them off, only Mary perceived it in time, and insisted upon his taking them back, when the greengrocer was foolish enough to laugh, and present the boy with an apple of a red hue, which kept slipping out of the fingers not large enough to hold it. Bobby it is who makes the baby cry by taking away his cakes and biscuits, to devour the wet, sucked, soppy morsels himself. I have my forebodings about Bobby, and though it was, no doubt, intensely funny to wet them and stick them on nose, chin, cheeks, and forehead, yet those postage stamps all had to be gummed again before I could use them; and I felt morally certain that Bob was the thief who stole the little boxful from my study table, although he sturdily denied it, and vowed that it was Totty, who wept, and declared her innocence. He was caught in the fact, Bobby was, when he had been upon a chair at the cupboard, wolfing the moist sugar, and stood confessed before his mother, with the brown crystals embellishing his cheeks.

"Ah! Bobby, Bobby, you sad boy," exclaimed mamma, "what have you been doing?"

"Nussing!" quoth Bob, sturdily.

"You naughty—naughty boy," said mamma; "why, what did you do with the sugar basin?"

"Took a poon out," said Bobby, gruffly.

"I know you did, sir," said mamma, angrily; "but what else did you do, eh, sir?"

There was a pause of a few moments, and then mamma repeated her question—"What else did you do with the spoon, Bobby?"

"Put him back again," said Bobby.

I am sorry to have to record that Bobby was not punished for that saccharine theft, for mamma turned away and laughed, while when reprimanded for her unmaternal behaviour, and reminded of the boy in the horn-book, who afterwards bit off his mother's ear because she had not corrected him for theft, she, that is to say Bobby's mother, not the thief's, declared that the story was "all stuff" and that the boy—Bobby—looked so sticky and comical that she could not help it. That is how boys are spoiled: and the longer I live, the more I feel convinced that mothers should never have a hand in their education.

We have had so many little fresh green queries—so much small salad of a piquant flavour—that one has thrust the other from memory. One mite wants to know why it is that dolls' hair never wants cutting; another stands like a little astronomer, with widely propping legs, gazing up into the blue vault of heaven,

and when asked at what he is looking, says, he is wondering "how God could get up there." Again, another toddles into our country, red-bricked kitchen, whose floor is as great a source of pleasure to our red-faced kitchen-girl as the brilliantly-blackened stove over whose lustrous face so many pounds of plumbago are expended per annum, while the red-brick floor is carefully washed before breakfast every morning, and swept and sprinkled every afternoon;—in toddles one of the small philosophers, to stare at the spotted floor for some time, stoop down and touch one of the wet patches with a finger, ere the moisture is absorbed by the soft brick, and then the bystanders are with all due solemnity informed, that the little piece of importance thinks that, "Sarah's titchen yains."

One last little incident, piquant, but sad; and this time, too, no shaft of mine, but of a brother fletcher, whose little arrow here displayed the barb, and made its wound in displaying something of the selfish element of the human heart.

A little sister lay a-dying, and after due preparation, and being told—wisely or not—that one was about to be taken away, the little boy was carried into the chamber to say farewell to the fading blossom, and gaze upon her with curious eyes. Then he said loudly:

"Is Milly going away?"

"Yes, darling; but, hush! don't speak so loud."

"Is she going up to heaven?"

"Yes—yes; but don't speak like that."

"And will she never come back any more?"

This time in a whisper.

"No, darling, never—never. You must say good-bye."

"Ah! Milly, Milly," cried the boy loudly—leaping forward to get to the bedside—"tell me where you hid my spade before you go!"

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

SUPPOSING Buddhism were to thrust westward, after having exhausted itself in the East, and were to overrun Europe, subvert its present religious convictions, replace our Christian churches by temples of Sakya Mouni, and become the established creed of the country; then the Grimms and the Halliwells of the future would laboriously glean from among the peasantry fragments of the old Christian Scripture-stories, would collect from the mouths of nurses and grandames beautiful traditional tales about a certain Joseph, who

wore a coat of many colours, and who was sold by his envious brothers; about a valiant shepherd-boy, who slew a giant with his sling, and who afterwards became king; about a mighty man, whose strength lay in his hair, who rent a lion, and smote his enemies with a jaw-bone.

It is certain that no religion however violently overthrown expires at once. It protracts a lingering life, and though rejected by the enlightened upholders of the new creed, is cherished by the ignorant, and its traditions are handed on by mothers to their children from age to age. For some while this oral lore is kept secret, because it is held to be antagonistic to the religion which is publicly professed; but, in a few generations, when its religious significance has faded from remembrance, its treasures of story are taught and remembered, no longer as sacred myths, but as popular tales.

There is a pretty coloured engraving to Von Hahn's collection of modern Greek and Albanian tales. It is taken from a photograph of a group listening to a household tale. An old woman in grey, with her head bound in a white handkerchief, is relating the traditional narrative to an attentive cluster of boys with scarlet caps and black jackets, and girls in pretty crimson and green bodices, and yellow wimples. And what are these tales which delight her auditory? The familiar classic myths of Perseus and Andromeda, the labours of Heracles, and the revival of Polyidus by Glaucus. In the hagiology of the middle ages we have abundant evidence of the fables of heathenism rising to the surface and assuming a christian form and crystallising about the history of some popular saint. Thus the old tale of Hippolytus was retained, and the son of Theseus transmitted his fame to the saint of the same name in France.

Mr. Keightley was the first to discover that elements of ancient paganism adhered to our nursery traditions, and in 1834 he instanced the story of Jack the Giant-killer as having points of resemblance to the history of the Scandinavian Thor, which made it probable that the Jack of the popular tale was the lineal descendant of the god of our Norse forefathers. "Shall we now say that our Anglo-Saxon or Danish ancestors brought it with them to England, and that the incident common to it (the tale in the Edda) and to the tale of the Giant-killer, was preserved by tradition, and adopted by the author of that story? Such an assertion would be too hardy, yet it might be true; legends of the Edda are living in the

popular tradition of Scandinavia at this very day; and from the tone and circumstances of the history of the Giant-killer, I think it by no means unlikely that its date may be anterior to that of the conquest of Wales by Edward I. It is certainly older than the time of Elizabeth, for in *King Lear*, Edgar, says,

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His words were still, "Fee, faw, and fum!
I smell the blood of a British man!"

which evidently alludes to this renowned history."

We propose considering the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, which is a similar mythological tale belonging to the religion of our pre-Christian Norse invaders.

It will be remembered that Jack was the son of a widow, that he sold a cow for a handful of coloured beans, which his angry mother flung out of the window. Next morning, the beans had taken root, and had grown to the sky. Jack ascended the bean, and reached a land above the clouds, which was of great extent, and there he wandered till nightfall, when he sought refuge in the house of the giant who ruled this heavenly land. The giant had three great treasures; one of these was a red hen, which laid, every morning, a golden egg. The second was a harp which, of itself, played the most beautiful music; and the third was bags of gold, silver, and diamonds. All of these Jack stole in succession. Such is the bare outline of the story, and it is with this outline that we have to deal; the leading facts being, the existence of a supraterrrestrial land, to which access is obtained by a tree, the presence of a giant—one-eyed—in this land, and the possession by this giant of the gold-egg-laying hen, the magic harp, and the treasure-bags.

Now all these leading points reappear in ancient mythologies, and connect the story to them so securely, that it is impossible not to recognise in it a myth of the remotest antiquity.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

What Hood learnt in a very few years, cost uncivilised man many ages to discover. When the descendants of Noah built their tower of Babel, their object was to make it so high that

"its top might reach unto heaven." And in classic times, the peaks of Atlas were supposed to prop up the sidereal vault.

The natives of New Zealand believe that Tane-mahuta, the father of forests, keeps the sky from falling on the earth by the myriad tree-tops scattered over the face of earth. They have a story somewhat like our Jack and the Beanstalk, in which the hero Tawhaki finds long tendrils hanging down from the clouds. He catches hold of one of these, scrambles up it, and discovers it to be the root fibre of a great palm growing in heaven.

The Zulus have a story of a boy and girl who fled from a cannibal, and, finding a tall tree, ascended by it to "a beautiful country. They found a very beautiful house there; that house was green, and the floor was burnished; and the country of the upper region was very beautiful; they walked about there continually, and looked at it, for they saw it for the first time. But the earth they saw was at a great distance below them; they were no longer able to go down to it, for they feared the cannibals, thinking they saw them going about on the earth, seeking for food." (Callaway's *Zulu Tales*.)

In a South American story, a lad Chapewee "stuck a piece of wood into the earth, which became a fir-tree, and grew with amazing rapidity, until its top reached the sky;" and by this he ascended to heaven, where he found a firm plain and a beaten road, by which the sun pursued his daily journey.

In a Dayak tale, a youth called Si Jura climbs by a large fruit-tree, the root of which was in the sky, and its branches, hanging down, touched the waters, and reached the country of the Pleiades, where he obtains the seed of three kinds of rice, with which he returns to bless mankind.

In the mediæval legend of the Cross, in like manner, Seth journeys to Eden, and sees the tree of life, its roots in hell, its crown in heaven. Around the bole was wreathed a frightful serpent or caterpillar, which had scorched the bark and devoured the leaves. Seth saw Cain in hell endeavouring to grasp the roots, and clamber up them into Paradise; but they laced themselves around the body and limbs of the fratricide, and the fibres penetrated his body as though they were gnawing worms. Seth plucked three seeds from this tree, just as in the Bornean tale, Si Jura obtained three kinds of rice, and these seeds he planted in the mouth of Adam; they grew, and, uniting, formed one tree, whereof in the fulness of time was made the Cross.

But it was not from Borneo, South Africa, or New Zealand, that the idea of the land above the tree-top came to the nurses of England; it was from the ancient mythology of the Saxons and Norsemen. The frontispiece of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities* represents the cosmogony of our forefathers. A great ash-tree called by them Yggdrasil has its roots in hell, supports earth, and towers into heaven. The earth is flat and round, girded in by ocean and ice. Yggdrasil rises above it, the largest and best of trees, its branches spreading over the whole world and sustaining the abode of the gods. It has three roots, under one is the abode of Hela, the goddess of the dead; under the second dwell the frost-giants; and under the third are the unborn human beings. The roots are constantly gnawed by the great serpent Nidhogg.

Under Yggdrasil lie
Unnumber'd snakes,
More than mindless
Men can conceive.

The dew that falls from its branches on the earth is the honey dew, the food of bees.

But the similarity of the Norse with the Polynesian and American tales does not prove a common origin; it only indicates a common ignorance. "The idea of climbing from earth to heaven by a tree, fantastic as it may seem to a civilised man of modern times, is, in a different grade of culture, quite a simple and natural idea. Such tales belong to a rude and primitive state of knowledge of the earth's surface, and what lies above and below it. The earth is a flat plain, surrounded by the sea, and the sky forms a roof on which the sun, moon, and stars travel. The Polynesians, who thought, like so many other people, ancient and modern, that the sky descended at the horizon and enclosed the earth, still call foreigners *pa-palangi*, or Heavenbusters, as having broken in from another world outside. The sky is to most savages what it is called in a South American language, *muneseke*, that is, the Earth-on-high. There are holes or windows through this roof or firmament, where the rain comes through, and if you climb high enough, you can get through and visit the dwellers above, who look, and talk, and live, very much in the same way as the people upon earth. As above the flat earth, so below it, there are regions inhabited by men or man-like creatures, who sometimes come up to the surface, and sometimes are visited by the inhabitants of the upper earth. We live, as it were, upon the ground floor of a great house, with upper storeys rising one over another above us, and

cellars down below." (Tyler's *Researches into the early History of Mankind*.)

A curious illustration of the duration of this belief in England is to be found in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury (A.D. 1211), who tells the story of a Bristol merchant having sailed far away to sea, leaving his wife and family at home. One day whilst dining on board, he dropped his pocket-knife into the water, and, at the same moment it fell through the skylight of his house in Bristol. On the return of the merchant after a long while, his wife showed it him. "Who after this testimony can doubt that the sea is above our habitations either in or above the atmosphere?" asks credulous Gervase.

We come next to the giant reigning in the upper region. This giant is Odin or Woden, the All-father. Indeed, the name of the tree Yggdrasil signifies the Odin-sustainer. Odin was one-eyed, like the giant in the nursery tale; this was because he had paid for a draught of the well of wisdom with one of his eyes, and in the Norse Sagas he is always to be recognised by his one eye. Thus Gest, son of Bardr, one of the first colonists of Iceland, was on his way to Labrador. On board his vessel was a priest called Jostein; from the north of Norway a stranger came on board, dressed in a blue spotted cloak, and one-eyed. He called himself Redgrain. "He and the priest did not suit one another; Redgrain talked of heathenism and magical arts before Gest's men, and urged them to sacrifice. One day he was so vehement in his paganism that the priest got angry, and catching up a crucifix put it on Redgrain's head. Whereupon the fellow jumped overboard and disappeared. And all believed that he was Odin himself."

The primæval barbarians from whom we are developed were sadly puzzled over the sun. What was it? A luminous stone, a burnished disc, a fiery wheel, or a golden egg? The Anglo-Saxon poet, Beowulf, calls the stars "heofones gim," or heavenly gems. We, to this day, talk of the sun as a golden ball. The Norsemen thought it was a table of burnished precious metal on which the gods ate. The old Greeks thought the orbs of heaven were golden apples hanging on the branches of the world-tree in the garden of the Hesperides; and the sun was a ship of gold in which Helios sailed over the blue sky-sea. Ovid calls the sun a shield, and Lucretius supposes it to be a wheel. In Arab myths it is the great luminous egg of the mighty bird Roc, that haunts the diamond-sprinkled valley of the sky. Aristophanes alludes to this idea when he says,

"In the beginning all was chaos and night: nothing existed except black Erebus and vast Tartarus. Neither sky, nor earth, nor air. In the other vast of Erebus, Night, the black-winged, laid an egg, whence sprang gold-winged Eros."

The idea that the sun was an egg of gold laid every morning by the dawn, was the origin of many a household tale, such as Mother Goose, and the fable of the man who killed his goose to get its eggs of gold. The Druids considered that the gold egg of the sun was laid by the heavenly serpents and not by a bird, and they told wonderful stories of their anguinum. The Greeks had probably some similar belief, but it has altered much in the hands of the poets. The Dioscuri, who are the morning and evening stars, are said to have been hatched out of eggs, and therefore in art they are represented with egg-shells on their heads; and beautiful Helen, once Selene, the moon, issued likewise from an egg. The primæval myth doubtless represented the moon and stars as silver eggs, which the poets afterwards hatched. The return of the sun with force in Spring was symbolised of old by the present of eggs, a practice sanctioned by the Church, whilst giving it a different signification. This is the origin of the Easter eggs.

The one-eyed giant in the heaven-land had also a harp which played of itself the most entrancing music. This is the wind. In some legends the heavenly giant possesses an arrow or spear which never misses its mark, a magic harp, and a bag of diamonds: that is the lightning, the wind, and the rain-cloud. It must be remembered that he is the supreme God of heathen times, and the ancient god was endowed with atmospheric attributes; these are generally limited to three, but there are changes rung on these attributes. Sometimes one of them is plenty, represented by a table always covered with viands, that is the earth decked with its abundant crops by the sun; sometimes it is a club which strikes, and this is the thunderbolt; sometimes it is a quern that grinds rain. The magic harp of the wind rolling its deep tones through the ancient Norwegian forests had marvellous powers attributed to it. It made everything dance.

In the ancient Icelandic Saga of Heraud and Bosi, is told how Bosi kills a certain Sigurd who possessed this harp, then he flayed the man he had slain, and covered himself with his skin, took the harp, and thus disguised entered the banquet hall of king Godmund, where his true love was about to be married to

another man. He played his harp, and the knives and plates, then the tables and stools, next the guests, and lastly the monarch himself, were set dancing. He kept them capering till they were too exhausted to move a limb, when he ran away with the bride.

In the mediæval romance of Huon de Bordeaux, the fairy king Oberon, who is in reality a Celtic deity, made a present to the duke of a cup which became filled with wine when the sign of the cross was made over it, and with a horn which made everyone dance who heard its notes. In the ancient English ballad of the Boy and the Mantle, Oberon again appears with a mantle, a boar's head and a horn, but the properties of these articles have reference to the satirical object of the piece. The description of the effect produced by this magic music is thus given in the ancient German Gudrunlied :

"These strains he sang, and they were wondrous. To none were they too long, who heard the strains. The time it would take one to ride a thousand miles passed, while listening to him, as a moment. The wild beast of the forest and the timid deer hearkened, the little worms crept forth in the green meadows, fishes swam up to listen, each forgetting its nature, so long as he chanted his song." This of course reminds one of Orpheus and his lyre.

The third article in the giant's treasury was his store of treasure bags. By these the glittering spring, summer, and autumn rains are symbolized. In ancient Indian tales they are of frequent occurrence. A pretty German tale relates how there were two sisters, the one when she smiled dropped roses from her lips, and when she wept distilled diamonds, whilst the other when she opened her mouth gave escape to frogs and newts. This story represents two spring months, one flower-producing and sparkling with precious showers, whilst the elder month is destructive and prejudicial to growth.

In popular German and Indian tales a giant gives to a lad a bag containing a cudgel. He has only to say "Out stick, and at him !" to make the cudgel leap forth and belabour the person indicated. In this the raincloud is represented by a bag, as in the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, but the cloud contains the thunderbolt instead of the precious rains. It was the notion, universally prevalent, that the clouds were vessels containing water, which originated the rain-bags of witches and weather charmers in ancient Norway and Iceland, and in modern Canada and Southern Africa.

Moses speaks of the rain as water poured

out of heavenly buckets, and Job calls the clouds, "the bottles of heaven," tracing in them a certain similarity to the skins in which water was transported on camels over the desert.

The same idea is preserved in the classic fable of the bag of winds which Æolus gave to Ulysses. The companions of the king of Ithaca had the curiosity to open the bag, and at once out rushed the storm and tempest. According to a mediæval legend, S. Cesarius of Arles tied up a violent wind in one of his gloves, and then flung it into a chasm, where it might exhaust itself without damaging the fruit trees and crops. An Icelandic Saga tells of a certain Ogautan who had a weather bag. "When I shake it, there rushes out of it storm and wind, and such great frost and cold that in three nights all waters are so hard frozen that they will bear horses." Then Ogautan took his sack and shook it, and there went out of it such ill-weather with frost and fog, that none could stand against it ; and on the third night every sheet of water, and all the fjords, were covered with ice.

But these storm bags of the north are replaced by sacks of diamonds in the south. Even a Scandinavian myth speaks of the spring cloud as an otter skin filled with gold, and in wild poetic fancy describes the raincloud after the shower as gilded over by the sun, and its last dark flake covered by Andvari's ring, the rainbow.

With such material as these barbarous conceptions of natural phenomena, many of our most ancient household tales are made up. The same ideas, not always arranged in the same manner, occur throughout the world, wherever men are ignorant, and the laws of nature are misunderstood. It is impossible for us to suppose that such tales as Jack and the Beanstalk, the Giant-killer, Thorn rose, and others, have been derived from one original, and transmitted traditionally throughout the world ; it is easier to believe that certain natural manifestations should have given rise to childish conceptions similar in their simplicity and grossness ; and, given these mythologic factors, the story-teller has merely to combine and permutate according to fancy through ever-shifting kaleidoscopic variations.

TABLE TALK.


THEY who labour and devise schemes for the preservation of life deserve the best thanks of mankind : unfortunately, this is often the only reward they get for their pains, and

even that is sometimes neglected. So let us not be backward in giving recognition to an improvement in the method of rescuing the crews of stranded vessels. My attention has just been called to it, and the mechanical part of it I have inspected. We have all heard, (a case occurred very recently,) of the service done by rocket lines; but these, in Captain Manby's original plan of using them, are sometimes awkward and ineffacious from the fact that they have to be fired from the shore to the ship and against the wind, so that the chances of their reaching the vessel upon the first aim are small. Moreover vessels are too often wrecked off coasts remote from life-boat and rocket stations. Now in the improved plan the rocket is fired from ship to shore; it carries a grapnel, which takes firm hold in the beach or amongst the rocks, and a pulley block, through which a line passes, both ends of which remain with the ship. When once communication is established,—and no assistance is needed from landmen to establish it,—a man equipped with a life-belt is towed on shore, together with such tackle as is necessary to complete arrangements for landing the rest of the crew in the usual way. Some such plan was suggested by Congreve, but I know not whether it was ever practically tested; the present one has been tried on more than one occasion by its inventors, Messrs. Kayess & Harrison, and its success each time was perfect. The importance of a method of saving life at sea without help from shore, cannot be too highly insisted on; but it is almost too much to hope that ship-owners and captains will adopt such a plan as I have described without compulsion. To tell an ugly truth, they object to spend money upon such a problematical speculation as life-saving. Said one lately to a friend of mine in reference to this very scheme, "You want me to *spend* twenty-five pounds; show me how to *save* twenty-five pounds, and I will talk to you." They argue thus:—If we make it evident to our men that their lives are safe when the ship is in distress, they will care nothing for saving the vessel; while ships and lives are alike endangered, efforts will be made to save both together; but remove the danger to life, and the loss of shipping property will be largely increased. The time may come, and I should be too glad if this hint hastened it, when masters will have to carry a certificate of their ability and readiness to use an apparatus like that which I have attempted to describe. In the mean while, would not the time and cost of a Government Commission be well spent in ex-

amining into the whole state of the life-preserving question, and testing the many contrivances that have been invented for saving life. Such a commission sat in the United States about a year ago, and examined three hundred and fifty-five inventions. I venture to predict that when England follows American example in this respect, if she ever does so, the plan suggested and worked out by Messrs. Kayess & Harrison, of firing the rocket from ship to shore, will not be found wanting either in efficacy or simplicity.

It appears from a report issued by the Midland Boiler Association that forty-eight explosions of steam boilers occurred during the year 1867. The damage to life and limb resulting from these amounted to seventy killed and eighty-eight injured. Seven of the forty-eight boilers were those in domestic use, either belonging to ordinary kitchen ranges or used for bath purposes; the share of killed and injured pertaining to these amounting to five killed and four injured. It is worthy of note that all the seven burstings were caused by frost stopping the supply pipes, and that not one of the boilers was provided with a proper safety valve. Had there been a safety valve the inference is that no accident would have occurred. The boilers not domestic were of the various kinds used for working steam-engines, and in every case the cause of their bursting was either bad construction, bad management, or wanton carelessness; in three instances the safety valves were respectively screwed and tied down, and plugged so as to be useless. Altogether we may ascribe the loss of the whole seventy lives to causes that might have been easily foreseen and avoided.

A WELL-TIMED joke is often as useful in dispelling embarrassment as the soft answer in turning away wrath. An instance occurred lately at Paris on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. de B—. After the ceremony had been performed and the party had adjourned to the Mairie to affix their signatures, the crowd was so great that in the crush the bride had the misfortune to upset the inkstand over her white satin dress. Great was the dismay at the occurrence, when Count G—, who was present, gave a happy turn to the incident by remarking, "Mais c'est tout naturel. Aussitôt que Mademoiselle est arrivée au port, elle a jeté l'ancre."



THE time of steeple-chasing has come, and I am reminded of the answer given by one of the shrewdest Turf speculators to the invariable northern question, "What hast backed?" "Chasin' : nay, lad, I bet none aboot chasin' : the money's *too much i' the air.*" What is meant by the money being in the air may best be understood by looking at the central figure in the annexed sketch. But the casualties of the steeple-chase seem to make the charm of it to spectators, who always congregate round a brook, or a dangerous wall, counting as gain every fall, and grudging the successful overcomer of obstacles his escape. Were it not for this, excitement would rather pale : it is rare that such a race as that which took place at Birmingham last week is seen among four or five in the last hundred yards : and more often the distribution of the horses after the first two miles is very much that which is indicated in the sketch ; one to each field. But then, if you get them all together in a flat race, your pleasures partake of the nature indicated by its name : and one may almost as well go to see Blondin on a wire six inches from the floor. It is true that if you ride across the course, or a dog gets among horses' legs, some hope of a cheerful catastrophe may be entertained ; but such chances are rare : and hence the British masses dearly love the sister sport, where jockey and steed, once "*i' the air,*" may possibly descend unpleasantly, amidst roars of delight and blazes of sensation.

THE King of the Belgians has sent a somewhat odd present to one of his oldest subjects. M. William de Block, burgomaster of the

village of Zele, who this month has reached his hundred and second birthday, received on the occasion a fine gold watch, with the words "Given by the King to M. de Block, on the 14th of February, 1868" engraved on it. Give a watch to a young man that he may be reminded of the flight of time : but what terrible things must it not suggest to an old man who has entered into his second century !

TALKING of watches, I cannot help remarking on the villany of the taste displayed in clocks. One often sees a pretty watch ; how seldom a clock, in the adornment of which there is any sign of good taste ! And that again reminds me of Mrs. Norton's pretty fancy for a clock. The hands are in the form of arrows ; and around the dial appears the motto—"These be Time's arrows : all strike : some wound."

I FIND a curious reference to the fashions of ladies' bonnets in one of the histories of Paris. "En Octobre, 1784, les dames portaient des chapeaux *à la caisse d'escompte*, chapeaux *sans fond*, comme cette caisse." This will be found in Dulaure's *Histoire de Paris*, page 573. It is the very fashion of the bonnet which the ladies now wear, though we have no such witty title for it as they had in 1784. In the next page of the same work may be read : "En 1791, les femmes prirent des chapeaux et eurent le bon esprit de se soustraire à la gêne de leur talons hauts." May we hope that the ladies of the present century will as soon return to good sense, recover the old form of bonnet, and escape from the enormity of high heels ?

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CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XXVI.



ETER A LONG silence, Hazel asked her in a low voice if she could be there in half an hour. She said yes, in the same tone, but without turning her head. On reaching the graves, she found that Hazel had spared her a sad sight ; nothing remained but to perform the service. When

it was over she went slowly away in deep distress on more accounts than one. In due course Hazel came to her bower, but she was not there. Then he lighted the fire, and prepared everything for supper ; and he was so busy, and her foot so light, he did not hear her come. But, by-and-by, lifting his head, he saw her looking wistfully at him, as if she would read his soul in his minutest actions. He started and brightened all over with pleasure at the sudden sight of her, and said eagerly, "Your supper is quite ready."

"Thank you, sir," said she, sadly and coldly, (she had noted that expression of joy,) "I have no appetite ; do not wait for me." And soon after strolled away again.

Hazel was dumb-founded. There was now no mistaking her manner ; it was chilly and reserved all of a sudden. It wounded him ; but he behaved like a man ; what ! I keep her out of her own house, do I ? said he to himself. He started up, took a fish out of the pot, wrapped it in a leaf, and stalked off to his boat. Then he ate a little of the fish, threw the rest away, and went down upon the sands, and paced them in a sad and bitter mood.

But the night calmed him, and some hours of tranquil thought brought him fortitude, patience, and a clearer understanding. He went to his boat, elevated by generous and delicate resolutions. Now worthy resolves are tranquillising, and he slept profoundly.

Not so she, whose sudden but very natural change of demeanour had hurt him. When she returned and found he was gone for the night, she began to be afraid she had offended him. For this and other reasons she passed the night in sore perplexity, and did not sleep till morning ; and so she overslept her usual time. However, when she was up, she determined to find her own breakfast ; she felt it would not do to be too dependent, and on a person of uncertain humour ; such for the moment she chose to pretend to herself was Hazel. Accordingly she went down to the sea to look for crayfish. She found abundance. There they lay in the water ; you had but to stoop and pick them up.

But alas ! they were black, lively, viperish ; she went with no great relish for the task to take one up ; it wriggled maliciously : she dropped it, and at that very moment, by a curious coincidence, remembered she was sick and tired of crayfish ; she would breakfast on fruits. She crossed the sand, took off her shoes, and paddled through the river, and, having put on her shoes again, was about to walk up through some rank grass to the big wood, when she heard a voice behind her, and it was Mr. Hazel. She bit her lip (it was broad daylight now), and prepared quietly to discourage this excessive assiduity. He came up to her panting a little, and taking off his hat, said, with marked respect, "I beg your pardon, Miss Rolleston, but I know you hate reptiles ; now there are a few snakes in that long grass ; not poisonous ones."

"Snakes !" cried Helen ; "let me get home : there—I'll go without my breakfast."

"Oh, I hope not," said Hazel, ruefully ; "why, I have been rather fortunate this morning, and it is all ready."

"That is a different thing," said Helen,

graciously ; "you shall not have your trouble for nothing."

Directly after breakfast, Hazel took his axe and some rope from the boat, and went off in a great hurry to the jungle. In half an hour or so he returned, dragging a large conical shrub, armed with spikes for leaves, incredibly dense and prickly.

"There," said he, "there's a vegetable porcupine for you. This is your best defence against that roaring Bugbear."

"That little tree !" said Helen ; "the tiger would soon jump over that."

"Ay, but not over this and sixty more ; a wall of stiletos. Don't touch it, please."

He worked very hard all day, and raised a low rampart of these prickly trees ; but it only went round two sides and a half of the bower. So then he said he had failed again ; and lay down worn out by fatigue.

Helen Rolleston, though dejected herself, could not help pitying him for his exhaustion in her service, and for his bleeding hands ; she undertook the cooking, and urged him kindly to eat of every dish ; and, when he rose to go, she thanked him with as much feeling as modesty for the great pains he had taken to lessen those fears of hers, which she saw he did not share.

These kind words more than repaid him. He went to his little den in a glow of spirits ; and the next morning went off in a violent hurry, and, for once, seemed glad to get away from her.

"Poor Mr. Hazel," said she, softly, and watched him out of sight. Then she went to the high point where he had barked a tree ; and looked far and wide for a sail. The air was wonderfully clear ; the whole ocean seemed in sight : but all was blank.

A great awe fell upon her, and sickness of heart ; and then first she began to fear she was out of the known world, and might die on that island ; or never be found by the present generation : and this sickening fear lurked in her from that hour, and led to consequences which will be related shortly.

She did not return for a long while, and, when she did, she found Hazel had completed her fortifications. He invited her to explore the western part of the island, but she declined.

"Thank you," said she ; "not to-day ; there is something to be done at home. I have been comparing my abode with yours, and the contrast makes me uncomfortable, if it doesn't you. Oblige me by building yourself a house."

"What, in an afternoon ?"

"Well, at all events, you must roof the boat,

or something. There, I'll sit by and—what shall I do, whilst you are working to oblige me ?"

Hazel reflected a minute, and then asked her if she could plait. She said she could as far as five strands.

"And net, of course ?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, if you will make a fishing-net of cocoa-nut fibre, I will soon give myself all the shelter a healthy man requires in this climate."

The boat lay in a little triangular creek ; the surrounding earth was alluvial clay ; a sort of black cheesy mould, stiff, but kindly to work. Hazel contrived to cut and chisel it out with a clumsy wooden spade he had made, and, throwing it to the sides, raised, by degrees, two mud banks, one on each side the boat ; and at last he dug so deep that he was enabled to draw the boat another yard inland.

As Helen sat by, netting, and forcing a smile now and then though sad at heart, he was on his mettle, and the mud walls rose rapidly. He squared their inner sides with the spade. When he had done, the boat lay in a hollow, the walls of which, half-natural, half-artificial, were five feet above her gunwale, and, of course, eight feet above her bottom, in which Hazel used to lie at night. He then laid the mainsail across so as to roof the stern part of the boat ; and put four heavy stones on it, lest a sudden gust of wind might lift it.

Helen said it was all very clever, but she doubted whether it would keep out much rain.

"More than yours will," said Hazel, "and that is a very serious thing. In your state of health a wetting might be fatal. But to-morrow, if you please, I will examine our resources, and lay our whole situation before you, and ask your advice."

Next morning he kept his word, and laid their case before her.

He said : "We are here on an island that has probably been seen, and disregarded, by a few whalers, but is not known to navigators, nor down on any chart. There is a wide range of vegetation, proving a delightful climate on the whole, and one particularly suited to you, whose lungs are delicate. But then, comparing the beds of the rivers with the banks, a tremendous fall of rain is indicated. The rainy months (in these latitudes) are at hand, and if those rains catch us in our present condition, it will be a calamity. You have no roof to keep it out. I tremble when I think of it. This is my main anxiety. My next is about our sustenance during the rains : we have no stores under cover ; no fuel ; no provisions, but a few

cocoa-nuts. We use two lucifer matches a day; and what is to become of us at that rate? In theory, fire can be got by rubbing two pieces of wood together; Selkirk is said to have so obtained it from pimento wood on Juan Fernandez; but, in fact, I believe, the art is confined to savages. I never met a civilised man who could do it, and I have questioned scores of voyagers. As for my weapons, they consist of a boat-hook and an axe; no gun, no harpoon, no bow, no lance. My tools are a blunt saw, a blunter axe, a wooden spade, two great augers, that I believe had a hand in bringing us here, but have not been any use to us since, a centre-bit, two planes, a hammer, a pair of pincers, two brad-awls, three gimlets, two scrapers, a plumb-lead and line, a large pair of scissors, and you have a small pair, two gauges, a screw-driver, five clasp knives, a few screws and nails of various sizes, two small barrels, two bags, two tin bowls, two wooden bowls, and the shell of a turtle, whose skeleton I found on the shore, and that is a very good soup tureen, only we have no meat to make soup with."

"Well, sir," said Miss Rolleston, resignedly, "we can but kneel down and die."

"That would be cutting the gordian knot, indeed," said Hazel. "What, die to shirk a few difficulties? No. I have three propositions to lay before you. 1st., That I hereby give up walking and take to running; time is so precious. 2nd., That we both work by night as well as day. 3rd., That we each tell the other our principal wants, so that there may be four eyes on the look-out, as we go, instead of two."

"I consent," said Helen. "Pray what are your wants?"

"Iron, oil, salt, tar, a bellows, a pickaxe, thread, nets, light matting for roofs, bricks, chimney-pots, jars, glass, animal food, some variety of vegetable food, and so on. Now tell me *your* wants."

"Well, I want—Impossibilities."

"Enumerate them."

"What is the use?"

"It is the method we have agreed upon."

"Oh, very well, then. I want—a sponge."

"Good. What next?"

"I have broken my comb."

"Good."

"I'm glad you think so. I want—oh, Mr. Hazel, what *is* the use?—well, I want a looking glass."

"Great Heavens! What for?"

"Oh, never mind: I want one; and some more towels, and some soap, and a few hair-

pins; and some elastic bands; and some pen, ink, and paper, to write my feelings down in this island for nobody ever to see."

When she began Hazel looked bright, but the list was like a wasp, its sting lay in its tail. However, he put a good face on it. "I'll try and get you all those things; only give me time. Do you know, I am writing a dictionary on a novel method."

"That means on the sand."

"No; the work is suspended for the present. But two of the definitions in it are—**DIFFICULTIES**—things to be subdued; **IMPOSSIBILITIES**—things to be trampled on."

"Well, subdue mine. Trample on—a sponge, for me."

"That is just what I was going to do," said he; and opened a clasp knife, and jumped into the river.

Helen screamed faintly; but after all, the water was only up to his knees.

He soon cut a large sponge off a piece of slimy rock, and held it up to her. "There," said he, "why, there are a score of them at your very door, and you never saw them?"

"Oh, excuse me, I did see them, and shuddered; I thought they were reptiles; dormant, and biding their time."

She strolled towards the jungle; and he got his spade, and went post-haste to his clay-pit.

He made a quantity of bricks and tiles, and brought them home, and put them to dry in the sun. He then tried to make a large narrow-necked vessel, and failed utterly; so utterly that he lay down flat on his back and accepted failure for full twenty minutes. Then he got up and turned the dead failure into a great rude platter like a shallow milk-pan. Leaving all these to dry and set before he baked them, he went off to the marsh for fern-leaves. He made several trips, and raised quite a stack of them. By this time the sun had operated on his thinner pottery; so he laid down six of his large thick tiles, and lighted a fire on them with dry banana-leaves, and cocoa-nut, etc., and such light combustibles, until he had heated and hardened the clay; then he put the ashes on one side, and swept the clay clean; then he put the fire on again, and made it hotter and hotter, till the clay began to redden.

While he was thus occupied, Miss Rolleston came from the jungle, carrying vegetable treasures in her apron. First she produced some golden apples with reddish leaves.

"There," said she; "and they smell delicious."

Hazel eyed them keenly.

"You have not eaten any of them?"

"What! by myself?" said Helen.

"Thank Heaven!" said Hazel, turning pale. "These are the manchanilla, the poison apple of the Pacific."

"Poison!" said Helen, alarmed in her turn.

"Well, I don't *know* that they are poison; but travellers give them a very bad name. The birds never peck them; and I have read that even the leaves falling into still water have killed the fish. You will not eat anything here till you have shown it me, will you?" said he, imploringly.

"No, no," said Helen; and sat down with her hand to her heart a minute. "And I was so pleased when I found them," she said; "they reminded me of home. I wonder whether these are poison, too?" and she opened her apron wide, and showed him some long yellow pods, with red specks, something like a very large banana.

"Ah, that is a very different affair," said Hazel, delighted; "these are plantains, and the greatest find we have made yet. The fruit is meat, the wood is thread, and the leaf is shelter and clothes. The fruit is good raw, and better baked, as you shall see; and I believe this is the first time the dinner and the dish were both baked together."

He cleared the now heated hearth, put the meat and fruit on it, then placed his great platter over it, and heaped fire round the platter, and light combustibles over it. And, in a word, the platter and the dinner under it were both baked. Hazel removed the platter or milk-pan, and served the dinner in it.

A lady and gentleman cast upon a desert island must use their eyes, hands, and feet, in earnest, or die the death of fools. And the first week these two passed was, therefore, mainly characterised by hard work, and the Invention that is the natural fruit of Necessity. This it was our duty to show, or else give a thoroughly false picture of human life.

But, as to the manner of working, that varies greatly, according to the sentiments of the heart.

Helen Rolleston worked well and neatly. She invented but little: her execution of what she did was superior to Mr. Hazel's. She showed considerable tact in adapting new products to old purposes. She made as follows:

1. Thick mattress, stuffed with vegetable hair and wool. The hair was a cypress moss dried, and the wool was the soft coating of the fern-trees. This mattress was made with plantain-leaves, sewed together with the thread

furnished by the tree itself, and doubled at the edges.

2. A long shallow net—cocoa-fibre.

3. A great quantity of stout grass rope, and light but close matting for the roof.

But, while she worked, her mind was often far away, and her heart in a tumult of fear, trouble, shame, and perplexity, which increased rather than diminished as the days rolled by and brought no ship to the island. On the other hand, she was deeply grateful to Mr. Hazel—as well she might. But she found many little opportunities of showing that sentiment to him. That war of sentiments which agitated her, as a lady affianced by her own consent to Arthur Wardlaw, she suppressed and hid from him as long as she could.

Now it is the nature of suppressed sentiments to accumulate force.

To Hazel, on the contrary, the feverish labour of the first three weeks was an unmixed joy. He was working, not only for the comfort, but the health, and even the life, of the lady he loved; a life she had herself despaired of not so very long ago.

These sentiments made his homeliest work poetical: it was in this spirit he heightened his own mud banks in the centre, and set up brick fireplaces with hearth and chimney, one on each side; and now did all the cooking; for he found the smoke from wood made Miss Rolleston cough. He also made a number of pigeon-holes in his mud walls and lined them with clay. One of these he dried with fire, and made a pottery door to it, and there kept the lucifer box. He made a vast number of bricks, but did nothing with them. After several disheartening failures he made two large pots, and two great pans, that would all four bear fire under them, and in the pans he boiled sea water till it all evaporated and left him a sediment of salt. This was a great addition to their food, and he managed also to put by a little. But it was a slow and inefficient process.

But that was nothing compared to the zest with which he attacked the most important work of all, and the longest,—Helen's hut, or bower. He had no experience or skill as a carpenter, but he had Love and Brains. He found sandstones, some harsh, some fine, with which he contrived to sharpen his axe and saw. He fixed some uprights between the four trees. He let stout horizontal bars into the trees, and bound them to the uprights with Helen's grass-rope. Smaller horizontal bars at intervals kept the prickly ramparts from being driven in by a sudden gust. The canvas walls

were removed, and the nails stored in a pigeon-hole, and a stout network substituted, to which huge plantain leaves were cunningly fastened with plantain thread. The roof was double: first that extraordinary mass of spiked leaves which the four trees threw out, then, several feet under that, the huge piece of matting the pair had made. This was strengthened by double strips of canvas at the edges and in the centre, and by single strips in other parts. A great many cords and strings made of that long silky grass peculiar to the island were sewn to the canvas-strengthened edges, and so it was fastened to the trees, and to the horizontal bars.

When this work drew close to its completion, there came a new disappointment. He had the mortification of seeing that she for whom it was all done did not share his complacency.

The strife of sentiments in her mind seemed to be undermining her self-command, and, at times, even her good-breeding. She often let her work fall, and brooded for hours. She spoke sometimes fretfully, and the next moment with a slight excess of civility. She wandered away from him, and from his labours for her comfort, and passed hours at Telegraph Point, eying the illimitable ocean. She was a riddle. All sweetness at times, but at others irritable, moody, and scarce mistress of herself. Hazel was sorry and perplexed, and often expressed a fear she was ill. She always replied in the negative, and the next moment her eyes would fill with tears. The truth is, she was in considerable irritation of body, and a sort of mental distress which, perhaps, only the more sensitive of her own sex can fully appreciate.

Matters were still in this uncomfortable and mysterious state when Hazel put his finishing stroke to her abode.

He was in high spirits that evening: for he had made a discovery; he had at last found time for a walk, and followed the river to its source, a very remarkable lake in a hilly basin. And making further researches, he had found at the bottom of a rocky ravine a curious thing, a dark resinous fluid bubbling up in quite a fountain, which, however, fell down again as it rose, and hardly any overflowed. It was like thin pitch.

Of course in another hour he was back there with a great pot, and half filled it. Pursuing his researches a little farther he found a range of rocks with snowy summits apparently; but the snow was the guano of centuries. He was in a great hurry to get home with his pot of pitch; for it was in truth a very remarkable discovery, though not without a parallel. He could not wait till morning, so with embers

and cocoa-nut he made a fire just outside the bower, and melted his pitch which had become nearly solid, and proceeded to smear the inside of the matting in places, to make it thoroughly water-tight.

Helen treated the discovery at first with mortifying indifference: but he hoped she would appreciate Nature's bounty more, when she saw the practical use of this extraordinary production. He endeavoured to lead her to that view. She shook her head, sorrowfully. He persisted. She met him with silence. He thought this peevish, and ungrateful to Heaven; we have all different measures of the wonderful; and to him a fountain of pitch was a thing to admire greatly and thank God for: he said as much.

To Helen it was nasty stuff, and who cares where it came from. She conveyed as much by a shrug of the shoulders, and then gave a sigh that told her mind was far away.

He was a little mortified, and showed it.

One word led to another, and at last what had been long fermenting came out.

"Mr. Hazel," said she, "you and I are at cross purposes. You mean to live here. I do not."

Hazel left off working and looked greatly perplexed; the attack was so sudden in its form, though it had been a long time threatening. He found nothing to say, and she was impatient now to speak her mind, so she replied to his look.

"You are making yourself at home here. You are contented. Contented? You are *happy* in this horrible prison."

"And why not?" said Hazel.—But he looked rather guilty.—"Here are no traitors; no murderers. The animals are my friends, and the one human being I see makes me better to look at her."

"Mr. Hazel, I am in a state of mind that romance jars on me. Be honest with me, and talk to me like a man. I say that you beam all over with happiness and content, and that you—now answer me one question; why have you never lighted the bon-fire on Telegraph Point?"

"Indeed I don't know," said he, submissively. "I have been so occupied."

"You have: and how? Not in trying to deliver us both from this dreadful situation, but to reconcile me to it. Yes, sir, under pretence (that is a harsh word, but I can't help it) of keeping out the rain. Your rain is a *bugbear*. It never rains, it never will rain.

You are killing yourself almost, to make me comfortable in this place. Comfortable?" She began to writhe, and pant, with excitement long restrained. "And do you really suppose you can make me live on like this, by building me a nice hut? Do you think I am all body and no soul, that shelter and warmth and enough to eat can keep my heart from breaking, and my cheeks from blushing night and day? When I wake in the morning I find myself blushing to my fingers' ends." Then she writhed away from him. "Oh, my dear father, why did I ever leave you!" Then she writhed back. "Keep me here? make me live months and years on this island. Have you sisters? Have you a mother? Ask yourself, is it likely? No; if you will not help me, and they don't love me enough to come and find me and take me home, I'll go to another home without your help or any man's." She rose suddenly to her feet. "I'll tie my clothes tight round me, and fling myself down from that point on the sharp rocks below. I'll find a way from this place to Heaven, if there's no way from it to those I love on earth."

Then she sank down and rocked herself and sobbed hard.

The strong passion of this hitherto gentle creature quite frightened her unhappy friend, who knew more of books than women. He longed to soothe her and comfort her; but what could he say. He cried out in despair, "My God, can I do nothing for her?"

She turned on him like lightning, "You can do anything: everything. You can restore us both to our friends. You can save my life, my reason. For that will go first, I think. What *had* I done? what had I *ever* done since I was born, to be so brought down? Was ever an English lady —? And then I have such an irritation on my skin, all over me; I sometimes wish the tiger *would* come and tear me all to pieces; yes, all to pieces!" And with that her white teeth clicked together convulsively. "Do!" said she, darting back to the point as swiftly as she had rushed away from it. "Why put down that; and leave off inventing fifty little trumpery things for me, and do one great thing instead. Oh, do not fritter that great mind of yours away in painting and patching my prison; but bring it all to bear on getting me *out* of my prison. Call sea and land to our rescue. Let them know a poor girl is here in unheard-of, unfathomable misery: here, in the middle of this awful ocean."

Hazel sighed deeply. "No ships seem to pass within sight of us," he muttered.

"What does that matter to *you*? You are

not a common man; you are an Inventor. Rouse all the powers of your mind. There must be some way. Think for me. THINK! THINK! — or my blood will be on your head."

Hazel turned pale and put his head in his hands, and tried to think.

She leaned towards him with great flashing eyes of purest hazel.

The problem dropped from his lips a syllable at a time. "To diffuse—intelligence—a hundred leagues from a fixed point—an island?"

She leaned towards him with flashing, expectant eyes.

But he groaned, and said; "That seems impossible."

"Then *trample* on it," said she, bringing his own words against him; for she used to remember all he said to her in the day, and ponder it at night. "Trample on it, subdue it, or never speak to me again. Ah, I am an ungrateful wretch to speak harshly to you. It is my misery, not Me. Good, kind, Mr. Hazel, O pray, pray, pray, bring all the powers of that great mind to bear on this one thing, and save a poor girl, to whom you have been so kind, so considerate, so noble, so delicate, so forbearing; now save me from despair!"

Hysterical sobs cut her short here, and Hazel, whose loving heart she had almost torn out of his body, could only falter out in a broken voice, that he would obey her. "I'll work no more for you at present," said he, "sweet as it has been. I will think instead. I will go this moment beneath the stars and think all night."

The young woman was now leaning her head languidly back against one of the trees, weak as water after her passion. He cast a look of ineffable love and pity on her, and withdrew slowly to think beneath the tranquil stars.

Love has set men hard tasks in his time. Whether this was a light one, our readers shall decide.

TO DIFFUSE INTELLIGENCE FROM A FIXED ISLAND OVER A HUNDRED LEAGUES OF OCEAN.

HERO WORSHIP IN THE STREETS

IF the great men of the past are part of our inheritance, we ought to pay a little more respect than is our wont to the abodes with which they were in some way or other associated. A machine-building and cotton-spinning age is not likely to look with too much reverence on the past; and we shall none of us

be the worse for a little more regard of our notable men. The Society of Arts is making a move in furtherance of this object.

The old landmarks of London are being so ruthlessly destroyed, that we shall soon have few of them left; and it is well to bear in memory their sites, at least, if we cannot preserve the buildings themselves. The railway doings of the various companies having metropolitan termini; the wholesale sweeping away at Smithfield and in the Holborn Valley; the beginnings of the new street that will run from Blackfriars to the Mansion House; Gresham Street, and Garrick Street, and Southwark Street; new banks, and commercial buildings, and warehouses—all may be useful, and some of them beautiful, but they have played sad havoc with many interesting old nooks and corners. We have never been famous for attaching the names of distinguished men to our streets. Cow Lane, Petticoat Lane, Smock Alley, Blowbladder Street, Pig Street, Grub Street, Duck Lane, The Stews, Rag Fair, Cut-throat Lane, Ducking-Pond Row, Pudding Lane, Pye Corner—all may have had their meaning at one time or other, as well as the more countrified names of Grange Road, Willow Walk, and the like; but they certainly are not such names as immortalise men of mark. Some persons have suggested that we should name the principal street in a group after some distinguished author, and the surrounding streets after the names of his principal works; in such a way that Scott Street might be surrounded by streets named *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Marmion*, and so forth; and *Shakspeare Street* by *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and *Othello Streets*. It is not a bad idea, and is certainly better than an interminable repetition of *Waterloo*, *Alma*, *Inkermann*, and other names of battles. The men of the sword ought not to be worshipped so lavishly as to extinguish the names of the men of mind.

The French pay more attention to the naming of streets than we do. Their inherited love of glory serves them well in this particular, seeing that they perpetuate honour to those to whom honour is due. An industrious man who searched *Didot's Annuaire* three or four years ago, found therein the following names of streets in Paris, dedicated to men whom the world will not willingly forget:—*Arago*, *Balzac*, *Béranger*, *Boileau*, *Beaumarchais*, *Bossuet*, *Buffon*, *Crébillon*, *Chateaubriand*, *Cuvier*, *D'Alembert*, *Descartes*, *Dupuytren*, *Fénélon*, *Fontenelle*, *Geoffroy St. Hilaire*, *La Fontaine*, *La Harpe*, *Jacquard*, *Goujon*, *Jussieu*, *La*

Bruyère, *Lavoisier*, *Lenoir*, *Massillon*, *Molière*, *Montesquieu*, *Montgolfier*, *Pascal*, *Rousseau*, *Rabelais*, *Racine*, *Réaumur*, *Regnier*, *Say*, *Thénard*, *Voltaire*. Nor have they quite forgotten the famous men of other lands—witness *Byron*, *Cherubini*, *Franklin*, *Lulli*, *Newton*, *Rossini*, *Volta*, and *Watt*. And a new list has been given more recently, comprising the additional names of *Laplace*, *Victor Cousin*, *Fresnel*, *Dupin*, *Bernard Palissy*, *Cassini*, *Delavigne*, *Vernet*, *Niépce*, *Musset*, *Talma*, *Claude Lorraine*, *Lancret*, *Poussin*, *Ingres*, *Le Sueur*, *Delaroche*, and *David*; with augmentations from other countries of *Harvey*, *Titian*, *Rubens*, *Beethoven*, *Donizetti*, *Schœffer*, *Petrarch*, *Bellini*, *Raffaëlle*, and *Davy*. Some of the streets of Paris, we may add, near the *Hôtel de Ville*, have lately been supplied with inscribed names visible by night; the letters of the name are set in a frame in a rectangular box, with a row of small gas-jets behind; the top of the box opens, for lighting, ventilation, and repairs.

There is, however, after all, something more close, homely, hearty, in identifying the houses than the mere streets which have become interesting by association with great men; it is like looking in and having a chat with old acquaintances. Rogers, in one of his conversations, adverted to the fact that he once passed through *Fetter Lane* in order to take a glance at the house which *Dryden* is said to have inhabited. He asked a policeman, "Which is *Dryden's house*?" "*Dryden? Dryden?*" responded the man in blue; "is he backward with his rent?" *Leigh Hunt*, when tired and wearied with editorial labours, and wending his way homeward, found it a relief to go a little way round and pass through *Gerrard Street*, in order to have a peep at the house where *Dryden* really lived, whether he ever resided in *Fetter Lane* or not. It has been very sensibly observed that "To travellers up and down in omnibuses, they," in allusion to some kind of tablets or inscriptions on the fronts of interesting houses, "might sometimes prove an agreeable and instructive mode of beguiling a somewhat dull and not very rapid progress through the streets." It would be one mode of acknowledging the truth of the lines,—

A man, you know, may study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets.

The suggestion just now begun to be acted upon, so far as London is concerned, is to place some kind of inscription on the fronts of houses which have been associated with celebrated men of the past. The men may have

been born or have died there, or may have lived, or worked, or met other genial spirits at a club there—no matter what, so long as the identity of the house is ascertained. As in streets, so in houses; France has taken the lead of us in this matter. She has one inscription "*Ici est mort l'auteur de Gil Blas*," and another, "*Ici est né Pierre Corneille*," and a third, "*Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau*." There is one in Italy, in front of the house where Christopher Columbus was born; and there are several in Germany. It was pointed out in the *Builder* a few years ago, how prodigious is the number of distinguished men of the past whose lives we can associate with some particular house in some particular street in London. For instance:—Dryden wrote and died at a certain house in Gerrard Street; at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street were held the meetings of the famous Literary Club in Johnson's days; Peter the Great lodged at the Czar's Head, in Great Tower Street; Voltaire lodged, when in England, at the sign of the White Peruke in Maiden Lane; the Royal Society met for seventy years, and Sir Isaac Newton presided over its deliberations for a part of this time, in a house at the end of Crane Court, Fleet Street; Horace Walpole lived for many years, and died, in Berkeley Square; Sheridan died at 7, Savile Row; Lord Clive killed himself in the house of the Earl of Powis, Berkeley Square; the Young Pretender lay concealed in a house in Bolton Street; Newton had a residence and an observatory in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of Leicester Square; Hogarth lived on the east side of Leicester Square, and Reynolds on the west; Francis Bailey weighed the earth in a house in Tavistock Place; Garrick died in Adelphi Terrace; Boswell first saw Dr. Johnson in Tom Davies's back parlour, in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; Flaxman lived, and wrought, and died, in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square; Wilkie painted his *Rent Day* at 84, Upper Portland Street; Richard Savage was born in a room over the end of Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane; Gibbon finished his *Decline and Fall* at a house in Bentinck Street; John Hunter died in his apartments in St. George's Hospital; Lord Eldon lived in Bedford Square; Rogers lived, and wrote, and talked, in St. James's Place; the present Emperor of the French, when Prince Louis Napoleon, and a refugee in England, lodged in King Street, St. James's; Handel lived for more than thirty years, and composed his *Messiah*, in Lower Brook Street; Mulready lived for more than forty years in

Linden Grove, Bayswater; Baxter lived in Bloomsbury Square, preached in Jermyn Street, and was, at one time, incarcerated in the King's Bench; Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, one of the Cabal, lived at Shaftesbury House, in Aldersgate Street; Johnson wrote his *Dictionary* in the garret of 17, Gough Square, and died at 8, Bolt Court, Fleet Street; Canaletti once lodged in Silver Street, and Mrs. Siddons in Great Marlborough Street; Chantrey wrought most of his finest works in Lower Belgrave Place; John Martin lived and painted in Allsopp Terrace; Byron wrote his *Lara*, and Macaulay most of his *History of England*, in the Albany; Shelley lodged at 41, Hans Place, Sloane Street; Keats wrote his Sonnet on Chapman's *Homer* on the second floor of 71, Cheapside; Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, and wrote the last books of his *Paradise Lost* in a room overlooking St. James's Park, in what was called Petty France; Pott's Vinegar Factory occupies the site of the palace of the Bishops of Winchester in days gone by; the ancient commercial emporium known as the Steel-yard, was, till lately, marked by a site now occupied by the Cannon Street Station; the house and lecture-room of the Society of Arts stand on what was once the garden of the house in which Lady Jane Grey was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, and in which Sir Walter Raleigh afterwards lived.

It may be that in a few of the instances above given, (which are only samples of some hundreds) either the exact number of the house is not now known, or the house itself may have disappeared in the course of street improvements; but, when identification can really be established, the pleasure is, of course, the greater. And if we go to the old churches and churchyards, we find ourselves on ground associated with many notabilities of past days—men who have been christened or married, or who have preached in the church, or whose bones lie interred in the church or in the churchyard. Cromwell, we know, was married at Cripplegate Church; Fletcher and Massinger were buried at St. Saviour's or St. Mary Overy's; Bishop Burnet preached Archbishop Tillotson's funeral sermon at St. Lawrence Jewry; Gray was baptised at St. Michael's, Cornhill; Akenside was buried at St. James's, Westminster; Baxter was buried in Christchurch, Newgate Street;—these, and such as these, are very little known, except, perhaps, to the parish clerks; for there are few outward tokens to catch the eye of the passer-by. Of course, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey stand apart from this list; the guide-books and the

tablets give us plentiful information concerning the names of the notable persons there interred. Let us feel some satisfaction that Bunhill Fields Burial-Ground, the Campo Santo of the Dissenters, (as Southey called it,) is to be respected, even if it were only for the sake of such names as Owen, the chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law; Isaac Watts; Neale, the historian of the Puritans; John Bunyan; Thomas Belsham; Nathaniel Lardner; Abraham Rees, the hard-working Editor of Rees' *Cyclopædia*; Dr. Kippis; Daniel Defoe; Stothard and Blake, the painters; Nasmyth, the founder of City Missions; Ritson, the antiquary; and the mother of John Wesley. And let us feel some dissatisfaction that the Midland Railway Company has been permitted to play havoc with the venerable chuchyard of St. Pancras, in which lie interred Jeremy Collier, Pascal di Paoli, Paxton and Webbe (two of our old composers), Woollett, the engraver; Walker, the lexicographer; Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*; Mrs. Godwin (more famous as Mary Woolstonecraft); the Chevalier d'Eon; and many others whom we read of or know something about.

Some persons have suggested that the object sought to be attained by memorial tablets would be better fulfilled by placing obelisks in certain quarters, on which would be inscribed the records of the neighbouring locality; the situations where house-tablets would be placed being very often in retired back streets, little frequented by the public. The prevailing opinion, however, is in favour of identifying the houses themselves, whenever it is practicable so to do. This pre-supposes that that indefinite person, Somebody, would take the matter up, find out the houses, have interviews with the owners, and try to get their consent either to put up the tablets or allow other persons to do so. Boards won't do it, and vestries won't do it, and most shopkeepers and housekeepers would deem it a bother, especially if they knew as little about great men as the policeman did about Dryden. Guilds and corporations, companies and institutions, might be willing to do it in reference to their own notabilities, but then those notabilities are not always such as the world delights to honour.

The Society of Arts took the matter up a year or two ago by appointing a committee of their body to consider the best mode of promoting the setting up of memorial tablets of distinguished persons. The work they gave themselves to do was to prepare lists of the

houses or streets rendered memorable by persons or events; to invite the sending in of designs and inscriptions; and to experiment on the materials best suited to form the tablets. It was considered desirable not to limit the selection to names of persons, but to extend it also to places connected with historical events—"such, for instance, as the site of the residence of Lady Abingdon (where Abingdon Street now stands), who was known as the writer of the letter to Lord Monteagle in reference to the Gunpowder Plot; also the spot where Caxton worked his first press in Westminster." As to the materials, some recommend a plain red or grey polished granite slab, with a mosaic border; others, mosaic letters on a gold background, with a mosaic border; while some point out that the lately revived art of mosaic portraiture might be usefully tested here. The tablet, it is considered, might be placed in front of the house at ten to fourteen feet above the ground, according to circumstances. It is especially recommended that there should be no panegyric in the wording of the inscription; that the name and date should be accurate, and that the few other words should be as simple as possible. The works of a distinguished man are better praise than the stilted compliments which most inscription-writers would produce. A few specimens were published by the society, of simple inscriptions suitable for the fronts of certain houses known to have been associated with Nelson, Franklin, Milton, Byron, Johnson, Handel, Garrick, Jenner, Davy, Boswell, Burke, Clive, Crabbe, and Chatterton. A tablet was put up in front of the house in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, where Byron was born; and another in King Street, St. James's, to mark the house where Louis Napoleon lived, and whence, if we remember rightly, he sallied forth as a special constable on an exciting day just twenty years ago. These tablets are circular, with white letters and figures upon a blue ground, and a decorative border around. An application made to the Metropolitan Board of Works, some three or four years ago, for permission to put up a tablet in memory of Turner the painter, in front of the house where he was born, in Maiden Lane, is said to have been refused. The tablet was subscribed for by some of the brother painters of the deceased artist, and was possibly too large or inconvenient in size and arrangement; for it is hardly probable that such a refusal would have been given except on some defensible ground.

Very recently the society has put forth a list of names showing how much work there is

to be done if we choose to do it, how large is the number of distinguished men connected with buildings in London. Certain members of the committee closely examined Peter Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, Pennant, Hone, Timbs, and other writers, and jotted down all the names of any mark connected with particular localities. In those works the arrangement is topographical, bringing in the names of persons in the proper places; but the society made its lists in the alphabetical order of names, illustrating each name by a few words and dates. The first portion of the list comprised a hundred and twenty-three names between the alphabetical limits of A'Becket (the archbishop) and Castlemaine—all the A's, all the B's, and some of the C's. Under some of the names more than one locality in the metropolis is mentioned; as for example, Byron—born in Holles Street; lived in the Albany, also in St. James's Street, also at the Duke of Queensberry's in Piccadilly, also in Great George Street, Westminster. As another example, Addison—educated at Christ's Hospital; lived in St. James's Place and at Holland House; frequented Burton's Coffee House in Russell Street, and the St. James's Coffee House in St. James's Street; wrote in a house near the Haymarket; buried in Westminster Abbey. Shortly afterwards appeared a second batch, comprising a hundred and forty names, and carrying us from Castle-reagh (Lord) to Dyer (Sir Edward). Within these limits are many great names, of which two of the greatest are associated with particular localities, thus—Cromwell: studied law at Lincoln's Inn; was married at Cripplegate Church; frequented the Star Tavern in Coleman Street; lived at the Cockpit in Whitehall, in King Street, Westminster, and in Long Acre;—Dryden: educated at Westminster School; married at St. Swithin's, near London Stone; lived in Long Acre, in Salisbury Court, in Gerrard Street (and in Fetter Lane?); and buried in Westminster Abbey. A third alphabetical instalment carried us from Lord Eldon to William Godwin, and comprised sixty-six names, including such notabilities as Evelyn, Fielding, Flaxman, Fox, Franklin, Fuller, Garrick, Gay, Gibbon, and Gainsborough. Here we learn that Franklin lived in Little Britain, Craven Street, and Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Garrick, as another example, is presented to us as having lived in King Street, Mansfield Street, Southampton Street, and Adelphi Terrace, and as having frequented the Bedford and St. James's Coffee Houses. The fourth list, comprising a hundred

and thirty-seven names, begins with Goldsmith and ends with Kynaston. Here we find how many streets and houses that thorough Londoner, Dr. Johnson, was associated with in some way or other—Exeter Street, Woodstock Street, Holborn Bars, Inner Temple Lane, Johnson's Court, Bow Street, Castle Street, Bolt Court, the King's Head in Ivy Lane, the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, and the Mitre in Fleet Street. We need not particularise other and later portions of the catalogue. Suffice it to say that the first eleven letters of the alphabet supply us with nearly five hundred names of remarkable men (and women) whom the world likes to know something about in connection with the history of the past, and in association with specified localities in the metropolis.

A PROVINCIAL MANAGER.

IN the summer of 1863 the Theatre in N— was unexpectedly closed, and we, the company, were forced to look out for another engagement, at a season of the year when engagements were not plentiful. At the same time, an advertisement appeared in the *Era*, stating that a manager would give liberal salaries to a company who should be willing to go down to a small town in Wales. The chance was better than nothing. We wrote; five of us got an engagement; and down we went.

Our new proprietor, Maxwell O'Fagan, was a tall, stout, clumsy, and hideously ugly Irishman, who had a pale-faced, complaining, hypochondriacal wife. We had not been there twenty-four hours when we discovered that O'Fagan had not a penny in the world; and that the impudent scoundrel had brought us to a place where we were too likely to remain for want of money to take us back. "I'd have towld yez before," he said to one or two of us, "but, in these toimes, isn't a bit of bread better than no loaf? Make yourselves aisy, me boys, and play as well as ye can, and when ye fill the thayter for me, sthroike me if I don't double your salaries every one!" This horrible scam had the most amazing assurance, although he really knew nothing of managerial business. He had simply taken the theatre as a speculation, and forced us to become his partners in the concern.

But at length we opened—with a piece which he himself had stolen from the *Courier of Lyons*. The theatre was tolerably filled, and he asked us to a grand supper afterwards in a neighbouring tavern. As we left the

theatre, however, he stopped one man at the stage-door—the man who played the violoncello. “Misther Flanagan,” said he, with a ferocious look, “didn’t I see you sitting there doing nawthing at all, when all the rest of my orchestra was as busy as hatters?” “Sure, sir, I had forty bars’ rest,” said Flanagan. “Rest, you dhirty thief! Am I to pay you two blessed golden sovereigns a week for sitting doing nawthing? Sthroike me, if I will! Now listen to me, Misther Flanagan, if you want to stop in my thayter, you’ll play all the toime, and play well, and play loud, that the dirty public outside may hear you and come in!”

The supper passed off very well, and O’Fagan was in splendid spirits. He drank huge quantities of whiskey punch, and told lies by the dozen, and promised to make all our fortunes. When we broke up, however, he found he had no money to pay. “Never moind,” he said to the landlord; “these gentlemen are sure to have accounts wid ye, and this ’ll make a good beginning for each of the boys. Oh, sure, they’ll pay you, man!” The landlord rather reluctantly left the room, and O’Fagan winked solemnly. “He’s afraid we’ll run away,” he said; “sure the divil himself couldn’t get away from this town, for they’d never give him enough money for his ticket.”

Matters went on in this way for some time—no money coming in, the company grumbling, O’Fagan swearing and lying like a heathen to them all round. His own method of existence was easy enough. He used to go out into the town in the forenoon, with a number of box-tickets in his pocket. When he came to a fish-shop (the people all knew him by this time) he would lift the half of a salmon and look at it. “What’s the price of the fish, boy?” The man would weigh the fish, tell him the price, and put it in a basket for him. When he got it in his hand, he would then draw out a couple of box tickets with the other finger and thumb.

“Four shillins’, ye said? Well, now, there’s two of me box-tickets, worth foive shillins’, and you can give the odd shillin’ to the childer for oranges.” One day, however, being very hard up, he obtained a hare in this way, and brought it to the theatre. We were all at rehearsal when he came in and insisted on there being a general raffle for the animal, at sixpence a head; money to be paid on the spot. When he had collected about nine shillings, he left the hare to be raffled for and went out. The prize fell to the lot of a super, and the man was going proudly home with it in his hand, half an hour afterwards, when O’Fagan met him. “And is that my hare you’ve got in your

hand? And you think you’re going to get a good, sound, splendid hare for a sixpence, ye blackguard and thief? Here, take your dhirty sixpence back again, and give me me hare.” Saying which he collared the prize and walked off with it, having, by the transaction—that is, by giving away a box-ticket in the forenoon—secured himself eight and sixpence and a good dinner. And yet the people talk of Highland impudence and Yankee ingenuity. I will say this for O’Fagan, that, when he did provide himself with a good dinner, he was always willing that other people should share it. He therefore took us in turn to his house, and gave us something to eat. It is true that even this piece of generosity may have been prompted by self-interest; for, had he not done so, he would probably have lost his entire company through starvation.

At length the secret grumbling was almost breaking out into open mutiny. Some of us had friends elsewhere in the country to whom we were in the habit of sending assistance; how could that be done when one could scarcely keep one’s self alive? Maxwell O’Fagan, I believe, had not only commenced without money, but had been deeply in debt, and the small sums collected at the doors disappeared in a mysterious and unexplained manner. But one morning he came to me, and said, in a confidential whisper:—“Me boy, don’t say a word—here’s all the money I’ve got—a half-sovereign, and I’ll give it to ye, if ye promise never to say a blessed word to them hungry wretches. Sure I’ve a great respect for ye, and the Lord knows how me and my poor wife are to get dinner to-day—but here’s the half-sovereign, and God bless ye!” I rejoiced in the possession of the half-sovereign for about an hour. He then came to me again. “Me boy, for the love o’ the Holy Church, lend me that half-sovereign. It’s a dying woman wants it. Oh, begorra! you’ll have it again immaydiately as soon as she’s dead.” Now I know that that solitary half-sovereign travelled round the entire company, each man and woman being sworn to secresy. All of us, therefore, believed O’Fagan to be our particular friend, and each of us expected to receive back that single coin that had been given to all, and borrowed from all. I believe he was the first man who ever succeeded in paying a whole theatrical company with ten shillings.

He then tried a last experiment to make the theatre more successful, namely to give the prize of a leg of mutton to the lucky holder of a gallery ticket. He secured the leg of mutton by giving some box-tickets for it; and it was

arranged that at the end of the week the prize should be given away. By this time we were all in extremity. O'Fagan was in debt to everybody in the town who would trust him, and we nightly expected to see the theatre closed by the bailiffs. Then Mrs. O'Fagan was always fancying herself ill, and robbing us to procure delicacies for herself. But O'Fagan put a stop to that infliction. One evening he went up to the house, and sat down by her bedside. "Maxwell," said she, "I hope you won't forget the hare-soup the docthor said I was to have the morrow." "Hare-soup!" said O'Fagan, pretending to cry, "it isn't hare-soup you'll be wanting, me darlin'." "What do you mane?" said she. "A coffin—that's what you'll be wantin'," he replied, sobbing bitterly. "And where's the money to come from, in this dhirty town, to bury ye dacent, mavourneen? I wouldn't have ye thrown on the parish for a funeral, aghra; and so I'll tell ye what we'll do. You know the coffin we have for Ophaylia—sure I'll have the gilt stripped off, and have it new painted, and I'll bring it up wid my own hands to show it to you, me darlin'." He went away apparently in great distress. The poor woman got such a fright that she rose, hastily gathered together her things, and fled by that night's train to reach her mother's house.

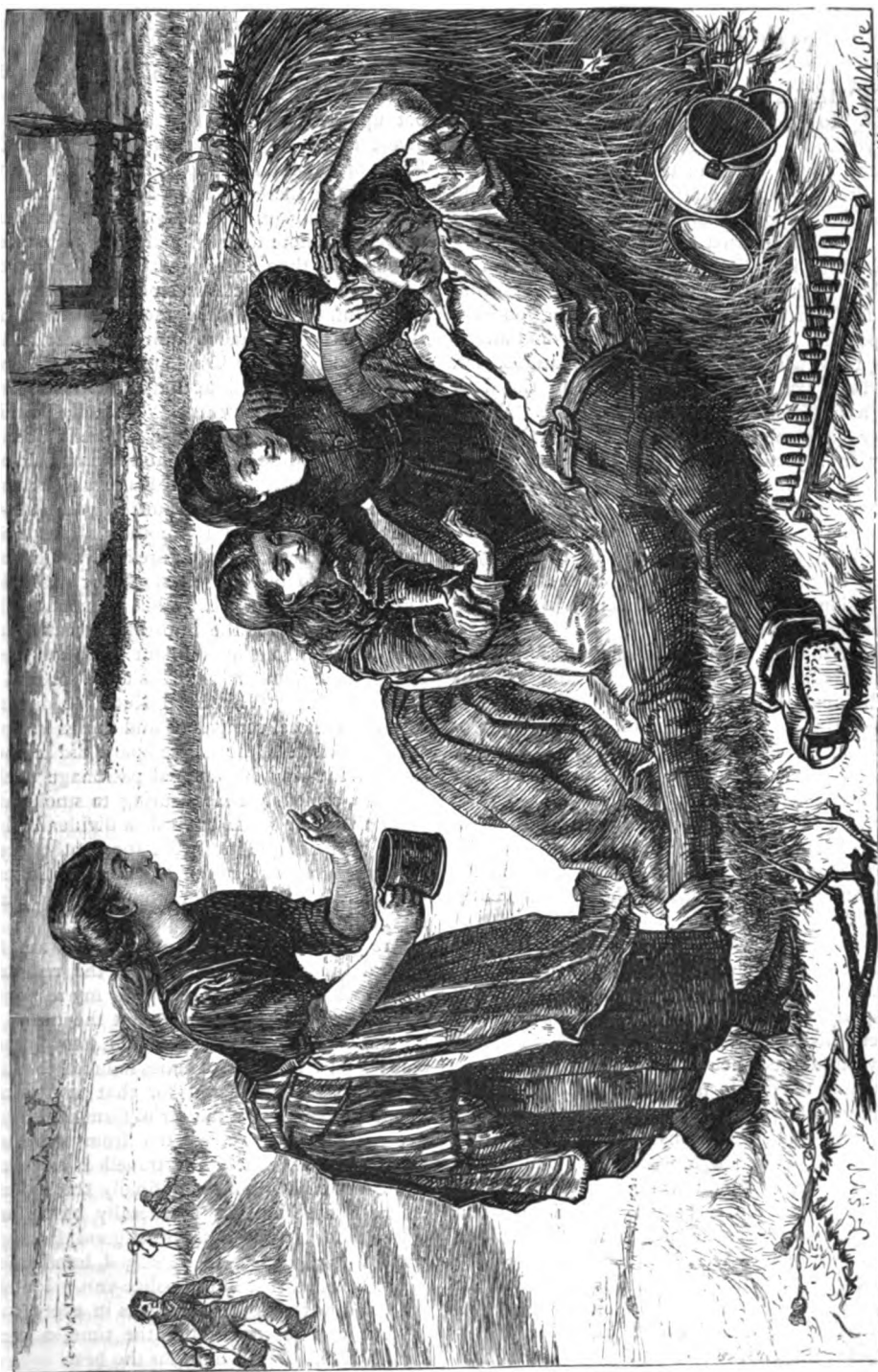
The flight of his wife was the first signal of the breaking up of O'Fagan's camp. He was now so much besieged by creditors that he scarcely dared leave the walls of the theatre, while within them he was not much better off. But the lottery speculation took well. Every night the gallery was crammed, each of the three-penny-ticket holders looking forward to the leg of mutton on the ensuing Saturday. On the Friday immediately preceding, Mr. O'Fagan had invited some of us to dinner; and it was not until his servant asked what was to be cooked, that our proprietor discovered himself actually without a farthing to provide the banquet. "Sure," he said to his servant, "go and take the leg o' mutton we have for the prize and roast it. It isn't much we'll eat of it anyhow, and the boy who gets the remainder will be right glad. Faith, if I had thought of it, I should have advertised it as a cowl'd leg o' mutton." We had a very pleasant dinner that day; for O'Fagan, wishing to make everybody comfortable, assured us that at last his finances were coming right, and that all arrears should now be paid. If he had hinted anything to us about the joint, we might have eaten as little as possible: but he did not, and the consequence was that the piece of meat was considerably diminished in size before we were done

with it. Supper-time came, and, as we afterwards learnt, O'Fagan had with him a creditor whom he wished to pacify. There was nothing for it but to produce this unfortunate piece of mutton, which again suffered.

Next day O'Fagan was desperate. He had no money to get another leg of mutton, nor yet to procure dinner for himself. Eat he must; and so, throwing to the wind all thought of consequences, he called for the remainder of the leg of mutton. On this occasion, also, he was joined by a friend; and before they had finished dinner, there was nothing actually left of the joint but the bare bone. O'Fagan looked bold and defiant as ever when he came down to the theatre. He carried, rolled up in his handkerchief, all that was left of the grand prize. Towards seven o'clock, the audience began to assemble, and in time the gallery was crowded by a mass of scrambling and shouting lads and men. There were cries for "The mutton! the leg of mutton!" which resounded through the whole house. O'Fagan never faltered for an instant. When the proper time arrived, he passed on to the stage, carefully concealing his right hand behind his back. He advanced to the footlights. "Gentlemen," he said, "which of you is number forty-four?" "I am number forty-four!" shrieked a man, amid much cheering and hurrahing and waving of hats and caps. "Stand up, ye blackguard, and take your dhirty leg o' mutton!" shouted O'Fagan, as he suddenly threw the bare bone up into the gallery.

Nothing could exceed the uproar and confusion that now ensued. The occupants of the gallery in a body rushed down-stairs; O'Fagan had to fly for his life, and just managed to escape by darting to the stage-door. All the disappointed Taffies of the district were after him, so greatly was popular indignation excited by the trick he had played.

Next morning there was no O'Fagan, and the theatre was taken possession of by certain dingy officers of the crown. Nobody seemed inclined to carry on the performances; and we unfortunates, who were left without the least means of moving from the spot, had to wait until our friends were able to send us assistance. I never heard afterwards of O'Fagan, and presume that he did not attempt to resume his managerial duties. It is to be suspected that his wife, when she took flight, had gathered together a little purse; and this precaution would doubtless enable both adventurers to rest on their oars, preparatory to Mr. O'Fagan's discovering some new field for the exercise of his genius.



A LAZY FELLOW.

MATTERS OF FORM.

"**T**HAT is all; you need not take the trouble to read it; you would not understand it if you did. All you have to do is to sign your name at the bottom; there, where the pencil mark is. A mere matter of form!" You do not like to appear obstinate or pudding-headed; or to show mistrust of the lawyer or secretary on whose integrity you have every reason to rely. Perhaps you are indolent, and shrink from the trouble of investigation; or you have a peculiar hatred of being singular, or of affecting to be wiser than your fellow-creatures. Or, perhaps, you prefer a little jump in the dark to a confession that you cannot see. Whatever your motive, the chances are that you say in a jocular tone, through which a suspicion of nervous uneasiness betrays itself, "No responsibility or risk, I suppose?" And once more reassured on that point, you sign. Well, in nineteen cases out of twenty, you hear no more of the matter; on the twentieth occasion you may find yourself in a very unpleasant predicament.

But that is a trifle: if idleness and carelessness only affected the idle and careless individual, the punishment would be rather a good thing. But unfortunately a large proportion of our national, social, and pecuniary muddles, emanates from that habit of satisfying conscience with a ceremony. Why are workhouses sometimes turned into lazarhouses, full of nameless horrors, moral and physical? How is it that private lunatic asylums are occasionally used as traps for the inconveniently sane? What is the real cause of the state of bankruptcy to which our best paying railways have been wantonly brought? Is it not because guardians, inspectors, directors, have assumed responsibility for the acts of their subordinates over which they have had no real control, and have contented themselves with signing papers, listening to reports, making periodical and conventional inspections, pocketing fees, and discussing—well, luncheons? Amateur work is very often bad enough, witness the blunders of J.P.'s.; but half-paid work is almost always scurvily done, and I have a shrewd suspicion that the whole system of Boards of Directors, with their guinea fees, is a rotten one. They are either dummies in the hands of one of their number, or their secretary, or else they quarrel furiously. I believe that they sometimes impale themselves on both horns of this dilemma simultaneously.

An acquaintance, whom I will name Smith,

called on me a year ago. He had just sold out of the army; had some money to invest, and was going to take chambers, he thought, somewhere. By-the-bye, it was very absurd, but upon his word he did not know how to invest money. "Did you take a cab to the Bank of England and pay it in?" I do not exaggerate: there breathes not an old lady in a country village, with a stocking for a Bank of Deposit, more utterly ignorant of all matters of business than Smith was. I gave him the address of a respectable stock-broker, and he left. But, unluckily, he met presently with Brown, who persuaded him to invest in the Cigars and Cognac Company (Limited), proposing, at the same time, that he should become a director of the concern. "It's jolly," Smith explained to me afterwards: "there is Colonel A—, and Major B—, and a naval fellow, who is great fun; and Lord Kute, who belongs to Dido, the Leger favourite, you know." "Ah!" said I; "and are they all as good men of business as you are? Would they know how to buy or sell stock, for example? Do they understand what a bill of exchange is; or are they under the impression that it is a boy of the name of William who has been changed at nurse?" "Don't be absurd!" cried Smith. "Why, Lord Kute is a director of half the hotel companies and things in London." Doubtless, the entire board did a good deal in the way of personal patronage of the concern, zealously endeavouring to smoke and drink their fair quota towards a dividend; but other business qualities were apparently necessary to success, for the Cigars and Cognac Company has lately been wound up, and has therefore paradoxically stopped.

Are you a trustee for anything? I am, for several things; but I have not the remotest notion what it means, or how far my responsibilities extend; and I have not the nerve to inquire. In my ingenuous youth, many years, alas! ago, I was several times induced to allow myself to be nominated for that mysterious function, merely as a matter of form, and every five years or so I get a letter from some unknown lawyer, which has travelled half over the United Kingdom, and finally tracked me down. These epistles I generally burn; and every time I walk out, for a good fortnight afterwards, I expect to be seized, handcuffed, gagged, and thrust into a police-van. I never am; and perhaps the office was in every case what it was represented at the time, a mere legal fiction. Let us hope for the best.

What does one pledge one's self to on taking a degree? If I remember right, a lot of men

joined hands, and one read something in Latin, while the others made responses in the same language, and not ten per cent. had an inkling of what it was about. There was a hazy notion that you pledged yourself not to set fire to the public library I think—perhaps the prohibition extended to the Thames. None of our set has perjured himself in either matter at present.

Is it a necessary drawback to a high state of civilisation that we should all be forced into perpetual white lying? Or have conventional fashions of speaking any deteriorating effect upon us after we become accustomed to them? It seems like Quaker squeamishness to object to heading a letter to a man you dislike "My dear So-and-so;" or to finish an epistle in which you decline to do what a correspondent wants with "Yours obediently;" and yet another form would surely be preferable.

Surely it is hardly creditable to a Christian nation that the act of standing sponsor should have degenerated into a mere form, tempered by silver mugs; and yet one might really almost parody an old sarcasm, and say that it is a wise godfather who knows his own godchildren.

No doubt, we have reformed ourselves considerably of late years; people have not got to subscribe so perpetually as of old to those Thirty-nine Articles, which few of us have ever read, and from which some of those few (to put it mildly) differ; a matter which very rarely disturbed the consciences of those who went through the form. We have also reduced the amount of unnecessary swearing. But, after all, it is only a few loads that have been carted away from the mountain dust-heap of humbug which smothers modern society. And it is certainly difficult enough to see how we are ever to get rid of it. Forms are introduced which are good, and, perhaps, even necessary for the existing generation; but as time passes, the habits, relations, and opinions of men alter so completely that these forms, which are endowed with the excessive vitality of all low organisations, survive in their meaningless, soulless condition, and become positively mischievous. For when ceremonies and symbols no longer excite respect, they excite contempt; and if ever a licentious generation should laugh at the judges' wigs, the sooner the question of compensating the legal barbers is mooted the better.

Taking a legal oath is still a serious matter to most outsiders; but men who are obliged to swear professionally every day of their lives cannot think much of it. No doubt the average policeman, like every other honest man, tries

to be truthful; but it is very doubtful whether kissing the book can have any effect upon his veracity. What wonder if the honour of the corps and consistency of statement should appear of much more importance to his mind than a squeamish adherence to the exact verbal accuracy required by his oath? He is pretty sure about the broad facts, and as for petty details, the principal matter is that A 6 and B 12 should agree in their account of them, and that he himself should allow no adverse private impression to invalidate their evidence. In one, at least, of our country towns (whether the practice is general I cannot say), the enthusiastic chief of the police has his men as regularly drilled in evidence-giving as in the sword-exercise. A satirical friend calls these parades his *perjury classes*, which is unfair, for a habit of speaking clearly, unhesitatingly, and directly to the point, is, at least, as favourable to the cause of truth as of error. But still, what chance has a witness who was never sworn before, and who weighs every word he utters with a nervous sense of solemn responsibility, against a man who is in the daily habit of giving evidence, and who utters almost as many sentences in the course of the twenty-four hours on oath as without that formality? Moral: Don't get into a row; or, if you do, compound the matter before it comes into court. You are in the right? that is fortunate; you will be able to get away cheaper, perhaps. At any rate, do not make a fuss about injustice; the police are at perpetual war with professed criminals, against whom there is a *prima facie* probability of guilt. If you find yourself on that side, you must blame your own imprudence, or ill-luck, if you find the swearing go a little hard against you.

Ladies are sometimes very cool hands with regard to their treatment of matters of form. Forgery they think nothing of, if they can save the trouble of forwarding, say an absent sister's papers to her, by signing her name themselves, and returning them. A clerk in a pension-office has told me that signatures to annual declarations, which ladies on their list have to send in, that they are alive and single, must often be forged; for half-a-dozen will come in from one family, with different names, indeed, appended to them, but all precisely in the same handwriting. As to endorsing a cheque made payable to some one else's order, or rectifying the omission of a careless friend, who gave them an unsigned post-office order to cash, hundreds of innocent young ladies would think nothing whatever of it. They know that it is all right, and that

there is no intention to defraud, and cannot understand why such a fuss should be made about a mere technicality. It is a wonder they do not oftener get into serious scrapes.

THE CELLARS OF SALURN.

THE summer tourist in the Tyrol may remember to have seen a stately ruin crowning a height near the village of St. Michele in the valley of the Adige. Above it shoots up the precipitous ridge of the Geiersberg; and near it is the picturesque fall of the Titschbach over a wall of dolomite, interesting to the geologist. The ruin is that of a castle, which once belonged to the lords of Epan, then passed into the family of the Rottenburgers, and finally into that of the counts of Albrizzi. The name of the castle is Schloss Salurn. Of this ruin a story is told.

At San Michele lived in the end of last century a labourer called Kasper; a hardworking, poor man, with a worthy and handsome wife, Elsa. They had enough to live upon, but nothing to spare. They could eat as much as they liked, if the victuals were homely, and they could dress respectably, but not expensively, and their home was a cottage, good, weather-tight, but humble. Elsa was happy; Kasper was not. And the reason of Kasper's unhappiness was envy. Within sight of his door was a new white house, with doors and windows painted green, with a flower-garden and a farmyard. This house had been built, and was inhabited by an old fellow-labourer of Kasper's; Stephen by name, who had made his fortune. Stephen had been careful and frugal as a poor man, and had made the best use of his money. An uncle had left him a legacy, which had enabled him to rent a few acres of land; he had farmed this with success, and had saved enough in a few years to increase the size of his farm. With this increase came larger profits, and finally Stephen had bought land and built a house for himself. And this house was within sight of the cottage of Kasper. And it was plastered white. Also the windows and doors were green. Stephen deserved his good fortune, for when it came, he used it aright. He was not lifted up with pride. He did not retain greedily what he had acquired; but gave liberally where he saw that money was needed: and he never forgot his old mate Kasper. Often did the poor comrade receive a ham when Stephen killed a pig; sometimes a duck, and occasionally a goose. At the village feast he never

failed to make him a present of a small barrel of wine. Whenever they met, Stephen greeted Kasper with a smile and a friendly word, which the other answered by a scowl and a muttered curse. Stephen was well aware that his ancient comrade regarded him with no favour; but he was too good-hearted to take umbrage at his insolence and ingratitude, and he continued to send presents to the churl, and to treat him with cordiality. Kasper accepted the offerings and ate or drank them, but their taste was spoiled by the acid sauce which he poured over them.

"I wonder what Mr. Stephen will send us this feast?" exclaimed Elsa one day, as she was busy making cakes for the approaching village festival.

"Mister," hissed her husband; "why do you call him Mister, if you please? He is no more a gentleman than I am. Don't you know he and I were born to follow the plough?"

"Why, everyone calls him Mister Stephen, and most call him Rich Mister Stephen."

"Rich, indeed!" echoed Kasper; "why am not I rich, pray?"

"Because the Lord has willed otherwise."

"It is not just."

"Fie on you, husband. You rebel against God."

"No, wife, I do not. God did not give Stephen his money."

"Then what did?" asked the wife, shaking the flour off her hands and leaning her chin on the roller.

The door opened, and in came the very person of whom they were talking.

"Good morning, neighbour," he said.

"Morning," growled Kasper. He would have asked in surly tone what brought Stephen there, had not the water come into his mouth. That which brought the water there was the sight of a turkey which his rich friend held suspended by the legs in his left hand.

"I suppose you will have friends visiting you on the Feast-day," said Stephen.

Kasper grunted an assent, with his eyes on the bird.

"And you must shake off a little of your gloom in festival time," continued the farmer.

"Tausend! Can a poor man be other than gloomy when he has to slave for his food?"

"Yes, indeed he may. What bright faces we shall see at the Feast to-morrow!"

"Fools, laughing one day, crying the next."

"Nay, Kasper, you are hard on them. It is wise to rejoice in times of mirth."

"I cannot rejoice with the anguish of toil fretting my heart."

Elsa sighed. She knew too well that it was envy, not honourable toil, which had overshadowed the soul of her husband and robbed it of its light.

"Why," said Stephen, good-humouredly, "look at your pleasant Elsa. Is not her face generally bright, like a May morning? If she has her tears, she smiles through them, like sun in rain."

"She's a woman," growled Kasper; "and all women are fools."

"I am sorry to hear you say that. However, I know you do not mean what you say. Now, friend, I have a present for you—a turkey. And you are welcome to go to the Three Crowns, at Salurn, and drink a bottle of the host's best wine at my expense. I have told him to put down what you drink to my account; and, moreover, take a couple of pitchers with you, and he will fill them with Bavarian beer, for you to take home to your company."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, good Mr. Stephen!" exclaimed Elsa, clasping her hands.

Kasper grunted his thanks.

"Nay," said the farmer, turning away; "you're welcome; not another word, please. You are heartily welcome."

Kasper waited till his neighbour was beyond earshot, and then he spoke.

"Curse him!"

"Kasper!" cried his wife, in horror.

"Does he want to crush me, to humble me, with his presents? What does he give me ducks and geese, and this turkey for, eh?"

"Because he is good and kind," answered his wife.

"No; because he can then go to his rich friends and say, 'Poor Kasper, I keep him, and give him crusts now and then, to keep him from starving, poor fellow!'"

Kasper spoke with an intensity of bitterness and hatred which appalled his wife, accustomed as she was to exhibitions of his bad feeling. His whole face was hideous with the expression of malignity which darkened it; his eyes glittered with a hateful fire; and his teeth ground wrathfully.

"Husband, this is very sinful," said his wife: "Stephen is full of kindness, and you return his consideration with ingratitude. God has made him rich. Why should you murmur against God?"

"No;" fiercely broke in Kasper. "His riches have come to him quite another way."

"His fortune came to him through his own hard work."

"His fortune came to him in a very different way."

"What do you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"He found a pot of gold among the ruins of Castle Salurn!"

"Rubbish!" said Elsa.

"Yes, among the rubbish," Kasper continued, misunderstanding her; "don't you know that the Lord of Epan hid his treasures there, before he gave up the castle? Stephen has found them—or some of them, with the help of evil spirits."

"I do not believe it," answered Elsa. "Stephen is too good and religious to have dealings with the foul spirits that haunt ruined castles. No; say what you will, I don't believe it."

"I wish I had found the treasure."

"I am very glad you have not. If you had only heard the beautiful sermon of the priest last Sunday week, on covetousness, you——"

"I am not going to listen to one from you," snarled Kasper; "so I shall go off and try the best wine at the Three Crowns."

"You accept the bounty of the man whom you hate?"

"Yes; because it costs him money to give me these things."

Then he left the house. The road to Salurn winds round the base of the knoll on which stands the castle. Kasper looked up at the grey towers and groaned. "Would that I knew where the treasure was hid," he muttered. When he reached the tavern, he ordered the wine to be given him at a little table, apart from the other drinkers. "Be sociable, man," said the host. But Kasper could not endure company. He drank and moped in a corner by himself. The peasants who were in the room cast side-glances at him, and wondered at his ill-looks. They felt no desire for his company. As the fumes of the wine rose to his brain, and the warmth of the generous drink reached his heart, his hatred became more intense, and his envy more vehement. Suddenly he brought his fist down on the table with violence, so that the bottle reeled, and the glass shivered.

"Would to heaven I were rich!" he exclaimed; "then I'd show this canting hypocrite how I valued his presents."

"What is the matter with you?" asked the host.

"Stephen," answered the fellow, hoarsely.

Then Kasper rose, having finished the wine.

"Stay, man," said the host; "there is some beer for you."

"I have no pitchers with me."

"I will lend you a couple; you can return them to-morrow."

"Fill them, and give them to me."

The host supplied Kasper with the beer, according to Stephen's order, and then the discontented man left the tavern. It was afternoon. A few heavy thunder-clouds hung about the mountains, but the sky above the Etsch Thal was clear, and the valley was bathed in sunlight. Kasper trudged along with his pitchers of beer till he reached the foot of the castle hill. Then he set down his pitchers, and looked up at the ruins. "Why should not I be rich, as Stephen?" he asked. "He found treasures there; why not I? Ha! what fun for me, if I were to light on his hoard, and steal that! Nothing comes without an attempt. I will climb up, and search the ruins." He could not well leave the pitchers in the road, so he took them with him. He had to scramble among rocks, and fallen fragments of wall, over which brambles trailed. The numberless red strawberries were unnoticed by him, as he toiled over the broken ground they carpeted. His rude foot crushed them. He caught the tufts of pinks and scabious to assist him in his scramble, and he cast the bruised and uprooted flowers behind him, when they had rendered him their assistance.

At last he stood in the castle, and set down his pitchers. At the same moment a grey shadow stole over the lichened walls, and a chill fell on the air. Kasper searched the masses of shivered masonry, lifted stones, pried into recesses overgrown by fern, tore up beds of velvet moss that covered slabs of rock; but all in vain. "If Stephen found a treasure, I may find one too," he repeated to himself, as he laboured ineffectually to discover something valuable. A whole hour was thus expended. Then he rose from his stooping attitude. His eyes were glittering with the greed of gold, his lips quivering with eagerness, his cheeks flushed, his brow dripping. The sky overhead was dark with whirling vapours. The wind moaned among the old walls. "Spirits, good or bad, whoever you are, who haunt this ruin, help me to become rich like Stephen!" roared the excited man, despairing of any discovery without supernatural aid. He waited. The walls echoed his shout. Then there came a blinding lightning-flash, a rattle of thunder, a crash of falling masonry, and Kasper was flung upon his face.

When the mountain flanks had ceased to repeat the discharges of the electric fluid, Kasper looked up. The lightning had struck a tower, and thrown down a portion, and fissured the very foundations. The peasant rose to his feet, and stepping over the prostrate

fragments, saw before him a vault which the fall of masonry had disclosed, with steps leading down to it. Cautiously descending, Kasper peered into the gloom. He saw before him the ancient cellar of the castle. Barrel after barrel appeared, faintly illumined by the light from the stair, stretching away into the darkness beyond. Huge cobwebs hung from the roof of the vault, and wavered in the air that rushed into the place. Kasper stood at the entrance, with his black shadow lying before him, and listened, but heard nothing. Stealthily he entered, looking round him at each step, nervously apprehensive, and yet impelled onward by covetousness and curiosity. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he saw further; but far as he could see, there were only barrels of wine, in long range. Approaching one of these, the nearest, he turned the tap, and put his lips to the descending golden stream. Never had he tasted better wine. "I must fetch my pitchers," he gasped. And rushing from the vault, he ascended the steps, scrambled over the stones, and reaching his pitchers, emptied the beer on the ground. "Surely I am dreaming," he said. But no; through a gap in the castle wall, the gap through which he had entered, he saw the valley. The clouds had broken, but blue belts of shade lay along the meadows. The ravines of the mountains were indigo; but the river shimmered like molten glass; and white against a waving blue flax-field gleamed the new house of Farmer Stephen. Kasper frowned, shook his fist towards it, then picking up his pitchers, descended once more into the cellar of the castle. Now he passed from one barrel to another, tasting first one wine, then another, and each seemed better flavoured and richer than the last tasted. With difficulty, he selected which wine to take home with him in his pitchers. He filled them, one with red wine, the other with a yellow wine, and then turned towards the doorway. He started.

In the midst was a table, at which sat three men, in coarse black woollen tunics, with leather belts round their waists, leather caps on their heads, and on their legs grey worsted hose. The table at which were the men, was black, on it the three cyphered with chalk, and spoke no single word, so intent were they in their calculations. They were all old, for they had flowing white beards. Their faces were pale and bloodless. Kasper stood staring and trembling, and fearful of making a noise; but the men did not notice him. Kasper slunk behind a barrel, and waited half-an-hour. Then he protruded his head, hoping to see

that they had gone. But they sat still, busily reckoning on the black table, with their heads bowed over it, their brows knit, and their lips moving. After waiting a little longer, Kasper gathered courage to step towards them. "Your pardon, gentlemen," he said, bowing; "I am a poor labourer of San Michele, and I was on my way from Salurn, where I have been drinking a bottle of Tokay; and on my return, I ventured into this ruin, and finding the cellar open, I have taken the liberty of descending the stairs. I have filled these pitchers with wine, and hope I have not committed an offence."

The three pale faces turned towards him as he spoke, and one, the oldest apparently, answered him. "You have spoken the truth. Go, take the wine with you. Come here once a week and fetch the same amount of wine, but never venture here twice in one day."

Then the second placed on the table ten rows of twenty dollars. "This money is for you," he said; "return here every Sunday evening, and you will find the same amount. Take them home and place them where neither sun nor moon can look on them, and leave them there for a year and a day."

Then the third put two dollars on a corner of the table, and said, "These are for you. Take and use them. Week by week you shall have two dollars for weekly use. But remember, of the money you receive of us, none must be devoted to an evil purpose."

In an instant the three men, with table and stools, had faded away. But on the ground lay the ten rows of twenty dollars, and the two dollars apart. Kasper picked them all up, put the two hundred dollars in his breeches pocket; and the two for weekly use in that of his waistcoat, took his pitchers, and hastened joyfully home.

Under Kasper's house was a double cellar. The inner portion as useless had been roughly walled off from that which was made serviceable. The wall which filled the doorway communicating between the cellars was unmortared, and, indeed, consisted simply of bricks built up to fill the opening without anything but their own weight to keep them in position. Kasper remembered this dark cell, and concluding that it was just the place for the money which was to see neither sun nor moon for a year and a day, pulled out one of the topmost bricks, and thrusting his hand through the opening dropped the chinking money behind the wall.

Next Sunday he sought the ruined castle

again, and without difficulty found his way to the ancient cellars. There he saw ten rouleaux of dollars in a row, and two dollars by themselves apart, as had been promised him. He refilled his pitchers, gathered up the money, and, returning to his house, secreted the two hundred dollars where the other two hundred had been hidden.

For some months all went well with Kasper. He recovered his spirits, and his gloom disappeared. In a twelvemonth he would be in possession of a large fortune, and would be able to rival his neighbour, Stephen, in wealth. When he opened his store he would have over 10,000 dollars. His wife knew nothing of the secret hoard. Kasper had told her nothing of his discovery at Castle Salurn, knowing well that the pious Elsa would shrink in horror from money which came through the bounty of spirits.

After six months Kasper began to frequent the public house, drink and occasionally gamble. His wife in vain implored him to avoid bad acquaintances in the village tavern; he became intimate with the worst characters in San Michele and Salurn, and neglected his work. From a taciturn gloomy man he was transformed into a boisterous reveller. It was hard to say which was most odious, morose Kasper or debauched Kasper. His wife Elsa had suffered much from his ill humours when his heart was a prey to envy, she suffered more when he returned to her brutalised with drink.

Stephen had rejoiced at first to see Kasper's brow clear, and a light suffuse itself over his face, but he deplored bitterly the degradation into which he lapsed. He no longer sent him money, fearing lest it should be spent in drink or in play; but he still provided him with food for his table on all festive occasions. Once he spoke to Kasper in words of mild reproof, but was repulsed with such violence and abuse, that he made no second attempt to restrain his old comrade in his downward career.

One Sunday evening after a week of gambling, Kasper went to his store. He had been unfortunate at cards, and owed money. He pulled down a portion of the brick wall and took a pocketful of dollars from the glittering heap. Then he rebuilt the wall and hastened to the ruin with his pitcher. In the vault were the rouleaux as before. He thrust them into his pocket, filled the vessel, and, instead of going home, went with it to the Three Crowns at Salurn. He set the pitcher on a side table and joined a company of gamblers. At first he lost, then he won. Then, flushed with

success, he drew a handful of silver from his pocket and cast it on the table. "See!" exclaimed one of the players turning; "the moon is rising." A line of silver swept in at the little latticed casement and smote across the table where sat the gamblers. "Halloa!" shouted a man opposite Kasper; "what is that you are staking, comrade?" And he pointed to the heap Kasper had thrown on the board. It consisted of fragments of crockery. Kasper started up with a cry and emptied his pockets. They contained porcelain chips, but no silver. He was silent with dismay.

"You have been drinking before you came here," said one man laughing.

"I touched nothing," answered Kasper.

"I saw you bring a pitcher of wine into the house."

"But I have not tasted it. Fetch it, and drink yourselves."

The pitcher was brought on the table, and passed round. All exclaimed that the wine was unequalled. It was soon drunk.

"Kasper, you must let us have more. It is rare liquor."

"Come with me. I have plenty," answered Kasper; "bring your jugs and glasses, I will give you a treat such as you never had before."

He left the house followed by the men, inflamed with drink. He led them over rocks and through brambles and briars, stumbling, swearing, hiccoughing, laughing, singing, to the ruined castle.

"Here is my cellar," said Kasper, pointing to the entrance of the vault. Down the steps after him rushed the intoxicated men, and were soon riotously engaged in tasting the different wines in the cellar. Suddenly silence fell on the drunken crew. Between them and the entrance was a black table, at which sat three aged men with cadaverous faces and flowing white beards, busily engaged in cyphering at the table with chalk, their heads bent, their brows knit, their lips moving, their hands rapidly forming cyphers on the board before them.

"He has come twice in the day for wine," said the first.

"He has brought the silver from the darkness before the year and day had expired," said the second.

"He has spent our money in evil ways," said the third.

Then all sharply drew a white line below their sums and exclaimed together:—"The measure of guilt is full. The sum is complete. The account is closed."

And the roof fell in and buried the revellers.

SORROW AND JOY.

WITH heavy foot, and heel to th' ground,
Slow paceth Sorrow on his round:
Head drooped, eyes sunk, sighing profound.

Joy trippeth lightly on his toe,
With head erect along doth go;
Calm breathing, with an even flow.

Sorrow lieth long a-bed,
He cannot lift his weary head,
Wretch, that with grief hath pillow'd.

Joy riseth early with the lark,
Yea, what to him, tho' it be i' th' dark:
His merry heart will strike a spark.

Ere day hath reached its noon, with pain
Sorrow sigheth for the night:—in vain!
At night he sighs for day again.

Joy noteth not the swift hours' flight,
Catcheth him unawares the night,
Bringing him rest with calm delight.

Sorrow is lonely,—hath no friends:
If he doth well, what wight commends?
If wronged, who maketh him amends?

Joy laugheth through the happy hours,
Groups of glad faces throng his bowers;
They toy, and crown themselves with flowers.

Doth Sorrow kindly succour crave,
None stretcheth out his hand to save:
Sickening, he hopeth for the grave.

Joy knoweth none of life's sharp stings;
Each day some new delight him brings;
That ended, still fresh hope upsprings.

Poor Sorrow! 'tis a doleful lot,
His whole long life a darksome blot;
He fades from earth,—man pitieth not.

In gladness Joy's days are sped,
And when he boweth his grey head,
Friends gather round; and mourn him dead.

TABLE TALK.

THE accuracy and mobility of our English big guns have been lately demonstrated to perfection by an experiment at Shoeburyness. The running deer target is five feet square, and travels upon wheels. At a range of 1000 yards the apparent size of the deer is very small, and seems almost nothing compared with the sights of a heavy piece of ordnance; and

when the nine-inch gun was placed in position to shoot at this mark flying, *i.e.*, dragged rapidly along by a team of horses, there seemed little probability that even one out of the ten rounds could possibly strike it. I should like to ask for guesses as to the time required to fire ten projectiles weighing 250lb. each from a twelve-ton gun. The actual case was this. Ten rounds were fired at the moving target in eight-and-a-half minutes, two of the ten struck it, and the rest dropped close by. The range was known; but so would the range of any ship or boat be known if it passed near one of our sea forts, because all sorts of scientific appliances would be employed to ascertain it with certainty. In eight-and-a-half minutes, therefore, or let us say ten minutes, a small gunboat would have been hit ten times by a single gun. A battery of ten guns would have struck the gunboat 100 times in ten minutes. When the evidence laid before a late military committee is published, we shall learn what naval men say of their chances of striking a battery. The captain of the *Miantonomah* was asked, when in England, what he thought would be the result if his ship was lying opposite Gibraltar, exchanging shots with the shore. "I'll tell you what it is, sir," he replied; "if I thought for a moment that they meant to fire at *me*, I guess I'd soon show them a clean pair of heels."

A NEAPOLITAN professor of chemistry holds out a promise of a new wine to tickle the palates of connoisseurs. The Australian myrtle is the source of it. The fruit of this plant yields, by simple pressure, a juice of fine ruby colour and slightly acid but very agreeable taste. Its chemical components are glucose (grape-sugar), cream of tartar, and free tartaric acid; it ferments at ordinary temperatures, and produces alcohol, so that it is veritably a wine. The fermented juice acquires in time a fine bouquet, and if its vinous properties are not appreciated it may still be turned to profitable account, for it makes excellent vinegar.

THE astronomers have found another little planet; a very little one, looking only like a star of the eleventh magnitude, and possibly in actual dimensions of no greater area than a moderate-sized county. It was discovered on the night of Feb. 17 from the Marseilles observatory, presumably by M. Stéphan, but for reasons given in a recent item of *Table Talk*, the owner of the eye who actually detected it may be unknown. Four or five of

these asteroids are added to the list in the course of every year; they are getting so numerous that there is considerable danger of some of them being lost, from the inability of observers to keep them all in sight. Medals and rewards used to be given to discoverers of them: but now, I take it, the tendency of practical astronomers would be to praise him most who finds fewest.

HERE comes a wail from the waiting-room of a surgeon. "Why is it that Nature," says my correspondent, "when she gives us eyes and teeth to be our worry from infancy to old age, does not provide us with a special organ of patience, to endure the penalties of the inevitable surgeon's waiting-room? Why is it that your knock at that door with the large brass plate, is always opened by an aggravating man with wild, dissipated-looking head of pale hair, with sad countenance, with soiled white necktie, and in seedy black clothes, who, as he shows you into that gloomy stereotyped parlour, seems to be calculating, as he looks you through and through, upon the gratuities he may get from you according to your state of patience? But, above all, why do not surgeons consult the feelings of the general mass of sufferers who come to them for relief, and whose courage and patience require a cheerful abstraction from their miseries, by giving them a cheerful bright colour instead of sad and dingy drab walls to look at, and by keeping those melancholy family portraits to themselves, along with the soiled and ill-smelling literature which crowds the large table, and which consists of old numbers of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, *Quarterlies* of years ago, dirty volumes from the Religious Tract Societies, and sundry guides to Torquay and other seaside watering-places? Would it not be politic on the part of the eminent gentlemen to render their waiting-rooms agreeable by bright colours and cheerful pictures; and by supplying their tables with the leading journals of the day, and good specimens of current literature? The expense of such a luxury could not amount to much, and would certainly repay the considerate practitioner, by keeping many of his patients from taking fright and flight at the sight of his wretched waiting-room; besides rendering less tedious the hours upon hours that many poor and patient souls sit in misery, thinking drearily of their loss of time, and the guinea they can ill spare." Perhaps a little of Mr. Ruskin's mode of argument may be useful here. He objected to ornament in the architecture of a

railway station—because we all want to leave the station as soon as possible, and should have no patience with small æsthetic attempts to make its purlieu agreeable. And the demand for amusement of the distressed correspondent who is miserable in the surgeon's waiting-room, may appropriately be followed by other demands that sickness should always be a delight and that medicines should never be nasty.

OH the meanness of men and the folly of husbands! Here is a Parisian story to show how poorly a man comes off in any contest with womenkind. The other day a Parisian and his wife went to Brussels. The first thought of the lady was naturally to visit all the shops, and especially those renowned for lace. She met with some marvellous bargains as a matter of course, gave a glowing account of them to her husband, and proposed to take a quantity of the lace home with her, smuggled under her dress. The husband, like a husband, resisted. It would be incurring too great a risk, he said, vehemently; the lace would be found and confiscated; he would not consent to the arrangement. The lady agreed that she should, like a good wife, go without the lace. And so the pair started for Paris, monsieur well pleased that he had avoided this new extravagance. At the frontier they were met as usual with the demand, "Anything to declare?" They said "No." It was enough, and they were allowed to pass without further trouble. Now here begins to show itself the folly of men. The lady gave her husband a look, and the husband began to foresee the bitter reproaches of his tender spouse. It was evident that she might have passed the lace without danger. She would certainly take her vengeance for the loss of her coveted prize in a good lecture. To avoid this horror, it became necessary to convince the wife that there really was danger. She must be searched. Monsieur whispers to one of the Customs' officers that he imagines the lady at his side has some lace hidden about her person. She was immediately taken aside, and in a few minutes the officer of Customs returned, his face beaming with satisfaction, to inform the gentleman, with a profusion of thanks, that his supposition was well founded. The lady had at least 10,000 francs' worth of lace hidden among the folds of her dress.

STRANGE that amid all the discussions to which the disappearance of Mr. Speke has given rise, we have heard nothing of one of

the most remarkable cases of disappearance on record. As the clown Grimaldi was playing at Drury Lane in the winter of 1803, he was called to see two visitors, in one of whom he recognised his only brother, who had run away to sea long before. After the performance was over he retired to dress, leaving his brother on the stage. Being a little startled by the event of the evening, he took a longer time than usual to dress. When he was ready to depart, he found that his brother had but a moment before left the theatre. He was never seen again. The most urgent inquiries were set on foot for his discovery; but to no purpose. Perhaps the clue to the mystery may be found in the fact that the returned sailor was heard to boast that he had £600 about him.

THE Western Police, said the papers last week, When expected with Ayre, produced nothing but Speke; But some of our Members, the public declare, When expected to speak, produce nothing but air.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following verses, which he has taken from an album, and which he declares to be original. The verses are amusing enough to be published, even if we should doubt their originality:—

TO MY NOSE.

KNOWS he, who never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
That my nose knows?

O Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee and feel that pride
A Roman knows.

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CHAPTER XXVII.



THE PERPLEXITY into which Hazel was thrown by the outburst of his companion, rendered him unable to reduce her demand at once to an intelligible form. For some moments he seriously employed his mind on the problem until it assumed this shape.

Firstly : I do not know where this island is, having no means of ascertaining either its latitude or longitude.

Secondly : If I had such a description of its locality, how might the news be conveyed beyond the limits of the place ?

As the wildness of Helen's demand broke upon his mind, he smiled sadly, and sat down upon the bank of the little river, near his boat-house, and buried his head in his hands. A deep groan burst from him, and the tears at last came through his fingers, as in despair he thought how vain must be any effort to content or to conciliate her. Impatient with his own weakness he started to his feet, when a hand was laid gently upon his arm. She stood beside him.

"Mr. Hazel," she said, hurriedly—her voice was husky,—“do not mind what I have said. I am unreasonable ; and I am sure I ought to feel obliged to you for all the——”

Hazel turned his face towards her, and the moon glistened on the tears that still flowed down his cheeks. He tried to check the utterance of her apology ; but, ere he could master his voice, the girl's cold and constrained features seemed to melt. She turned away,

wrung her hands, and, with a sharp quivering cry, she broke forth :

“Oh, sir ! oh, Mr. Hazel ! do forgive me. I am not ungrateful, indeed, indeed, I am not ; but I am mad with despair. Judge me with compassion. At this moment, those who are very very dear to me are awaiting my arrival in London ; and when they learn the loss of the *Proserpine*, how great will be their misery ! Well, that misery is added to mine. Then my poor papa : he will never know how much he loved me until this news reaches him. And to think that I am dead to them, yet living ! living here helplessly, helplessly. Dear, dear, Arthur, how you will suffer for my sake. Oh, papa, papa ! shall I never see you again ?” and she wept bitterly.

“I am helpless either to aid or to console you, Miss Rolleston. By the act of a Divine Providence you were cast upon this desolate shore, and by the same Will I was appointed to serve and to provide for your welfare. I pray God that He will give me health and strength to assist you. Good-night.”

She looked timidly at him for a moment, then slowly regained her hut. He had spoken coldly, and with dignity. She felt humbled, the more so, that he had only bowed his acknowledgment to her apology.

For more than an hour she watched him, as he paced up and down between the boat-house and the shore ; then he advanced a little towards her shelter, and she shrank into her bed, after gently closing the door. In a few moments she crept again to peep forth, and to see if he were still there, but he had disappeared.

The following morning Helen was surprised to see the boat riding at anchor in the surf, and Hazel busily engaged on her trim. He was soon on shore, and by her side.

“I am afraid I must leave you for a day, Miss Rolleston,” he said. “I wish to make a circuit of the island ; indeed, I ought to have done so many days ago.”

“Is such an expedition necessary ? Surely you have had enough of the sea.”

"It is very necessary. You have urged me to undertake this enterprise. You see, it is the first step towards announcing to all passing vessels our presence in this place. I have commenced operations already. See on yonder bluff, which I have called Telegraph Point, I have mounted the boat's ensign, and now it floats from the top of the tree beside the bon-fire. I carried it there at sun-rise. Do you see that pole I have shipped on board the boat? that is intended as a signal, which shall be exhibited on your great palm-tree. The flag will then stand for a signal on the northern coast, and the palm-tree, thus accoutred, will serve for a similar purpose on the western extremity of the island. As I pass along the southern and eastern shores, I propose to select spots where some mark can be erected, such as may be visible to ships at sea."

"But will they remark such signals?"

"Be assured they will, if they come within sight of the place."

Hazel knew that there was little chance of such an event; but it was something not to be neglected. He also explained that it was necessary he should arrive at a knowledge of the island, the character of its shores; and from the sea he could rapidly obtain a plan of the place, ascertain what small rivers there might be, and, indeed, see much of its interior; for he judged it to be not more than ten miles in length, and scarce three in width.

Helen felt rather disappointed that no trace of the emotion he displayed on the previous night remained in his manner, or in the expression of his face. She bowed her permission to him rather haughtily, and sat down to breakfast on some baked yams, and some rough oysters, which he had raked up from the bay while bathing that morning. The young man had regained an elasticity of bearing, an independence of tone, to which she was not at all accustomed; his manners were always soft and deferential; but his expression was more firm, and she felt that the reins had been gently removed from her possession, and there was a will to guide her which she was bound to acknowledge and obey.

She did not argue in this wise, for it is not human to reason and to feel at the same moment. She felt then instinctively that the man was quietly asserting his superiority, and the child pouted.

Hazel went about his work briskly; the boat was soon laden with every requisite. Helen watched these preparations askance, vexed with the expedition which she had urged him to make. Then she fell to reflecting on the

change that seemed to have taken place in her character; she, who was once so womanly, so firm, so reasonable,—why had she become so petulant, childish, and capricious?

The sail was set, and all ready to run the cutter into the surf of the rising tide, when, taking a sudden resolution, as it were, Helen came rapidly down, and said, "I will go with you, if you please," half in command, half in doubt. Hazel looked a little surprised, but very pleased; and then she added, "I hope I shall not be in your way."

He assured her, on the contrary, that she might be of great assistance to him; and now, with doubled alacrity, he ran out the little vessel and leaped into the prow as she danced over the waves. He taught her how to bring the boat's head round with the help of an oar, and when all was snug, left her at the helm. On reaching the mouth of the bay, if it could so be called, he made her remark that it was closed by reefs, except to the north and to the west. The wind being southerly, he had decided to pass to the west, and so they opened the sea about half a mile from the shore.

For about three miles they perceived it consisted of a line of bluffs, cleft at intervals by small narrow bays, the precipitous sides of which were lined with dense foliage. Into these fissures the sea entered with a mournful sound, that died away as it crept up the yellow sands with which these nooks were carpeted. An exclamation from Helen attracted his attention to the horizon on the north-west, where a long line of breakers glittered in the sun. A reef or low sandy bay appeared to exist in that direction, about fifteen miles away, and something more than a mile in length. As they proceeded, he marked roughly on the side of his tin baler, with the point of a pin borrowed from Helen, the form of the coast line.

An hour and a half brought them to the north-western extremity of the island. As they cleared the shelter of the land, the southerly breeze coming with some force across the open sea caught the cutter, and she lay over in a way to inspire Helen with alarm; she was about to let go the tiller, when Hazel seized it, accidentally enclosing her hand under the grasp of his own, as he pressed the tiller hard to port.

"Steady, please; don't relinquish your hold; it is all right—no fear," he cried, as he kept his eye on their sail.

He held this course for a mile or more, and then judging with a long tack he could weather the southerly side of the island, he put the boat about. He took occasion to explain to Helen

how this operation was necessary, and she learned the alphabet of navigation. The western end of their little land now lay before them; it was about three miles in breadth. For two miles the bluff coast line continued unbroken; then a deep bay, a mile in width and two miles in depth, was made by a long tongue of sand projecting westerly; on its extremity grew the gigantic palm, well recognised as Helen's land-mark.

Hazel stood up in the boat to reconnoitre the coast. He perceived the sandy shore was dotted with multitudes of dark objects. Ere long, these objects were seen to be in motion, and, pointing them out to Helen, with a smile, he said:—

"Beware, Miss Rolleston, yonder are your bugbears—and in some force too. Those dark masses, moving upon the hillocks of sand, or rolling on the surf, are sea-lions—the *phoca leonina*, or lion-seal."

Helen strained her eyes to distinguish the forms, but only descried the dingy objects. While thus engaged, she allowed the cutter to fall off a little, and, ere Hazel had resumed his hold upon the tiller, they were fairly in the bay; the great palm-tree on their starboard-bow.

"You seem determined to make the acquaintance of your nightmares," he remarked; "you perceive that we are embayed."

Her consternation amused him; she saw that if they held their present course, the cutter would take the beach about a mile ahead, where these animals were densely crowded.

At this moment, something dark bulged up close beside her in the sea, and the rounded back of a monster rolled over and disappeared. Hazel let drop the sail, for they were now fairly in the smooth water of the bay, and close to the sandy spit; the gigantic stem of the palm-tree was on their quarter, about half a mile off.

He took to the oars, and rowed slowly towards the shore. A small seal rose behind the boat and followed them, playing with the blade, its gambols resembling that of a kitten. He pointed out to Helen the mild expression of the creature's face, and assured her that all this tribe were harmless animals, and susceptible of domestication. The cub swam up to the boat quite fearlessly, and he touched its head gently; he encouraged her to do the like, but she shrank from its contact. They were now close ashore, and Hazel throwing out his anchor in two feet of water, prepared to land the beam of wood he had brought to decorate the palm-tree as a signal.

The huge stick was soon heaved over-board, and he leaped after it. He towed it to the

nearest landing to the tree, and dragged it high up on shore. Scarcely had he disposed it conveniently, intending to return in a day or two, with the means of affixing it in a prominent and remarkable manner, in the form of a spar across the trunk of the palm, when a cry from Helen recalled him. A large number of the sea-lions were coasting quietly down the surf towards the boat; indeed, a dozen of them had made their appearance around it.

Hazel shouted to her not to fear, and desiring that her alarm should not spread to the swarm, he passed back quietly but rapidly. When he reached the water, three or four of the animals were already floundering between him and the boat. He waded slowly towards one of them, and stood beside it. The man and the creature looked quietly at each other, and then the seal rolled over, with a snuffing, self-satisfied air, winking its soft eyes with immense complacency.

Helen, in her alarm, could not resist a smile at this conclusion of so terrible a demonstration; for, with all their gentle expression, the tusks of the brute looked formidable. But, when she saw Hazel pushing them aside, and patting a very small cub on the back, she recovered her courage completely.

Then he took to his oars again; and, aided by the tide, which was now on the ebb, he rowed round the south-western extremity of the island. He found the water here, as he anticipated, very shallow.

It was midday when they were fairly on the southern coast; and, now sailing with the wind aft, the cutter ran through the water at racing speed. Fearing that some reefs or rocky formations might exist in their course, he reduced sail, and kept away from the shore—about a mile. At this distance he was better able to see inland, and mark down the accident of its formation.

The southern coast was uniform, and Helen said it resembled the cliffs of the Kentish or Sussex coast of England, only the English white was here replaced by the pale volcanic grey. By one o'clock they came abreast the very spot where they had first made land; and, as they judged, due south of their residence. Had they landed here, a walk of three miles across the centre of the island would have brought them home.

For about a similar distance the coast exhibited monotonous cliffs unbroken even by a rill. It was plain that the water-shed of the island was all northward. They now approached the eastern end, where rose the circular mountain of which mention has been already

made. This eminence had evidently at one time been detached from the rest of the land to which it was now joined by a neck of swamp about a mile and a half in breadth, and two miles in length.

Hazel proposed to reconnoitre this part of the shore nearly, and ran the boat close in to land. The reeds or canes with which this bog was densely clothed grew in a dark spongy soil. Here and there this waste was dotted with ragged trees which he recognised as the cypress: from their gaunt branches hung a black, funereal kind of weeper, a kind of moss, resembling iron grey horsehair both in texture and uses, though not so long in the staple.

This parasite, Hazel explained to Helen, was very common in such marshy ground, and was the death flag hung out by Nature to warn man that malaria and fever were the invisible and inalienable inhabitants of that fatal neighbourhood.

Looking narrowly along the low shore for some good landing, where under shelter of a tree they might repose for an hour, and spread their midday repast, they discovered an opening in the reeds, a kind of lagoon or bayou, extending into the morass between the high lands of the island and the circular mountain, but close under the base of the latter. This inlet he proposed to explore, and accordingly the sail was taken down and the cutter was poled into the narrow creek. The water here was so shallow that the keel slid over the quicksand into which the oar sank freely. The creek soon became narrow, the water deeper, and of a blacker colour, and the banks more densely covered with canes. These grew to the height of ten and twelve feet, and as close as wheat in a thick crop. The air felt dank and heavy, and hummed with myriads of insects. The black water became so deep and the bottom so sticky that Hazel look to the oars again. The creek narrowed as they proceeded, until it proved scarcely wide enough to admit of his working the boat. The height of the reeds hindered the view on either side. Suddenly, however, and after proceeding very slowly through the bends of the canal, they decreased in height and density, and they emerged into an open space of about five acres in extent, a kind of oasis in this reedy desert, created by a mossy mound which arose amidst the morass, and afforded firm footing, of which a grove of trees and innumerable shrubs availed themselves. Helen uttered an exclamation of delight as this island of foliage in a sea of reeds met her eyes, that had been famished with the arid monotony of the brake.

They soon landed.

Helen insisted on the preparations for their meal being left to her, and having selected a sheltered spot, she was soon busy with their frugal food. Hazel surveyed the spot, and selecting a red cedar, was soon seated forty feet above her head; making a topographical survey of the neighbourhood. He found that the bayou by which they had entered continued its course to the northern shore, thus cutting off the mountain or easterly end, and forming of it a separate island. He saw that a quarter of a mile farther on the bayou or canal parted, forming two streams, of which that to the left seemed the main channel. This he determined to follow. Turning to the west, that is towards their home, he saw at a distance of two miles a crest of hills broken into cliffs, which defined the limit of the main-land. The sea had at one time occupied the site where the morass now stood. These cliffs formed a range, extending from north to south; their precipitous sides clothed here and there with trees, marked where the descent was broken by platforms. Between him and this range the morass extended. Hazel took note of three places where the descent from these hills into the marsh could, he believed, most readily be made.

On the eastern side, and close above him arose the peculiar mountain. Its form was that of a truncated cone, and its sides densely covered with trees of some size.

The voice of Helen called him from his perch, and he descended quickly, leaping into a mass of brushwood growing at the foot of his tree. Helen stood a few yards from him, in admiration, before a large shrub.

"Look, Mr. Hazel, what a singular production," said the girl, as she stooped to examine the plant. It bore a number of red flowers, each growing out of a fruit like a prickly pear. These flowers were in various stages: some were just opening like tulips; others, more advanced, had expanded like umbrellas, and quite overlapped the fruit, keeping it from sun and dew; others had served their turn in that way, and been withered by the sun's rays. But, wherever this was the case, the fruit had also burst open and displayed or discharged its contents, and those contents looked like seeds; but on narrower inspection proved to be little insects with pink transparent wings, and bodies of incredibly vivid crimson.

Hazel examined the fruit and flowers very carefully, and stood rapt, transfixed.

"It must be!—and it is!" said he, at last. "Well, I'm glad I've not died without seeing it."

"What is it?" said she.

"One of the most valuable productions of the earth. It is cochineal. This is the Tunal tree."

"Oh! indeed," said Helen, indifferently; "cochineal is used for a dye; but as it is not probable we shall require to dye anything, the discovery seems to me more curious than useful."

"You wanted some ink. This pigment, mixed with lime-juice, will form a beautiful red ink. Will you lend me your handkerchief, and permit me to try if I have forgotten the method by which these little insects are obtained." He asked her to hold her handkerchief under a bough of the Tunal tree, where the fruit was ripe. He then shook the bough. Some insects fell at once into the cloth. A great number rose and buzzed a little in the sun not a yard from where they were born: but the sun dried their blood so promptly that they soon fell dead in the handkerchief. Those that the sun so killed went through three phases of colour before their eyes. They fell down black or nearly. They whitened on the cloth: and after that came gradually to their final colour, a flaming crimson. The insect thus treated, appeared the most vivid of all.

They soon secured about half a tea-cup full; they were rolled up and put away, then they sat down and made a very hearty meal, for it was now past two o'clock. They re-entered the boat, and passing once more into the morass they found the channel of the bayou as it approached the northern shore less difficult of navigation. The bottom became sandy and hard, and the presence of trees in the swamp proved that spots of *terra firma* were more frequent. But the water shallowed, and as they opened the shore, he saw with great vexation that the tide in receding had left the bar at the mouth of the canal visible in some parts. He pushed on, however, until the boat grounded. This was a sad affair. There lay the sea not fifty yards ahead. Hazel leaped out, and examined and forded the channel, which at this place was about two hundred feet wide. He found a narrow passage near the eastern side, and to this he towed the boat. Then he begged Miss Rolleston to land, and relieved the boat of the mast, sail, and oars. Thus lightened, he dragged her into the passage; but the time occupied in these preparations had been also occupied by Nature—the tide had receded, and the cutter stuck immovably in the water-way, about six fathoms short of deeper water.

"What is to be done now?" inquired Helen,

when Hazel returned to her side, panting, but cheerful.

"We must await the rising of the tide. I fear we are imprisoned here for three hours at least."

There was no help for it. Helen made light of the misfortune. The spot where they had landed was enclosed between the two issues of the lagoon. They walked along the shore to the more easterly, and the narrower canal, and on arriving, Hazel found to his great annoyance that there was ample water to have floated the cutter had he selected that, the least promising road. He suggested a return by the road they came, and, passing into the other canal, by that to reach the sea. They hurried back, but found by this time the tide had left the cutter high and dry on the sand. So they had no choice but to wait.

Having three hours to spare, Hazel asked Miss Rolleston's permission to ascend the mountain. She assented to remain near the boat while he was engaged in this expedition. The ascent was too rugged and steep for her powers, and the sea-shore and adjacent groves would find her ample amusement during his absence. She accompanied him to the bank of the smaller lagoon, which he forded, and waiving an adieu to her he plunged into the dense wood with which the sides of the mountain were clothed.

She waited some time, and then she heard his voice shouting to her from the heights above. The mountain top was about three quarters of a mile from where she stood, but seemed much nearer. She turned back towards the boat, walking slowly, but paused as a faint and distant cry again reached her ear. It was not repeated, and then she entered the grove.

The ground beneath her feet was soft with velvety moss, and the dark foliage of the trees rendered the air cool and deliciously fragrant. After wandering for some time, she regained the edge of the grove near the boat, and selecting a spot at the foot of an aged cypress, she sat down with her back against its trunk. Then she took out Arthur's letter, and began to read those impassioned sentences: as she read she sighed deeply, as earnestly she found herself pitying Arthur's condition more than she regretted her own. She fell into reverie, and from reverie into a drowsy languor. How long she remained in this state she could not remember, but a slight rustle overhead recalled her senses. Believing it to be a bird moving in the branches, she was resigning herself again to rest when she became sensible of a strange emotion, a conviction that something was

watching her with a fixed gaze. She cast her eyes around, but saw nothing. She looked upwards. From the tree immediately above her lap depended a snake, its tail coiled around a dead branch. The reptile hung straight, its eyes fixed like two rubies upon Helen's, as very slowly it let itself down by its uncoiling tail. Now its head was on a level with hers; in another moment it must drop into her lap.

She was paralysed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER toiling up a rugged and steep ascent, encumbered with blocks of grey stone, of which the island seemed to be formed, forcing his way over fallen trees and through the tangled undergrowth of a species of wild vine, which abounded on the mountain side, Hazel stopped to breathe and peer around, as well as the dense foliage permitted. He was up to his waist in scrub, and the stiff leaves of the bayonet plant rendered caution necessary in walking. At moments, through the dense foliage, he caught a glisten of the sea. The sun was in the north behind him, and by this alone he guided his road due southerly and upward. Once only he found a small cleared space about an acre in extent, and here it was he uttered the cry Helen heard. He waited a few moments in the hope to hear her voice in reply, but it did not reach him. Again he plunged upward, and now the ascent became at times so arduous that more than once he almost resolved to relinquish, or, at least to defer his task; but a moment's rest recalled him to himself, and he was one not easily baffled by difficulty or labour, so he toiled on until he judged the summit ought to have been reached. After pausing to take breath and counsel, he fancied that he had borne too much to the left, the ground to his right appeared to rise more than the path that he was pursuing, which had become level, and he concluded, that, instead of ascending, he was circling the mountain top. He turned aside, therefore, and after ten minutes' hard climbing he was pushing through a thick and high scrub, when the earth seemed to give way beneath him, and he fell—into an abyss.

He was engulfed. He fell from bush to bush—down—down—scratch—rip—plump! until he lodged in a prickly bush more winded than hurt. Out of this he crawled, only to discover himself thus landed in a great and perfectly circular plain of about thirty acres in extent, or about 350 yards in diameter. In

the centre was a lake, also circular, the broad belt of shore around this lake was covered with rich grass, level as a bowling-green, and all this again was surrounded by a nearly perpendicular cliff, down which indeed he had fallen: this cliff was thickly clothed with shrubs and trees.

Hazel recognised the crater of an extinct volcano.

On examining the lake he found the waters impregnated with volcanic products. Its bottom was formed of asphaltum. Having made a circuit of the shores, he perceived on the westerly side—that next the island—a break in the cliff; and on a narrow examination he discovered an outlet. It appeared to him that the lake at one time had emptied its waters through this ancient watercourse. The descent here was not only gradual, but the old river bed was tolerably free from obstructions, especially of the vegetable kind.

He made his way rapidly downwards, and in half an hour reached marshy ground. The cane brake now lay before him. On his left he saw the sea on the south, about a third of a mile. He knew that to the right must be the sea on the north, about half a mile or so. He bent his way thither. The edge of the swamp was very clear, and though somewhat spongy, afforded good walking unimpeded. As he approached the spot where he judged the boat to be, the underwood thickened, the trees again interlaced their arms, and he had to struggle through the foliage. At length he struck the smaller lagoon, and as he was not certain whether it was fordable, he followed its course to the shore, where he had previously crossed. In a few moments he reached the boat, and was pleased to find her afloat. The rising tide had even moved her a few feet back into the canal.

Hazel shouted to apprise Miss Rolleston of his return, and then proceeded to restore the mast to its place, and replace the rigging and the oars. This occupied some little time. He felt surprised that she had not appeared. He shouted again. No reply.

LIVING A NATURAL LIFE.

OF the numerous social tyrannies which the men and women of this age have to endure, there is no one so gratuitous and incomprehensible as the constant bringing us face to face with what is called a natural life. There is almost no habit which one in these days may adopt, without running the

risk of incurring an awful warning about its effects because it is not according to nature. Some abstract and fictitious notion of what the natural life of a human being ought to be has got into the brain of those self-elected censors whom one constantly meets in society; and we are daily being charged with the grossest of moral sins because we do not reach the impossible standard. The censors are of both sexes, and all ages; but they are mostly unmarried men, of precise habits, with grey hair, a stiff collar, a horror of tobacco, and fixed teetotal principles. According to them, there is no act of which a human being is capable which is not either natural or unnatural; and in the latter category are included, roughly speaking, all those little habits which smooth the angles of life and make it bearable. To begin at the beginning, it is obviously unnatural for a man in summer to lie in bed until nine o'clock. All nature is awake by that time—the sun is up, the birds have been for hours singing in the clear sky (or hopping in a dingy and demoralized condition about an empty square in search of crumbs), the cattle in the meadows have been grazing, the rabbits have already nibbled as much turnip as will serve for their day's food, and so on, and so on. Man is the only anachronism. He gets up at nine, let us say. He proceeds to brush his teeth with a certain chemical powder—another breaking of Nature's laws. Why not let his teeth remain in their natural state, and have them as white as those of a young negress? His dressing is a prolonged defiance of nature; and then he goes down to breakfast only to add to his sins by the use of artificial stimulants in the shape of coffee, cayenne, and what not. Probably, if he is a monster of iniquity, he now throws himself into a chair, and, over his newspaper, smokes a big cigar, careless of nicotine. That done, he may go into the city, and bury himself all day in an ill-ventilated room, or he may remain at home and bend over a table half the day, reading and writing, or (if he be a man whom mild excitement suffices) he may go out for a drive in his wife's pony-chaise. He takes the chief meal of the day at night, he drinks when he is not thirsty, he uses stimulants when he is not dull, he eats spices and mouldy cheese, he again braves the dangers of nicotine. When all nature is asleep, he sits up; and the chances are that, before going to bed, he actually imbibes a poisonous liquor, twisted out of natural substances by unnatural and artificial processes. Getting to bed, he reposes on the softest material which he can purchase, and carefully

shuts the windows against the entrance of the night air.

Those of our theorists who have developed their notions into a mania, would say that this man's day's proceedings had been a downright course of wickedness—a sort of flying in the face of Providence; but the more moderate of them would only say that he lived a too artificial life, and ought to live a more natural one. Now what is a natural life? The groundwork of the belief in a natural life must be rather shocking to pure Idealists: because it argues the necessity of man, being an animal, conducting himself like other animals. Cattle do not eat when they are not hungry, nor drink when they are not thirsty, say our theorists (the premiss is clearly open to doubt), neither therefore should man. The birds of the air, and the beasts of the field do not require heavy wrappings in winter (many of them die for want of them, however), and therefore a man should not endeavour to baffle the laws of Nature by producing around him an artificial warmth of atmosphere. And so on, through a hundred instances; the keynote always being that man, the further he civilises himself, goes the further away from that primeval state of pure nature in which he was hardy, supple, and strong, with few wants, few ailments, and no artificial diseases. The hypothesis is surely a most ridiculous one. A man has a right to say, "I am not a dog, nor a cat, nor a cow; nor do I wish in any way to have those protections against climate which the beasts of the field possess. Neither do I see that I *ought* to have them; nor that I am doing wrong in entirely scorning them." The efforts of civilisation are as much the law of a man's nature, as the munching of grass is that of a cow's nature. The ideal man, who lived naturally—that is to say, lived in a state in which his necessities were simple as those of any other animal, and his life rendered secure and enjoyable through this simplicity—is a myth. The nearest approach to such a state is that of the savage; and those who have travelled most among savages know whether they have met with tribes of the splendid muscular beings, "iron-jointed, supple-sinewed," who colour the dreams of our theorists. The savage is a poor, weak creature, cut down by diseases he cannot cure, dying from those climatic forces against which he cannot protect himself, and disappearing before those very artificial agencies which are supposed to weaken a race.

In fact, analogy must always fail in prescribing proper conditions of existence. "All

animals sleep at night, therefore you ought not to sit up at night," say our censors. But all animals don't. The night is the chief feeding-time of hundreds of creatures—such as the majority of wild-fowl, rabbits, hares, weasels, and so on—which sleep the most part of the day. "You should not," continue our friends, "shut yourself up for a whole day in an artificial habitation; you ought to go out and breathe a free atmosphere like all other living creatures." What sort of atmosphere is breathed by the lady-fox when she remains in her hole with her three or four children? Would our gentle critics be sufficiently logical to counsel their wives, at a certain interesting period, not to call in extraneous assistance, on the ground that all other animals pass successfully through the same period without the aid of a doctor? If they were logical in any sense, they would see that for a man to live naturally he must live artificially—he must act up to the capacity with which he is gifted, and, like every other animal, obey his own generic qualities.

Now there is no doubt that a great many things which men do tend to shorten their lives. The use of tobacco may be highly injurious to one, sitting up at night may harm another, sleeping in a feather-bed may enervate another. We do not at all mean to say that the extreme of any habit of civilisation must be good for all civilised beings. We merely protest against the ordinary assumption that everything a man does which differs from the corresponding act in merely animal life, must, to the extent of that difference, be unnatural. It is natural to the man, or he would not do it. But there are, of course, many things which are natural, and which ought at the same time to be avoided, alike in the conduct of man and of other animals. It is quite natural for a particular moor-hen to remain in her hole until she is seized by the dog, although it would be much more wise on her part to prefer the chance of escaping the sportsman's shot to the certainty of being caught in the water spaniel's jaws. It is quite natural to human beings to distil certain liquors, and to stimulate themselves by drinking them; and it is quite natural for a particular man to make himself ill and shorten his life by drinking too much. It would be much more wise, however, if he did not do that which was natural to him, and in this respect copy the (to him) unnatural habits of cows and oxen.

The applications of this strange theory are sometimes amusing. We once heard an elderly lady rebuke her grandson for bathing in the sea every day. The habit, she said,

must be debilitating because it was unnatural; "The inland savages did not wash for months, and who were so healthy?" On the same principle she ought to have refused medicine when she was sick, on the ground that the muscular tribes of whom she spoke had attained to their present strength through want of physic. In one respect, nevertheless, the theory would hold good. If every one of us were compelled to live a natural life—a life evolved from observation of the habits of oxen and savages—we should in time, perhaps, become a stronger nation, by the weaker of us being killed off. If we were all condemned to sleep in the fields, without covering, on some particularly frosty night, those who were alive and well in the morning would include the strongest men and women of the nation. We do not pursue this plan with other animals which are useful to us, however. Instead of letting them live and die naturally, we give them medicine, and put artificial warmth around them, and house them, and feed them on particular food. If we allowed them to live naturally, they would—paradox, or no paradox—die. And in the case of human beings, it is not by recurrence to any fanciful state of semi-savagery, that we shall improve the physical condition of the race. Our constitutions are the product of centuries of civilised habits, which have now their counterpart in our actual flesh and blood; and these habits are a law unto themselves. You cannot convince a man that he ought to be governed by any formula extracted from general observation of animal life. He says, "I am a man, and therein lies all the difference. If I were deprived of those habits which you call artificial, I should cease to be a man. What you have to do is to form laws for the better preservation of my health out of the conditions under which I live. Temperance I admire; moderation in all things I accept; but if you say that I, by not living a purely animal or savage life, am shortening my existence, I reply, So be it: I prefer to shorten my existence."

SILK IN ENGLAND.

I.

IS there, or has there ever been in England, an established silk trade? The question is not to be evaded, nor pooh-poohed, nor superciliously put aside; but must be answered aye, or no! If the question must be answered, as referring to a self-sustained, independent, established national branch of manufacture; rely-

ing solely on the ingenuity and skill of those who conduct it; self-reliant, and therefore superior to external influences: in the same sense as we have a woollen trade, a cotton trade, a cutlery and engineering trade, designed, conducted, superintended and manufactured by native intelligence and home labour; we have no alternative but to reply in the negative, and confess that, tried by such standards, England does not and never did possess a truly legitimate silk trade!

From this general and perhaps humiliating conclusion, we shall, before we close, exclude certain branches of the silk trade which have flourished—do flourish—and will continue to flourish so long as they are presided over by the same unwearied industry, patient labour and technical skill, as have characterised them for many years. This suggests another reflection. If certain branches of silk manufacture, notwithstanding the continuous pressure of unavoidable competition with all the world, can be made remunerative, why not many other branches? The progress of our inquiry will abundantly supply the answer. We shall go into the question fully; but it is best to begin with some retrospection.

The silk manufacture was supposed to have been introduced into England in the fourteenth century; but we need not go further back than the time of Elizabeth; and from the beginning it has been a royal toy or governmental plaything. Many attempts by bribery, cajolery, or gentle suasion had been made to introduce it; but all failed, egregiously failed. As the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church; so the scattered Huguenots, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, founded the English silk trade. Driven across the sea, and finding a shelter on our shores, employers and employed, in thousands and tens of thousands, planted themselves in Canterbury, Colchester, Norwich, and London; especially in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields. There they took root, and there they established themselves in the trades to which they had been accustomed in Nismes, Lyons, St. Etienne, and Paris. The silk trade now seemed to be fairly established; patronised by the court, protected by the government, it not only became popular as a branch of national industry, but very profitable to those who conducted it. A further impulse was given to this special industry, as well as to many others in the kingdom, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, when it is estimated that nearly 100,000 of the most skilled artisans sought and found refuge in England. A large

number of them were connected with the silk manufactures of France, and were hailed and welcomed by the elder settlers, as they brought with them all the newest and most approved improvements connected with their trade.

The successful invasion of Piedmont by Francis I. in 1521, who stipulated for the introduction into Lyons of a large number of the highest skilled operatives in Milan, laid not only the broad foundation, but almost added the corner stone to the successful establishment of the silk trade in France. So the terrible onslaught of Philip of Spain, and the cold butchery of Louis XIV., succeeded in driving from France into England and the Low Countries, a large number of the most upright, conscientious and industrious of their subjects. To treachery and tyranny on the part of the rulers, and unswerving faith on the part of the persecuted, England is indebted for the introduction of the silk trade.

Until this period England had largely exported wool, and with the proceeds imported immense quantities of manufactured silk goods. Now the tide suddenly turned: she manufactured her own wool into cloth, and imported from France and Italy the thrown silk, which the refugees fabricated into goods of such excellence, that they were able not only to supply the demand at home, but also to export their goods, and successfully compete in foreign markets with the best productions of the looms of Lyons. We have not far to seek for the cause of a revolution so marvellous. Among the refugees were found every important class of skilled industry, not only weavers and designers, but dyers and finishers. The idle, the indolent, the indifferent, were not likely to permit themselves to suffer for conscience' sake; all such conformed to the dictation of the priests, recanted anything and everything, performed any number of prostrations, so long as they were allowed to enjoy their *potage* and *vin ordinaire* in peace. Not so the Huguenots: they were made of sterner stuff. Inspired by lofty principles, conscious of industrial skill whenever and wherever they should be permitted to exercise it, we no longer wonder how such superior knowledge could fail to surpass the less skilled labour left in France; but we do wonder that so much prudence, self-denial, and high integrity should have ultimately lost its high position, and fallen into a state of comparative degradation. We shall see!

Petted and pampered, the workmen at last became dissatisfied; disputes arose between capital and labour, wealth and wages, em-

ployers and employed. Every concession generated a fresh demand. Disputes were endless, disturbances frequent; and so little did either masters or men understand their relative duties, so little had they faith in each other, that the grumblers protested and appealed to the public as arbitrators, and though hard to be believed, it is nevertheless the fact, that an Act of Parliament was obtained, empowering two magistrates of Middlesex to settle the wages of the Spitalfields weavers. Not satisfied with this, and notwithstanding the fairly prosperous condition of the trade, the silk manufacturers, backed by the weavers, petitioned parliament, memorialised the crown, pestered private members, inaugurated processions, called together immense meetings, conducted tumultuously, and often finishing with riot and bloodshed. They ultimately succeeded in having a law established, prohibiting the importation of many classes of goods, whilst on others, the restrictive duties were so high as to be almost prohibitory. This occurred about 1770, and from that period the trade began gradually to decay; all incentive to energy and enterprise was gone; men began to live by manufacturing, without being manufacturers, or having any knowledge of the several essential processes. Thus a trade that suddenly sprang into excellence began to languish, and by 1825, when a new order of things was initiated, was all but dead. Throughout the whole of the preceding half century the *Spitalfields Weaver* was one of the stock pieces, season after season, reluctantly performed by his Majesty's ministers, at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's. It was the inevitable. There was no escape from it. To every minister, government, and private member, Spitalfields was a standing nuisance, and (much as Ireland has been since) a national difficulty.

Meanwhile, Huskisson and others were discussing the doctrines of Free Trade, advocating low tariffs and the true principles of political economy, in which they happily, for the silk trade, succeeded, so that in 1825 foreign goods were no longer prohibited, but admitted with protective duties varying from 30 to 50 per cent. High as those duties were, the consumers were willing for a time to pay them. The goods were in every respect of quality, colour, and design, so superior to anything the general community had for years been accustomed to see, that foreign silk goods became the passion, and it was soon made manifest, that unless the English manufacturers were to adopt all the improvements prevailing on the Conti-

nent they might as well abandon the trade. It was no longer a vague opinion discussed by theoretical free traders, now that the ordinary old-fashioned and clumsy manufactures of England were placed side by side with the brilliant productions of the French looms. Comparison was absurd, the contrast was obvious. Whilst antagonism almost ferocious, and opposition bitter and unscrupulous, assailed the authors of the bill which effected this great change, there were, nevertheless, engaged in the business men of a thoroughly practical and thoughtful character, who ceased to rave and began to study. They noted differences, examined modes of action, sent agents to the Continent to investigate and resolve processes, secured foreign designers, adopted new plans, and manfully set to work to meet the competition as best they could; and in less than ten years after the admission of foreign goods, even on the high tariffs named, the home manufactures had nearly quadrupled in value. Spitalfields seemed to have been endowed with a new life; but it was not difficult to observe that the old antagonism between masters and men might revive suddenly, and so the more enterprising manufacturers of broad goods turned their attention to Derby, Macclesfield, Coventry, Congleton, and Manchester, where, free from trade prejudices, they would be less likely to encounter opposition to improvements on the part of the weavers. We shall by-and-by see how they had reckoned without their host, and how in the course of time their wisest schemes were frustrated! Nevertheless, the towns above named became for a time the centres of great activity. How they fell from their high estate we shall have to consider in a subsequent paper. We cannot conclude, however, this brief sketch of the establishment, progress, and decline of the silk trade, without bringing out prominently two or three facts well worthy the attention of all engaged in manufacturing industry, and large employers of labour.

When the trade was first introduced, competition was encouraged and operatives were multiplied. There was no restriction as to the number of those engaged in it, nor any disqualification but ignorance and incompetence. With perfect freedom of trade for nearly a hundred years, there was a steady growth and progress, not only in the quantity, but in the quality of the goods produced. Approved at home and appreciated abroad, it seemed probable that nothing could hinder English silks from arriving at the highest point of excellence, so long as the manufacturers steadily adhered to the broad, free, and liberal principles on which

their associations had been originally founded, which were briefly summed up in three popular axioms—free labour, free wages, and free exchange. But prosperity has often greater dangers than adversity; and it was so here. Masters and men alike waxed fat and kicked. Becoming wealthy, they desired more wealth, with less labour. The operatives sought to limit the hours of labour, demanded higher wages, and would dictate the number of apprentices. Then the declension began. They sought to lessen its momentum by obtaining a very restrictive enactment. But the attempt was futile. No sooner do we become cognisant of their success in parliament, and the support of protective crutches in the shape of high duties, than we discover a sad falling off in enterprise, a less manifestation of prompt invention, a dwarfed intelligence, and diminished practical skill. Energy was gone, or no longer necessary; and, as a consequence, with stunted intellects the trade was paralysed. Thus we notice that the first hundred years of freedom of trade was a period of prosperity. The second period of more than fifty years of protection was notoriously characterised as a period of lethargy, degeneracy and general decay. In fact, it may be fairly questioned whether the silk trade in England in the year 1825 was not in every respect inferior to what it was a century before. But no sooner was the dawn of a new era opened, than all was changed. Though far from liberal, it was nevertheless sufficient to arouse the slumbering energies of the best men, and as was rather grandiloquently said, "The giant of British enterprise burst asunder his protective bands, cast aside his crutches of parliamentary support, stripped for the contest, entered the arena,"—and with what result we shall by-and-by see.

Until the year 1720, or thereabouts, the silk manufacturer in England depended entirely on the Continent for his supply of thrown silk. In this respect, however, he was nearly as well off as the manufacturer in Lyons, who seldom combined the two distinct trades of silk throwster and silk weaver! But a change was at hand: a Mr. Lombe, of Derby, is traditionally referred to as having, in the disguise of a workman, entered a throwing establishment in Piedmont, taken drawings of the machinery, and returned to England, where, under the protection of government, he established at Derby the first throwing mill in England.

At first sight, this may appear to have been a worthy and patriotic effort to establish a new industry, and benefit the English manufacturer

by rendering him independent of the foreign throwster: but the result was quite the reverse. Nations cannot, any more than individuals, be benefited by isolation. The greater number of fibres, figments, or advantages that link nation and nation together, and render them mutually dependent, the better for both. Every broken thread of interest or relationship weakens the compact and introduces an opportunity for difference and strife. It was soon found that the English silk-throwster, new to his business, could not compete with the well-skilled foreign throwster; and—in accordance with the doctrines of the time—he *must be protected*, patronised by government. To government he appealed, and obtained what he desired; and a considerable duty was levied on foreign thrown silk. This, in reality, was a tax to be paid first by the manufacturer, and then by the consumer; to nurse a single branch of business which was better conducted elsewhere.

About the year 1740, silk began to arrive from India and Persia, and it was thought that a prodigious national advantage would be the consequence. But the immense difference in the original quality of the European and Asiatic silks, was not taken into calculation. When we come to treat of processes, this will be made clear; and we only introduce it here as a further proof that protective duties seldom, if ever, accomplish the end for which they were established. To protect a rickety, uncertain, and very juvenile silk-throwing business the manufacturers were not only shut out from the markets where the best materials could be obtained, but, by legislative folly, compelled to use the inferior silk prepared at home. Excellency of result can only be obtained through excellency of means. Condemned to use a worse quality of silk, the English manufacturers produced an inferior class of goods; and not only were the productions lightly esteemed at home; they were rejected in foreign markets, and so the trade declined. Thus, in this instance as in many others, the attempted protection of a single trade was the immediate cause of decay and almost ruin to a large and important national industry—abundantly proving that liberty is life, protection death!

SEARED.

ONLY a little wiser, perhaps,
Yet somewhat sadder too;
'Tis always sad to awake and find
A pleasant dream untrue.

To find that lips had loved you well,
But Heart stood coldly by,
Nor recked that the white hand trembled so,
Or the lid of the well-taught eye.

Still she did all she had to do,
I'll blame her not, not I;
She was merely acting Woman
In the drama of A Lie!

Yet 'tis from this part of Woman,
That one all simple now,
First learns to forget to be true in love,
To smile at the broken vow!

Say then if he see it often played,—
Seems it so passing strange
That a heartless love seem sweet enough,
That he care not now to change?—

If heart be a thing so hard to find,
That he rest from his search awhile,
Content to be wooed by the brightest eye,
Or to bask in the sunniest smile?

No, she must learn that a heart once seared
Or dies in its cold, proud pain,
Or is healed by the smile of as false as she,
But never by hers again.

Yet she does all she has to do,
I'll blame her not, not I;
She is merely acting Woman
In the drama of A Lie!

THE DEXTEROUS WEDDING:

A Chinese Comedy.

The domestic life of China, inaccessible to strangers, may be approached and studied in the dramas and romances which introduce us behind the curtains that screen the female sex from observation. The comedy of which we present a translation is crowded with illustrations of those habits of thought, feeling, and expression which characterise the inhabitants of "the Central Flowery Land." It teems with proverbs, with which, like the Spaniards, the Chinese interlard their conversation; with scraps of poetry easily improvised in a monosyllabic tongue; with reference to ancient superstitions and traditions, which form a part of all elementary education. The "proprieties" referred to represent not alone the minor, but the major morals of China. The reverence for authority, particularly the parental; the belief in predestination, especially in matrimonial affairs; the arrangement of espousals, by the match-makers, without any communication between the bridegroom and the bride; the frequency of suicides when the betrothed lady is disappointed; and the references to the past and the future as associated with the present stage of existence; all these, and indeed the many singularities of Chinese society, must be borne in mind when specimens of the literature of the farthest East are brought into the field of western civilisation.

It is usual in Chinese dramas, by way of introduction, for all the actors to give some account of themselves. The proverbs introduced are placed between inverted commas. We can find space for only half of the Comedy this week. The other half next week.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YO, a young Foo-Chow Merchant.
LUNG, his Attendant.
FANG, a Travelling Pedlar.
HI, a jocular Inn-keeper.
CHING, another Inn-keeper.
KWEI, Step-mother to YUL.
YUE, Step-daughter to KWEI.
HWA, their Serving-maid.
KWA, an old Widow, neighbour to HI.
KWAN, a Magistrate.

An Hotel in Soo-Chow.—Enter YO.

Yo.

HERE I am—with plenty to do,—but
gloomy by day and gloomy by night.
Out of sorts : as the proverb says :—

"A thousand days are pleasant at home :
A half-hour painful when we roam."

I am a young merchant,—sent here by mother
to settle some old accounts. They are not
settled : so I must stop at the hotel. Never
mind—

"There's heaven above
Soo-Chow below."*

Lung ! you are wanted !

Enter LUNG.

Lung. Here, sir !

Yo. Get ready : I am going out for a walk.
[Exit.]

The Country.—Enter YO, singing.

The mountains are fresh, the woods are green
With valleys, and meadows, and waters between ;
And the birds are singing aloft in the trees,

And the shepherd-boys playing their flutes below,
Their masters are sitting or sleeping at ease,

Cheerful old women with faggots go.
The fishermen spread their nets to dry,
And chaunt their songs ; but I—poor I—
Think of my cares. I only say,

How wretched I,—how happy they.
Happy and poor, they want no more ;
And I have left my mother's door
To tire my limbs, to weary my feet ;
And all for money—which is but a cheat,
And will not bring rest like labour sweet. [Exit.]

Mrs. KWEI's House.—Enter Mrs. KWEI.

Mrs. Kwei. Unhappy woman that I am !
I lost my first husband, and married a second.
He was a gensing† merchant. How I loved
him !—a six-months' passionate love : the sci-
sors of Fate separated us. Think of the
misery—losing two husbands in one year !
And now I cannot marry again. In my hu-
miliation I have taken to vegetable food. And
that Yue, my departed husband's daughter, will
not behave towards me with becoming respect.
She treats me like a step-mother. Her inso-

* Soo-Chow is represented in many proverbs as the earthly Paradise.

† A famous medicinal drug, supposed to possess almost miraculous virtues.

lence is intolerable. She always acted properly towards her father ; but to me, even when he was alive, she was insolent : and now she is the plague of my life. Well, I can but exercise my authority—and *that* I will do, for that is my only comfort. I must follow the example of the venerable Lady Wang—I must mortify my soul with short diet, and sanctify it with long prayers. Yue is my perpetual vexation, notwithstanding ; and I will have my revenge. Cannot I put the vixen to death ? (*Calls*) Yue ! where are you ?

Enter YUE.

Yue. Here I am ! (*Aside.*) Alas ! that I should have lost my parents so early. Oh, how I hate that wicked woman !

"A thousand sorrows are mine by day,
And they pass not with the night away !"

(*Aloud.*) Madam ! Your commands ?

Mrs. Kwei. I wish your head were off. Here you are, indeed ! eating my rice, and disobeying my orders. Look at those heaps of dirty linen. Take it to the river and wash it.

Yue. No, madam ! I am not your household servant. Young girls do not go forth to expose their persons—

Mrs. Kwei. Will you go,—or will you not ?

Yue. I will not go.

Mrs. Kwei. You will not go ?

Yue. Positively, I will not.

Mrs. Kwei. So, so, thick skin—but I'll make you feel. Think you that I will tolerate all this ? Go, wash the clothes and submit. Must I give you a thorough beating in order to make you penitent ? for penitence will come.

Yue. Nay, mother, be not so angry ; I must not sin against the proprieties. The river is a mile and a half away, and you know it is unbecoming for a maiden to be exposed to the gaze of the public.

Mrs. Kwei. Disobedient creature ! Crying, too ! but that is your common resource. Coarse work you won't do ; no, nor fine work either. You are very clever at eating ; but good for nothing at working. Those idle bones of yours want rest, indeed !

Yue. Woe is me ! You know how early I lost my father and mother ; you should have pity upon me. You are quite aware that the proper place for a maiden is within doors ; it is very wrong to send me to the river.

Mrs. Kwei. Why will you exasperate me ? You take care to eat your full portion. You want to partake of everything that comes into the house ; but when you are told to do something, you hate the doing it as a scalded dog hates hot water.

Yue. You say what is ill-natured and untrue. To every one of your calls I give three answers—"Constant rubbing will wear out even stone and iron." Why do you never summon me to your presence but to wrangle and to scold ?

Mrs. Kwei. Pretty flower girl ! I suppose you would have me build a shrine where I am to worship you. You have seven mouths, and eight tongues. You have no mother—that is pretty manifest. Nobody knows how you were brought up. I shall try my hand for your edification, and you shall feel its weight.

Yue. Spare me, madam, these overwhelming reproaches. "The hammered flint gives out fire." Where shall I find compassion ?

Mrs. Kwei. What "great valour in small creatures !" A single word from me brings up torrents of abuse. I will not tolerate it ; I could tear the flesh from your jaws !

Yue sings.

"The mountain though it pierce the clouds,
Cannot obscure the sun."

Yes, madam, kill me, if you please ; my father's dying words shall haunt you ; you shall hear the voice of the dead—it may influence your deeds.

Mrs. Kwei. Profligate girl ! you have always followed your own wayward will. Thank Heaven, it was not I who trained you. I know your indecent doings. Yes, you can march out with a brazen face from the front door, or sneak bashfully through the back door, and I am made a laughing-stock on your account.

Yue. I have no mother ! Forbear, I pray you. "Do not transfer the scandal of a stranger's priest to your own temple." I have never given cause for public reproach. If I contrast myself with the pre-eminently virtuous, I feel my short-comings ; but when you compare me with the pre-eminently vile, my conscience acquits me.

Mrs. Kwei. Hold your tongue ; no more contradiction. "If you don't shake the salt-basket, no salt will fall." Will you go to the river ? There, I lift the rod—shall I strike ?

Yue. Strike if you please—strike me dead—tyrant as you are. Heaven knows you give me work enough to do, and I do it ; the strong may oppress the weak, but I will not go to the river.

Mrs. Kwei. You will not ? Step-mother—tyrant, indeed ! You shall not call me tyrant in vain : I will show you what tyranny is. Unabashed wretch ! where is your respect for your mother ? I command you, and you say you will rather die than obey. Well may I be in a rage. What ! you despise my orders—a

cow has better manners. You fly in my face! So be it—so be it. I will beat you to death, and everybody will own I am right.

[Beats her violently.]

Hwa (interferes). Nay, madam, stay your hand. Allow your Hwa to speak. No more blows; your dead husband will come forth from his grave. The public will be outraged if you act thus cruelly. "Think thrice." It is a small affair, and I venture to speak. Leave Miss Yue to me; I will deal with her gently—I will endeavour to persuade her to go.

Mrs. Kwei. Intrusive minx! You persuade her? A fine councillor you! Take you the rod, and persuade her with that; and if you do not succeed I will apply that rod to the backs of both. Oh! I had forgotten; it is a fast day. Whipping is forbidden to-day. I must recite my prayers. "O Me To Fo! O Me To Fo."*

[Exit praying.]

Hwa. A pretty state of mind for fasting and prayer! But you, miss, have not been very wise. "I am but an egg, and she is a stone." I must not get into a quarrel; but you had better bear with her for a little while. In a year or two you will be married and free. Now pray, pray go to the river and wash the garments, or I shall be beaten worse than you.

Yue. How can I go to the river? How can I expose myself? Miserable me! And through the streets, too! Hateful woman! Thank heaven, my blood was not derived from her! But her tyranny can visit me with a thousand woes! I remonstrate, and am answered in the foulest language. How can I help repining? How can I refrain from tears? I envy the lot of the meanest slave. Heavy toil, spare food, perpetual scolding! Oh, wretched, wretched! Where are my parents? I am shrouded in the shades of sorrow. I have heard nothing of betrothals—nothing of marriage. Whither have the phoenixes† flown? But I had better take the clothes to the river.

The Banks of the River.—YUE washing the garments.

Yo (in the distance). Pleasant walk close to the mountain stream! What a charming landscape! Everywhere green hills and blue waters. But who can that maiden be washing in the river? What a beautiful creature! She burst on me like a sunbeam. What an exquisite shape! What a face and figure! She is more lovely than the moon or the flowers. Yet her sorrowful face reminds me of the sad Empress Wang-Chang. She smiles as the Empress Si Tu smiled when wearing the fragrant gar-

land. She moves like the goddess of the moon, and sits like Kwan-Ying* on her throne of rocks. Ten thousand perfections! Bright as a crystal. What maker of words can find words to describe her as she is. The angels have nothing so angelic among them. I have looked till my eyes are dazzled. Could I but hope to make her my bride! Can the marriage-god have pre-destined me to so blessed a fortune?

A Street.

Fang. Tol de rol! I am a capital man of business. I carry my whole stock on my shoulders. Excellent investments—such as everybody wants to buy. I carry on my trade at Soo Chow, Hang Chow, and Ning Po. There is not a town or a village where the name of Fang is not honourably known. "Honest fellow," they say; "excellent articles. What is cheap is good, what is dear is better." Listen, and I will tell you what I sell: one by one. Felt hats and crape veils from Chow-Chow, belts and girdles from Ti-Whang, red-bristle† steel, Loo-Choo fans, Honan jaspers and crystals, skull-caps from Ting-Wang, neck-ties of velvet, nails and spikes from Foo-Chow, horn combs, artificial flowers, porcelain cups from Foo-Ching, goddesses of mercy from the convents of Kiang-Si, awls from Foo-Chow, with needles, gongs and brass bells, Sui-Chow shears, gilt buttons, lamps and almanacs from Canton, Koo-chung chop-sticks, Foo-Chow threads of all colours and fashions,—and all of the newest,—pomatum, rouge, pearl powder, hair-pins, fragrant hair-oil—of the purest, all for the ladies,—and head-bands, and golden lily shoe-ties, and flowery paper from Ying Chung Chow, and songs for children, and books of amusing dialogues, and dramas and printers' blocks, and masks and mud-images. When children see my treasures they are wild with delight. I have not mentioned half of them. No two prices‡—no cheating. I wander because I cannot rest. I am old, and was never married. I have made a handsome fortune by my business; and now I will buy a wife—rear up a family. I care not if they be boys or girls, but I will have my funeral rites attended to by numerous descendants. I do not care whether I marry a maid or a widow. She shall have golden lilies,§ bright eyes, and marked eyebrows. She must not cost much; but here I am, willing to buy and ready to sell. Here I

* The Goddess of Mercy.

† English foreigners are called Hangmao, or red-haired people.

‡ The signboards of the shops in China have often the inscription, "No two prices."

§ Small feet.

* The form of address to Buddha.

† The announcers of marriage.

am in Soo-Chow. I have roamed about all the morning and have not sold for the value of a sneeze. If, good people, you will not avail yourselves of the opportunity, I am off to the villages, and will sing another tune. [*Sings.*]

Many a year I have followed my trade,
I was always of honesty made;
I left a good name wherever I went;
My profit was only three hundred per cent.
To *de rol*—the knife cuts that is sharp in the blade.

Mrs. Kwei's House.

Mrs. Kwei. Everybody knows I am of an amiable temper, and religiously disposed; but it is impossible to tolerate such a creature as that. She went to the river, she did. I dare say she has not washed two garments in half a day, and why has she not come back?

Enter YUE (singing to herself).

I saw a youth beside the river,
So handsome—handsome—O I never;
O could I tell him all my love,
Would I not thank the gods above?

Mrs. Kwei (seeing her). So, you have come home?

Yue. Yes, madam, I am here.

Mrs. Kwei. Yes, here. You have had a long gossip, haven't you? and when tired of your gossiping, here you come.

Yue. Woe is me! woe is me!

[*She weeps and throws down the clothes. Exit.*]

Mrs. Kwei. Was ever such a plague? Clothes flung on the floor, and she gone to her room crying. Torment of my life! But you shall not torment me much longer. I will get rid of you by some means or other. She never enters my house but to prick my eye like a needle. What shall I do? Oh, I'll sell her. I'll sell her to some distant town or village. Hwa! Hwa!

Enter HWA.

Hwa. Your servant, madam.

Mrs. Kwei. Go and find me a Mei-Jin.* Tell him your young mistress is in the market for marriage—any old fellow will do. He must be a stranger. Don't care about price. Away, away! and come back as fast as you can. [*Maid-servant exits.*] Ah, Miss Yue, Miss Yue, a step-mother am I? You fancy "a shrimp has no blood." I'll show you whether "a wasp has a sting."

The Foo-Chow Hotel.—Enter HI.

Hi. Travellers and traders all welcome here. They are often very quarrelsome, and give no end of trouble. What a convenient hotel is mine! just at the end of four cross-roads.

* A middle man; a matchmaker.

I invite strangers; but when they have once been here, they never fail to come again. Clean beds, new mats, comfortable rooms, no vermin. I use coverlets instead of straw. Excellent table, abundance of rice twice a day; charge eight cash* a dish; a full meal forty cash. I can detect a rogue, and watch him. That young merchant from Foo-Chow has been ill for two days. I wonder whether he is better. I must call his servant, and ask Lung! Lung!

Enter LUNG.

Lung. What's your pleasure, landlord?

Hi. I hear that your master is ill.

Lung. Yes, comfortably ill, landlord!

Hi. Comfortably ill? what do you mean by that? Illness is usually very uncomfortable. But what is his complaint?

Lung. Why, the other day, having little to do, he must needs go strolling about; and what should he see but a pretty girl; and he caught the infection of—love sickness, I believe it is called.

Hi. Love sickness? A very dangerous affair—a fatal disease. Why, it leads to the grave. "Go to ten apothecary shops for a remedy, and in nine you will find none." A very fatal disease indeed—incurable!

Lung. Then we must bestir ourselves without delay.

Hi. I cannot cure him; but let us go and comfort him.

A Room in the Hotel. The Merchant lying on a couch.

Lung. The landlord, sir, is come to inquire about your health.

Yo. Ask him in.

Hi. I have heard of your illness, sir, for the last two days. I take leave to ask if you are better.

Yo. Not much amiss—not much amiss, landlord.

Hi. Remember the old proverb—

"At home, on parents we depend;
Abroad, the landlord is our friend."

And I am here to befriend you. Now, tell me your complaint, and I will fetch a doctor to cure you.

Yo. I have not had occupation enough; that's my complaint; so I went out for a stroll, saw a beautiful maiden, and came home ill. I lost my heart and my head. I was too bewildered to inquire about her. I don't know where she lives. She must be about sixteen. Could I but see her, I should get well. Now, it is very uncertain whether I shall live or die.

* About a halfpenny.

Hi. I will learn something about her. I, I will find out her abode. Shall I be the match-maker between you?

Yo. Do so, kind landlord,—do so, I pray. Say a word in my favour, and I will reward you handsomely, and with something better than thanks.

Hi. Not a word more, not a word more. Take care of your health. You must not expose yourself to the open air.

A Street.

Hi. O! the little rogue! How shall I find her out?—How shall I learn if she is betrothed? If she is not, I know what to do; if she is, the affair is ended. Have I not an acquaintance here? To be sure I have—my neighbour has a sister-in-law—a widow—she has no child—I will go and talk to her. Perhaps we may pass her off on this enamoured youth. I'll make the bargain. He will give a hundred pieces of silver. I can manage the matter. He won't find me out; and if he do, I know where to hide myself. The old widow will certainly be willing. "In muddy water we know not whether we catch a trout or a pike—in a clear stream every rat is to be seen." I will get something out of this foolish bookworm. This is the old lady's door. (*He knocks.*) Open the window, aunt!

Enter the Widow Kwa.

Kwa. Fifty-four years old this very day—no child—neither boy nor girl! Nobody to whom I can say a word. Life's evening is come, and I am desolate and alone. Who are you? Why, 'tis the landlord—come in, come and sit down, uncle.

Hi. No! I cannot—I must not give you so much trouble.

Kwa. What do I owe you? do not press me. I will pay you to-morrow.

Hi. Do you think me so shabby? I give credit to others for large sums, and should not I trust you for a few cash?

Kwa. Then what brings you here?

Hi. I want to talk to you about a little private affair. I think you can help me with your advice.

Kwa. I shall be delighted if I can serve you.

Hi. I will tell you all. I have in my house a young fanciful Foo-Chow merchant. He walked out the other day, saw a pretty girl on the bank of the river—and came home sick.

Kwa. Love-sick, of course.

Hi. Yes! he owned it to me, and promised me a hundred ounces of silver if I could find out the maiden.

Kwa. You may make a profitable job of this, uncle.

Hi. To be sure—to be sure; but it is "hunting a needle in the ocean." Where shall I inquire?

Kwa. Where indeed?

Hi. I have a charming scheme, if you will act your part?

Kwa. Are you crazy? An old woman like me! It will not do.

Hi. Indeed it will: I shall tell him I have found out his beauty. He will give me the money. You will be hidden behind the curtain of the bridal chair.* He will discover the trick too late to mend it.

Kwa. Admirable!

Hi. You consent, then?

Kwa. "I shall catch the white rabbit that burrows in the moon."

Hi. "I shall catch the golden bird that warms itself in the sun."

Another Street.

Fang. This is weary work, but it has brought its reward. Heaven has given me prosperity, and I have money enough to marry. I owe it to my fathers that I should become a father. Really I have neglected it too long, and am now getting old. I will waste no more time. I will employ a match-maker to find me a wife.

Enter Hwa. (*FANG, in his hurry, runs against her; she cries out.*)

Hwa. What are you about, old fool? Where are your eyes? Cannot you see where you are going? You have crushed my foot in your stupid carelessness. Oh! how it smarts.

Fang. Forgive me! forgive me! My mind was wandering. Now pray don't be angry. I have gathered together a little money, and was thinking about buying a wife. I was discomposed. I hope I have not hurt you. Pray don't scold me, pretty one.

Hwa. Strange! My young mistress wants to be married. Will you come to our house and talk it over with the old lady?

Fang. You little deceiver! Of course your young mistress wants to marry an equal. "Pairs should pair." She should be the mother of a Mandarin's children. She won't have an old fellow and a stranger like me.

Hwa. Why, that is the very article that is wanted. I have an odd old mistress, who persecutes my young mistress to death and has determined to get rid of her. An old man and a stranger are the very conditions she imposes.

* The bride is seldom seen by the husband until she leaves the bridal sedan-chair in which she is conveyed, with her belongings, to his house.

Come and talk to the old lady, and the business is settled.

Fang. Can it be so, my pretty one? If you do not deceive me, what a beautiful present I will buy for you in Canton.

Hwa. Never mind that—follow me.

Mrs. KWEI'S House.

Mrs. Kwei. No! I must not forget my religious duties. My lamp burns perpetually at Buddha's shrine. Oh that plague of a girl! I must pull out the needle that pricketh mine eye. And that little wretch, Hwa, has not come back.

Enter HWA.—FANG creeps behind her.

Hwa. Now follow me, sir. What miles I have walked over roads and through villages.

Fang. Spirit of my ancestors help me now!

Hwa. Wait an instant, sir.

Mrs. Kwei. So you have come back? What have you done? Any success?

Hwa. Admirable! I went from street to street, and I fell upon a pedlar from Foo-Chow selling no end of wares. He wanted a wife, and here he is.

Mrs. Kwei. Let him come in.

Fang. Madam! I have been told that your young lady desires to be married. I am come to inform myself about it. Are you willing to dispose of her? May I suit you?

Mrs. Kwei. A pedlar from Foo-Chow. No objection: you are the man. I do not want to drive a bargain; give me a few ounces of silver or so. (*FANG weighs ten ounces.*) There, Hwa; take the money to my room, and tell your young mistress to come to me. [*Exit HWA.*]

Hwa (from within). Miss Yue! Miss Yue! Mistress calls you.

Enter YUE, singing.

When the moon has descended beneath the sea,
Who cares to look on the azure heaven?

Mrs. Kwei. Dearest daughter mine, I have just made an auspicious match for you. There is an excellent fellow—a pedlar—he lives in Foo-Chow—a fine city. Go with him thither, and all your vexations are ended.

Yue. Heavens! What do I hear? and from one who calls herself my mother. You cannot surely be serious. My heart palpitates with fear. Have pity upon me, have pity. Persecute me not from day to day.

Mrs. Kwei. Hoyty-toyty! I have issued my commands; you have only to obey. I have secured you against the coming troubles of old age. You cannot do better. How can you have the conscience to complain? It becomes a man to wish for a wife; it becomes a maid

to desire a husband. Where is the girl that does not long to be married?

Fang. Truly! truly! How sensibly you speak. Pairing is the business of life. An intelligent man and a beautiful maid ought to be united. I am vigorous, though fifty-three. She shall be wife number one, and not a subordinate handmaid.

Yue. Stupid old ape! You would "pluck the peach from the wall" You! My eyes are drowned in tears. No, madam; do not hurry me in so serious an affair. Marriage is the great concern of life. In running after a pig you would give yourself more trouble.

Mrs. Kwei. It is my concern; and if I like a square cover for a round pan, that may be my fancy. You bold thick-skin, you, to think of settling a matrimonial affair. Don't you know what the sages have said—"Honour and obey your parents." Now, I require you to obey: and, after all, it is a very good match.

Fang. A very good match indeed. Mandarin ducks are produced in pairs*—it is heaven's ordinance—an excellent match. We shall live very happily as husband and wife. Now, do not say no, I pray.

Yue. I have nothing to say to *you*, you ill-bred, foul-mouthed fellow! And from you, madam, I ask a little consideration for myself. Is it meet to put weeds into porcelain flower-vases? Our ages are unfit; our rank is unequal. Do not ask me to wed such a man!

Mrs. Kwei. It is not man, but heaven that settles the marriage destiny; and this is settled for you. I have thought it properly over. Difference of age—difference of rank—what does it matter if you get a good husband?

Fang. You are a peony, but I am a holly-hock. Nothing can be more sensible than your mother's advice. I am a virtuous man, and fond of home. I owe nothing for taxes on land or house—indeed, I owe nothing to anybody. I am second only to the emperor.

Yue. Your head is filled with yellow mire; my step-mother's heart with poison.

Mrs. Kwei. Have you no reverence for the instructions of the sages, that you dare gain-say my word?

Fang. You will follow a hundred excellent examples. My age and your youth need not interfere with our mutual love.

Yue. Such an old fellow as you pretending to a young wife!

Mrs. Kwei. And you a girl of eighteen presuming to set aside the wisdom of four-and-

* Mandarin ducks are introduced at marriages as patterns of conjugal felicity.

twenty generations! Enough of this. Will you have him or not?

Yue. Never! Strike me to the earth dead! I will not have him.

Fang. Pray do not answer so positively.

Mrs. Kwei. Once more—obey before it is too late.

Yue. Never! Never!

Fang. But, listen—

Mrs. Kwei. Hwa! Hwa! drive that rebellious girl into the street!

[She is driven out by Hwa.]

THE LAMBTON WORM.

THE park and manor-house of Lambton, belonging to the family of that name, lie on the banks of the river Wear, to the north of Lumley. The old castle was dismantled towards the close of the last century, when the present mansion was built on the north bank of the Wear, in a situation of exceeding beauty. The park also contains the ruins of a chapel called Brudgeford, close to one of the bridges which span the river.

In the early part of the fourteenth century, the young heir of Lambton was noted for his profane life. Regardless of his duties alike to God and man, he was especially noted for neglecting to attend mass, that he might spend his Sunday mornings in fishing. One Sunday, while thus engaged, he cast his line into the Wear many times without success, and vented his disappointment in curses loud and deep, to the great scandal of the servants and tenantry as they passed to the chapel at Brudgeford. Shortly thereafter he felt something tugging at his line, and trusting he had at last secured a fine fish, he exerted all his skill and strength to bring it to land. But what was his horror on finding that, instead of a fish, he had only caught a worm of most hideous appearance! He hastily tore the creature from his hook, and flung it into a well close by, which is still known by the name of the Worm-well.

The young lord had scarcely thrown his line again into the stream, when a stranger of venerable appearance passing by asked him what sport he had enjoyed. "Why, truly," replied he, "I think I have caught the devil himself. Look in and judge." The stranger looked, and remarked that he had never seen the like of it before; that it resembled an eel, only it had nine holes on each side of its mouth; and finally, that it boded no good. Meanwhile, the worm remained in the well

till it could be contained there no longer. It then betook itself by day to the river, where it lay coiled round a rock in the middle of the stream; and by night to a neighbouring hill, round whose base it would twine itself; while it continued to grow so fast, that it could ere long encircle the hill three times over. This eminence, which lies on the north side of the Wear, and about a mile from Lambton Hall, still bears the name of the Worm-hill. The monster soon became the terror of the whole country. It sucked the cows' milk, worried the cattle, devoured the lambs, and committed every sort of depredation on the helpless peasantry. Having laid waste the district on the north side of the river, it crossed the stream and approached Lambton Hall, where the old lord was living alone and desolate. His son had repented of his evil life, and had gone to the wars in a distant country, or, according to some authorities, he had embarked as a crusader for the Holy Land.

On hearing of their enemy's approach, the terrified household assembled in council. Much was said, but to little purpose, until the steward advised that the large trough which stood in the courtyard should immediately be filled with milk. This was done at once; the worm approached, drank the milk, and, without further harm, recrossed the Wear to coil his monstrous form around his favourite hill. The next day he was seen recrossing the river; the trough was hastily filled again, and with the same result. It was found that the milk of nine cows was required to fill the trough; and if this quantity was not placed there every day regularly, and in full measure, the worm would break out into a violent rage, lashing its tail round the trees in the park, and tearing them up by the roots. The monster was now become the terror of the neighbourhood, and many a gallant knight had vainly endeavoured to destroy it; for it possessed the marvellous power of re-uniting itself after being cut asunder. So, after many fights, and much loss of life, the monster was left in undisturbed possession of its favourite hill. After seven years had passed, the heir of Lambton returned home, a sadder and a wiser man, to find the lands of his ancestors waste and desolate, the people well-nigh exterminated, and his father sinking into the grave overwhelmed with care and anxiety. He took no rest until he had crossed the river and surveyed the worm as it lay coiled round the foot of the hill; then, hearing that all who had attacked the monster had failed, he consulted a neighbouring sibyl before proceeding

further. At first she did nothing but upbraid him for having brought this scourge upon his house and neighbourhood; but when she saw his penitence, she readily gave him her advice what to do. He was to get his best suit of armour studded thickly with spear heads, and thus equipped, to take his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, there to meet his enemy, trusting the issue to God and his good sword. But she required of him before the encounter to take a vow that, if successful, he would slay the first living thing that met him on his way homewards. Should he fail to fulfil this vow, she warned him that for nine generations no Lord of Lambton would die in his bed.

The heir took the required vow in Brudgefod Chapel, studded his armour with the sharpest spear-heads, and unsheathing his trusty sword, took his stand on the rock in the middle of the river Wear. At the usual hour the worm uncoiled and glided on its way towards the hall, crossing the river close by the rock on which the knight was standing eager for the combat. He struck a violent blow at the monster's head as it passed, whereupon the worm flung its tail around him, as if to strangle him in its coils. And now the value of the sibyl's advice was apparent, for the closer the worm wrapped him in its folds, the more deadly were its self-inflicted wounds, until at length the river was turned to blood. Its strength thus sensibly diminished, the brave knight was able, after prolonged efforts, to cut the monster in two; and one portion being quickly borne away by the swiftness of the current, the worm, unable to re-unite itself, was utterly destroyed. During this terrible conflict, the household of Lambton had shut themselves within doors to pray for their young lord, he having promised that when it was over he would blow a blast on his bugle if he came off the conqueror. This would assure his father of his safety, and at the same time warn them to loose the favourite hound, which they had destined as the sacrifice in accordance with the sibyl's requirements and the young lord's vow.

No sooner, however, were the notes of the bugle heard within the hall, than the old man forgot everything but his son's safety, and rushing out of doors, ran to embrace the victorious hero. The heir of Lambton was overwhelmed with grief and horror. It was impossible for him to become a parricide, yet how else could he fulfil his vow? In his distress he blew another blast, the hound was let loose, and it bounded forth to meet its master, who plunged

his sword, still reeking with the monster's gore, deep into its heart. But it was of no avail; the vow was broken, and the sibyl's prediction that a curse should lie upon the house of Lambton for nine generations had to be fulfilled.

Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, who has collected much legendary lore in the Palatinate of Durham respecting the Lambton Worm, appends the following statement from an old MS. pedigree once in the possession of the family of Middleton, of Offerton, "John Lambton, that slewe ye worme, was knight of Rhodes and lord of Lambton, after ye dethe of fower brothers—*sans eschew malle*." Now nine ascending generations from a certain Henry Lambton, Esq., M.P. for Durham, would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, who was a distinguished knight of Rhodes, the gallant hero who vanquished the Lambton Worm; and it was to the above Henry Lambton that the old people of the neighbourhood used to look with great anxiety, wondering whether the witch's threat would hold good, or rather bad, to the very end. He died in his carriage, crossing the new bridge at Lambton, June 26th, 1761; and popular tradition unanimously declares that during the period of the curse no lord of Lambton ever died in his bed. The violent deaths of some members of the family are recorded in history. Colonel Sir William Lambton, a gallant cavalier in the service of Charles I., was slain July 6, 1644, at the battle of Marston Moor; his son William, as faithful to the royal cause as his father, had been killed the year previously when commanding a troop of dragoons at Wakefield; and his great grandson Henry a century later in the way already mentioned. It may be added that two stone figures of an ancient date, existed lately at Lambton Castle. One of these was apparently an effigy of our hero, clad in armour studded with spear-heads, and the vanquished monster, as described in the legend, except that the worm is supplied with ears, legs, and even a pair of wings. The other figure was that of a female, evidently meant for the sibyl, whose threat appears to have had such a terrible and lasting effect upon the house of Lambton. The trough from which the worm took its daily tribute of milk is still to be seen at Lambton Hall; and Mr. Surtees, the historian of the Palatinate, mentions that in his youth he saw there a piece of some tough substance, resembling a bull's hide, which was exhibited as a part of the monster's skin, and which must be accepted by our readers as sure proof of the whilom existence of the beast, and of the truth of this Legend of the Lambton Worm.

TABLE TALK.

THE Ordnance Select Committee has lately received an amount of adulation from certain newspaper reporters which must have rather astonished the members of that best-abused body of officers. What can be in the wind? A good story has lately been told in the military clubs, of which we can only say, *Si non vero e ben trovato*. The officers of the Royal Artillery stationed at Woolwich, have, within the last few months, given up the vexatious tyranny of a messman, and taken the mess arrangements into their own hands. A certain officer, of whose amiability and social qualities no one has aught but good to tell, and whose excellent personal appearance and manners, combined with a great historical name, might have furnished Mr. Arnold with at least as good a type of "sweetness" as that which he selected—had busied himself with the details of the new mess organization. His labours were invaluable, and highly appreciated. But, alas! his promotion came in due course, and Woolwich seemed about to lose one of its chief ornaments. Burning with grief, the commandant appealed to the Horse Guards to say whether nothing could be done to shield society, especially in its convivial sphere, from so fatal a blow. Could not the priceless social gem be permitted to adorn with his noble name the lists of the dépôt? Fate seemed more than usually unkind—the dépôt was full to overflowing. What was to be done? Must Woolwich wear weeds, and the digestion of Her Gracious Majesty's gallant defenders be imperilled? For some days there was an air of gloom at the Horse Guards, and hurrying to and fro of officials. Indeed, so great was the apparent anxiety, that the state of the funds was in danger. But we are fortunate in possessing men of genius and originality to sway the destinies of the army. Brain labour in this case brought forth no ridiculous mouse. "Let us put him on the Select Committee. A man who is capable of entering into culinary mysteries can never be foiled by a set of miserable inventors. Surely there is more science required in the composition of a *paté* than in the internal arrangements of a shell, or the preparation of compounds made with such ingredients as villainous salt-petre." The moment was happy, for a member of the Select Committee had just been dispatched to Paris on a scientific mission. The officer was informed of his appointment. Woolwich smiled again, and the funds regained

their wonted elasticity. Most unfortunately those parliament-governed absurdities at the War Office were ridiculous enough to object on the score that the ideal of the Horse Guards, like that of Mr. Arnold, was wanting in the second requisite—light. Worse still, the War Office carried its point, and a mere working officer—a man of facts and figures—who had wasted his time upon designing novel gun-carriages, took the position intended for much worthier hands. The country will be glad to have its outraged feelings soothed by the assurance that the services of the sweet and gallant gentleman have not after all been thrown away upon vulgar matters, such as the furniture of war, and that means have been found to restore him to the delicate arts of the kitchen.

IF weight of brains have anything to do with intellectual and moral development, then ought we to be able to form a tolerable estimate of the relative status of nations and races from the figures on the subject given to the Royal Society by Dr. Davis a few weeks ago. A glance over the tables compiled by this latest of cranium gaugers, shows that the average brain-weight among Englishmen is $47\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, and that Italians, Lapps, Swedes, Dutch, and Frisians, are gifted with just about the same amount of cerebral matter. The lightness of hand and heart that characterises our neighbours the French may be attributable to lightness of brain, for the average derived from examination of sixteen French skulls was $45\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, two ounces less than the English weight; while the solid-headed character of the Germans is borne out by the fact that thirteen of their crania gave an average of $50\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of brain for each; but this estimate is probably too large, as previous investigators, using more materials, obtained much smaller weights. The general European average deduced by Dr. Davis is somewhat under 47 ounces per man: the Asiatic and American races average two ounces, the African about three, and the Australian five-and-a-half ounces less than this. There is more raw material of brains in the world than one would have supposed.

HERE is a hint to those good folks who are ever ready to empty their purses into poor-boxes and charity-bags. There is a great and increasing demand for mechanical sempstresses; a demand which cannot readily be supplied, because the use of sewing machines is only to be learnt by purchasers of them, and those

who are willing and able to pay for the instruction. Manufacturers of clothing want machinists, and ladies at home want them, both to work and to teach; and skilled work-women can earn first-rate wages. Now, I venture to say that there are thousands of poor young women who would jump at the chance of "learning the machine," and whose position would be vastly benefited by the teaching; and I would suggest for the consideration of the good folks aforesaid the establishment of sewing machine schools, furnished with the various machines in general use, and presided over by a competent instructress, to be opened during the day or evening, either freely to all comers, or under some such restrictions as personal recommendation, or the payment of a small fee in guarantee of *bona fides*. Details could be easily arranged. If there be any who would wish to extend their philanthropy, let them promote sewing competitions, and give machines for prizes.

THERE has of late been plenty of talk about the sagacity of some animals, and the sensitiveness to music of others; but I am not aware that much evidence has as yet been adduced as to the musical tastes of reptiles. A thoroughly trustworthy friend, however, assures me that his brother, a man of curious tastes, used to keep a large number of toads in a great vat of water, and that when he piped to them with a little whistle, they were wont to rise to the surface and join in chorus.

I HEARD a satirical wit

At a dinner, one day, showing off his
Professional *esprit* a bit

At the Party now settled in office.

"They're a whole lot of ciphers," he said,

"And lacking in value and vigour;

"But with Dizzy,—the 1 at their head,—

"Make a very respectable figure.

"But, for that very reason, he ought

"By no means to chide or to flout them;

"For if they, without him, would be nought,

"He'd be 1, and 1 only, without them."

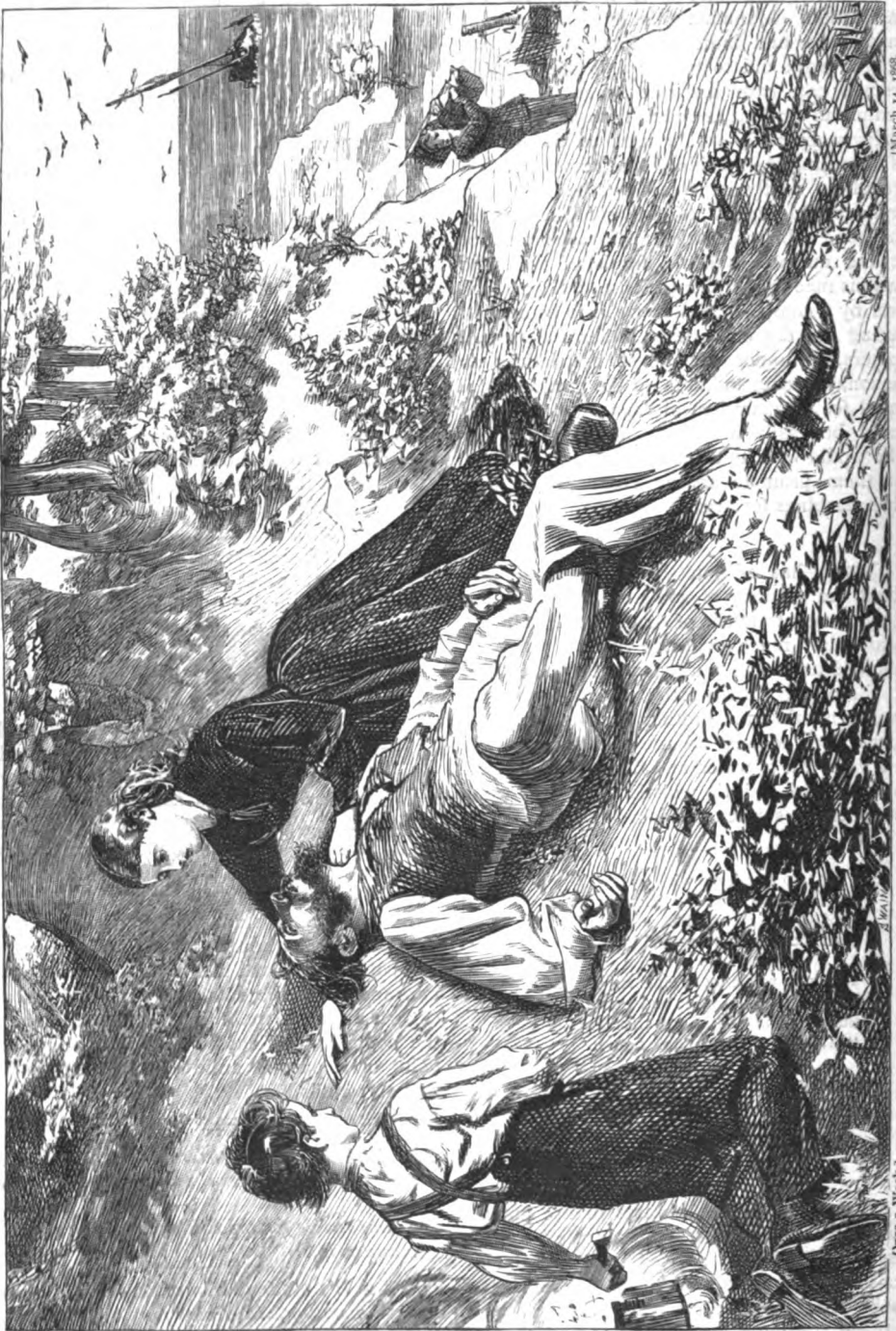
AMONG the strange phrases in use among sailors, which at first sight appear utterly senseless and silly, is one applied to the victim of sea-sickness, who is said to be "shooting the cat." What possible connection can there be between the overt act alluded to and the destruction of a "harmless, necessary animal"? The first thing a man in search of what

schoolboys call a "deri" has to do, is to settle in what language he must look for it. We have not far to go for the cat. Our sea-terms, especially those of the mercantile marine, are almost all of either Dutch or Portuguese origin, these two nations having been our precursors in over-sea commerce. That which for many years past we have decided upon calling the ship's *cargo* (from the latter language) was in earlier days sometimes designated by the Dutch name of *katt*, the tradition of which still remains in our naturalised *tea-caddy* and *katty*-packages, employed to this day; and also in the English word *cat*, which is used for a coasting vessel, the name of the thing carried being given to the vessel carrying, just as *packet* is short for *packet-boat*. To shoot the cargo is a common expression for disburdening a ship of its load; and I need not insist further upon the aptness of the metaphor to the misery of the sea. But an amusing corollary to this theorem has been suggested. Was not this the true *katt* which laid the first foundation of the fortunes of Lord Mayor Whittington? Nothing could be simpler or more probable than the story with this gloss. The merchant freighting a ship to open commercial relations with a new and unexplored place, offers to his clerks a share in the venture. The poorest of them bringing something of so little value as to make him the laughing-stock of his fellows, is encouraged by his good-natured master. "Who knows but Whittington's *cat* may bring him some good return." In fact the *katt*—whatever it may have been—beads, or some other trifle, made a hit, pleased the savage tribe, and set Whittington going for life. As to the detail about the king, the mice, &c., &c., all students of mythology know how the simple tradition of old grows under the hand of the poets and tale-tellers. Having once misunderstood the data, every succeeding one departs more and more from the truth; so that the commentator has to try back to find the point of departure amid the maze of fiction that surrounds it.

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XXIX.



HAZEL ADVANCED hurriedly into the grove, which he hunted thoroughly, but without effect. He satisfied himself that she could not have quitted the spot, since the marsh enclosed it on one side, the canals on the second and third, the sea on the fourth. He returned to the boat more surprised than anxious. He waited awhile, and again shouted her name—stopped—listened—no answer.

Yet surely Helen could not have been more than a hundred yards from where he stood. His heart beat with a strange sense of apprehension. He heard nothing but the rustling of the foliage and the sop of the waves on the shore, as the tide crept up the shingle. As his eyes roved in every direction, he caught sight of something white near the foot of a withered cypress tree, not fifty yards from where he stood. He approached the bushes in which the tree was partially concealed on that side, and quickly recognised a portion of Helen's dress. He ran towards her—burst through the under-wood, and gained the inclosure. She was sitting there, asleep, as he conjectured, her back leaning against the trunk. He contemplated her thus for one moment, and then he advanced, about to awaken her; but was struck speechless. Her face was ashy pale, her eyes open and widely distended; her bosom heaved slowly. Hazel approached rapidly, and called to her.

Her eyes never moved, not a limb stirred. She sat glaring forward. On her lap was coiled a snake—grey—mottled with muddy green.

Hazel looked round and selected a branch of the dead tree, about three feet in length. Armed with this, he advanced slowly to the reptile. It was very quiet, thanks to the warmth of her lap. He pointed the stick at it; the vermin lifted its head, and its tail began to quiver; then it darted at the stick, throwing itself its entire length. Hazel retreated, the snake coiled again, and again darted. By repeating this process four or five times, he enticed the creature away; and then availing himself of a moment before it could recoil, he struck it a smart blow on the neck.

When Hazel turned to Miss Rolleston, he found her still fixed in the attitude into which terror had transfixed her. The poor girl had remained motionless for an hour, under the terrible fascination of the reptile, comatized. He spoke to her, but a quick spasmodic action of her throat and a quivering of her hands, alone responded. The sight of her suffering agonized him beyond expression, but he took her hands,—he pressed them, for they were icy cold,—he called piteously on her name. But she seemed incapable of effort. Then stooping he raised her tenderly in his arms, and carried her to the boat, where he laid her, still unresisting and incapable.

With trembling limbs and weak hands, he launched the cutter; and they were once more afloat and bound homeward.

He dipped the baler into the fresh water he had brought with him for their daily supply, and dashed it on her forehead. This he repeated until he perceived her breathing became less painful and more rapid. Then he raised her a little, and her head rested upon his arm. When they reached the entrance of the bay he was obliged to pass it, for the wind being still southerly, he could not enter by the north gate, but came round and ran in by the western passage, the same by which they had left the same morning.

Hazel bent over Helen, and whispered tenderly that they were at home. She answered by a sob. In half an hour, the keel grated on the

sand, near the boat-house. Then he asked her if she were strong enough to reach her hut. She raised her head, but she felt dizzy; he helped her to land; all power had forsaken her limbs; her head sank on his shoulder, and his arm, wound round her lithe figure, alone prevented her falling helplessly at his feet. Again he raised her in his arms and bore her to the hut. Here he laid her down on her bed, and stood for a moment beside her, unable to restrain his tears.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was a wretched and anxious night for Hazel. He watched the hut, without the courage to approach it. That one moment of weakness which occurred to him on board the *Proserpine* when he had allowed Helen to perceive the nature of his feelings towards her, had rendered all his actions open to suspicion. He dared not exhibit towards her any sympathy—he might not extend to her the most ordinary civility. If she fell ill, if fever supervened! how could he nurse her, attend upon her? His touch must have a significance, he knew that; for, as he bore her insensible form, he embraced rather than carried the precious burthen. Could he look upon her in her suffering without betraying his forbidden love? And then would not his attentions afflict more than console?

Chewing the cud of such bitter thoughts, he passed the night, without noticing the change which was taking place over the island. The sun rose; and this awakened him from his reverie, which had replaced sleep; he looked around, and then became sensible of the warnings in the air.

The sea-birds flew about vaguely and absurdly, and seemed sporting in currents of wind; yet there was but little wind down below. Presently clouds came flying over the sky, and blacker masses gathered on the horizon. The sea changed colour.

Hazel knew the weather was breaking. The wet season was at hand—the moment when fever, if such an invisible inhabitant there was on that island, would visit them. In a few hours the rain would be upon them, and he reproached himself with want of care in the construction of the hut. For some hours he hovered around it, before he ventured to approach the door, and call to Helen. He thought he heard her voice faintly, and he entered. She lay there as he had placed her. He knelt beside her, and was appalled at the change in her appearance.

The poor girl's system had received a shock for which it was unprepared. Her severe sufferings at sea had, strange to say, reduced her in appearance less than could have been believed; for her physical endurance proved greater than that of the strong men around her. But the food which the island supplied was not suited to restore her strength, and the nervous shock to which she had been subjected was followed by complete prostration.

Hazel took her unresisting hand, which he would have given a world to press. He felt her pulse; it was weak, but slow. Her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunken; her hand dropped helplessly when he released it.

Leaving the hut quietly, but hastily, he descended the hill to the rivulet, which he crossed. About half a mile above the boat-house the stream forked, one of its branches coming from the west, the other from the east. Between this latter branch and Terrapin Wood, was a stony hill; to this spot Hazel went, and fell to gathering a handful of poppies. When he had obtained a sufficient quantity he returned to the boat-house, made a small fire of chips, and filling his tin baler with water, he set down the poppies to boil. When the liquor was cool, he measured out a portion and drank it. In about twenty minutes his temples began to throb, a sensation which was rapidly followed by nausea.

It was mid-day before he recovered from the effects of his experiment sufficiently to take food. Then he waited for two hours, and felt much restored. He stole to the hut and looked in. Helen lay there as he had left her. He stooped over her: her eyes were half-closed, and she turned them slowly upon him; her lips moved a little—that was all. He felt her pulse again; it was still weaker, and slower. He rose and went away, and regaining the boat-house, he measured out a portion of the poppy liquor, one-third of the dose he had previously taken, and drank it. No head-ache or nausea succeeded: he felt his pulse; it became quick and violent, while a sense of numbness overcame him, and he slept. It was but for a few minutes. He awoke with a throbbing brow, and some sickness; but with a sense of delight at the heart, for he had found an opiate, and prescribed its quantity.

He drained the liquor away from the poppy leaves, and carried it to the hut. Measuring with great care a small quantity, he lifted the girl's head and placed it to her lips. She drank it mechanically. Then he watched beside her, until her breathing and her pulse changed in character. She slept. He turned

aside then, and buried his face in his hands and prayed fervently for her life—prayed as we pray for the daily bread of the heart. He prayed and waited.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE next morning, when Helen awoke, she was very weak ; her head ached, but she was herself. Hazel had made a broth for her from the fleshy part of a turtle ; this greatly revived her, and by mid-day, she was able to sit up. Having seen that her wants were within her reach, he left her ; but in a few moments, she heard him busily engaged on the roof of her hut.

On his return, he explained to her his fears that the structure was scarcely as weather-proof as he desired ; and he anticipated hourly the commencement of the rainy season. Helen smiled and pointed to the sky, which here was clear and bright. But Hazel shook his head doubtfully. The wet season would commence probably with an atmospheric convulsion, and then settle down to uninterrupted rain. Helen refused obstinately to believe in more rain than they had experienced on board the boat—a genial shower.

"You will see," replied Hazel. "If you do not change your views within the next three days, then call me a false prophet."

The following day passed, and Helen recovered more strength, but still was too weak to walk ; but she employed herself, at Hazel's request, in making a rope of cocoa-nut fibre, some forty yards long. This he required to fish up the spar to a sufficient height on the great palm-tree, and bind it firmly in its place. While she worked nimbly, he employed himself in gathering a store of such things as they would require during the coming wintry season. She watched him with a smile, but he persevered. So that day passed. The next morning the rope was finished. Helen was not so well, and was about to help herself to the poppy liquor, when Hazel happily stopped her hand in time ; he showed her the exact dose necessary, and explained minutely the effects of a larger draught. Then he shouldered the rope, and set out for Palm-tree Point.

He was absent about six hours, of which Helen slept four. And for two, which seemed very long, she ruminated. What was she thinking of that made her smile and weep at the same moment ? and she looked so impatiently towards the door.

He entered at last, very fatigued. It was

eleven miles to the Point and back. While eating his frugal supper, he gave her a detail of his day's adventures. Strange to say, he had not seen a single seal on the sands. He described how he had tied one end of her rope to the middle of the spar, and with the other between his teeth, he climbed the great palm. For more than an hour he toiled ; he gained its top, passed the rope over one of its branches, and hauled up the spar to about eighty feet above the ground ; then descending with the other end, he wound the rope spirally round and round the tree, thus binding to its trunk the first twenty feet by which the spar hung from the branch.

She listened very carelessly, he thought, and betrayed little interest in this enterprise which had cost him so much labour and fatigue.

When he had concluded, she was silent awhile, and then, looking up quickly, said, to his great surprise,—

"I think I may increase the dose of your medicine there. You are mistaken in its power. I am sure I can take four times what you gave me."

"Indeed you are mistaken," he answered, quickly. "I gave you the extreme measure you can take with safety."

"How do you know that ? you can only guess at its effects. At any rate, I shall try it."

Hazel hesitated, and then confessed that he had made a little experiment on himself before risking its effects upon her.

Helen looked up at him as he said this so simply and quietly. Her great eyes filled with an angelic light. Was it admiration ? Was it thankfulness ? Her bosom heaved, and her lips quivered. It was but a moment, and she felt glad that Hazel had turned away from her and saw nothing.

A long silence followed this little episode, when she was aroused from her reverie.

Patter—pat—pat—patter.

She looked up.

Pat—patter—patter.

Their eyes met. It was the rain. Hazel only smiled a little, and ran down to his boat-house, to see that all was right there, and then returned with a large bundle of chips, with which he made a fire, for the sky had darkened overhead. Gusts of wind ran along the water ; it had become suddenly chilly. They had almost forgotten the feel of wet weather.

Ere the fire had kindled, the rain came down in torrents, and the matted roof being resonant, they heard it strike here and there above their heads.

Helen sat down on her little stool and reflected.

In that hut were two persons. One had foretold this, and feared it, and provided against it. The other had said petulantly it was a bugbear.

And now the rain was pattering, and the Prophet was on his knees making her as comfortable as he could in spite of all, and was not the man to remind her he had foretold it.

She pondered his character while she watched his movements. He put down his embers, then he took a cocoa-pod out from the wall, cut it in slices with his knife, and made a fine clear fire; then he ran out again, in spite of Helen's remonstrance, and brought a dozen large scales of the palm-tree. It was all the more cheering for the dismal scene without and the pattering of the rain on the resounding roof.

But thanks to Hazel's precaution, the hut proved weather-tight; of which fact having satisfied himself, he bade her good night. He was at the door when her voice recalled him.

"Mr. Hazel, I cannot rest this night without asking your pardon for all the unkind things I may have done and said; without thanking you humbly for your great forbearance and your—respect for the unhap—I mean the unfortunate girl thus cast upon your mercy."

She held out her hand; he took it between his own, and faintly expressed his gratitude for her kindness; and so she sent him away brimful of happiness.

The rain was descending in torrents. She heard it, but he did not feel it; for she had spread her angel's wings over his existence, and he regained his sheltered boat-house he knew not how.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE next day was Sunday. Hazel had kept a calendar of the week, and every seventh day was laid aside with jealousy, to be devoted to such simple religious exercises as he could invent. The rain still continued, with less violence indeed, but without an hour's intermission. After breakfast he read to her the exodus of the Israelites, and their sufferings during that desert life. He compared those hardships with their own troubles, and pointed out to her how their condition presented many things to be thankful for. The island was fruitful, the climate healthy. They might have been cast away on a sandy key or reef, where they would have perished slowly and miserably of hunger and exposure. Then they were

spared to each other. Had she been alone there, she could not have provided for herself; had he been cast away a solitary man, the island would have been to him an intolerable prison.

In all these reflexions Hazel was very guarded that no expression should escape him to arouse her apprehension. He was so careful of this, that she observed his caution and watched his restraint. And Helen was thinking more of this than of the holy subject on which he was discoursing. The disguise he threw over his heart was penetrable to the girl's eye. She saw his love in every careful word, and employed herself in detecting it under his rigid manner. Secure in her own position, she could examine his from the loopholes of her soul, and take a pleasure in witnessing the suppressed happiness she could bestow with a word. She did not wonder at her power. The best of women have the natural vanity to take for granted the sway they assume over the existence which submits to them.

A week passed thus, and Hazel blessed the rain that drove them to this sociability. He had prepared the bladder of a young seal which had drifted ashore dead. This membrane dried in the sun formed a piece of excellent parchment, and he desired to draw upon it a map of the island. To accomplish this, the first thing was to obtain a good red ink from the cochineal, which is crimson. He did according to his means. He got one of the tin vessels, and filed it till he had obtained a considerable quantity of the metal. This he subjected for forty hours to the action of lime-juice. He then added the cochineal, and mixed till he obtained a fine scarlet. In using it he added a small quantity of a hard and pure gum—he had found gum abounded in the island. His pen was made from an osprey's feather, hundreds of which were strewn about the cliffs, and some of these he had already secured and dried.

Placing his tin baler before him, on which he had scratched his notes, he drew a map of the island.

"What shall we call it?" said he.

Helen paused, and then replied, "Call it 'GODSEND' island."

"So I will," he said, and wrote it down.

Then they named the places they had seen. The reef Helen had discovered off the north-west coast they called "White Water Island," because of the breakers. Then came "Seal Bay," "Palm-tree Point," "Mount Lookout," (this was the hill due south of where they lived). They called the cane brake "Wild Duck



Swamp," and the spot where they lunched "Cochineal Clearing." The mountain was named "Mount Cavity."

"But what shall we call the capital of the

kingdom—this hut?" said Miss Rolleston, as she leaned over him and pointed to the spot.

"Saint Helen's," said Hazel, looking up; and he wrote it down ere she could object.

Then there was a little awkward pause, while he was busily occupied in filling up some topographical details. She turned it off gaily.

"What are those caterpillars that you have drawn there, sprawling over my kingdom?" she asked.

"Caterpillars! you are complimentary, Miss Rolleston. Those are mountains."

"Oh, indeed; and those lines you are now drawing are rivers, I presume."

"Yes; let us call this branch of our solitary estuary, which runs westward, the River Lee, and this, to the east, the River Medway. Is such your majesty's pleasure?"

"*La Reine le veut*," replied Helen, smiling.

"But, Master Geographer, it seems to me, that you are putting in mountains and rivers which you have never explored: how do you know that these turns and twists in the stream exist as you represent them? and those spurs, which look so real, have you not added them only to disguise the caterpillar character of your range of hills?"

Hazel laughed as he confessed to drawing on his fancy for some little details. But pleaded that all geographers, when they drew maps, were licensed to fill in a few such touches, where discovery had failed to supply particulars.

Helen had always believed religiously in maps, and was amused when she reflected on her former credulity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HELEN'S strength was coming back to her but slowly; she complained of great lassitude and want of appetite. But the following day having cleared up, the sun shone out with great power and brilliancy. She gladly welcomed the return of the fine weather, but Hazel shook his head; ten days' rain was not their portion—the bad weather would return, and complete the month or six weeks' winter to which nature was entitled. The next evening the appearance of the sky confirmed his opinion. The sun set like a crimson shield; gory, and double its usual size. It entered into a thick bank of dark violet cloud that lay on the horizon, and seemed to split the vapour into rays, but of a dusky kind; immediately above this crimson, the clouds were of a brilliant gold, but higher they were the colour of rubies, and went gradually off to grey.

But, as the orb dipped to the horizon, a solid pile of unearthly clouds came up from the south-east; their bodies were singularly and

unnaturally black, and mottled with copper colour, and hemmed with a fiery yellow; and these infernal clouds towered up their heads, pressing forward as if they all strove for precedence; it was like Milton's fiends attacking the sky. The rate at which they climbed was wonderful. The sun set and the moon rose full, and showed those angry masses surging upwards and jostling each other as they flew.

Yet below it was dead calm.

Having admired the sublimity of the scene, and seen the full moon rise, but speedily lose her light in a brassy halo, they entered the hut, which was now the head-quarters, and they supped together there.

While they were eating their little meal, the tops of the trees were heard to sigh, so still was everything else. None the less did those strange clouds fly northward, eighty miles an hour. After supper Helen sat busy over the fire, where some gum, collected by Hazel, resembling india-rubber, was boiling; she was preparing to cover a pair of poor Welch's shoes, inside and out, with a coat of this material, which Hazel believed to be waterproof. She sat in such a position that he could watch her. It was a happy evening. She seemed content. She had got over her fear of him; they were good comrades if they were nothing more. It was happiness to him to be by her side even on those terms. He thought of it all as he looked at her. How distant she had seemed once to him; what an unapproachable goddess. Yet there she was by his side in a hut he had made for her.

He could not help sipping the soft intoxicating draught her mere presence offered him. But by-and-by he felt his heart was dissolving within him, and he was trifling with danger. He must not look on her too long, seated by the fire like a wife. The much-enduring man rose, and turned his back upon the sight he loved so dearly: he went out at the open door intending to close it and bid her good-night. But he did not do so, just then; for his attention as an observer of nature was arrested by the unusual conduct of certain animals. Gannets and other sea-birds were running about the opposite wood and craning their necks in a strange way. He had never seen one enter that wood before.

Seals and sea-lions were surrounding the slope, and crawling about, and now and then plunging into the river, which they crossed with infinite difficulty, for it was running very high and strong. The trees also sighed louder than ever. Hazel turned back to tell Miss Rolleston something extraordinary was going on. She

sat in sight from the river, and, as he came towards the hut, he saw her sitting by the fire reading.

He stopped short. Her work lay at her feet : she had taken out a letter, and she was reading it by the fire.

As she read it her face was a puzzle. But Hazel saw the act alone ; and a dart of ice seemed to go through and through him.

This, then, was her true source of consolation. He thought it was so before. He had even reason to think so. But, never seeing any palpable proofs, he had almost been happy. He turned sick with jealous misery, and stood there rooted and frozen.

Then came a fierce impulse to shut the sight out that caused this pain.

He almost flung her portcullis to, and made his hands bleed. But a bleeding heart does not feel scratches.

" Good-night," said he, hoarsely.

" Good-night," said she, kindly.

And why should she not read his letter ? She was his affianced bride, bound to him by honour as well as inclination. This was the reflection, to which, after a sore battle with his loving heart, the much-enduring man had to come at last ; and he had come to it, and was getting back his peace of mind, though not his late complacency, and about to seek repose in sleep, when suddenly a clap of wind came down like thunder, and thrashed the island and everything in it.

All things animate and inanimate seemed to cry out as the blow passed.

Another soon followed, and another,—intermittent gusts at present, but of such severity that not one came without making its mark.

Birds were driven away like paper ; the sea-lions whimpered, and crouched into corners, and huddled together, and held each other, whining.

Hazel saw but one thing ; the frail edifice he had built for the creature he adored. He looked out of his boat, and fixed his horror-stricken eyes on it : he saw it waving to and fro, yet still firm. But he could not stay there. If not in danger she must be terrified. He must go and support her. He left his shelter, and ran towards her hut. With a whoop and a scream another blast tore through the wood, and caught him. He fell, dug his hands into the soil, and clutched the earth. While he was in that position, he heard a sharp crack ; he looked up in dismay, and saw that one of Helen's trees had broken like a carrot, and the dead was on the ground leaping about ; while a succession of horrible sounds of crashing,

and rending, and tearing, showed the frail hut was giving way on every side ; racked and riven, and torn to pieces. Hazel, though a stout man, uttered cries of terror death would never have drawn from him ; and, with a desperate head-long rush, he got to the place where the bower had been ; but now it was a prostrate skeleton, with the mat roof flapping like a loose sail above it, and Helen below.

As he reached the hut, the wind got hold of the last of the four shrubs, that did duty for a door, and tore it from the cord that held it, and whirled it into the air ; it went past Hazel's face like a bird flying.

Though staggered himself by the same blow of wind, he clutched the tree and got into the hut.

He found her directly. She was kneeling beneath the mat that a few minutes ago had been her roof. He extricated her in a moment, uttering inarticulate cries of pity and fear.

" Don't be frightened," said she. " I am not hurt."

But he felt her quiver from head to foot. He wrapped her in all her rugs, and, thinking of nothing but her safety, lifted her in his strong arms to take her to his own place, which was safe from wind, at least.

But this was no light work. To go there erect was impossible.

Holding tight by the tree, he got her to the lee of the tent and waited for a lull. He went rapidly down the hill, but, ere he reached the river, a gust came careering furiously. A sturdy young tree was near him. He placed her against it, and wound his arms round her and its trunk. The blast came : the tree bent down almost to the ground, then whirled round, recovered, shivered ; but he held firmly. It passed. Again he lifted her, and bore her to the boat-house. When he turned a moment to enter it, the wind almost choked her, and her long hair lashed his face like a whip. But he got her in, and they sat panting and crouching, but safe. They were none too soon ; the tempest increased in violence, and became more continuous. No clouds, but a ghastly glare all over the sky. No rebellious waves, but a sea hissing and foaming under its master's lash. The river ran roaring and foaming by, and made the boat heave even in its little creek. The wind, though it could no longer shake them, went screaming terribly close over their heads,—no longer like air in motion, but, solid and keen, it seemed the Almighty's scythe mowing down Nature ; and soon it became, like turbid water, blackened with the leaves, branches,

and fragments of all kinds it whirled along with it. Trees fell crashing on all sides, and the remains of the hut passed over their heads into the sea.

Helen behaved admirably. Speech was impossible, but she thanked him without it—eloquently; she nestled her little hand into Hazel's, and, to Hazel, that night, with all its awful sights and sounds, was a blissful one. She had been in danger, but now was safe by his side. She had pressed his hand to thank him, and now she was cowering a little towards him in a way that claimed him as her protector. Her glorious hair blew over him and seemed to net him: and now and then, as they heard some crash nearer and more awful than another, she clutched him quickly though lightly; for, in danger, her sex love to feel a friend; it is not enough to see him near: and once, when a great dusky form of a sea-lion came crawling over the mound, and, whimpering, peeped into the boat-house, she even fled to his shoulder with both hands for a moment, and was there, light as a feather, till the creature had passed on. And his soul was full of peace, and a great tranquillity overcame him. He heard nothing of the wrack, knew nothing of the danger.

Oh, mighty Love! The tempest might blow, and fill air and earth with ruin, so that it spared her. The wind was kind, and gentle the night, which brought that hair round his face, and that head so near his shoulder, and gave him the holy joy of protecting under his wing the soft creature he adored.

SILK IN ENGLAND.

II.

THE ten years immediately preceding 1825, when the first considerable fiscal change was effected, were years of intense anxiety. Class legislation had produced class antagonism, and a wide-spread, deep-rooted, spirit of dissatisfaction prevailed. The working men had become Ishmaelites. They imagined that every hand was raised against them, and assuredly their hands were raised against order, authority, and law. Whether we turn our attention to the agricultural labourer, the weavers of woollen, cotton, and silk, or the fabricator of lace, we are astonished to discover such a mass of gross ignorance and brutal ferocity as then characterised almost every branch of labour. The manufacturer began to see that his only chance of success was to adopt every possible improvement, and

to produce by machinery what had previously been produced by hand. The handloom weavers, alarmed and excited by unprincipled demagogues, openly rebelled, and with the view of protecting their own small interests, banded themselves together; their numbers were swollen by the idle and the profligate; and they traversed the valleys, of Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Leicestershire, spreading the wildest alarm, burning mills, breaking machinery, and committing acts of nameless atrocity. Every improvement was opposed; all attempts to produce by machinery what had before been made by hand, excited violent opposition, and endangered not only property but even life itself.

It is no part of our present business to trace the result of these conspiracies and malpractices through all their windings; they are sufficiently known already in the history of the Luddites and other notorious combinations, which, had they succeeded, would have not only retarded, but might also have utterly destroyed the energy then beginning to show itself in almost every branch of manufacture.

A reign of terror prevailed in the midland counties. The Luddites were ubiquitous; at Leicester one night, in North Derbyshire another night, and the next far away among the wild hills of Yorkshire. It was only the courage and true English pluck of such men as the late Mr. Heathcoat, which saved to England her immense advantages as a manufacturing power. After years of thoughtful labour, Heathcoat had brought his lace machinery to such perfection, as to bring lace within the reach of the humblest classes. Opposed and thwarted in every possible way he steadily pursued his course, until by a frenzied multitude he found his machinery destroyed and lying a heap of ruins around him. He quietly wiped from his shoes the dust of the dastardly midland counties, and found at Tiverton a quiet haven where he could prosecute his work in peace. His success was beyond dispute; he became a blessing to his adopted neighbourhood, and the late Lord Palmerston publicly proclaimed him to be "an honourable man, a faithful friend, a distinguished mechanician, and a national benefactor."

One good result, however, followed the excesses of those turbulent times. The unscrupulous and unbridled courses of which those midnight marauders were guilty, alienated from the handloom weavers much of the individual support and public sympathy, which until then they had enjoyed. The introducers of power looms and improvers of processes

were left to carry on their work undisturbed; and before many years elapsed single hand-loom had become antiquated,—things of the past, and the hand-loom weavers were, as a rule, absorbed by other industries, while the best skilled had quietly submitted to the inevitable, and became able helpers in establishing the factories which they had for many years violently opposed.

To those embarked in the silk trade it became manifest that their only chance of success was to adapt all new appliances, and to find if possible such localities as were not subject to trade prices, trade lists and other evils which experience had proved to be obstructive to all general advancement. For broad silk goods, Derby, Macclesfield, and ultimately, Manchester, were chosen as likely to meet the essential conditions. Skilful workmen were induced, by liberal pay, to remove to these localities, and for some time all went on smoothly enough. Macclesfield had previously been celebrated for the production of certain classes of wide goods, and there the earliest success was attained. Wealth seemed to pour into the town; prosperity was showered upon it without its knowledge and almost against its will, until the old enemy of all advancement, greed, arose, and began to assert itself in the demand for fixed prices for the weaving of almost every conceivable article. Differences then arose, strikes ensued, looms stopped, distress entered, and, from a point of the highest excellence, Macclesfield has fallen into the deepest poverty. The trade lists of Macclesfield were confined to a given area, but outside this area were certain hamlets or villages, and one of these rejoiced in the name of Bullocksmithy. Here it was discovered that a free trade in prices between master and man might be conducted without offending against the trade law of Macclesfield. Here also was exposed a prodigious absurdity. The manufacturers of Macclesfield would send out to an agent in Bullocksmithy their silk to be woven into goods; he on his part would contract with an undertaker, or a man who undertook to have the silk made up in the manner prescribed, this undertaker not unfrequently being engaged by the weavers of Macclesfield to secure the silk to be woven by them; after which the goods were to be returned to Bullocksmithy, and by and by restored to Macclesfield. So while the weaver declined to treat with the manufacturers in Macclesfield on the conditions offered, he was quite willing to accept the lower terms through Bullocksmithy. The irregularity of the trade seems to have

introduced other irregularities, of which the more reputable inhabitants became ashamed, and some twenty or thirty years ago they obtained authority to have Bullocksmithy changed to the more euphonious name of Hazelgrove.

At the time of which we speak there were no general wholesale houses established in Manchester, so that almost all the silk goods produced in those districts were vended in the London market, and the retail dealers in Manchester were compelled to supply themselves in London with goods made less than thirty miles from home. Closely following on the events above related certain enterprising manufacturers concluded, that Manchester, or its immediate neighbourhood, would be the true place to test indisputably whether or not wide goods could be properly produced by power looms. The attempt was made and the success was beyond dispute. It is probably not too much to avow that many of the best goods ever manufactured in any county were produced by the admirable power looms at Middleton, near Manchester. It is sad to contemplate the fact, that there for more than two years not a shuttle has moved, not a wheel has revolved, and the whole of a large establishment, once vocal with the hum of nearly a thousand voices, is silent as the tomb.

This is only one of many instances; and we name it, because the proprietors keep their machinery intact. Who knows, but after reading suggestions we shall by and by have to make, this very factory may be the first to become musical under the influence of the new order of things.

The application of the Jacquard machine became an indispensable element in the success of any attempt to revive the manufacture of figured goods, and when we bear in mind that the inventor of this wonderful machine,—by which the operation of producing figures of any size, instead of being the result of the nicest skill on the part of the weaver, became simply automatic, and figures of 1000 inches square could be produced, with as much facility and accuracy as one an inch square, and without increasing the number of treddles—was looked upon by his fellow workmen in Lyons as an enemy and a discredit to the order to which he belonged, we need not be greatly surprised to find that the workpeople of England were by no means eager to adopt this new infernal machine, one of the hated offspring of the French Revolution. But just as the French lived long enough to repent, and Jacquard, who did not die until 1834, lived

long enough to see the triumphs of his genius everywhere approved and generally adopted,—and to receive pensions, honours and crosses while he lived, and a statue after his decease,—so English workpeople at last awoke to the advantage of the Jacquard machine, which has been, to weaving, the greatest improvement since weaving was first introduced. Whether in ribbons, in silks, in lace, or even in carpets, its advantage is recognised and its adoption universal. If, with all these gigantic advances in mechanical contrivance, every branch of British manufacture increases annually, and annually increases in excellence, why should silk, the most exquisite of all fabrics, seem to be under a ban and doomed to disappear?

Long before wide silks could be made by power looms it was proved that narrow goods—galloons, bindings, and plain ribbons, up to three and four inches wide,—could be made with facility. No advantages, however, would be rendered if trade lists of prices for making were to be adhered to; and at Coventry, after much negociation, it was demonstrated that no such principles of free production would be admitted, though Coventry weavers had to superintend the business elsewhere. The consequence was that large manufactories were established in Derby, Congleton, Macclesfield, Manchester, and Leek, for the production of all classes of narrow bindings and plain ribbons. A few years' experience proved the wisdom of the thoughtful men who carried out their far-seeing plans. Within a few years—not exceeding ten—Coventry lost nearly the whole of its plain ribbon trade, and, up to this hour, has not recovered it, and probably never will.

While several of these branches were being established—prospering, and, to all appearance, likely to prosper—Spitalfields participated in the general advantage. The parliamentary Spitalfields weaver gradually ceased to haunt Westminster; and, happily, that ghost has been laid for many years. With renewed energy, awakened powers, and a restored spirit of enterprise, the Spitalfields manufacturers shook off their lethargy, and much was hoped of them. But it was too evident that they leant too much on the thirty per cent. duty as a protective crutch, and when that was taken away they tumbled.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the progress of the manufacture, we now proceed to sketch some of its essential processes; and in so doing, we shall touch upon many things that have always been a barrier to

that development and full success to which some manufacturers have really been entitled.

That no reader may complain of any essential detail being omitted, we shall in the briefest possible space, carry him through every process—from the cocoon up to the gorgeous tissue in which royalty adorns itself.

Raw material.—At the very outset the English manufacturer is placed at a great disadvantage in obtaining his supply of silk. No silk is produced at home; all must be imported; and, from the peculiar conditions of the general trade of the country, he has for many years placed his chief reliance on receiving silk from Bengal and China, and latterly from Japan. The markets of France and Italy are open to him; but there he is too frequently forestalled by the enterprising manufacturers of France, Germany, and Switzerland. The persecution of the Huguenots, which led to the establishment of the silk-trade in England, was also the immediate cause of its establishment in the free Cantons of Switzerland, in the Low Countries, in the Rhine provinces and other parts of Germany—especially in the dominions of the Elector of Brandenburg, where special privileges were granted. The Swiss and German refugees never quite broke off their connection with France and Piedmont; but, season by season, and year by year, secured a continuous supply of the precise article they required for the special fabrics they intended to produce. This chain of association has never been broken, and remains to this day in all its integrity. The Swiss and the Germans, as a rule, never had the ambition to become silk-throwsters; they preferred to cast that second important process on the shoulders of the Milanese, or other well-known workers, making them responsible for the supply of the exact article contracted for, while the duty levied on the silk prepared ready for the dyer was so small, that every argument was in favour of the custom so long established. Not so the English manufacturer. In the absurd attempt to foster a throwing-trade in England, the superior silks of France and Italy were all but excluded: and, as time passed on, the correspondence between the silk manufacturers in England and the silk producers of Piedmont and France became less and less, until it all but died out. The old feeling of relationship, or kinship, that had given life to their early associations became fainter and fainter. The English manufacturer almost forgot the language of his ancestors; and, when at last the change took place, and foreign silks again appeared in England,

foreign agents had to be employed as interpreters. The English manufacturer in fact seldom visited the continent to arrange for silk, but relied almost entirely on whatever might, in the course of ordinary commerce, find its way to the London market!

Excellence of manufacture depends greatly upon the evenness or regularity of the thread used. In this respect, as a rule, the French and Italian silks are faultless. To secure this, the greatest care is indispensable at the very first operation of reeling from the cocoon. The thread spun by the worm is too fine for use in the loom; and, therefore, in reeling from the cocoon, three, four, five, or a greater number of cocoons are placed in a small trough with water of a certain temperature. The warm water softens the natural gum, and enables the silk to easily unwind from the cocoon. Having resolved upon reeling a certain size of silk, the reeler determines the number of cocoons necessary to produce the size desired; it may be three, or more. If three, he knows that the filmy fibre first produced by the worm, when full of food and vigour, and beginning to spin, is somewhat fuller in size than the later part of the fibre, when the worm becomes faint and its thread is attenuated; and so the reeler has to judge the finest possible change in size, and to avoid graduation, adds, at the proper time, another cocoon, so as to keep the combined threads of equal size. We say the combined threads, for in reeling, the original fibres being moist and the gum soft, they cross and re-cross each other, and, at last, at an eyelet-hole or by a gentle pressure, the several cocoon fibres unite and become one thread of merchantable silk.

In the majority of Asiatic silks this most important process is negligently performed. The reelers may begin with a given number of cocoons; but one thread will break, and another break, and, instead of repairing at once the broken fibre, to keep the thread all one size, they lazily wait until probably one-half are broken; and, as they keep on reeling, it will be seen that the general thread gets finer and finer, and when all the fibres are again united, a sudden increase of size takes place, and irremediable irregularity of size ensues. A difference of 10 to 50 per cent. in the same length of unbroken thread is by no means uncommon—a defect which no after skill or attention can possibly overcome, and for which there is no rational excuse. This, in a greater or lesser degree, characterises all Asiatic silks. There are a few special filatures—honourable exceptions to this general rule—and, knowing

the difference in price obtained for such, one wonders at the patience of the English manufacturer in submitting so long to a condition of things which, in our judgment, lies at the very foundation of his non-success.

Nor does the mischief end here. As if moved by a demon of deception, in making up his skeins preparatory to packing and shipment to Europe, the producer carefully selects the coarsest of his silk, which he first winds on to his reel; this followed by a size a gradation finer and quality superior, and again finer and superior, until in one skein of silk you may find several sizes with a difference in value of 20 to 30 per cent.—the best always appearing outside, and intended to deceive! To split up such skeins and rearrange them under their several sizes and values requires not only immense labour, but the utmost nicety in manipulation, and even then it can never be perfectly performed. The remedy for a system so rascally must be applied at the fountain head. But who is to do it? The importer of silk is not, or is very seldom interested in silk manufactures. So long as he can obtain silk in exchange for his calicoes, shipped to the East upon terms that will leave him a handsome return profit, he cares very little how the silk is produced and prepared, or what may ultimately become of it. This is the difficulty! With careful reeling there is no reason why the exquisite fibres of the Chinese should not take rank with the best Italian.

What has been done once may be repeated over and over again with advantage. Let those, whose duty it will be to improve the condition of the silk trade in England, lay to heart, and take courage when they remember the success of the experiment made in reeling Brutia silk! Those who remember the relative values of silk as sold in the London market some 30 years ago, will remember that Brutia silk ranked lower in value than any China silk then introduced. But some enterprising men, accurately estimating the true value of the original fibre, as supplied in the cocoon, arranged to have it reeled on the most improved systems of France and Italy; and mark the result. This Brutia silk, bearing a very low rank, degraded to commonest purposes, and very lightly esteemed, has taken the very highest position, and successfully rivals the finest productions of Piedmont or Southern France! For lace purposes it is greatly preferred to all other. A firm but elastic thread and free from lateral or hairy fibres, it has become in Nottingham and the neighbourhood an indispensable necessity. Looking at it from

a money point of view—this identical silk—reeled in the old careless manner—would not now obtain more than 18s. to 20s. per pound, whereas it realises from 44s. to 48s. per pound, and is never superabundant. It is needless to multiply instances; nevertheless, on these important points it is necessary to fortify our arguments by appeals to facts that can, this very season, be referred to in our justification.

A further and unanswerable argument in favour of careful reeling is to be found in the course of prices, and the present relative value of Asiatic and European, or, as we may hereafter understand them, the *carelessly* and *carefully* reeled silks. Plenty of Asiatic silk has been imported, but it is found to be reeled so irregularly and full in size that it cannot with advantage be used in the production of fabrics most currently required. The consequence has been a plethora of such silk, a diminished demand, and a reduction in prices, by which the importers are considerable losers; whereas Italian and French silks, properly reeled, are not only in great request, but absolutely scarce, and as a result, the prices of the various approved grades are from 5 to 10 per cent. higher than they were twelve months ago, whilst Asiatic silks are on the average fully 20 per cent. lower. There are no two opinions as to the fact, that carefully reeled China silk would rival the best Italian! One would imagine that here is a field wide enough, and inducement profitable enough, to fire the enterprise of men connected with silk, and lead them to initiate a wiser system. Again we may ask, who is to do it? No substantial improvement in this respect will be felt, until the importer or the merchant, and the consumer or manufacturer, come closer together, work with and for each other, and have trade sympathies in common. At present, they are to all appearance studiously kept apart and ignorant of each other by a trade punctilio that damages both. The importer, by long habit, and partly from idleness, sells through a broker, of whom there are not many who can meet the importer's views. When he desires to sell a parcel of silk he calls upon his broker to give him a valuation, and, perhaps, as a check, he gives the same particulars to another broker. Both make their reports, and it is barely possible that the two shall agree. Armed with both opinions the merchant can, if so disposed, play with each, and by so doing get both to increase their estimate of value. Having secured a valuation which he is willing to accept, he announces to one or the other that he wishes to clear the whole as

a lot; and one or the other of the brokers fixes, that is to say buys, the lot, and then distributes the bales among his usual clients. The competition for business among the few brokers is so keen, and the jealousy so ill disguised, that the merchant has little difficulty in accomplishing his ends. From this, however, it is clear that the advantage to the broker is much more in favour of obtaining high prices for the importer, than in securing the article at a low or moderate price for the consumer. The broker acts not only as a seller, but as a buyer, and so secures a brokerage each way. How far he invades his oath as a sworn broker in fixing parcels in the manner related is no part of our duty to determine, but his conduct is at least questionable. Did he act as a *link* bringing importer and consumer together, instead of as a *dead wall* keeping them away from each other, much advantage would ensue. They could, and would, freely and fully discuss all points of interest. The manufacturer would explain his requirements to the merchant. The merchant would, for his own advantage, duly advise his correspondent, agent, or partner, in China or Japan, who in his turn would instruct and influence the native producer, keenly alive to anything that pays an extra profit; and so, in a few years, the evil complained of would be partially amended if not entirely removed. We have devoted more space than we intended to this interesting and earliest process, because it will form one of the prime elements for consideration when we come to our suggestions for the restoration of the silk trade to England.

THE DEXTEROUS WEDDING:

A Chinese Comedy.—Part II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YO, a young Foo-Chow Merchant.
LUNG, his Attendant.
FANG, a Travelling Pedlar.
HI, a jocular Inn-keeper.
CHING, another Inn-keeper.
KWEL, Step-mother to YUE.
YUE, Step-daughter to KWEL.
HWA, their Serving-maid.
KWA, an old Widow, neighbour to HI.
KWAN, a Magistrate.

A Street.—FANG and YUE meet.

Yue.

I HAVE been driven from my home; shaken off as water-drops are shaken from flowers—victim of an old fiend's hatred—bitten by the tooth of a tigress—turned thus into the street. Fang. You have been lucky to escape from

the fangs of the tigress; it is your good fortune. Of course you will not return.

Yue. What can I do, houseless, and so young? Yet I cannot abandon my home. Good sir! do not carry me away.

Fang. I cannot bear these hateful words; why not carry you away? I will give you a comfortable home. You shall be my wife.

Yue. Our ages do not suit. I cannot marry you.

Fang. Has the marriage-god made a false entry in his register?

Yue. I know not; but I know that I am wretched. Alas, alas! let me die—let me die.

Fang. That is worse than going or not going. You shall not die.

Yue. Freedom indeed would be better than death.

Fang. Come with me to Foo-Chow, and we will discuss the matter.

Read between Loo-Chow and Foo-Chow.—Yo, LUNG, and Coolies carrying a sedan chair.

Yo. My dear love! we really want repose. We have travelled through the long night to find a resting-place in the morning, and we are safely arrived. We may rejoice together that all dangers are passed. Heaven consummates marriages, and how happy am I in mind. We are all—men and women—created for love, and “a thousand miles of distance will not separate the affianced;” but we have the felicity of being near to one another.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, we are all of us tired; we must rest a while. This is a convenient place.

Yo. So be it; take charge of my horse.

[The servant obeys, returns, and lies down to sleep.]

Yo (listens). What sound was that? The fragrance of the flower, the brightness of the moon,—*(listens again)*—that is not the voice of a girl. Let me see!

[He opens the sedan, pulls out the lady, tears away the marriage veil, and discovers the old widow.]

Yo. Hell and perdition! What has changed my beautiful bride into this ugly hag? What is your name? Where did you come from? What have you to do with me?

Kwa. Master mine! do not be angry. Were you not thinking of me by night and by day? Did you not swear you were in love with my comely face—sick with love? and here am I to serve you.

Yo. O that scoundrel of a landlord? The fraud is his—to put upon me such a hideous old fright for a wife. You must have been a party to his villany, woman! Yes! you “removed the fine pillar, and stuck in the foul

post.” A pretty affair, a prosperous journey,—heaven!

Kwa. Son of mine! Be not in such a rage. If there was any plot, you were a party. Depend on it, 'tis a happy destiny. Be resigned, turn it to the best account. Are not your ancestral tables illustrious? Is not your house prosperous?

Yo. How could I have dreamed of such treachery. Fool that I was, stone-blind fool! I thought I was plucking a flower; I have gathered a toadstool. In the name of all the devils, how did this vile old hag get into the marriage chair. I breathe nothing but flames. My cheeks are bursting with rage.

Kwa. How can you be so discourteous? How can you use such unbecoming language? It was you who selected me—it was you who hired the coolies to bring me here. Did not I see you delighted with your bargain? Did not you insist on our departure a thousand times? Did not you pay down a hundred ounces of silver? Do you mean to get nothing for your money?

Yo. She-devil and liar! the image of the widow-demon of hell! Why, if a child met you in the street, he would fly to the Goddess of Mercy and ask her protection against your sorceries!

Kwa. Nay! you are unjust. You do not know “the difference between a satin robe and a spider.” You have picked up a piece of pure silver, and want to throw it away because the impression is a little worn. Do you not know that “caps” can be made from the rind of a crooked bamboo?”

Yo. How glibly she talks—a turkey's gobble!

“If the celestial phoenix sheds her feathers,
’Tis uglier far than is the barn-door hen.”

Did I owe you a hundred ounces of silver in a previous state of existence? I care as little about it as the boy cares for the slate which he skits over the surface of the water. Want you? No! you are terribly deceived!

Kwa. A good hand will win the game at cards; and if I want to marry, no doubt I can get a husband; but I prefer abiding with you. We need not separate. “An old hen boiled in wine, and flavoured with medicinal drugs, may be very salutary physic.” I recommend it to your attention. It may cure your ailments.

Yo. Impudent wretch! you to talk about love. Men and women formed for love—“Ill-assorted birds will fight in their cage.” And you, whose skin is wrinkled like that of a

* The official summer caps of the Mandarins.

tough old fowl, whose face resembles a pig's liver powdered with flour—you—jaunting about love. I am ashamed of you. You should be ten times more ashamed of yourself. Old ! why my mother is a young girl compared to you !

Kwa. Young man ! it is useless to struggle against destiny. Married we are, and it is the ordinance of heaven. The ancient sages have said, "Cheapness and goodness do not go together." I am like old ginger, substantial and spicy. You may go forth on your travels to trade. I will take care of the house. As to our having sons and daughters, that depends on your good fortune and heaven's will. In any case, I shall eat moderately, spend moderately, do your household work, and in a few years a heap of silver will be yours.

Serv. (awaking). A sound sleep is as refreshing as a good dinner. What was all that noise, master ? You cried out so loudly, I fancied there had been some serious accident. What has made you so angry ? I am all attention. Halloo ! Why your young bride is turned into an old woman ! Are my brains muddled ? What a riddle is this ! They have sent you the wrong article. Did you mean to buy a cheap bargain ? If it is cheap now, you will find it dear enough ere long.

Yo. Alas ! alas ! for wretched me. All the birds of good augury have been frightened away by that scoundrel landlord. I will deliver myself over to the evil fiend, and weep. Where is my remedy—where ?

Kwa. Now what avails all this anger, husband dear ? Take me home with you and make the best of it.

Yo. I boil with rage. Wicked old sorceress ! You cheated me of a hundred ounces of silver. Take them with you to the infernal regions. Yours was indeed an ambitious plot. You devised a hundred schemes to entrap me. Now take a cow for your companion and drive her back to your native land. Go your way, and I will go mine. Take *you* home with *me* ! I will rather hand you over to the devil.

Kwa. Rash man ! "You make what is short long, and what is long short." You have not made a bad speculation with your hundred ounces. What is the use of raving ? You say you hate me. What do you get by that ? Behave properly. Perhaps I may manage to procure for you a beautiful substitute. Be a prudent man and conduct me home. It will really much oblige me. "Why add more salt to that which is sufficiently seasoned ?" It will be only for a few years. Death will carry me away, and my spirit shall repay your kindness.

Grant me this favour, and take me to your home.

Yo. Begone, begone !—but no ! I will take you home—home to the rascally landlord.

Kwa. You will not find him : he has taken to his heels.

Yo. Well, then, I say again—Go your way, and I will go mine.

Kwa (weeping). Oh my master ! it was you who brought me here. Will you leave me to perish with starvation or freeze with cold ? My death will be at your door.

Lung. It will indeed, sir ! "He who has no business should find business." "The hen must scratch, though it be in the dirt." Better take the old woman home with you.

Yo. With me—never ! if she go, she must go alone. Fetch my horse. I do not travel with her.

Kwa. I have nowhere else to go. I must follow you.

Yo. Go, Lung ! and look out for an hotel.

A Chinese Hotel.—Yo enters and throws himself wearied on a sofa.

Lung. Holloa ! Landlord !

Enter Landlord CHING.

Ching. Your servant, sir ! your servant. Plenty of accommodation.

Yo. Is your hotel a comfortable one ?

Ching. Most comfortable at all hours. A new apartment at your service—a beautiful apartment !

Yo (to Lung). Have you taken care of my horse ?

Ching. Hot water, hot water, boy ! Of course the gentleman wants to wash.

Boy. Speedily done, sir ! done !

In the same neighbourhood.—Enter FANG and YUE.

Fang. Now, my pretty little wife ! Have you not got on comfortably with your mate ? We are far advanced on our homeward way !

Yue. Alas ! what crime can I have committed in my former existence ? What heavy crime to be so sorely punished in this ?

Fang. Never mind ! Does not the proverb say : "Poverty rides on horseback, nobility comes from the gods."

Yue. The matrimonial god must be a blind fool—an undiscerning and unrighteous intruder.

Fang. All is as it should be. But travelling is wearisome to an old man. Only a day's journey, and I pant like a tired bullock. We must find an hotel. Ah ! here we are. Landlord ! Landlord !

Ching. Your pleasure, sir ! Welcome !

Fang. We shall stop if your apartments are comfortable.

Ching. See what a capacious room. You can stow away in it any quantity of luggage.

Fang. Very well! very well! But what are you looking at?

Ching. I was looking at that young girl, wondering where she was going. But what will you have to eat?

Fang. First a bowl of rice and a plate of beans for the girl.

[CHING goes out with YUE, but returns immediately.]

Ching. And you, sir! what will you like to eat for yourself?

Fang. Eating second, drinking first. What liquor have you got?

Ching. Oh, everything drinkable, and all of the best. Han-Lin wine, Fan-Sha spirit, Shi-Tsien brandy, Chu-Yeh tipple, Tsan-Tau arrack—

Fang. That will do. A twelve and a half cash* cup of the best Shi-Tsien.

Ching. And what for eating?

Fang. Something good.

Ching. There are three courses: mountain fawn, rabbit and deer, perch, shad and flat fish, pig's pudding, yellow snails, red crabs, eels, frogs, turtle, mutton and chicken.

Fang. None of these.

Ching. Second course: hog's belly, beans, curds, and cabbage, pig's kidneys, dough cakes, sheep's belly, stewed fish and vegetable soup.

Fang. No! nothing of these.

Ching. Third course, and all ready on the table: fresh shrimps, raw snails, bruised shrimps, eels, cockles, beans, leeks, mustard plant, garden and field snails fried, and—

Fang. Stop there; field snails.

Ching. A large dish, or a small one?

Fang. What's the cost?

Ching. A large plate eight, a small one four cash.

Fang. A large one, then.

Ching. Boy! boy! the gentleman takes a twelve and a half cash measure of Shi-Tsien, and an eight cash plate of fried field snails.

Waiter. Ready, sir! ready.

Fang (eating). Excellent snails.

Ching. I know they are; no better eating. Fried with fat and red rice, done to a turn; such a fragrant smell, and such a delicious taste; crack the shells and suck them, your tongue will retain the flavour for days.

Fang. Braggadocio!

Ching. No! I do not brag. I am a lover

of truth. Was not drinking a capital invention?

Fang. In truth it was.

Ching. Then we agree.

Fang. We will enjoy it together.

Ching. Shut the door, boy! shut the door! take care of the fire, and away.

[They sit down together to their wine. FANG sings, and CHING joins in the chorus.]

In the jolly old times of the classics, they say,
The angel Loo Sung got thrice drunk in a day!
Wine was made for the sages by Loo and by Lung,
And was sweetened with spices by Father Tae Kung.
He drank like a hero—like me—or like you,
And he bravely marched out and a fierce tiger slew.
King Yang went a hunting, and thirsty, he cried,
"Who will find me a tavern where wine is supplied?"
And a shepherd boy said, "There's the Almond-flower house,"

Where he took all his courtiers to hold a carouse:
And the court-poet chanted in glory and glee,
Inspired with the wine of the Almond-flower tree.
Old Wang he got drunk as a host, or a guest,
Fragrant wine from the east, fragrant wine from the west;

And his dear merry wife poured out glass after glass,
Amidst pretty lasses the prettiest lass.
With his drinking and debts he got ragged and bare,
But cared not a cash if the wine cup was there.
Kwei Hi was an empress all-honoured in song,
To walk in her footsteps you cannot do wrong.
She drank till her cheeks were like peonies red,
And blindly she dropt on her bosom her head;
And the emperor laughed till he reeled in his chair,
For wine was the goddess of jollity there.
The spring has its beauties, the morn loves the flowers,
They creep up the lattice as creep on the hours.
The winds shake the trees, and the leaves all decay,
The rich and the noble like clouds pass away;
And honours and glories, they shift like the weather,
And man and the moonshine are clouded together.
Let's drink then—I'm drunk—O excellent wine!
Let me sleep and get rid of these wanderings of mine!

Another Apartment of the Hotel.

Yue. Wicked, wicked stepmother! who hunted me from my home. Existence is intolerable. I will endure it no more. Here is a beam. Society shall no longer laugh at my humiliation.

[She mounts a chair, takes off her belt, adjusts it to her neck, and is fastening it to the beam.]

Enter KWA.

Kwa. What are you about? Stop! Young girl! Listen to an old woman. What do you mean? Why are you crying? Don't be foolish. Tell your mother. Perhaps I can help you; but don't cry. Sit down with me, and let me hear your story. Tell me all.

Yue. Mine is too sad a story to tell; don't ask me to tell it. Mine is a sad fate. I lost my parents early. I hate my stepmother. She

* Five cash make a farthing.

is terribly brutal, every day she persecuted me. I bore it all in silence, wretched as I was ; and then, to get rid of me, she married me to a stranger, sent me to a strange country, and my heart is breaking.

Kwa. Does nobody give you rice? Have you no home?

Yue. Alas, mother ! man marries as he will ; woman is given in marriage without her will. They say it is the ordinance of heaven. I should not care for being sent to a distant province. It might be my duty to go ; but I am young, and they have married me to an ugly old pedlar. I have no one to comfort me ; so I determined to hang myself on this beam. Why, mother, did you interfere? It was an unkindly act. No one cares whether I live or die ; and I wish to escape from the world's scorn.

Kwa. Now don't cry. You must not destroy yourself. Perhaps I can help you with a little friendly advice. You won't go to a distance? You dislike this old man? You do not object to marry?

Yue. I care not for distance. I would cross the sea ; I would fly to the clouds ; but I am very young, and I dread the future.

Kwa. You don't want to marry this old fellow ! Well, I have thought of an escape for you. There is a young merchant here. Cannot I be the match-maker? Cannot we bring together the mandarin ducks?

Yue. Oh, do not betray me, mother ! We shall be found out, and I shall be ruined.

Kwa. Trust to me, trust to your mother ; I will find out a way.

Yue. But if you fail, the old man will discover all. Let me die ! It is better I should die.

Kwa. Leave it to me to manage. Don't be alarmed.

Yue. But this young merchant ! What brought him here?

Kwa. Now listen patiently, and I will tell you all. This young gentleman is from the province of Foo-Kien. Yo is his name. He is of an opulent family. He is an honourable merchant, and trades with Soo-Chow and Han-Kow. He had business to settle for his mother, and was stopping at an inn in Foo-Chow. He walked out one day by the river side, and there he saw a charming girl washing clothes. Her beauty was greater than that of the Goddess of Mercy. He became enamoured, so that he could neither eat nor sleep. Night and day he thought of her charms ; but he was not able to discover her abode. He fell ill ; was indeed sick unto death. The landlord

wheedled his secret out of him, and promised to discover the maiden. The youth did not dream of any treachery. He applied to me, and we contrived together to get a hundred ounces of silver out of the love-lorn youth—to betray him ; and it was settled that I should take the place of the beautiful girl. I was placed in the marriage-chair, and after a night's journey we arrived at this spot. He managed to see my face, and broke out into a tempest of rage, and said he would take me back to the place whence I came. I did my best to pacify him ; and now do not you think I may exchange myself for you? I care nothing about my old life. I will risk it for you. Now you have heard the whole truth, for I would not deceive you, poor thing !

Yue. Why it was I—it was I who was washing clothes in the river. It must have been I that he saw.

Kwa. Were you the beautiful girl that he saw? Charming ! I will introduce him, and he shall answer for himself.

Yue. Oh, thanks, thanks, good mother !

Kwa (*calling loudly at the door*). Master ! master ! come hither. Quick ! quick !

Yo. Still awake—still troubling me ! Be quiet.

Kwa. Good news ! good news ! I promised you a fair substitute. Come and see her, and tell me if you like her.

Yo. Heavens ! why that is the maiden I saw by the river side. Indeed it is she.

Yue. Heavens ! why that is the youth I met by the river. Indeed it is he.

Both. Blessed meeting !

Yo. So it is. "We wear out iron soles in travelling in the endeavour to find what we stumble on by accident." How divine are heaven's destinies, and here is my happy destiny fulfilled. We thought of one another with sorrow. We meet one another with joy. But from whence, good mother, did the lady come?

Kwa. You shall hear her history. She was born in this province. Her step-mother hated her, treated her cruelly, sold her and married her to a vile old pedlar, whom she utterly detests. I found her bent on self-destruction, and I saved her just at the moment when she was accomplishing the deed. I learnt her history and the adventure at the water side. Is she not the maiden with whom you fell in love?

Yo. She is indeed—she is—but what is to be done?

Kwa. Did I not promise you a beautiful substitute? But be not so impatient. Youth is wont to be impetuous, but you proceed much

too fast. Somebody else must be consulted. What say you, my daughter? Shall your mother act as match-maker. Are you willing to wed this youth?

Yue. I place myself in your hands.

Kwa. What did the old fellow pay for you?

Yue. Ten ounces of silver!

Kwa. Ten ounces of silver?—the beggarly miser! Ten ounces—why, old as I am, my master paid a hundred ounces. Ten ounces for one so young and beautiful. Oh the cheat! Far too little! A dishonest bargain! You have been vilely wronged. Off with your bridal dress and don mine!

Both. Deign to receive our reverent prostrations.

Kwa. No! not here. The floor is too dirty.

Both. What thanks we owe you—far too many to repay in this world; but we will take them into another world. There you shall hear our thankful vows.

Kwa. There is no time now for talk. There is yet much to be done. You must be gone. We shall be getting into the morning—it is too dark now to distinguish a ghost from a man. We must settle matters before the dawn of day, or our plans will be thwarted, and regret will come too late.

[*The women change their garments.*]

Both. Away, then, away! [*Exeunt.*]

Kwa. Blunder upon blunder. The stage is clear, the actors have left. My new husband is gone to bed. I shall creep in and join him.

[*Exit.*]

Another Apartment.—Before dawn of day.

Fang. What can have come over the woman! So furious last night, so complacent now. To be sure I was rather fuddled and hardly knew how I got to bed. Did I dream of a hand which, instead of being soft as silk, was hard as a saw? What odd fancies trouble us! Well! well! the light is breaking. I must gather together my belongings and prepare for our journey. (*He rises, and calls out.*) Landlord! The bill! the bill! I will leave the money on the table.

Ching. An auspicious journey to you.

Enter KWA, closely veiled.

Fang. Now, my pretty one! mount your mule!

On the Road.—Enter FANG and KWA.

Fang. Tol de rol! tol de rol! What strange, changeable creatures you women are. Last night you scolded me like a fiend, and then you came to me like an angel. It cannot have been your soft hand that I imagined in my

dreams—it was as rough as the hide of an old cow. I was, to say the truth, a little muddled. We have not come very far, and I am dreadfully tired—out of breath. Let us stop a little, and then proceed. (*KWA coughs.*) What a cough! It sounds like the cough of an old woman. What does this mean? (*He pulls off the marriage veil.*) The devil! the devil! who are you?

Kwa. Your bride.

Fang. The devil! my last night's companion! Am I mad? Have I lost my hearing? You old wretch, where have you hidden the beautiful girl that I bought, and how came you here?

Kwa. Never mind—never mind—it is a very pretty story. A rogue in jail would burst his chains if he only heard it. You are sad villains—you people of Foo-Kien—and you are a rogue and a cheat. It is not worth my while to say I hate you; and you are not worth a quarrel.

A Mandarin's Yamun (tribunal of justice).

Enter FANG, dragging in KWA.

Fang. Justice! Justice!

Enter Magistrate KWAN.

Kwan. What means all this riot? Here is the magistrate: what is your complaint? Let me hear the truth, and I will do you justice.

Fang. I purchased a beautiful girl at Foo-Chow; last night she was changed into a woman devil. She called me a rogue and a cheat: how could I restrain my rage? There she is. Inquire into the case: compel her to confess her wickedness.

Kwa. Honourable sir, he pours out his abuse, from which I implore your worship to turn aside. He is as sore as an ulcer, and there is a cancer on his tongue. Yesterday, I became his wife, and now he wants to cast me away. Ask him what he paid for me; and say whether for ten ounces of silver he could buy a beauty to vie with the Goddess of the Moon.

Kwan. Is it so? Did you only pay ten ounces for your wife? And you yourself say it was for a beautiful girl. Where is your proof? Where is your contract? You "pay half a tael* for a grave, and expect statues of men and horses" into the bargain.† You give little, and ask for much. You are self-condemned.

Fang. There is no sun in heaven. I breathe under water. I dissolve into dew. Suffocation

* Three shillings and fourpence.

† The tombs of the opulent are decorated with statues of men and horses.

stops my speech. A pale and sour shaddock is given me for a golden-honeyed orange.

Kwa. Who is the orange? Who is the shaddock? Nay; we are well-suited—like pencil and inkstone*; why should they be separated? Better not be obstinate. Everybody says “you have been in the brewery, as the froth of the yeast is on your face.” Repentance comes too late—I am yours, and you are mine.

Kwan. You are a wicked old rogue. Where were you born? Your mouth is full of lies. I will take care of you, good mother. Let him maltreat you if he dare. I will protect you, and call him to account. “Bad money may be paid for bad merchandise.” No more blustering. You cannot repudiate the woman. Is she not your wife?

Fang. No.

Kwan. No! Where are your witnesses?

Fang. I have none.

Kwan. Of course not! It is clear you are an old liar. Send the vagabond to the district magistrate. (*Fang runs away.*) He has fled, has he? Fled in a flight. Ah! ha!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

INSULT AND INJURY.

THAT men resent an insult more than an injury is a very old observation, and one of universal acceptance. It is proposed in the following sentences to string together some illustrations showing the indubitable character of the maxim.

The observation is as old, at least, as Thucydides. And Gibbon is but following Tacitus, in matter as well as style, when he writes of the barbarians before whom the empire declined and fell, that they were easily provoked, and “knew not how to forgive an injury, much less an insult.” So again in his description of the Arabs, Gibbon speaks of the nice sensibility of honour which “weighs the insult rather than the injury,” as shedding its deadly venom on the quarrels of that people; the honour of whose beards is so easily wounded, and in whose code of penalties a contemptuous word can be expiated only by the blood of the offender.

Plutarch makes out that the Athenians were more angered by Demetrius Poliorcetes flinging the sum total of a heavy tax to his favourites, to buy soap, than by the wringing hardship of the taxation itself. Two hundred and fifty talents hurriedly exacted, and that to the uttermost farthing,—Athens might kick against

the pricks, but the money was paid. But then to see the amount tossed aside as mere pin-money, was tolerable only in Dogberry's sense of the word. “The disgrace hurt them more than the loss, and the application more than the imposition.”

In another of his Biographies, Plutarch observes, when describing the vindictive punishment inflicted by the Corinthians on a Leontine general, for a sarcastic speech he had once uttered against the dames of Corinth, that men are commonly “more apt to resent a contemptuous word than an unjust action,” and can better put up with injury than disdain. Every hostile deed, he explains, is imputed to the necessity of war, but satirical and censorious expressions are held to be the effect of malignant intent. As a political journalist remarked, on a recent crisis, it is what is said, not what is done by foreign Powers, that generally leads to quarrels. The Italians, for instance, were quoted as showing themselves infinitely more vexed by the contemptuous language in which the French Ministers talked of Italy and the Italian Government, than by the slaughter of Italians under the fire of the Chassepot rifles.

The Earl of Chesterfield, in admonishing his Dear Boy that there are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may some time or other, and in some way or other, have it in their power to be of use to him, warns Young Hopeful that this they certainly will not do if he has once shown them contempt. “Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it for ever. It implies a discovery of weaknesses, which we are much more careful to conceal than crimes.” His lordship harps upon this string in many a subsequent letter. Again and again he urges the reminder that men will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult. Every man is not ambitious, or covetous, or passionate, he remarks; but every man has pride enough in his composition to feel and resent the least slight. Much more, on his lordship's showing, every woman. At intervals of a few months, we find him iterating and re-iterating his well-aimed proposition. “I repeat it again and again (for it is highly necessary for you to remember it). Even your footman will sooner forget and forgive a beating, than any manifest marks of slight and contempt.” The De la Pluches have their susceptibilities, like the rest; and Jeames can be rendered implacable by a snub or a sneer.

One of Edgar Allan Poe's wild tales begins, “The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had

* These are sold together in China.

borne as best I could, but, when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge." Upon which vow, and its accomplishment, hangs the tale: the tale of a cask of Amontillado.

The first act of one of Tobin's plays—for though Tobin is now-a-days known as the author of one play only, *The Honeymoon*, he wrote others—winds up with this sententious utterance, on the part of the bold bad man of the piece:—

Most injuries a noble mind may pardon,
But there are insults cannot be forgiven.

If extremities of injury often excite to extremities of revenge, it is especially, says Owen Feltham, when we meet with contempt from others. "A lash given to the soul will provoke more than the body's cruel torture. Derision makes the peasant brave the prince."

It is Addison's remark that silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition; because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shows you to have some respect for him; in short, that you think him worthy of opposition. But silence in such a case indicates your estimate of him as one too contemptible for the pains of contest.

According to Adam Smith, what chiefly engages us against the man who insults us, is the little account he seems to make of us. The insolence "often shocks and exasperates us more than all the mischief which we have suffered." As Miss Lee asserts in one of her *Canterbury Tales*, anything may be forgiven rather than scorn: other tokens of resentment are but common arrows; *that* is a poisoned shaft, and hardly ever ceases to rankle where once it has penetrated.

The late "Original" Mr. Walker devoted a paragraph in his volume of essays to the subject of Insult and Injury; and, drawing upon his experience as a police-magistrate, he there remarked that people are generally very ready to put up with even intentional injury, when neither preceded nor followed by insult. "I recollect a strong instance of this: A man applied to me for a warrant against another for knocking out one of his front teeth, which he held up before me. On my remarking upon his loss, 'Oh, I should not have come for that,' he replied, 'only he called me a thief.'" Mr. Walker moralizes accordingly on the advantage, in one's passage through life, of bearing in mind that courtesy to, and sympathy with those we have accidentally injured, go far to diminish very considerably the amount of re-

paration required, and sometimes even inspire as much good will as a benefit conferred.

The disinheriting of relations is declared by Hazlitt to be due for the most part to venial offences, not to base actions. What calls for condign punishment, he goes on to say, is the wound inflicted on our self-love, not the stain upon the character of the thoughtless offender: crimes, vices, may go unchecked or unnoticed; but it is the laughing at our weaknesses, or the thwarting our humours, that is never to be forgotten. "In the will of Nicholas Gimcrack, the virtuoso recorded in the *Tatler*, we learn among other items, that his eldest son is cut off with a single cockle-shell, for his undutiful behaviour in laughing at his little sister, whom his father kept preserved in spirits of wine."

Montesquieu, in the *Lettres Persanes*, says of authors in general, but of poets in particular, that they will endure a volley of blows from a cudgel without any lamentation to speak of; but that, careless as they may be about their shoulders, and the material vengeance made to descend thereon, they are, on the other hand, so irritably sensitive with regard to their writings, that the least bit of adverse criticism chafes them beyond measure. An immortal example in French literature is that of Oronte, who is made the implacable enemy of Alceste, simply by the fact of the latter gentleman giving his true opinion of the other's sonnet. One of John Galt's pawky people lights on a truism when he oracularly opines that a man can forgive almost any injury but a mean opinion of him.

Sir Walter Scott imparts dramatic vivacity and verisimilitude to the colloquy between Lewis XI. and Philip de Comines, when he makes the subtle king exasperate the else cool-headed councillor, by repeating the insulting name by which Charles of Burgundy had stigmatised this his hitherto trusty servant. Philip could bear, and had borne much from his imperious master; but to be distinguished among the duke's followers by the opprobrious nickname of Booted Head!—this was too much. Philip had in effect forgiven, though not forgotten, the duke's beating him about the pate with one of his boots—beating him till the blood flowed; and all for taking the duke at his word, when that high and mighty prince offered to draw off De Comines' boots. The beating itself was by-gone; and let by-gones be by-gones: but to flout Philip by nick-naming him *Tête-botte!*—this was not letting by-gones be by-gones, but keeping injury alive by insult, and so making the last state of that man worse than the first.

TABLE TALK.

TALKING of disappearances, I read in a recently published life of James Ferguson, the self-taught astronomer (a most interesting and valuable work, by the way), that the mysterious disappearance of this worthy man's daughter has, after the lapse of nearly a century, been accounted for. It appears that Dr. Henderson, the indefatigable compiler of this biography, made, or caused to be made, a diligent search through every book, magazine, or newspaper that might offer a clue to her fate. At last there was found in the British Museum a tract entitled *The Female Jockey Club*, formerly in the possession of one Dr. Blake, a London surgeon, who had written on a fly leaf an account of the death of a consumptive patient he had been called to, which patient turned out to be no other than Ferguson's daughter. From the account which she gave on her death-bed it seems that she was inveigled from home by a pseudo-nobleman whom she had often seen at her father's lectures, and who took her to Italy, where, being a great beauty, she became a star of attraction; a "falling star," however. The noble lord's resources soon failed, and they were obliged to return to England; she, to maintain her pretensions, earning a trifle by writing sonnets, odes, elegies, and other small works. Then her paramour left her altogether, and, too proud to return to the home she had disgraced, the girl flew to excesses that ended in her confinement in the Fleet Prison. Some one released her, only to give her the opportunity of relapsing into dissipation and debt. She tried the stage, and obtained an engagement from Garrick, but though her personal charms were great her powers of acting were small. She failed in the various characters she attempted, and, her wild spirit unable to endure the fatigues and ties of a theatrical profession, her engagement was dissolved. From thence she sank, step by step, till the Doctor tells us he was called to see her in a miserable room in Round Court, near Charing Cross, "and found the deplorable ruins of a beauteous symmetry which must have charmed all beholders." The poor creature died in January, 1792, at the age of forty-seven years: she disappeared in 1763, and her loss was regarded as a mystery that would never be revealed.

THE Cornish masons have set the workmen of the world a noble example. When trade was brisk they asked for an advance of pay,

and obtained it. Now that trade is slack, they have magnanimously proposed that sixpence per day be taken off their wages. At present the men of one large firm only have made this offer, but let us hope that it will be imitated elsewhere. Such emulation will be furthered by promulgation of the fact.

A STEAM man and a steam bird are the latest mechanical novelties. The modern Dædalus who is constructing the first, is a Mr. Zaddock Deddrick, of Newark, New Jersey, U. S. The monster is to be 7 feet 9 inches high, and of proportionate breadth; and to weigh 500 pounds. A 3-horse engine will be concealed within its trunk, to work the cranks and levers that are to give it powers of locomotion. Engineers reckon the tractive power of one horse to equal that of seven men; so the automaton will do the work of twenty-one men, if it ever gets to work at all. The Bird is a contrivance by Mr. Kauffman, a Glasgow mechanic, to solve the problem of aerial navigation. The plan has answered on the small scale of a model, and is to be tried on a machine of brobdingnagian proportions, which is actually being made, and will (so it is said) be exhibited at the show which the Aëronautical Society is getting up for the Crystal Palace next June. In appearance it may be described as a locomotive, with a pair of pinions each some forty feet long, and a fan, to act as a tail, of corresponding size. The engine is of seventy horse power; the weight of the machine about 8000 pounds; and it is expected to fly at the rate of forty miles an hour, carrying a car and two or three people with it. The drawings give no indication of any contrivance to break its sudden descent in the event of derangement of the mechanism during flight—a consequence certain to follow from the enormous speed at which the wings must be worked to sustain the great weight of the machine. I fear that both these schemes must be added to the already long list of useless curiosities of invention.

IT was stated in one of the morning papers the other day that Paris is just now afflicted with a serious nuisance—velocipedes, machines like the ghosts of departed spiders, on which horrible boys and detestable men career about the streets and boulevards. But Paris has been afflicted with these machines for a long time past. What with macadam and asphalt, the roads are so smooth that the velocipedes have a chance in the French metropolis which is



denied them in London ; and they roll swiftly along, to the discomposure of foot passengers,



who are startled by their noiseless sudden approach, and to the affright of horses un-



accustomed to this strange species of wheeling biped. The Parisians scarcely know



whether to scowl or to laugh at this new rage, which seems a superior sort of skating. It is,

at least, a sort of skating which one can practise in fine weather and on ordinary roads. Parties of men go out velocipeding. Sometimes an enthusiast may be seen flashing through the streets in single blessedness, puffing and rushing like a railway train. Knowing ones survey each other's velocipedes with the awful solemnity with which horsey men survey the points of a horse. And it is currently supposed that favourite velocipedes are stabled with care beside the four-footed stampers of the soil. The rage has now lasted in Paris for about a year, and if the Paris streets are kept as smooth as they are at present under the prefecture of M. Haussmann, it may last for many a long day.

THE volubility of the female tongue from the earliest period of writing, has furnished a fertile and inexhaustible theme for the pens of epigrammatists, satirists, poets, and dramatists. There is scarcely a comic writer from Aristophanes downwards who has not indulged at woman's expense on the garrulity, fluency, and unflinching powers of her speech. In Congreve's comedy of *The Way of the World*, one of the characters is thus made to speak of a lady in allusion to her glibness and inveteracy of talk: "She has got that everlasting rotation of tongue that Echo has no chance with her, but must wait till she dies to catch her last word." Let us not, however, charge the fairer sex alone with slippery and endless loquacity. We should bear some of the burthen on our own shoulders. I have met in my time with a few men who could dispute the palm of voluble and incessant speech with the most renowned gossip of the other sex. Chiefest of these was the late M. Jullien, who was, indeed, one of the most fluent and indefatigable talkers I have ever known or heard of. Apropos of the volubility of Jullien's tongue, there are many stories: the following is worth preserving. M. Jullien was travelling from London to the country with a party by express train. The party occupied one carriage department to themselves. Directly the train started Jullien began. The greater the rate of going the faster he talked. No one attempted to speak; no one found an opportunity of doing so. The clock was wound up and set going, it was impossible to stop it. The incessant clatter, and the rapid articulation of his talk, sounded like an elaborate accompaniment to the sing-song sort of music made by the wheels rattling over the rails. After this had gone on for some time without any prospect of its coming

to an end, the gentleman seated next Jullien handed his snuff-box to his friend opposite, accompanied by a look that seemed to say, "He's going it now." The friend took a pinch of snuff, handed back the box, and replied, nodding his head towards Jullien, "Had he been among the fallen angels when they were ejected from heaven and hurled into the bottomless abyss, *he'd have talked the whole time of his descent.*"

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I am reminded by one of your articles of a true and rather curious banking anecdote, which bears on the question of innocent forgeries. Mr. Argent was manager of one of the branches of a West County Bank, and was duly attending to his business, when there came to him two farmers, —neighbours,—one a customer of the bank. 'Mr. Argent,' says the customer, whom I shall call Jones, 'when is that bill of mine on Smith due?' (His companion was the Smith in question). 'I will see,' says the manager; and then in a little while, 'It will fall due the day after to-morrow.' 'Oh, then,' says Jones, 'I will pay it now.' 'But,' says Smith, 'I haven't put my name to no bill.' 'All right,' says Jones: 'Mr. Argent told me when I asked him to lend me the money, that he must have another good name to the bill; so I put yours.' 'Oh,' says Smith, 'that's all right then'—and the two friends walked off, arm-in-arm, after the bill was paid, apparently quite unconscious that there was anything wrong in the transaction, and leaving the manager in a state of mind which may be more easily imagined than described."

NOTICE.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.



IN THE MORNING that followed this memorable night, our personages seemed to change characters. Hazel sat down before the relics of the hut—three or four strings dangling, and a piece of network waving—and eyed them with shame, regret, and humiliation. He was so absorbed in his self-reproaches that he did not hear a light footstep, and Helen Rolleston stood

near him a moment or two, and watched the play of his countenance with a very inquisitive and kindly light in her own eyes.

"Never mind," said she, soothingly.

Hazel started at the music.

"Never mind your house being blown to atoms, and mine has stood?" said he, half reproachfully.

"You took too much pains with mine."

"I will take a great deal more with the next."

"I hope not. But I want you to come and look at the havoc. It is terrible; and yet so grand." And thus she drew him away from the sight that caused his pain.

They entered the wood by a path Hazel had cut from the sea-shore, and viewed the devastation in Terrapin wood. Prostrate trees lay across one another in astonishing numbers, and in the strangest positions; and their glorious plumes swept the earth. "Come," said she, "it is a bad thing for the poor trees, but not for us. See, the place is strewed with treasures. Here is a tree full of fans all ready made. And what is that? A horse's tail growing

on a cocoa tree! and a long one too! that will make ropes for you, and thread for me. Ah, and here is a cabbage. Poor Mr. Welch! Well, for one thing, you need never saw nor climb any more. See the advantages of a hurricane."

From the wood she took him to the shore, and there they found many birds lying dead; and Hazel picked up several that he had read of as good to eat. For certain signs had convinced him his fair and delicate companion was carnivora, and must be nourished accordingly. Seeing him so employed, she asked him archly whether he was beginning to see the comforts of a hurricane. "Not yet," said he; "the account is far from even."

"Then come to where the rock was blown down." She led the way gaily across the sands to a point where an overhanging crag had fallen, with two trees, and a quantity of earth and plants that grew above it. But, when they got nearer, she became suddenly grave, and stood still. The mass had fallen upon a sheltered place, where seals were hiding from the wind, and had buried several; for two or three limbs were sticking out, of victims overwhelmed in the ruin; and a magnificent sealion lay clear of the smaller rubbish, but quite dead. The cause was not far to seek: a ton of hard rock had struck him, and then ploughed up the sand in a deep furrow, and now rested within a yard or two of the animal, whose back it had broken. Hazel went up to the creature and looked at it: then he came to Helen; she was standing aloof. "Poor bugbear," said he. "Come away: it is an ugly sight for you."

"Oh, yes," said Helen. Then, as they returned, "Does not that reconcile you to the loss of a hut? We are not blown away nor crushed."

"That is true," said Hazel; "but suppose your health should suffer from the exposure to such fearful weather. So unlucky! so cruel! just as you were beginning to get stronger."

"I am all the better for it. Shall I tell you? Excitement is a good thing; not too often, of course; but now and then; and when

we are in the humour for it, it is meat and drink, and medicine to us."

"What! to a delicate young lady?"

"Ay, 'to a delicate young lady.' Last night has done me a world of good. It has shaken me out of myself. I am in better health and spirits. Of course I am very sorry the hut is blown down—because you took so much trouble to build it: but, on my own account, I really don't care a straw. Find me some corner to nestle in at night, and all day I mean to be about, and busy as a bee, helping you, and—Breakfast! breakfast! Oh, how hungry I am." And this spirited girl led the way to the boat with a briskness and a vigour that charmed and astonished him.

Souvent femme varie.

This gracious behaviour did not blind Hazel to the serious character of the situation, and all breakfast time he was thinking and thinking, and often kept a morsel in his mouth, and forgot to eat it for several seconds, he was so anxious and puzzled. At last, he said, "I know a large hollow tree with apertures. If I were to close them all but one, and keep that for the door? No: trees have betrayed me; I'll never trust another tree with you. Stay: I know—I know—a cavern." He uttered the verb rather loudly, but the substantive with a sudden feebleness of intonation that was amusing. His timidity was superfluous; if he had said he knew "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows," the suggestion would have been well received that morning.

"A cavern!" cried Helen. "It has always been the dream of my life to live in a cavern."

Hazel brightened up. But the next moment he clouded again. "But I forgot. It will not do: there is a spring running right through it; it comes down nearly perpendicular, through a channel it has bored, or enlarged; and splashes on the floor."

"How convenient!" said Helen; "now I shall have a bath in my room, instead of having to go miles for it. By-the-by, now you have invented the shower-bath, please discover Soap. Not that one really wants any in this island; for there is no dust, and the very air seems purifying. But who can shake off the prejudices of early education?"

Hazel said, "Now I'll laugh as much as you like, when once this care is off my mind."

He ran off to the cavern, and found it spacious and safe; but the spring was falling in great force, and the roof of the cave glistening with moisture. It looked a hopeless case. But if Necessity is the mother of Invention,

surely Love is the father. He mounted to the rock above, and found the spot where the spring suddenly descended into the earth with the loudest gurgle he had ever heard; a gurgle of defiance. Nothing was to be done there. But he traced it upwards a little way, and found a place where it ran beside a deep decline. "Aha, my friend!" said he. He got his spade, and with some hours' hard work dug it a fresh channel, and carried it away entirely from its course. He returned to the cavern. Water was dripping very fast; but, on looking up, he could see the light of day twinkling at the top of the spiral watercourse he had robbed of its supply. Then he conceived a truly original idea: why not turn his empty water-course into a chimney, and so give to one element what he had taken from another? He had no time to execute this just then, for the tide was coming in, and he could not afford to lose any one of those dead animals. So he left the funnel to drip, that being a process he had no means of expediting, and moored the sea-lion to the very rock that had killed him, and was proceeding to dig out the seals, when a voice he never could hear without a thrill, summoned him to dinner.

It was a plentiful repast, and included roast pintado and cabbage-palm. Helen Rolleston informed him during dinner that he would no longer be allowed to monopolise the labour attendant upon their condition.

"No," said she, "you are always working for me, and I shall work for you. Cooking and washing are a woman's work, not a man's; and so are plaiting and netting."

This healthy resolution once formed was adhered to with a constancy that belonged to the girl's character. The roof of the ruined hut came ashore in the bay that evening, and was fastened over the boat. Hazel lighted a bonfire in the cavern, and had the satisfaction of seeing some of the smoke issue above. But he would not let Miss Rolleston occupy it yet. He shifted her things to the boat, and slept in the cave himself. However, he lost no time in laying down a great hearth, and built a fire-place and chimney in the cave. The chimney went up to the hole in the arch of the cave; then came the stone funnel, stolen from Nature; and above, on the upper surface of the cliff, came the chimney-pot. Thus, the chimney acted like a German stove: it stood in the centre, and soon made the cavern very dry and warm, and a fine retreat during the rains. When it was ready for occupation, Helen said she would sail to it: she would not go by land; that was too tame for her. Hazel had only to

comply with her humour, and at high water they got into the boat, and went down the river into the sea with a rush that made Helen wince. He soon rowed her across the bay to a point distant not more than fifty yards from the cavern, and installed her. But he never returned to the river; it was an inconvenient place to make excursions from; and, besides, all his work was now either in or about the cavern; and that convenient hurricane, as Helen called it, not only made him a builder again; it also made him a currier, a soap-boiler, and a salter. So they drew the boat just above high-water mark in a sheltered nook, and he set up his arsenal ashore.

In this situation, day glided by after day, and week after week, in vigorous occupations, brightened by social intercourse, and in some degree by the beauty and the friendship of the animals. Of all this industry we can only afford a brief summary. Hazel fixed two up-rights at each side of the cavern's mouth, and connected each pair by a beam; a netting laid on these, and covered with gigantic leaves from the prostrate palms, made a sufficient roof in this sheltered spot. On this terrace they could sit even in the rain, and view the sea. Helen cooked in the cave, but served dinner up on this beautiful terrace. So now she had a But and a Ben, as the Scotch say. He got a hog'shead of oil from the sea-lion; and so the cave was always lighted now, and that was a great comfort, and gave them more hours of indoor employment and conversation. The poor bugbear really brightened their existence. Of the same oil, boiled down and mixed with wood-ashes, he made soap, to Helen's great delight. The hide of this animal was so thick he could do nothing with it but cut off pieces to make the soles of shoes if required. But the seals were miscellaneous treasures; he contrived with guano and aromatics to curry their skins; of their bladders he made vile parchment, and of their entrails gut, catgut, and twine, beyond compare. He salted two cubs, and laid up the rest in store, by enclosing large pieces in clay. When these were to be used, the clay was just put into hot embers for some hours, then broken, and the meat eaten with all its juices preserved.

Helen cooked and washed, and manufactured salt; and collected quite a store of wild cotton, though it grew very sparingly, and it cost her hours to find a few pods. But in hunting for it she found other things,—health for one. After sunset she was generally employed a couple of hours on matters which occupy the fair in every situation of life. She made her-

self a sealskin jacket and pork-pie hat. She made Mr. Hazel a man's cap of sealskin with a point. But her great work was with the cotton, which will be described hereafter.

However, for two hours after sunset, no more (they rose at peep of day), her physician allowed her to sit and work; which she did, and often smiled, while he sat by and discoursed to her of all the things he had read, and surprised himself by the strength and activity of his memory. He attributed it partly to the air of the island. Nor were his fingers idle even at night. He had tools to sharpen for the morrow, glass to make and polish out of a laminated crystal he had found. And then the hurricane had blown away, amongst many other properties, his map; so he had to make another with similar materials. He completed the map in due course, and gave it to Helen. It was open to the same strictures she had passed on the other. Hazel was no cartographer. Yet this time she had nothing but praise for it. How was that?

To the reader it is now presented, not as a specimen of cartographic art, but as a little curiosity in its way, being a *fac-simile* of the map John Hazel drew for Helen Rolleston, with such out-of-the-way materials as that out-of-the-way island afforded. Above all, it will enable the reader to follow our personages in their little excursions past and future, and also to trace the course of a mysterious event we have to record.

Relieved of other immediate cares, Hazel's mind had time to dwell upon the problem Helen had set him; and one fine day a conviction struck him that he had taken a narrow and puerile view of it, and that, after all, there must be in the nature of things some way to attract ships from a distance. Possessed with this thought, he went up to Telegraph Point, abstracted his mind from all external objects, and fixed it on this idea,—but came down as he went. He descended by some steps he had cut zig-zag for Helen's use, and as he put his foot on the fifth step,—whoo—whirr—whizz—came nine ducks, cooling his head, they whizzed so close; and made right for the lagoons.

"Hum!" thought Hazel; "I never see you ducks fly in any direction but that."

This speculation rankled in him all night, and he told Helen he should reconnoitre at day-break, but should not take her, as there might be snakes. He made the boat ready at day-break, and certain gannets, pintadoes, boobies and noddies, and divers with eyes in their heads like fiery jewels—birds whose

greedy maws he had often gratified—those to fancy he must be going a fishing, and were on the alert, and rather troublesome. However, he got adrift, and ran out through North Gate, with a light westerly breeze, followed by a whole fleet of birds. These were joined in due course by another of his satellites, a young seal he called Tommy, also fond of fishing.

The feathered convoy soon tailed off; but Tommy stuck to him for about eight miles. He ran that distance to have a nearer look at a small island which lay due north of Telegraph Point. He satisfied himself it was little more than a very long, large reef, the neighbourhood of which ought to be avoided by ships of burden, and resolving to set some beacon or other on it ere long, he christened it White Water Island, on account of the surf: he came about and headed for the East Bluff.

Then Tommy gave him up in disgust; perhaps thought his conduct vacillating. Animals all despise that.

He soon landed almost under the volcano, and moored his boat not far from a cliff that seemed peaked with snow; but the snow was the guano of a thousand years. Exercising due caution this time, he got up to the lagoons, and found a great many ducks swimming about. He approached little parties to examine their varieties. They all swam out of his way; some of them even flew a few yards, and then settled. Not one would let him come within forty yards. This convinced Hazel the ducks were not natives of the island, but strangers, who were not much afraid, because they had never been molested on this particular island; but still distrusted man.

While he pondered thus, there was a great noise of wings, and about a dozen ducks flew over his head on the rise, and passed eastward, still rising till they got into the high currents, and away upon the wings of the wind for distant lands.

The grand rush of their wings and the off-hand way in which they spurned, abandoned, and disappeared from, an island that held him tight, made Hazel feel very small. His thoughts took the form of Satire. "Lords of the creation, are we? We sink in water; in air we tumble; on earth we slaughter."

These pleasing reflections did not prevent his taking their exact line of flight, and barking a tree to mark it. He was about to leave the place, when he heard a splashing not far from him, and there was a duck jumping about on the water in a strange way. Hazel thought a snake had got hold of her, and ran to her assistance. He took her out of the water and soon

found what was the matter; her bill was open and a fish's tail sticking out. Hazel inserted his finger and dragged out a small fish which had erected the spines on its back so opportunely as nearly to kill its destroyer. The duck recovered enough to quack in a feeble and dubious manner. Hazel kept her for Helen, because she was a plain brown duck. With some little reluctance he slightly shortened one wing, and stowed away his captive in the hold of the boat.

He happened to have a great stock of pitch in the boat, so he employed a few hours in writing upon the guano rocks. On one he wrote in huge letters:

AN ENGLISH LADY WRECKED HERE.
HASTE TO HER RESCUE.

On another he wrote in smaller letters:

BEWARE THE REEFS ON THE NORTH SIDE.
LIE OFF FOR SIGNALS.

Then he came home and beached the boat, and brought Helen his captive.

"Why, it is an English duck!" she cried, and was enraptured.

By this visit to the lagoons, Hazel gathered that this island was a half-way house for migrating birds, especially ducks; and he inferred that the line those vagrants had taken was the shortest way from this island to the nearest land. This was worth knowing, and set his brain working. He begged Helen to watch for the return of the turtle doves (they had all left the island just *before* the rain) and learn, if possible, from what point of the compass they arrived.

The next expedition was undertaken to please Helen; she wished to examine the beautiful creeks and caves on the north side, which they had seen from a distance when they sailed round the island.

They started on foot one delightful day, and walked briskly, for the air, though balmy, was exhilarating. They followed the course of the river till they came to the lake that fed it, and was fed itself by hundreds of little natural gutters down which the hills discharged the rains. This was new to Helen, though not to Hazel; she produced the map, and told the lake sllly that it was incorrect, a little too big. She took some of the water in her hand, sprinkled the lake with it, and called it Hazel-mere. They bore a little to the right and proceeded till they found a creek shaped like a wedge, at whose broad end shone an arch of foliage studded with flowers, and the sparkling blue water peeped behind. This was



tempting, but the descent was rather hazardous at first ; great square blocks of rock, one below another, and these rude steps were coated with mosses of rich hue, but wet and slippery ; Hazel began to be alarmed for his companion. However, after one or two difficulties, the fissure opened wider to the sun, and they descended from the slimy rocks into a sloping hot-bed of exotic flowers, and those huge succulent leaves that are the glory of the tropics. The ground was carpeted a yard deep with their luxuriance, and others, more aspiring, climbed the warm sides of the diverging cliffs, just as creepers go up a wall, lining every crevice as they rose. In this blessed spot, warmed, yet not scorched, by the tropical sun, and fed with trickling waters, was seen what marvels boon Nature can do. Here, our vegetable dwarfs were giants, and our flowers were trees. One lovely giantess of the jasmine tribe, but with flowers shaped like a marigold, and scented like a tube rose, had a stem as thick as a poplar, and carried its thousand buds and amber-coloured flowers up eighty feet of broken rock, and planted on every ledge suckers, that flowered again, and filled the air with perfume. Another tree about half as high was covered with a cascade of snow-white tulips, each as big as a small flower-pot, and scented like honeysuckle. An aloe, ten feet high, blossomed in a corner, unheeded among loftier beauties. And at the very mouth of the fissure a huge banana leaned across, and flung out its vast leaves, that seemed translucent gold against the sun ; under it shone a monstrous cactus in all her pink and crimson glory, and through the maze of colour streamed the deep blue of the peaceful ocean, laughing, and catching sunbeams.

Helen leaned against the cliff and quivered with delight, and that deep sense of flowers that belongs to your true woman.

Hazel feared she was ill.

"Ill?" said she. "Who *could* be ill here? It is heaven upon earth. Oh, you dears! oh, you loves! And they all seem growing on the sea, and floating in the sun."

"And it is only one of a dozen such," said Hazel. "If you would like to inspect them at your leisure, I'll just run to Palm-tree Point; for my signal is all askew. I saw that as we came along."

Helen assented readily, and he ran off; but left her the provisions. She was not to wait dinner for him.

Helen examined two or three of the flowery fissures, and found fresh beauties in each, and

also some English leaves, that gave her pleasure of another kind; and, after she had revelled in the flowers, she examined the shore, and soon discovered that the rocks, which abounded here (though there were also large patches of clear sand), were nearly all pure coral, in great variety. Red coral was abundant; and even the pink coral, to which fashion was just then giving a fictitious value, was there by the ton. This interested her, and so did some beautiful shells that lay sparkling. The time passed swiftly; and she was still busy in her researches, when suddenly it darkened a little, and, looking back, she saw a white vapour stealing over the cliff, and curling down.

Upon this, she thought it prudent to return to the place where Hazel had left her; the more so as it was near sun-set.

The vapour descended and spread, and covered sea and land. Then the sun set: and it was darkness visible. Coming from the south, the sea-fret caught Hazel sooner and in a less favourable situation. Returning from the palm-tree, he had taken the shortest cut through a small jungle, and been so impeded by the scrub, that, when he got clear, the fog was upon him. Between that and the river, he lost his way several times, and did not hit the river till near midnight. He followed the river to the lake, and coasted the lake, and then groped his way towards the creek. But, after a while, every step he took was fraught with danger; and the night was far advanced when he at last hit off the creek, as he thought. He halloed; but there was no reply; halloed again, and to his joy, her voice replied; but at a distance. He had come to the wrong creek. She was farther westward. He groped his way westward, and came to another creek. He halloed to her, and she answered him. But to attempt the descent would have been mere suicide. She felt that herself, and almost ordered him to stay where he was.

"Why, we can talk all the same," said she; "and it is not for long."

It was a curious position, and one typical of the relation between them. So near together, yet the barrier so strong.

"I am afraid you must be very cold," said he.

"Oh, no; I have my seal-skin jacket on; and it is so sheltered here. I wish you were as well off."

"You are not afraid to be alone down there?"

"I am not alone when your voice is near me. Now don't you fidget yourself, dear friend. I like these little excitements. I have told you so before. Listen: how calm and silent

it all is; the place; the night! The mind seems to fill with great ideas, and to feel its immortality."

She spoke with solemnity, and he heard in silence.

Indeed it was a reverend time and place: the sea, whose loud and penetrating tongue had, in some former age, created the gully where they both sat apart, had of late years receded, and kissed the sands gently that calm night; so gently, that its long low murmur seemed but the echo of tranquillity.

The voices of that pair sounded supernatural, one speaking up, and the other down, the speakers quite invisible.

"Mr. Hazel," said Helen, in a low, earnest voice; "they say that Night gives wisdom even to the wise; think now, and tell me your true thoughts. Has the foot of man ever trodden upon this island before?"

There was a silence due to a question so grave, and put with solemnity, at a solemn time, in a solemn place.

At last Hazel's thoughtful voice came down. "The world is very, very, very old. So old, that the words, 'Ancient History' are a falsehood, and Moses wrote but as yesterday. And man is a very old animal upon this old, old planet; and has been everywhere. I cannot doubt he has been here."

Her voice went up. "But have you seen any signs?"

His voice came down. "I have not looked for them. The bones and the weapons of primeval man are all below earth's surface at this time of day."

There was a dead silence. Then Helen's voice went up again. "But in modern times? Has no man landed here from far-off places, since ships were built?"

The voice came sadly down. "I do not know."

The voice went up. "But think!"

The voice came down. "What calamity can be new in a world so old as this? Every thing we can do, and suffer, others of our race have done, and suffered."

The voice went up. "Hush! there's something moving on the sand."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAZEL waited and listened. So did Helen, and her breath came fast; for in the still night she heard light but mysterious sounds. Something was moving on the sand very slowly, and softly, but nearer and nearer. Her heart began to leap. She put out her

hand instinctively to clutch Mr. Hazel; but he was too far off. She had the presence of mind and the self-denial to disguise her fears; for she knew he would come headlong to her assistance.

She said in a quivering whisper, "I'm not frightened; only v—very c—curious."

And now she became conscious that not only one but several things were creeping about.

Presently the creeping ceased, and was followed by a louder and more mysterious noise. In that silent night it sounded like raking and digging. Three or four mysterious visitants seemed to be making graves.

This was too much; especially coming as it did after talk about the primeval dead. Her desire to scream was so strong, and she was so afraid Hazel would break his neck, if she relieved her mind in that way, that she actually took her handkerchief and bit it hard.

But this situation was cut short by a beneficent luminary. The sun rose with a magnificent bound—it was his way in that latitude—and everything unpleasant winced that moment; the fog shivered in its turn, and appeared to open in furrows, as great javelins of golden light shot through it from the swiftly rising orb. Soon, those golden darts increased to streams of potable fire, that burst the fog and illumined the wet sands: and Helen burst out laughing like chanticleer, for this first break of day revealed the sextons that had scared her—three ponderous turtles, crawling, slow and clumsy, back to sea. Hazel joined her, and they soon found what these evil spirits of the island had been at, poor wretches. They had each buried a dozen eggs in the sand: one dozen of which were very soon set boiling. At first, indeed, Helen objected that they had no shells, but Hazel told her she might as well complain of a rose without a thorn. He assured her turtles' eggs were a known delicacy, and very superior to birds' eggs; and so she found them; they were eaten with the keenest relish.

"And now," said Helen, "for my discoveries. First, here are my English leaves, only bigger. I found them on a large tree."

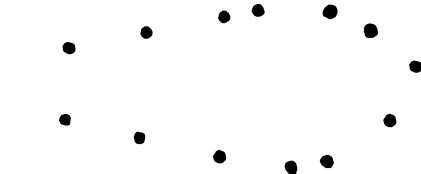
"English leaves!" cried Hazel with rapture. "Why it is the caoutchouc."

"Oh, dear," said Helen, disappointed; "I took it for the india-rubber tree."

"It is the india-rubber tree; and I have been hunting for it all over the island in vain, and using wretchedly inferior gums for want of it."

"I'm so glad," said Helen. "And now I

have something else to show you : something that curdled my blood. But I dare say I was very foolish." She then took him half across the sand and pointed out to him a number of stones dotted over the sand in a sort of oval. These stones, streaked with sea grass, and encrusted with small shells, were not at equal distances, but yet, allowing for gaps, they formed a decided figure. Their outline resembled a great fish wanting the tail.



"Can this be chance?" asked Helen ; "oh, if it should be what I fear, and that is—Savages!"

Hazel considered it attentively a long time. "Too far at sea for living savages," said he. "And yet it cannot be chance. What on earth is it? It looks Druidical. But how can that be? The island was smaller when these were placed here than it is now." He went nearer and examined one of the stones ; then he scraped away the sand from its base, and found it was not shaped like a stone, but more like a whale's rib. He became excited ; went on his knees, and tore the sand up with his hands. Then he rose up agitated, and traced the outline again. "Great Heaven!" said he, "why it is a ship."

"A ship!"

"Ay," said he, standing in the middle of it ; "here, beneath our feet, lies man ; with his work, and his treasures. This carcase has been here for many a long year ; not so very long neither ; she is too big for the 16th century, and yet she must have been sunk when the island was smaller. I take it to be a Spanish or Portuguese ship : probably one of those treasure-ships our commodores, and chartered pirates, and the American buccaneers, used to chase about these seas. Here lie her bones, and the bones of her crew. Your question was soon answered. All that we can say has been said ; can do has been done ; can suffer has been suffered."

They were silent, and the sunk ship's bones moved them strangely. In their deep isolation from the human race, even the presence of the dead brought humanity somehow nearer to them.

They walked thoughtfully away, and made across the sands for Telegraph Point.

Before they got home, Helen suggested that perhaps, if he were to dig in the ship, he might find something useful.

He shook his head. "Impossible! The iron has all melted away like sugar long before this. Nothing can have survived but gold and silver, and they are not worth picking up, much less digging for ; my time is too precious. No, you have found two buried treasures to-day—turtles' eggs, and a ship, freighted, as I think, with what men call the precious metals. Well, the eggs are gold, and the gold is a drug—there it will lie for me."

Both discoveries bore fruits. The ship :—Hazel made a vow that never again should any poor ship lay her ribs on this island for want of warning. He buoyed the reefs. He ran out to White Water Island, and wrote an earnest warning on the black reef, and, this time, he wrote with white on black. He wrote a similar warning, with black on white, at the western extremity of Godsend Island.

The eggs :—Hazel watched for the turtles at day-break ; turned one now and then ; and fed Helen on the meat or its eggs, morn, noon, and night.

For some time she had been advancing in health and strength. But, now she was all day in the air, she got the full benefit of the wonderful climate, and her health, appetite, and muscular vigour became truly astonishing ; especially under what Hazel called the turtle cure ; though, indeed, she was cured before. She ate three good meals a day, and needed them ; for she was up with the sun, and her hands and feet were never idle till he set.

Four months on the island had done this. But four months had not shown those straining eyes the white speck on the horizon ; the sail, so looked and longed for.

Hazel often walked the island by himself ; not to explore, for he knew the place well by this time, but he went his rounds to see that all his signals were in working order.

He went to Mount Look-out one day with this view. It was about an hour before noon. Long before he got to the mountain he had scanned the horizon carefully, as a matter-of-course ; but not a speck. So, when he got there, he did not look seaward, but just saw that his flag-staff was all right, and was about to turn away and go home, when he happened

to glance at the water ; and there, underneath him, he saw—a ship ; standing towards the island.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HE started, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again. It was no delusion. Things never did come as they are expected to come. There was still no doubtful speck on the horizon ; but within eight miles of the island—and in this lovely air that looked nearly close—was a ship, under canvas. She bore S.E. from Mount Look-out, and S.S.E. from the East Bluff of the island, towards which her course was apparently directed. She had a fair wind, but was not going fast ; being heavily laden, and under no press of sail. A keen thrill went through him ; and his mind was in a whirl. He ran home with the great news.

But, even as he ran, a cold sickly feeling crawled over him.

"That ship parts her and me."

He resisted the feeling as a thing too monstrous and selfish, and resisted it so fiercely, that, when he got to the slopes and saw Helen busy at her work, he waved his hat and hurrahed again and again, and seemed almost mad with triumph.

Helen stood transfixed, she had never seen him in such a state.

"Good news!" he cried ; "great news ! A ship in sight ! You are rescued !"

Her heart leaped into her mouth.

"A ship!" she screamed. "Where? Where?" He came up to her, panting.

"Close under the island. Hid by the Bluff ; but you will see her in half-an-hour. God be praised ! Get everything ready to go. Hurrah ! This is our last day on the island."

The words were brave, and loud, and boisterous, but the face was pale and drawn, and Helen saw it, and though she bustled and got ready to leave, the tears were in her eyes. But the event was too great to be resisted. A wild excitement grew on them both. They ran about like persons crazed, and took things up, and laid them down again, scarcely knowing what they were doing. But presently they were sobered a little, for the ship did not appear. They ran across the sands, where they could see the Bluff ; she ought to have passed that half-an-hour ago.

Hazel thought she must have anchored.

Helen looked at him steadily.

"Dear friend," said she, "are you sure there is a ship at all? Are you not under a delusion?

This island fills the mind with fancies. One day I thought I saw a ship sailing in the sky. Ah!" She uttered a faint scream, for, while she was speaking, the bowsprit and jib of a vessel glided past the Bluff so closely, they seemed to scrape it, and a ship emerged grandly, and glided along the cliff.

"Are they mad," cried Hazel, "to hug the shore like that? Ah! they have seen my warning."

And it appeared so, for the ship just then came up in the wind several points, and left the Bluff dead astern.

She sailed a little way on that course, and then paid off again, and seemed inclined to range along the coast. But presently she was up in the wind again, and made a greater offing. She was sailed in a strange, vacillating way ; but Hazel ascribed this to her people's fear of the reefs he had indicated to all comers. The better to watch her manœuvres, and signal her, if necessary, they both went up to Telegraph Point. They could not go out to her, being low water. Seen from this height, the working of this vessel was unaccountable. She was to and off the wind as often, as if she was drunk herself, or commanded by a drunken skipper. However, she was kept well clear of the home reefs, and made a good offing, and so at last she opened the bay heading N.W., and distant four miles, or thereabouts. Now was the time to drop her anchor. So Hazel worked the telegraph to draw her attention, and waved his hat and hand to her. But the ship sailed on. She yawed immensely, but she kept her course ; and, when she had gone a mile or two more, the sickening truth forced itself at last upon those eager watchers. She had decided not to touch at the island. In vain their joyful signals. In vain the telegraph. In vain that cry for help upon the eastern cliff : it had saved her, but not pleaded for them. The monsters saw them on the height—their hope, their joy—saw and abandoned them.

They looked at one another with dilating eyes, to read in a human face whether such a deed as this could really be done by man upon his fellow. Then they uttered wild cries to the receding vessel.

Vain, vain, all was in vain.

Then they sat down stupefied, but still glaring at the ship, and each, at the same moment, held out a hand to the other, and they sat hand in hand ; all the world to each other just then, for there was the world in sight abandoning them in cold blood.

"Be calm, dear friend," said Helen patiently. "Oh, my poor father!" And her other hand

threw her apron over her head, and then came a burst of anguish that no words could utter.

At this Hazel started to his feet in fury.

"Now may the God that made sea and land judge between those miscreants there and you!"

"Be patient," said Helen, sobbing. "Oh, be patient."

"No! I will not be patient," roared Hazel. "Judge thou her cause, O God; each of these tears against a reptile's soul."

And so he stood glaring, and his hair blowing wildly to the breeze; while she sighed patiently at his knee.

Presently he began to watch the vessel with a grim and bitter eye. Anon he burst out suddenly, "Aha! that is right. Well steered. Don't cry, sweet one; our cause is heard. Are they blind? Are they drunk? Are they sick? I see nobody on deck! Perhaps I have been too—God forgive me, the ship's ashore!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HELEN looked up; and there was the ship fast, and on her side. She was on the White Water Reef. Not upon the black rocks themselves, but on a part of them that was under water.

Hazel ran down to the beach; and there Helen found him greatly agitated. All his anger was gone; he had but one thought now—to go out to her assistance. But it still wanted an hour to high water, and it was blowing smartly, and there was nearly always a surf upon that reef. What if the vessel should break up, and lives be lost?

He paced the sands like a wild beast in its cage, in an agony of pity, remorse, and burning impatience. His feelings became intolerable; he set his back to the boat, and with herculean strength forced it down a little way to meet the tide. He got logs and put them down for rollers. He strove, he strained, he struggled till his face and hands were purple. And at last he met the flowing tide, and in a moment, jumped into the boat, and pushed off. Helen begged with sparkling eyes to be allowed to accompany him.

"What, to a ship smitten with scurvy, or Heaven knows what? Certainly not. Besides, you would be wet through; it is blowing rather fresh, and I shall carry on. Pray for the poor souls I go to help; and for me, who have sinned in my anger."

He hoisted his sail, and ran out.

Helen stood on the bank, and watched him

with tender admiration. How good and brave he was! And he could go into a passion too, when she was wronged, or when he thought she was. Well! she admired him none the less for that. She watched him at first with admiration, but soon with anxiety; for he had no sooner passed North Gate, than the cutter, having both sails set, though reefed, lay down very much, and her hull kept disappearing. Helen felt anxious, and would have been downright frightened, but for her confidence in his prowess.

By-and-by only her staggering sails were visible; and the sun set ere she reached the creek. The wind declined with the sun, and Helen made two great fires, and prepared food for the sufferers; for she made sure Hazel would bring them off in a few hours more. She promised herself the happiness of relieving the distressed. But to her infinite surprise she found herself almost regretting that the island was likely to be peopled with strangers. No matter, she should sit up for them all night, and be very kind to them, poor things; though they had not been very kind to her.

About midnight, the wind shifted to the north-west, and blew hard.

Helen ran down to the shore, and looked seaward. This was a fair wind for Hazel's return; and she began to expect him every hour. But, no; he delayed unaccountably.

And the worst of it was, it began to blow a gale; and this wind sent the sea rolling into the bay in a manner that alarmed her seriously.

The night wore on; no signs of the boat; and now there was a heavy gale outside, and a great sea rolling in, brown and foaming.

Day broke, and showed the sea for a mile or two; the rest was hidden by driving rain.

Helen knelt on the shore and prayed for him.

Dire misgivings oppressed her. And soon these were heightened to terror; for the sea began to disgorge things of a kind that had never come ashore before. A great ship's mast came tossing: huge as it was, the waves handled it like a toy. Then came a barrel; then a broken spar. These were but the fore-runners of more fearful havoc.

The sea became strewed and literally blackened with fragments; part wreck, part cargo of a broken vessel.

But what was all this compared with the horror that followed?

A black object caught her eye; driven in upon the crest of a wave.

She looked, with her hair flying straight

back, and her eyes almost starting from her head.

It was a boat, bottom up ; driven on, and tossed like a cork.

It came nearer, nearer, nearer.

She dashed into the water with a wild scream, but a wave beat her backward on the sand, and, as she rose, an enormous roller lifted the boat upright into the air, and, breaking, dashed it keel uppermost on the beach at her side—empty !

LETTER WRITING.

PERHAPS one of the latest discoveries which a man makes in life is that verbal communications lead, after all, to fewer misunderstandings than written ones. It seems so natural that where we have a complicated statement to present, a grievance to complain of, or an explanation to render, we should be able to do it better when we have plenty of time to arrange our thoughts, to choose our words, and to point our epigrams, than when these conditions are absent, that it takes a long experience to liberate our minds from the prejudice. A vast number of people do, however, pride themselves on their English composition, and, to these persons, the dispatch of what they call a severe letter is quite as much a gratification of vanity as a matter of business. It is by people of this stamp, who have the leisure to indulge in this amusement, that the class of epistolary bores is mainly constituted. No man can be so fortunate as not to number one or more of these among his acquaintances. Who has not felt that momentary oppression of the brain, that dull, aching hatred of the post in general, which is produced by the appearance of one of these missives on his breakfast-table ? There it is, compact, thick, and heavy. You have had the merest trivial discussion with a man about a pocket-handkerchief you left at his house, or about not going to church one Sunday, or about what you said of him at the club, or about shooting that rabbit, or goodness knows what, and this, as Mr. Winkle said, is the dreadful consequence. "My Dear J.," he will begin, "I am not, as I think you are aware, a man to make mountains out of mole-hills, but still I do not like to leave you under any misunderstanding as to *my* feelings in this matter," and so on and on through five or six closely-written sides, till he has proved himself the most injured person in existence, and you the most selfish, frivolous, slanderous, troublesome, and intrusive one who

ever darkened his doors. The most effectual way to stop a bore of this description is to burn his letters without reading them, for fear you should be tempted to reply, and to let him know that you burn them. None of the suggestions which we are about to offer to less confirmed offenders would have any effect upon him. He would like to reply to them at great length, with that mixture of sarcasm and courtesy on which he generally prides himself.

In the first place, we should consider, with regard to that class of communications in which calmness and moderation of tone are specially desirable, that it by no means follows that we are more likely to be cool and temperate in a letter than in a speech. That it does follow, is a very common, vulgar error. But, when we remember that there is nothing to restrain a man in the use of pen and ink, that the moment he hears of any real or fancied injury, he has it in his power to rush to his writing-desk, and pour out all his rage on paper, before it has had time to cool, we shall see at once that here is one strong ground for preferring the spoken to the written word. It is true a man may equally rush off in search of his enemy, and come upon *him*, while his wrath is still fresh. But, generally speaking, he could not find him so soon but that some short time for reflection *must* have intervened ; while the very task of looking for him will, to some extent, have diverted his thoughts. This, however, is but a minor advantage. The chief one is, that very few men, except in those grave cases which we are not now considering, *can* say to your face all that they would say to you in a letter. Direct abuse probably the occasion does not warrant ; and, in a personal interview, no man can frame those circuitous insinuations, disguised taunts, and ironical compliments, with which he delights himself on paper. Then, again, when you find yourself face to face with the offender, you are often made to feel conscious how trivial the offence has been, and to be almost ashamed of ever having noticed it at all. The chances are, that your contemplated grave rebuke shrinks into a joking remonstrance, and that, having come to quarrel, you remain to shake hands, and to drink sherry.

The above remarks will indicate one kind of advantage that is gained by judicious avoidance of the pen. Let us glance at one or two others. Few persons are, though so many believe themselves to be, such consummate masters of language, that what they have to say shall be just as intelligible without the aid

of eye, voice, and gesture, as with it. There is hardly a man living, we should think, who, if he could speak as clearly, concisely, and elegantly as he could write, would not prefer to make his explanation, or deliver his protest in person. By merely looking at the written characters on a piece of paper, we are often at a loss to say in what temper they were framed. Sometimes we take for a joke what was meant for grave earnest, and then we bring down upon our heads a rebuke for heartless levity. Sometimes we do the converse, and then we are calmly informed that our irritability is so great as to make correspondence with us impossible; and so on through every possible shade of misunderstanding. Now it is evident that mistakes of this kind cannot occur where two persons are talking to each other. It is easy to know whether a man is angry or not when you are listening to his voice; and easy to tell exactly where the shoe pinches, when you have the opportunity of questioning him. By one well-timed word you may then, perhaps, dissipate the wrath which a ream of paper would have failed to make you comprehend. And there is this second and more obvious advantage in a personal interview, that of every word or allusion which you do not at once understand you can ask an explanation on the spot; and thus you can frequently escape the pain of brooding over a fancied sneer, which though it may seem too trifling to be the subject of comment in a letter, nevertheless poisons you against your correspondent, and indisposes you to all his subsequent overtures.

There are doubtless some subjects upon which written communications are preferable. Subjects on which men feel very great delicacy about speaking, and would be sure not to say all they ought to say, if they had to say it face to face; certain kinds of pecuniary subjects where very great precision is required, are among the number. But, upon the whole, we consider the advantages of letter writing to have been very much exaggerated. Words, we repeat, without the aid of those interpreters which nature has given us in the voice, and in the eye, are among the most deceptive of deceptive things. This is one of the lessons we all learn as we grow older; yet not all who learn it have the wisdom to act upon it. If they did the revenue from the Post Office would be somewhat diminished, but the peace and comfort of mankind would be materially increased, and the postman would be a much more beneficent individual than he is at present.

SILK IN ENGLAND.

III.

IN our former paper we entered so fully into the irregularities of silk reeling that we need not further enlarge upon the indispensable condition that an even or level thread is the first necessity for the production of a satisfactory web of silk cloth, but at once proceed to the explanation of the next process.

Throwing.—The second and no less important process is commonly called throwing, or that industry which arranges, winds, doubles, twists, and generally prepares the silk for the manufacturer. As different fabrics require silk to be differently prepared, a little more or less spinning before doubling, or a little more or less twisting after the threads are brought together, requires great judgment. In all cases it would be better for the manufacturer to be his own throwster; but, as a rule, throwing has, in England, been a distinct business. The throwster's duty is to split up the strangely mingled skeins already described. To separate and arrange the different sizes with nicest skill, for every defect here cannot fail to show itself in the finished web. The work is delicate and difficult, and, we fear, conducted with little anxiety as to the ultimate result, or its influence on the silk trade. The best throwsters purchase their own silk, throw it to the best of their judgment, and then, through agents or brokers, sell it for exportation, or to the home manufacturers. As a rule, these throwsters make the best they can of the raw material placed at their disposal, and fairly maintain the character of honourable and upright dealers; but a very large number engaged in this branch of the business are throwsters on commission. The commission throwster receives, say 1000 pounds at 25s. per pound, to be thrown into organzine (warp) or tram (weft), and for which he is to charge 4s. or 3s. or 2s., as the arrangement may be, agreeing to return in weight of thrown silk as much as he received in raw. But as there is, from the wretched original reeling, always more or less waste—generally more than less—to keep the books and accounts correct, the party supplying the silk debits the throwster with the weight of silk charged by the merchant at the price named, and the throwster charges back the thrown silk at the price charged to him, plus the price agreed to be paid for throwing. What has been charged 25s., he may charge back at 29s., 28s., 27s., depending upon the article produced, and the price fixed. A tiger is now in

the path! Greed, fraud, temptations of divers sorts environ the throwster, which, unhappily for our trade morality, few have courage to resist altogether, and those who profess the greatest purity, are too frequently those who ought to be the most suspected.

In fine average qualities of China silk, the natural gum, that is the gum produced by the worm in spinning its fibre, forms from twenty to twenty-two per cent. of the whole weight of the cocoon. After the silk is reeled, there is no material variation in the proportion. In preparing the silk for throwing it has to be steeped in warm water, with a certain proportion of soap, to enable the thread to wind with facility. This soap ought to be carefully washed out; but frequently the throwster permits a portion to remain in to harden as the silk dries, and every pound weight so incorporated with the silk is charged back as silk. Three or four pounds of soap, costing less than ninepence per pound, or other abominations—which only throwsters understand—are not uncommonly added to 100 pounds of silk, and charged back at 29s., which makes a very profitable operation. We have known instances when, in boiling off the gum preparatory to dyeing, the loss has been more than thirty-three per cent., although the natural gum does not exceed 22 per cent.

To partly make up for rascally reeling, the throwster is expected to clean his silk carefully; but, as every ounce taken out in this manner, has to be made up by him, he naturally removes as little as possible, so that every knot, nib, or large lumpy thread permitted to remain causes a blemish in the manufactured goods. These two defects—thrown silk imperfectly cleaned, or unduly laden with soap—have brought discredit on the thrown silk of England, and no foreign manufacturer of high repute will buy English thrown silk for the production of first-class goods.

For certain purposes, there is always some demand on the Continent for silks thrown by reputable men. But this does not effect the broad fact that, as a rule, the throwsters of England have no credit anywhere abroad, where manufacturers thoroughly understand their business. And yet our home manufacturers have been more or less compelled to use it, and do use it. Thus handicapped by soap, plaster of paris, and horrid workmanship, how can the English manufacturer be expected to excel or to compete successfully with his foreign rival? There is only one hope in this respect, and that is, to adopt the French, Swiss, and German systems, and have every

parcel of silk *conditioned* or assayed; when the certificate from the conditioning house becomes the contract of quality between seller and buyer. The attempt has been made in England, but it has never become general, and never will until we establish the new order of things. Not only are these indisputable facts destructive to our reputation as producers of material, but damaging to the national character—and mark the result. While our throwing mills are becoming fewer year by year, on the continent they gradually increase. At one time all the Asiatic silks came direct to England; now, about one fourth go direct to France, and of those that come to England, probably one half are reshipped to the Continent, so that fully three-fifths of all importations of Asiatic silk are now sent to the Continent. The foreign throwster acts honestly by his material; the English throwster, by his malpractices, destroys his trade. Within the past six months the throwing machinery belonging to three of the largest and best throwsters in Manchester was sold by auction. It was in perfect order, admirable repair, faultless in construction, but had stood idle for nearly two years. And mark the result:—machinery that was estimated to have cost over 50,000*l.* did not realise 5000*l.* Throwing mills, including the iron framework, that cost per spindle 7*s.* 6*d.* to 9*s.*, were sold for 3½*d.*, whilst the brass, forming the sockets in which the spindles revolved, was worth nearly double the money. Need anything be added to this picture of desolation? To a great extent it prefigures the condition of that branch of trade in other parts of the kingdom, and more especially at Macclesfield.

Dyeing is the next process, and upon it much depends. Were other parts of the silk business as well understood as the dyers understand theirs, these remarks on the silk trade would never have been called forth. We have, especially in Coventry, some practical dyers as good as can be found anywhere; very few of them, however, are truly scientific, or have been scientifically trained; and, singularly enough, the black produced in England is not to be compared with that produced on the Continent, especially in Lyons and Milan. Large quantities of silk are sent from England to those distant cities to be dyed, and are then returned to England to be woven. This, undoubtedly, is very humiliating to our pride; but it is the fact.

What is called charging—loading or weighting of silk in the process of dyeing—is, fortunately, not well understood in England, which is no discredit to us! We can add the weight,

but in doing so we lose the lustre. Not so the foreign dyer ; he will accept to dye 100 lb. in the gum of which at least 25 per cent. will be natural gum and soap, leaving about 75 per cent. of clean silk, which he will undertake to return dyed a lustrous black, so as to weigh 100 lbs., 125 lbs., 150 lbs., or even 200 lbs. The abominations added by chemical means increases the weight, but destroys the fibre—it becomes rotten, and will tear like a piece of calico. Hence the outcry among ladies, that now-a-days they cannot procure a black silk that will wear as it did in the olden time ! This is all fudge ! There are as good silks produced now as ever were made in any age ; but a higher price must be paid. The horrid system of weighting is confined to second-class manufacturers in Germany, Switzerland, and more or less in Lyons, and is becoming the parent of much mischief. Happily for England this is a reproach of which she is guiltless ; but whether from a desire to be honest, or from inability to compete with foreigners in this rascality, others must decide.

Unhappily, the quantity of silk dyed in England diminishes year by year, and therefore the few good dyers amongst us have no stirring inducement to excite their energies ; but the fault is not theirs. The parties blameable we shall try to discover. And now, having traced the material through its various stages of reeling, throwing, and dyeing, until it is again in the hand of the so-called manufacturers ; it will be our next business to see what they do with it.

Manufacturing.—We have already remarked, that, in past times, many men, especially men with small capital, began to live by manufacturing without being trained manufacturers. And we have strong grounds for concluding that the large protective duty formed no small portion of the general inducement. They knew nothing of silk ; less of throwing and dyeing ; and as to weaving, they had a foreman to attend to that. Unless the profits were such as to allow them in the season to fish, or hunt two or three days in the week, it was a beggarly business, and not worth the attention of a man who aspired to the position of a gentleman. In the bygone period, very few, perhaps not ten, manufacturers in England had any true theoretical knowledge, and certainly no practical experience, calculated to make a business successful. To a large extent, and sometimes altogether, they depended upon the advice of their foreman,—probably at one time an ordinary weaver,—as to the kind of silk he thought likely to produce the article desired. He knew something of putting warp

and weft together, and was, therefore, supposed to know everything. A certain kind of silk had produced certain results before, and this silk being very like it, might, perhaps, answer the purpose now ! The whole proceeding was vague, indefinite, and unbusinesslike. In Coventry, for instance, silk was bought in the loosest and most careless manner, and given out to the dyer in large quantities to be dyed to colours named in certain proportions. This having been done, so much dyed organ, with its proportion of tram, would be handed over to an undertaker to make into ribbons of a specified class, and in certain widths. The so-called manufacturer was quite in the dark as to the result, until the goods were returned, weighed in, and the cost known. It might exceed or it might come below the estimated price ; but what mattered ? had he not a protective duty of thirty to fifty per cent. to play with, and things must come right ! The uncertainty as to the size of the silk ; the doubt as to how it returned from the dyer ; the unsettled question as to waste, made anything like an accurate estimate of cost absolutely impossible. Whereas his competitor, the foreign manufacturer, by his accurate knowledge of the details of every branch in every department of his business, his knowledge of design, and the certainty with which he could calculate the result of the use of any specified material which had been carefully tested, and on which he had the utmost reliance, enabled him, after a few minutes' examination of any given article that could be laid before him, to give an estimate of cost within two or three per cent. of the absolute result, and he was always prepared to back his opinion by undertaking a contract within the limits quoted.

The custom prevailing in Coventry characterised, more or less, every city and town in England where silk was manufactured. The founders of factories might know something : their sons, if likely to inherit wealth, looked down upon trade with an air of indifference or absolute contempt, leaving all to their foremen and their workmen. But here it is our duty and our pleasure to give full credit and to do justice to the skilled English weaver. He is in every respect of knowledge and ability in his work quite equal, and by no means inferior to, any foreign weaver, however skilled. It is not through elementary intelligence, or the want of practical skill on the part of the operative, that the silk-trade in England is sick unto death, but in the want of either theoretical or practical knowledge on the part of the employer, who ought to be the guide, leader, and con-

troller of the whole. The accursed duty protected him in idleness, ignorance, and folly, assuring him a small certain profit on whatever he produced; but the moment he came into close competition, he naturally and necessarily went to the wall.

Instead of continuing the unpleasant task of exposing the incapacity of the English silk manufacturer, we shall endeavour to depict or describe the training necessary to make an accomplished silk manufacturer. In doing so we shall have no occasion to draw on our imagination, but keep steadily before us examples of men who have pursued a similar course. One of the great obstacles to continuous success in any branch of manufacture in England is, as we have already hinted at, the conceit and pride of the second generation. It has especially been so in silk; so much so, that very few, if any, great manufactories have ever reached a third generation; whereas on the Continent, instead of its being viewed as a degradation to belong to trade, it is one of the inspirations of youth to endeavour to achieve distinction, and they prosecute their studies in harmony with this elevating view of their responsibility.

When the usual course of primary education has been finished, and it becomes the duty of a young man to choose his vocation, or for his parents to determine for him as to his future career, his studies are regulated accordingly. If he elects to become a manufacturer, which, probably, his father is, he attends classes and lectures on science and natural philosophy with special reference to the distinct branch of manufacture he intends to prosecute, whether it be linen, cotton, wool, or silk, and does not dissipate his thoughts in much discursive study. If silk, he investigates the different sorts, ascertains the peculiarities, differences, and capabilities of each class; inquires into and ascertains the kind of goods for which each growth of silk is specially adapted and may be used with advantage; so that when he comes to the practical working of it, he knows to a certainty, almost instinctively, what to reject and what to accept for his purpose. Along with this he prosecutes the study of chemistry, and by experiment learns what classes of silk are best suited for certain colours, and what are not. Equipped with this indispensable preliminary knowledge, he proceeds to Italy or elsewhere, and practically engages in reeling from the cocoon. In a season or two he enters a throwing establishment, and becomes acquainted with every important detail in the production of a thread suitable for every conceivable pur-

pose in silk manufacture. In future life he is not only able to describe accurately the exact article he requires, but to suggest how it can be produced; for the ultimate result depends much more upon the care and character given to these early processes than the uninitiated would be willing to suppose.

Armed with this knowledge, the student returns, and devotes his time to studying the art of design, or how best to produce a given result or desired effect, with the use of the least possible material, and without the waste of a single thread. During the same period it is more than probable that he is practically studying weaving, and for several hours daily working in the loom. Thus is he able personally, not only to superintend and suggest, but also to carry out any and every idea his imagination may conceive. With judgment so matured, knowledge so complete, it requires small argument to determine how easy would be the victory of such a man over the ignorant, ill-trained, and too frequently very conceited English manufacturer. The foreigner wisely argues, that if a man be destined for the church, the law, the medical profession, it is essential to be specifically trained—and that if for the business of a common tinker, tailor, carpenter, or mason, a long apprenticeship be necessary, a like training is no less essential to the equipment of the thorough manufacturer, in whatever department he may select to exercise his ability. No man who knows anything of the subject can pretend to show that the weavers of St. Etienne, Lyons, Zurich, Basle, Crefeld, or Elberfeld, are superior in any respect to the weavers of Spitalfields, Norwich, Coventry, Macclesfield, or Manchester! But any one who would venture to maintain an equality of skill—practical and technical knowledge—on the part of our *manufacturers* in comparison with those of France, Switzerland, and Germany, would only expose his ignorance of the facts so easily ascertained by all who take an interest in a subject so important!

Much is spoken by vague theorists and rhetorical rhapsodists, both being very often public nuisances, as to the advantage of extended scientific knowledge among the working classes. But just as it is well known that the best jockey is not a Professor Owen, but has been a stable boy, and the best engine-driver is not a Watt, but a lad who, with cotton and oil, has begun as an engine-cleaner, so it does not follow that the best weaver should, and must, be the one possessing most scientific knowledge. The training needed is in the class above, which includes the employer, and

those who are to become employers. It is really depressing to be compelled to avow that we are unable to discover the name of any one man connected with the general silk trade, who has been thoroughly well trained, and, by careful study, prepared to conduct a silk manufacturing establishment.

In many respects the Swiss have carried their technical knowledge a step beyond the French. What but the superior personal skill of the manufacturer could enable Zurich, in many classes of goods successfully to compete with Lyons, or Basle to rival St. Etienne. These are facts that cannot be gainsaid, and as Englishmen we must lament the supineness, or want of pluck, on the part of our manufacturers who, with their hands in their pockets, shrug their shoulders, and cursing the French Treaty, lazily allow a most beautiful branch of industry to be taken from us. Those who call for help, call for protection, and that means protection to ignorance and idleness.

To illustrate these remarks we shall not multiply instances, but refer to one article as descriptive of many other branches. By general assent one Yorkshire spinner—that is, a producer of spun silk—is the best in the world, and as a consequence his yarns are in immense demand, especially for the Continent. It has been found to be exceedingly well adapted for the production of velvets, especially ribbon velvets, and many, many tons of it are shipped annually to the lower Rhine, manufactured there, and returned to England in the finished state in quantities beyond belief; carriage both ways, commission, and incidental charges, cannot be set down at less than 10 per cent. There is protection enough to stimulate enterprise—yet none is found—the straw will not move. Although we import annually hundreds of thousands of pounds' value of velvets and velvet ribbons from France and Germany, scarcely a piece of ribbon velvet is manufactured in England! What is the reason? Nothing, but the lack of pluck and thoroughly well-disciplined technical skill. Until we can find in connection with silk weaving what Lister has been in silk spinning; Titus Salt in alpacautilising; Horrocks in cotton long cloths; and Maudesley in tool making—we need not hope for success. But do we despair? By no means! In lace goods we are unrivalled; in silk hosiery unapproached; in crapes, whether black or coloured, we compete successfully with all the world. A few men in Coventry, who have had the courage to adopt the continental practice, have amply proved their prowess; and even Macclesfield, degraded as

it is, contains a few skilled practical men, who, in defiance of opposition, and laughing at the Treaty with France, produce large quantities of fancy goods, that have not only beaten the French goods out of the London market, but that are also absolutely shipped to Paris in large quantities. All this is hopeful, and leads to the conclusion that a new generation—a generation which knew not protection—will arise, and carry out to the fullest extent a trade which a few choice men are gallantly keeping alive, and, what is still more encouraging, which they find a profit in so doing!

We have already seen that the revival of the modern silk trade in England began with the passing of the law admitting foreign goods in competition with our own. We have seen that many men, very few of them properly qualified, were tempted to embark as manufacturers of silk goods! The duty, however, was found so high as to encourage illicit practices, and the business was so beset with rascality that it became a question whether in reality an average duty of 10 per cent. was received by Government; though the nominal duty was from 30 to 50 per cent. So notorious had smuggling become, that the Continental dealers, for an additional 15 per cent., would guarantee a delivery of all goods into the warehouse of the buyer, free of every charge, duty included. While the Government did not reap the full advantage, it was clear that the manufacturer did not receive his prescribed quota of protection, and therefore there was very little opposition to the measure that reduced the duty to less than half the amount.

In a few years smuggling ceased, and a new impulse was apparently given to English enterprise. This, however, was evanescent, a flicker in the socket before the flame was extinguished; first one, and then another luminary of the silk trade either retired with a fortune, or lost his all, and sank beneath the horizon, a broken down and disappointed man! It was gradually shown that the duty levied was of no avail in reality; it only engendered a false hope; the 12½ per cent. or 15 per cent. was very little in comparison with the cultivated intelligence and superior skill that presided over the manufactures of France, Switzerland, and Germany, and the French Treaty only hastened by a very few years what all thoughtful people had predicted as an unavoidable catastrophe, unless the whole system was remodelled.

Here we may in a few sentences give our opinion as to the French Treaty and its consequences. That it would hit hard those un-

prepared to meet the open competition, was evident; that it would be to the advantage of those thoroughly prepared for any and all competition, was equally indisputable. While Roubaix, Lille, Rouen, Mulhouse, and many other cities in France memorialise the Emperor of the French to modify or repeal the treaty with England, because the English are deluging their markets with their surplus productions at ruinous prices destructive to their trades, the only parties in England who make any noise against the French Treaty are a few obsolete silk manufacturers in Coventry and Macclesfield.

Had Macclesfield any memory it would remember that its prestige as a manufacturing town had evaporated long before the French Treaty was dreamt of. A Mr. Brocklehurst, who spoke the other day at the meeting in the rooms of the Society of Arts, urged Government support to the school of design in Macclesfield, as one means of resuscitating the silk trade there. Being practically acquainted with the silk trade, Mr. Brocklehurst ought to show that the school of design there had no influence or power to retain the trade, and never will have any power to restore it, unaccompanied by the higher training to which we have referred. And if that were established, then every manufactory would become a training academy, a technical university, over which, as the best trained, best disciplined, and most intelligent, the head of the firm should preside as perpetual principal.

Then as to poor Coventry, if as a city she had any knowledge, she would be well aware that the French Treaty has had very little influence upon her sad fortunes. If Coventry has been ruined by the French Treaty; then, as a necessity, St. Etienne, the analogous city of France, must have greatly benefited. But if it can be shown, and it is a fact beyond cavil or dispute, that St. Etienne is suffering in her ribbon manufacture to an extent surpassing even Coventry, it is evident that we must find a cause for Coventry's distress more tenable than the cuckoo cry of "French Treaty." Whilst Coventry and St. Etienne are in a condition of partial collapse, it is a fact that the manufacturers of Basle, by superior technical skill, and economy in working, are enjoying a high tide of prosperity. As regards Coventry, fashion has more to do with her pining poverty than the French Treaty. So long as women will wear doyleys on their heads instead of bonnets, the ribbon trade must languish. But that has nothing to do with the general question, which is one of

importance to the whole empire. A trade of nearly 10,000,000*l.* annually in thrown and manufactured silk, and half as much more in raw silk, is not to be flung aside as of no consequence, nor without the attempt of some one to rouse the spirit of the people to consider the question, and, if possible, carry out this great enterprise of silk-trade revival.

We shall never recover even our late position, nor win favour or prestige, until importers, throwsters, dyers, manufacturers, and consumers, each and all in their several departments, instead of endeavouring to cheat and rob each other, earnestly resolve to acquire all technical and scientific knowledge connected with the trade, and determine to apply such knowledge practically for the advantage of the nation. We have seen that in every process—reeling, throwing, dyeing, and weaving—irregularities exist, and one or the other, or probably all combined, have helped to kick the silk trade of England into all but outer darkness, and the question is how to bring it into light and power.

In the process of restoration we must begin with the beginning, and in these times of general enterprise and associations established for encouraging the growth of cotton, here, there, and everywhere, the growth of hemp, of flax, of wool, of coffee, tea, and sugar, is there no man possessed of power sufficient to gather under the influence of his great name a few merchants, who could and would establish a company to superintend the reeling of silk in China? Any one who knows anything of the business knows perfectly well that a company with a capital of a million, or even half the amount, established in China to buy cocoons and reel them in the best possible way, would realise immense profits; and if, at the same time, they would resolve to give England the advantage of such an enterprise, another company—a throwing and weaving company—well managed and thoroughly organised, might be established, and, working into each other's hands, a new and prosperous trade might be established, and England possess what she never before enjoyed—a true, undisputed, self-reliant, firmly founded English silk-trade.

Of one thing we are satisfied, that if some such scheme is not adopted, and without delay, the hope of an English silk-trade will become fainter and fainter year by year, and gradually fade away. Observing the uncertainty of the quantity of silk producible in Europe; its liability to be influenced by the weather; the mysterious disease that has baffled the wisest,

combined with other causes; observing also the bad success attending the importation of Asiatic eggs, to be reared and fed in Europe, and recognising the fact that French manufacturers must have silk, and find it where they can, they will, they must, unless we are alive and active, forestall us, and establish in China for their own advantage the very filatures we now demand for the benefit of England.

Should any difficulty be interposed by the Chinese authorities, who cunningly evade their treaty obligations in every way possible, it fortunately happens, that the Treaty of Tientsin, made in 1858, is subject to revision this year, and any matter calculated to ensure undisturbed residence, for the purchase of cocoons and the establishment of reeling conveniences, can be incorporated in the revised treaty. This is a matter that cannot escape the attention of the astute merchants trading with China; and our present Foreign Secretary is just the man to enforce their claims vigorously. We happen to know that many important privileges, conceded by the original treaty, have remained wholly inoperative through the supineness of our representatives and the activity of the Chinese authorities. There is therefore the greater necessity for vigilance and the obtaining of a binding contract now.

This is a question to which we have devoted much thought, because we feel it to be one of national importance. If what we have written shall rouse the attention of the masses interested in the silk-trade, we shall be satisfied; and should we find our suggestions adopted and acted upon, even to a limited extent, we shall have our reward and be thankful. When we bear in mind that the modern revival in silk industry is not so old as the century, but owed its impulse to the stirring times succeeding the close of the great war, and only manifested any strength of character after the passing of the act of 1825 to admit foreign goods; and looking at the stern fact that during several recent years the trade has so diminished, that, probably, not one-third of the quantity of silk is now manufactured that was ten years ago, and that the brief period of forty years, or little more than one generation, has watched the infancy, tended the maturity, and witnessed the decline of this exquisite industry, we are amply justified in the opinion announced at the commencement of these papers, that *we never had in England a true, well founded, and firmly established silk-trade.* But we are nevertheless convinced that the courage, skill, ingenuity, and capital of the nation have only to be

intelligently, wisely, and patriotically roused and brought together, and the silk-trade of England may, and will, rival the productions of other countries. Nay, more; we see no reason to fear that in this, as in other industries, she will ultimately distance her most distinguished competitors.

MILD WINTERS.

THERE is a common idea that the winters in this country have become milder than they once were, and against mild winters there is a deeply rooted prejudice. In both respects the popular estimate is somewhat mistaken. The first month of 1867 was hardly inferior in point of severity to any old-fashioned winter, and the month of March last year was the severest on record. About Christmas, 1860, we had the most intense cold that has been experienced during the present century; and the month of January showed an increase of mortality which, along with the general showing of statistics on the subject, should dissipate the idea that "A green yule makes a fat kirk-yard." In London the rate of mortality for the week ending January 19, 1861, had risen to 1925, or 585 more than the estimated average for the same week, and about double the number of deaths for a week in autumn. This increased fatality was attributed to the effects of cold, especially on the respiratory organs, and "pulmonary complaints, exclusive of phthisis, carried off in the week 702 persons, while the corrected average for the corresponding week is only 301." Deaths from bronchitis were nearly three times the estimated number for the corresponding period of the year. Apoplexy increased greatly during the cold weeks; paralysis increased in a still greater proportion; and heart diseases, according to the official report, were fatal in 119 cases, while the average was only 53. In the City the mortality rose within seven of the number of cases reached under the visitation of cholera in 1848.

It is no new idea that the death-rate increases with the falling thermometer. The month of January, 1795, was a very cold month, but the corresponding period in 1796 was unprecedentedly mild. The maximum reading of the thermometer near London for January, 1796, was 55 degrees, the minimum 38 degrees, and the mean was 47 degrees 5 minutes, so that during the whole month it never came nearer the freezing point than 6 degrees. It is narrated, under date January 9 of that year, that "there is in an orchard belonging to Mr.



March 28, 1862.

Hodge, of the parish of Ashford, near Barnstable, an apple tree with blossoms in full perfection, and another tree with the apples set." A paper was presented to the Royal Society by Dr. Heberden the younger, containing a comparison of the deaths in the two months, whence it appeared that the excess of mortality in January, 1795, over the deaths of January, 1796, in London alone, was 1752 persons, a number, says the doctor, "surely sufficient to awaken the attention of the most prejudiced admirer of a frosty winter." The month of January, 1796, was so remarkably mild that most people complained of the unseasonable weather, and apprehended serious effects on the public health, "apprehensions which," says a commentator on Dr. Heberden's statistics, "this interesting fact seems to resolve into mere vulgar prejudice."

It must be admitted that improved cultivation has done something to modify the temperature in Britain. This is quite perceptible to any one who passes from a fertile strath of drained and cultivated land, into a district of unploughed and spongy moorland. In the former case the air is often clear, balmy, and bracing, while in the latter it is damp, close, foggy, and chill. Where the land is sour and mossy, clouds form more abundantly, and showers are more frequent than in cultivated districts. It is known that the temperature of land over wide tracts of country has by drainage been permanently raised three degrees. But these phenomena have only a partial and local influence, and do not affect the great wind currents that regulate the weather. Drainage will not avert east winds; and east winds are certain to bring and deposit their burden of snow, sometimes so late even as the close of May. The drainage of bogs may have carried off the surplus vapours that engendered agues and rheumatisms, and it has increased the temperature of the soil at certain seasons; but it has not diminished the average fall of rain or snow, nor has it altered the "fill-the-dyke" character usually attributed to the second month of the year. We suspect the real explanation is, that a hard winter or a hot summer left on the rural mind in former years a deep impression, just as it does now, while the many commonplace seasons have slipped quietly away, and fallen into oblivion.

The truth is that we inhabit a variable climate, and a wide range of observation will disclose mild winters both in former and in later years. In the autumn of 1865 we had a tract of weather that was generally considered unprecedented. For weeks, during the month of

September, the thermometer ranged about eighty degrees; and the nights, usually cool at that season, reminded one of a very sultry July. In some parts of the country there appeared a plague of flies, of a kind seldom or never before observed; which, with the characteristic foreboding tendency of human nature, were supposed to indicate the approach of cholera. In some localities the insects appeared in clouds resembling a dense snow-drift. The leaves of trees and shrubs were covered as with a swarm of bees; on the soil they were sprinkled like a covering of ashes; at the base of the walls they appeared as if drifted into little heaps, though the atmosphere was perfectly stagnant; and, unless windows or doors remained close, the unwelcome intruders were found all over the furniture in the houses. In moving through the air, mouth, eyes, nose, and ears, were incessantly and painfully assailed by what reminded one of the Egyptian plague of flies. Insects of a novel kind attacked the turnips, the leaves of which were, in many cases, crusted over with a kind of vermin formerly unknown. Caterpillars of portentous dimensions invaded garden and field at an unusually late period of the year; and it seemed not unlikely that butterflies would be fluttering about in the month of December. Such a season suggests the remembrance of 1652, of which year it is related that "in England there was such abundance of white butterflies as was never heard of before. They destroyed all cabbage; and divers cobbles coming from sea hardly could see the land for them." The uncommon heat "produced ripe wine-berries and grapes, and abundance of Scotch chestanes openly sauld at the mercat-cross of Edinburgh, and baken in pasties at banquets." The same kind of weather continued during the later months of the year; so that fruit-trees blossomed in November, and some of them bare fruit, "albeit not in perfection." "The furze and broom bloomed again: the violet, not due till March, presented its modest head in November; birds began to build their nests and lay eggs at or near Martinmas; and salads and sybows were cried and sold in Edinburgh on the 27th of November." The year 1653 seems to have been unexampled of its kind. From October till the following March the weather was so dry and warm as to seem like a second summer; and, during all that time, there were not more than "six showers of wet or snow." The following summer was exceedingly fine and early, with great abundance of food; but "the wells on which the city of Edinburgh depended for

water ran dry, so that the inhabitants could not get sufficient for ordering their meat." The unfortunate people were compelled to go a mile before they could get clean water, "either for brewing ale or for their pot-meat."

TABLE TALK.

HOW large are the stars, and are they alike, or do they differ in size? It used to be conjectured that they are of somewhat similar magnitude, presumably about as great as our sun, and that the differences of apparent size are due to differences of distance; but when astronomers came to discover that some of the smaller stars are the nearest to our system, this idea fell to the ground. A German computer has now, however, calculated the actual dimensions of one particular star, and finds that its mass is rather more than three times that of the sun. The star in question is of less than the fourth magnitude—a comparatively small one. What, then, must be the size of those of the *Sirius* and *Aldebaran* class! The reason of its selection for this determination was, that it is one of the components of what is called a binary system—two stars revolving about each other like sun and planet—and the motions of the members of such a system afford data for the computation. The star's distance from us is a million and a quarter times that of the earth from the sun, so that light takes twenty years to travel hither from it.

BEWARE of closed cast-iron stoves. The French Academy of Sciences has lately been discussing the unhealthy effects of these articles. It is said—and experiments support the assertion—that cast-iron, when heated to a certain extent, is pervious to some gases and vapours, and allows the poisonous products of coal combustion to filter through it. So that a room warmed by a cast-iron stove soon has its atmosphere vitiated by carbonic acid. They who have to sit long in apartments so heated, often complain of oppression and headaches; henceforth they may know the cause. The Academy has appointed a committee of chemists to examine and report upon the subject.

AN old friend of mine was staying in a house near Kingston, in the island of Jamaica. One morning, about twelve o'clock (the hottest part of the day), he was lying on a sofa, smoking a cigar and reading a book. As no one ever

moves at that time, except those who are obliged, he was much surprised at hearing a violent dispute going on in the road which ran by the house. On getting up and looking out of the window, he saw a negro talking to a donkey. The conversation, which was all on one side, ran as follows:—"You not go on, sar? dat a fact, eh, sar? Well, sar, I bet you *a bit* I make you go—eh, sar, what you say, dat a bet? Well: done, sar." The animal appeared to accept the wager, as he laid back his ears to the fullest extent, threw out his fore-legs, and evinced no intention of moving. The negro then, spitting copiously on his hands, came behind the donkey, and grasping his tail, proceeded to twist it round with all his force; the animal at once gave in, and started off at a brisk trot. The negro was preparing to follow, when my friend hailed him, and said, "So you have won your bet; how will you get paid?" "Oh, massa," he answered, with a grin, "my missey gib me dis (producing a bit from his pocket, which is a colonial coin, worth about fourpence) to buy him a feed of carn when we get to Kingston; I gib him notink now, and jest spend de bit on lilly drape of sometink good for tomack."

A CORRESPONDENT: "I wonder will publishers ever learn to send forth books that shall be really finished? Why should I be expected to cut the leaves of the books I read? I speak, because I had lately several books sent me from a library—the leaves uncut. As a rule, the librarian undertakes to cut the leaves of all the works he lends; and at my clubs I observe that some of the servants are set to cut the leaves of the magazines before they are set on the tables of the club for general reading. But then I ask the question, if we—the readers—wish to have the books cut for us, why is it not done by the publishers? Why do these publishers permit themselves to issue unfinished books? What possible gain can it be to them to send forth their volumes in such a condition that we cannot turn over the leaves without a knife in our hands, by means of which we can hew our way through them? Why should it be the interest of publishers to put an impediment in the way of readers? It is a very simple thing for the binder to cut the leaves, and I should think that the publisher will make a fortune who will give his readers the convenience of pages that do not require the irritation of a paper-cutter." It is only a question of money. If the margins of books are to be cut the paper

selected for them must be a trifle larger, else the margins, when cut, will look mean. One of the most enterprising publishers in London states, that the slight increase in the size of his paper, which would be necessitated by cutting the edges of his books, would cost him £150 a year. Perhaps, however, a publisher would get a portion of this sum back in the increased sale of his books. In the meantime Mr. Bentley, among publishers, deserves all credit and support, in that he has begun to send forth a good number of his books with the leaves ready cut.

My books used to be much annexed by fellows to whom it was difficult to avoid lending. But they have been mostly returned since I took to the practice of accompanying the loan with the following printed memorandum, filling in the name of the borrower. Above is a gibbet on which a thief dangles.

Aspice *Smith* pendu !
Quod librum n'a pas rendu,
Si librum reddisset
Smith pendu non fuisset.

THIS is Lent, and it is pleasing to notice that Protestants, for some reason, abstain from getting married during the season, and I believe it is not considered quite the thing to be born or to die until Easter. But the Catholics smile at us. Their abstentions and fastings are realities. Do you know that St. Nicholas of Myra (who said his prayers in his bath the day he was born) would accept nourishment from his nurse's bosom only once on Wednesdays and Fridays?

GOOD whistling may sometimes be heard, but the instances of its occurrence are rare. Snatches of operatic airs curiously intermingled with comic street songs are the favourite subjects for the whistler, and these are generally executed with a careless disregard of time and tune, which to anyone who possesses the slightest pretensions to a musical ear must be most disagreeable. As a rule, a ploughboy will outstrip any well-bred man in whistling. The reason is, probably, that he is never haunted by a sense of the ridiculousness of his face, as he purses his mouth into the form for whistling. A friend of mine, who enjoyed a far-famed reputation for whistling, was repeatedly asked to exercise his talent at dinner, and evening parties. On account of some curious whim of his own, he would (or could) only comply with the request provided he might be permitted to turn his back on the

company. His demand was on all occasions granted, whereupon he would turn round, and begin to whistle any tune he was desired. One day he was asked to favour his friends with a piece from *La Sonnambula*, and as was his wont he wheeled round, and fixing his eyes on the ground, commenced whistling. Happening, however, to raise his eyes towards the conclusion of the air, he saw in a large mirror before him, the countenances of his auditors, some of whom were trying to restrain their mirth; this was too much for him, and the tune was abruptly put a stop to, by a loud burst of laughter from the gentleman himself. Whistling is not often appreciated enough to be sought after, as in the case of my friend; and even a performance on a teapot is more attractive, if I may judge from the crowd of people I once saw in Oxford Street, listening to a boy who was actually playing on one of these useful articles. On the lid several holes were bored, on which the young urchin placed his fingers, whilst he supported the teapot by holding the bottom with his two thumbs. He blew through the spout, and, as I suppose, the different notes were produced by some pipes inside the instrument, which were affixed to the holes before mentioned. Who would believe it possible that tunes can be played on a teapot?

Do you not hate pattern-people? I avoid them as much as possible. A lady—they all talk slang now—reminds me that a pattern *is* a thing to cut from.

THE days of Dandyism are gone for ever. When King Brummell was deposed, it lost its most powerful support and its grandest exemplar. It made its last and bravest stand in that gallant regiment the 10th Hussars. In Dublin, the 10th, when quartered in that city—in the dandy days of 1832, or thereabouts—made themselves famous by their exclusiveness, their puppyism, and their affected sublime horror of the Irish barbarians. Many stories have been recorded of their entire disregard for the feelings of the people, high and low, with whom they were placed. Most of these stories were unfounded, but some, and these the most harmless, have been preserved. I will relate one which I think is worth keeping, and which I believe has not found its way into print. Lord E. F., captain in the 10th Hussars, sauntered one day into the Royal Arcade, Dublin. After looking about him he walked into a glover's shop and asked to see some

gloves. Several parcels were shown to him and he selected a pair. While trying them on he inquired of the old lady behind the counter, what was to pay. "Two and ninepence, sir." "Two and ninepence!" he exclaimed, lifting up the eyebrows; "how much is two and ninepence?" "Three shillings, all but three pence," replied the lady, smiling. "Aw," he said, "three shillings! I see." He took out his purse and placed three shillings on the counter. The shop-woman opened the till-drawer, took from it three penny-pieces, folded them in a bit of paper, and handed them to the officer. "Your change, sir." "My change! oh! aw! yeas! very good!" He went on fitting his gloves. "Pray, have you a porter?" "There's a porter in the Arcade. Shall I call him, sir?" "Oh, thank you; too much trouble, I'm sure! aw!" "No trouble at all, sir." The old lady went to the door and beckoned to someone in the distance. A man in a faded blue and yellow livery entered the shop. "Here's the porter, sir," said the old lady. "Oh! aw! thanks, I'm sure," rejoined the officer, "My man," turning to the arcadian official, "do you know the Portobello Barracks?" "Portobello, sir? Sure an' it's me-self that does. Haven't I a cousin in No. 5 troop of the Tinth Hussars?" The officer, handing a card to him, pointed to the pence on the counter, and said, "Take that luggage to my servant at this address, and here's half-a-crown for your trouble."

If you call a man who does all the talking at table, a good table talker, you will give the name to the man I am about to speak of. He is a learned person, though a Professor. He had had it all to himself one day, until the end of dinner, when another guest, a clergyman, who wanted his innings, managed to break in very cleverly. Of course he was asked to return thanks. So he said, "Grant, &c., that these creatures which, &c.,—and grant, which, Professor, I only do for the sake of argument, that the metaphysical, &c." Having thus taken the lead he kept it.

ROYAL ACADEMY time is coming. I am reminded of something I saw in the *Charivari* last year, I think. A French portrait painter was packing up a work in presence of the gentleman he had depicted. To whom he says, with fierceness, "Sir, if the judges reject my picture, I will destroy both painting and original—you don't know what a true feeling for art is."

SENTIMENT is a sweet thing—the sweetest thing out. Yet the wind raves and howls as wildly through an unfinished public-house, while the men are gone to dinner, as through a fine old ruin of an abbey or a castle.

THE newspapers tells how some Parliament swells
Have brought in a bill that's queer;
For on Sunday these chaps want to shut up the taps,
And prohibit the selling o' beer;
Says they, "You must lay in your beer
On a Saturday night, my dear;
It'll taste rather flat, but there's nothing in that,
So long as you get your beer."

The habit is mine, on a Sunday to dine
Off the very best o' cheer,
A morsel o' tripe, and wind up with a pipe,
And a quatern o' fresh-drawn beer.
For I likes a drop o' good beer,
When they draws it frothy and clear,—
But what shall I do, if these stories are true?
For I can't get along without beer.

There's old Tom Bush, who's a rare one to lush,
Keeps dinning it into my ear,
As spirits is cheap and will certainly keep
A long sight better nor beer.—
Well, if I can't get no beer,
They'll drive me to it, I fear;
So, if Parliament's wise, they will shut their eyes
'Gainst the stopping o' Sunday beer.

My dear parson, why do you affect to be ashamed of taking so much interest in horses? Remember Theophylact, or if you never heard of him, as is probable, know that he was a patriarch in the tenth century, and that he was celebrating mass, when a groom came in, and told him that his favourite mare had foaled. The pious clergyman ran out in delight to the stable, satisfied himself that all was going on well, and then returned to the church to finish the ceremony.

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.



HELEN UTTERED a shriek of agony, and her knees smote together, and she would have swooned on the spot but for the wind and the spray that beat against her.

To the fearful stum succeeded the wildest distress. She ran to and fro like some wild animal bereaved; she kept wringing her hands and uttering cries of pity and

despair, and went back to the boat a hundred times; it held her by a spell.

It was long before she could think connectedly, and, even then, it was not of herself, nor of her lonely state; but only, Why did not she die with him? Why did she not die instead of him?

He had been all the world to her; and now she knew it. Oh, what a friend, what a champion, what a lover these cruel waves had destroyed!

The morning broke, and still she hovered and hovered about the fatal boat, with great horror-stricken eyes, and hair flying to the breeze; and not a tear. If she could only have smoothed his last moments, have spoken one word into his dying ear! But, no! Her poor hero had died in going to save others; died thinking her as cold as the waters that had destroyed him.

Dead or alive he was all the world to her now. She went, wailing piteously, and exploring the waves to give her at least his dead body to speak to, and mourn over. But

the sea denied her even that dismal consolation.

The next tide brought in a few more fragments of the wreck, but no corpse floated ashore.

Then at last, as the waves once more retired, leaving, this time, only petty fragments of wreck on the beach, she lifted up her voice, and almost wept her heart out of her body.

Such tears as these are seldom without effect on the mind: and Helen now began to rebel, though faintly, against despair. She had been quite crushed, at first, under the material evidence—the boat driven empty by the very wind and waves that had done the cruel deed. But the heart is averse to believe calamity, and especially bereavement; and very ingenious in arguing against that bitterest of all woes. So she now sat down and brooded, and her mind fastened with pathetic ingenuity on every circumstance that could bear a favourable construction. The mast had not been broken; how, then, had it been lost? The body had not come ashore. He had had time to get to the wreck before the gale from the north came on at all; and why should a fair wind, though powerful, upset the boat? On these slender things she began to build a superstructure of hope; but soon her heart interrupted the reasoning. “What would *he* do in my place? would he sit guessing while hope had a hair to hang by?” That thought struck her like a spur: and in a moment she bounded into action, erect, her lips fixed, and her eye on fire, though her cheek was very pale. She went swiftly to Hazel’s store, and searched it; there she found the jib-sail, a boat-hook, some rope, and one little oar, that Hazel was making for her, and had not quite completed. The sight of this, his last work, overpowered her again; and she sat down and took it on her knees, and kissed it, and cried over it. And these tears weakened her for a time. She felt it, and had the resolution to leave the oar behind. A single oar was of no use to row with. She rigged the boat-hook as a mast; and fastened the sail to it; and, with

this poor equipment, she actually resolved to put out to sea.

The wind still blew smartly, and there was no blue sky visible.

And now she remembered she had eaten nothing; that would not do. Her strength might fail her. She made ready a meal, and ate it almost fiercely, and by a pure effort of resolution; as she was doing all the rest.

By this time, it was nearly high-tide. She watched the water creeping up. Will it float the boat? It rises over the keel; two inches, three inches. Five inches water! Now she pushes with all her strength. No; the boat has water in it she had forgotten to bale out. She strained every nerve, but could not move it. She stopped to take breath, and husband her strength. But, when she renewed her efforts, the five inches were four, and she had the misery of seeing the water crawl away by degrees, and leave the boat high and dry.

She sighed, heart-broken, awhile; then went home and prayed.

When she had prayed a long time for strength and wisdom, she lay down for an hour, and tried to sleep, but failed. Then she prepared for a more serious struggle with the many difficulties she had to encounter. Now she thanked God more than ever for the health and rare strength she had acquired in this island: without them she could have done nothing now. She got a clay platter, and baled the vessel nearly dry. She left a little water for ballast. She fortified herself with food, and put provisions and water on board the boat. In imitation of Hazel, she went and got two round logs, and, as soon as the tide crawled up to four inches, she lifted the bow a little, and got a roller under. Then she went to the boat's stern, set her teeth, and pushed with a rush of excitement that gave her almost a man's strength.

The stubborn boat seemed elastic, and all but moved. Then instinct taught her where her true strength lay. She got to the stern of the boat, and setting the small of her back under the projecting gunwale, she gathered herself together and gave a superb heave, that moved the boat a foot. She followed it up, and heaved again with like effect. Then, with a cry of joy, she ran and put down another roller forward. The boat was now on two rollers: one more magnificent heave with all her zeal, and strength, and youth, and the boat glided forward. She turned and rushed at it as it went, and the water deepening, and a gust catching the sail, it went out to sea, and she had only just time to throw herself across the

gunwale, panting. She was afloat. The wind was S.W., and before she knew where she was, the boat headed towards the home reefs, and slipped through the water pretty fast considering how small a sail she carried. She ran to the helm. Alas! the rudder was broken off above the water-line. The helm was a mockery, and the boat running for the reefs. She slackened the sheet, and the boat lost her way, and began to drift with the tide, which, luckily, had not yet turned. It carried her in shore.

Helen cast her eyes around for an expedient, and she unshipped one of the transoms, and by trailing it over the side, and alternately slackening and hauling the sheet, she contrived to make the boat crawl like a winged bird through the western passage. After that it soon got becalmed under the cliff, and drifted into two feet water.

Instantly she tied a rope to the mast, got out into the water, and took the rope ashore. She tied it round a heavy barrel she found there, and set the barrel up, and heaped stones round it and on it, which, unfortunately, was a long job, though she worked with feverish haste; then she went round the point, sometimes wet and sometimes dry, for the little oar she had left behind, because it broke her heart to look at. Away with such weakness now! With that oar, his last work, she might steer if she could not row. She got it. She came back to the boat to re-commence her voyage.

She found the boat all safe, but in six inches of water, and the tide going out. So ended her voyage: four hundred yards at most, and then to wait another twelve hours for the tide.

It was too cruel: and every hour so precious; for, even if Hazel was alive, he would die of cold and hunger ere she could get to him. She cried like a woman.

She persisted like a man.

She made several trips, and put away things in the boat that could possibly be of use—abundant provision, and a keg of water; Hazel's wooden spade to paddle or steer with; his basket of tools, &c. Then she snatched some sleep; but it was broken by sad and terrible dreams: then she waited in an agony of impatience for high-water.

We are not always the best judges of what is good for us. Probably these delays saved her own life. She went out at last under far more favourable circumstances—a light westerly breeze, and no reefs to pass through. She was, however, severely incommoded with a groundswell.

At first she steered with the spade as well as she could; but she found this was not

sufficient. The current ran westerly, and she was drifting out of her course. Then she remembered Hazel's lessons, and made shift to fasten the spade to the helm, and then lashed the helm. Even this did not quite do ; so she took her little oar, kissed it, cried over it a little, and then pulled manfully with it so as to keep the true course. It was a muggy day, neither wet nor dry. Whitewater island was not in sight from Godsend island ; but as soon as she lost the latter, the former became visible—an ugly grinning reef, with an eternal surf on the south and western sides.

Often she left off rowing, and turned to look at it. It was all black and blank, except the white and fatal surf.

When she was about four miles from the nearest part of the reef, there was a rush and bubble in the water, and a great shark came after the boat. Helen screamed, and turned very cold. She dreaded the monster not for what he could do now ; but for what he might have done. He seemed to know the boat, he swam so vigilantly behind it. Was he there when the boat upset with Hazel in it? Was it in his greedy maw the remains of her best friend must be sought? Her lips opened, but no sound. She shuddered and hid her face at this awful thought.

The shark followed steadily.

She got to the reef, but did not hit it off as she intended. She ran under its lee, lowered the little sail, and steered the boat into a nick where the shark could hardly follow her.

But he moved to and fro like a sentinel, while she landed in trepidation and secured the boat to the branches of a white coral rock.

She found the place much larger than it looked from Telegraph Point. It was an archipelago of coral reef encrusted here and there with shells. She could not see all over it, where she was, so she made for what seemed the highest part, a bleak, seaweedy mound, with some sandy hillocks about it. She went up to this, and looked eagerly all round.

Not a soul.

She called as loud as her sinking heart would let her.

Not a sound.

She felt very sick, and sat down upon the mound.

When she had yielded awhile to the weakness of her sex, she got up, and was her father's daughter again. She set to work to examine every foot of the reef.

It was no easy task. The rocks were rugged and sharp in places, slippery in others ; often she had to go about, and once she fell and

hurt her pretty hands and made them bleed ; she never looked at them, nor heeded, but got up and sighed at the interruption : then patiently persisted. It took her two hours to examine thus, in detail, one half the island : but at last she discovered something. She saw at the eastern side of the reef a wooden figure of a woman, and, making her way to it, found the figure-head, and a piece of the bow, of the ship, with a sail on it, and a yard on that. This fragment was wedged into an angle of the reef, and the seaward edge of it shattered in a way that struck terror to Helen, for it showed her how omnipotent the sea had been. On the reef itself she found a cask with its head stove in, also a little keg and two wooden chests or cases. But what was all this to her?

She sat down again, for her knees failed her. Presently there was a sort of moan near her, and a seal splashed into the water and dived out of her sight. She put her hands on her heart, and bowed her head down, utterly desolate. She sat thus for a long time indeed, until she was interrupted by a most unexpected visitor.

Something came sniffing up to her and put a cold nose to her hand. She started violently, and both her hands were in the air in a moment.

It was a dog, a pointer. He whimpered and tried to gambol, but could not manage it ; he was too weak. However, he contrived to let her see with the wagging of his tail, and a certain contemporaneous twist of his emaciated body, that she was welcome. But, having performed this ceremony, he trotted feebly away, leaving her very much startled, and not knowing what to think ; indeed, this incident set her trembling all over.

A dog saved from the wreck ! Then why not a man? And why not that life? Oh, thought she, would God save that creature, and not pity my poor angel and me?

She got up animated with hope, and recommenced her researches. She now kept at the outward edge of the island, and so went all round till she reached her boat again. The shark was swimming to and fro, waiting for her with horrible pertinacity. She tried to eat a mouthful, but, though she was faint, she could not eat. She drank a mouthful of water, and then went to search the very small portion that remained of the reef, and to take the poor dog home with her, because he she had lost was so good to animals. Only his example is

left me, she said ; and with that came another burst of sorrow. But she got up and did the rest of her work, crying as she went. After some severe travelling she got near the north-east limit, and in a sort of gully she saw the dog, quietly seated high on his tail. She called him ; but he never moved. So, then, she went to him, and, when she got near him, she saw why he would not come. He was watching. Close by him lay the form of a man nearly covered with sea-weed. The feet were visible, and so was the face, the latter deadly pale. It was he. In a moment she was by him, and leaning over him with both hands quivering. Was he dead ? No ; his eyes were closed ; he was fast asleep.

Her hands flew to his face to feel him alive, and then grasped both his hands and drew them up towards her panting bosom : and the tears of joy streamed from her eyes, as she sobbed and murmured over him, she knew not what. At that he awoke and stared at her. He uttered a loud ejaculation of joy and wonder, then taking it all in, burst into tears himself, and fell to kissing her hands and blessing her. The poor soul had almost given himself up for lost. And to be saved all in a moment, and by her !

They could neither of them speak, but only mingled tears of joy and gratitude.

Hazel recovered himself first ; and rising somewhat stiffly, lent her his arm. Her father's spirit went out of her in the moment of victory, and she was all woman, sweet, loving, clinging woman. She got hold of his hand as well as his arm, and clutched it so tight, her little grasp seemed velvet and steel.

"Let me feel you," said she : but no words ! no words !

He supported his preserver tenderly to the boat, then, hoisting the sail, he fetched the east side in two tacks, shipped the sail and yard, and also the cask, keg, and boxes. He then put a great quantity of loose oysters on board, each as large as a plate. She looked at him with amazement.

"What," said she, when he had quite loaded the boat, "only just out of the jaws of death, and yet you can trouble your head about oysters and things."

"Wait till you see what I shall do with them," said he. "These are pearl oysters. I gathered them for *you*, when I had little hope I should ever see you again to give them you."

This was an unlucky speech. The act, that seemed so small and natural a thing to him, the woman's heart measured more correctly. Something rose in her throat ; she tried to

laugh instead of crying, and so she did both, and went into a violent fit of hysterics that showed how thoroughly her nature had been stirred to its depths. She quite frightened Hazel : and indeed the strength of an excited woman's weakness is sometimes alarming to manly natures.

He did all he could to soothe her ; without much success. As soon as she was better he set sail, thinking home was the best place for her. She leant back exhausted, and, after a while, seemed to be asleep. We don't believe she was, but Hazel did ; and sat, cold and aching in body, but warm at heart, worshipping her with all his eyes.

At last they got ashore ; and he sat by her fire and told her all, while she cooked his supper and warmed clothes at the fire for him.

"The ship," said he, "was a Dutch vessel, bound from Batavia to Callao, that had probably gone on her beam ends, for she was full of water. Her crew had abandoned her ; I think they underrated the buoyancy of the ship and cargo. They left the poor dog on board. Her helm was lashed a-weather a couple of turns : but why, I am not seaman enough to say. I boarded her ; unshipped my mast, and moored the boat to the ship ; fed the poor dog ; rummaged in the hold, and contrived to hoist up a small cask of salted beef, and a keg of rum, and some cases of grain and seeds. I managed to slide these on to the reef by means of the mast and oar lashed together. But a roller ground the wreck further on to the reef, and the sudden snap broke the rope, as I suppose, and the boat went to sea. I never knew the misfortune till I saw her adrift. I could have got over that by making a raft ; but the gale from the north brought such a sea on us. I saw she must break up, so I got ashore how I could. Ah, I little thought to see your face again, still less that I should owe my life to you."

"Spare me," said Helen, faintly.

"What, must not I thank you even for my life ?"

"No. *The account is far from even yet.*"

"You are no arithmetician to say so. What astonishes me most is that you have never once scolded me for all the trouble and anxiety——"

"I am too happy to see you sitting there, to scold you. But, still I do ask you, to leave the sea alone, after this. The treacherous monster ! Oh, think what you and I have suffered on it."

She seemed quite worn out. He saw that,

and retired for the night, casting one more wistful glance on her. But at that moment she was afraid to look at him. Her heart was welling over with tenderness for the dear friend whose life she had saved.

Next morning Hazel rose at daybreak as usual, but found himself stiff in the joints, and with a pain in his back. The mat that hung at the opening of Helen's cave was not removed as usual. She was on her bed with a violent headache.

Hazel fed Ponto, and corrected him. He was at present a civilised dog; so he made a weak rush at the boobies and noddies directly.

He also smelt Tommy inquisitively, to learn was he an eatable. Tommy somehow divined the end of this sinister curiosity, and showed his teeth.

Then Hazel got a rope, and tied one end round his own waist, and one round Ponto's neck, and at every outbreak of civilisation, jerked him sharply on to his back. The effect of this discipline was rapid; Ponto soon found that he must not make war on the inhabitants of the island. He was a docile animal, and, in a very short time, consented to make one of "the happy family," as Hazel called the miscellaneous crew that beset him.

Helen and Hazel did not meet till past noon; and, when they did meet, it was plain she had been thinking a great deal, for her greeting was so shy and restrained as to appear cold and distant to Hazel. He thought to himself, I was too happy yesterday, and she too kind. Of course it could not last.

This change in her seemed to grow rather than diminish. She carried it so far as to go and almost hide during the working hours. She made off to the jungle, and spent an unreasonable time there. She professed to be collecting cotton, and it must be admitted she brought a good deal home with her. But Hazel could not accept cotton as the only motive for this sudden separation.

He lost the light of her face till the evening. Then matters took another turn: she was too polite. Ceremony and courtesy appeared to be gradually encroaching upon tender friendship and familiarity; yet, now and then, her soft hazel eyes seemed to turn on him in silence, and say, forgive me all this. Then at those sweet looks, love and forgiveness poured out of his eyes. And then hers sought the ground. And this was generally followed by a certain mixture of stiffness, timidity, and formality, too subtle to describe.

The much-enduring man began to lose patience.

"This is caprice," said he. "Cruel caprice."

Our female readers will probably take a deeper view of it than that. Whatever it was, another change was at hand. Since he was so exposed to the weather on the reef, Hazel had never been free from pain; but he had done his best to work it off. He had collected all the valuables from the wreck, made a new mast, set up a rude capstan to draw the boat ashore, and cut a little dock for her at low water, and clayed it in the full heat of the sun; and, having accomplished this drudgery, he got at last to his labour of love; he opened a quantity of pearl oysters, fed Tommy and the duck with them, and began the great work of lining the cavern with them. The said cavern was somewhat shell-shaped, and his idea was to make it out of a gloomy cavern into a vast shell, lined entirely, roof and sides, with glorious, sweet, prismatic, mother-of-pearl, fresh from ocean. Well, one morning, while Helen was in the jungle, he made a cement of guano, sand, clay, and water, nipped some shells to a shape with the pincers, and cemented them neatly, like Mosaic almost; but in the middle of his work he was cut down by the disorder he had combated so stoutly. He fairly gave in, and sat down groaning with pain. And in this state Helen found him.

"Oh, what is the matter?" said she.

He told her the truth, and said he had violent pains in the back and head. She did not say much, but she turned pale. She bustled and lighted a great fire, and made him lie down by it. She propped his head up; she set water on to boil for him, and would not let him move for anything; and all the time her features were brimful of the liveliest concern. He could not help thinking how much better it was to be ill and in pain, and have her so kind, than to be well, and see her cold and distant. Towards evening he got better, or rather he mistook an intermission for cure, and retired to his boat; but she made him take her rug with him; and, when he was gone, she could not sleep for anxiety; and it cut her to the heart to think how poorly he was lodged, compared with her.

Of all the changes fate could bring, this she had never dreamed of, that she should be so robust, and he should be sick and in pain.

She passed an uneasy, restless night, and long before morning she awoke for the sixth or seventh time, and she awoke with a misgiving in her mind, and some sound ringing in her ears. She listened and heard nothing; but in a few minutes it began again.

It was Hazel talking, talking in a manner so fast, so strange, so loud, that it made her blood run cold. It was the voice of Hazel, but not his mind.

She drew near, and, to her dismay, found him fever-stricken, and pouring out words with little sequence. She came close to him and tried to soothe him, but he answered her quite at random, and went on flinging out the strangest things in stranger order. She trembled and waited for a lull, hoping then to soothe him with soft words and tones of tender pity.

"*Dens and caves!*" he roared, answering an imaginary detractor. "Well, never mind, love shall make that hole in the rock a palace for a queen; for a queen? For the queen." Here he suddenly changed characters and fancied he was interpreting the discourse of another. "He means the Queen of the Fairies," said he, patronisingly: then, resuming his own character with loud defiance, "I say her chamber shall outshine the glories of the Alhambra, as far as the lilies outshone the artificial glories of King Solomon. Oh, mighty Nature, let others rely on the painter, the gold-beater, the carver of marble, come you and help me adorn the temple of my beloved. Amen."

(The poor soul thought, by the sound of his own words, it must be a prayer he had uttered.)

And now Helen, with streaming eyes, tried to put in a word, but he stopped her with a wild hush! and went off into a series of mysterious whisperings. "Make no noise, please, or we shall frighten her. There—that is her window—no noise, please! I've watched and waited four hours, just to see her sweet, darling shadow on the blinds, and shall I lose it for your small talk? all paradoxes and platitudes: excuse my plain speaking—Hush! here it comes—her shadow—hush—how my heart beats. It is gone.—So now," (speaking out,) "good night, base world! Do you hear? you company of liars, thieves, and traitors, called the world, go and sleep if you can. I *shall* sleep: because my conscience is clear. *False accusations!* Who can help them? They are the act of others. Read of Job, and Paul, and Joan of Arc. No, no, no, no; I didn't say read 'em out with those stentorian lungs. I must be allowed a *little* sleep, a man that wastes the midnight oil, yet brushes the early dew. Good night."

He turned round and slept for several hours as he supposed; but in reality he was silent for just three seconds. "Well," said he, "and is a gardener a man to be looked down upon by upstarts? When Adam dived and Eve

span, where was then the gentleman? Why, where the spade was. Yet I went through the Herald's College and not one of our mushroom aristocracy ('bloated' I object to; they don't eat half as much as their footmen;) had a spade for a crest. There's nothing ancient west of the Caspian. Well, all the better. For there's no fool like an old fool. A spade's a spade for a that, an a that, an a that, an a that,—an a that,—an a that. Hallo! Stop that man; he's gone off on his cork leg, of a that, on a that—and it is my wish to be quiet. Allow me respectfully to observe," said he striking off suddenly into an air of vast politeness, "that man requires change. I've done a jolly good day's work with the spade for this old Buffer, and now the intellect claims its turn. The mind retires above the noisy world to its Acropolis, and there discusses the great problem of the day; that the Insular Enigma. To be or not to be, that is the question, I believe. No it is not. That is fully discussed elsewhere. Hum! To diffuse—intelligence—from a fixed island—over one hundred leagues of water.

"It's a Stinger. But I can't complain. I had read Lempriere, and Smith, and Bryant, and mythology in general; yet I must go and fall in love with the Sphinx. Men are so vain. Vanity whispered, she will set you a light one; Why is a cobbler like a king, for instance. She is not in love with you, ye fool, if you are with her. The harder the riddle the higher the compliment the Sphinx pays you. That is the way all sensible men look at it. She is not the Sphinx: she is an angel, and I call her my Lady Caprice. *Hate her for being Caprice!* You incorrigible muddle head. Why, I love Caprice for being her shadow. Poor impotent love that can't solve a problem. The only one she ever set me. I've gone about it like a fool. What is the use putting up little bits of telegraphs on the island? I'll make a kite a hundred feet high, get five miles of rope ready against the next hurricane; and then I'll rub it with phosphorus and fly it. But what can I fasten it to? No tree would hold it. Dunce! To the island itself, of course. And now go to Stantle, Magg, Milton, and Copestake for one thousand yards of silk—*Money! money! money!* Well, give them a mortgage on the island, and a draft on the galleon. Now stop the pitch-fountain, and bore a hole near it; fill fifty balloons with gas, inscribe them with the latitude and longitude, fly them, and bring all the world about our ears.

"The problem is solved. It is solved, and I am destroyed. She leaves me; she thinks no more of me. Her heart is in England."

Then he muttered for a long time unintelligibly; and Helen ventured near, and actually laid her hand on his brow to soothe him. But suddenly his muttering ceased, and he seemed to be puzzling hard over something.

The result came out in a clear articulate sentence, that made Helen recoil, and holding by the mast, cast an indescribable look of wonder and dismay on the speaker.

The words that so staggered her were these, to the letter.

"She says she hates reptiles. Yet she marries Arthur Wardlaw."

INVERTED COMMAS.

PLAGUE on inverted commas! They are a greater nuisance and a not less contemptible sign of weakness in the present century than italics were in the last; and it is quickly coming to this, that every word on every page will appear befattered with these typographical flourishes. The prevailing system of inverted commas will then work out the demonstration of their own absurdity, just as the excessive use of them made italics, instead of significant, ridiculous. Everything that anybody says, or has said, or may say, must go into inverted commas. If I venture to use an old word, it must have these apologetic commas; if I am mad enough to adopt a new word, it cannot pass without commas; if it is neither new nor old, still it is not a word of my invention,—it has been used before, perhaps it has once been used with peculiar happiness,—and therefore woe to me as an honest man if I take advantage of the word, unless I brand it with these wonderful commas. They are paltry little things; but they are symptoms of a fatal malady, as will be shown in the sequel. Let it only be observed in the outset that we need not despise the subject because of its apparent littleness:

A finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in heaven afar,
A mote eclipse yon glorious star,
An eyelid hide the sky.

Pray note two things to begin with. The first is, that there is not a single inverted comma in the Bible. I refer to the Bible now, not as of Divine authority, but as a model of good English, on which printers have lavished their utmost skill. If the translators of the Bible could produce this masterly version, abounding in dialogue, in strange words and phrases, and in quotations of all sorts, without the use of one inverted comma, can it be necessary to sprinkle

them so recklessly, as the present custom is, over the pages of books? The other is, that printing is but a device to represent to the eye what speech represents to the ear. The moment that typography attempts to represent more to the eye than the voice can to the ear, it attempts more than it can fairly accomplish and passes into algebra. There are stops in the voice which printing can clearly represent, and there are words and phrases whose varying emphasis we can indicate in italics and capitals; but inverted commas convey ideas which are either not at all to be found in the inflections of the voice, or which are quite well enough expressed in other and more legitimate typographical devices. We need not object to inverted commas in moderation: I only maintain that they are at present used with ridiculous extravagance.

They were first of all introduced to indicate the limits of a long quotation. Revenge, says Bacon, is a wild justice. In such a sentence there is no need of inverted commas. The two words which attribute the saying to Bacon effect all the purpose of the commas; and if you add the commas to these two words you only add a second indication where one is enough. You break the law of parsimony, which tells you that nature never produces her effects by two causes where one will do. If, on the other hand, the quotation is of some length, then inverted commas may be of use at the end of it to show where it ends, and where the author begins again to speak in his own person. But it must be observed that good authors are extremely chary of long quotations—at least, of mixing them up with their own remarks. If they take up the pen to write, it is because they have something to say for themselves, not because they wish to retail the sayings of others. If, therefore, they have to make many long quotations, they consign them, for the most part, to footnotes, and in those rare cases where they are compelled to plant them in the text, they take care to limit the citation by some such formality as, Thus far Bacon—a formality which does the whole work of inverted commas, and more, for it speaks to the ear as well as to the eye; a formality, moreover, which, from the rareness of its occurrence, can scarcely be felt as such.

There are cases, however, it may be replied, in which poetry is constantly quoted without mention of the author's name. The quotation is introduced by no phrase which may supply the place of inverted commas. Let it be observed, however, that verse is printed as verse, with a double distinction from the prose

in which it is set, inasmuch as not only are the lines peculiarly arranged, but also they are, for the most part, printed in smaller type. Not content with these two differences, which are more than enough to distinguish the poetry from the prose in which it is quoted—a third distinction is added, that of inverted commas, lest you should imagine the prose writer to be actuated by a sudden freak, and, in his own person, to have broken forth into verse. Surely we may take it for granted that, if a man is writing prose, he will not suddenly break into verse for two or three lines, and then return to prose; and, therefore, that verse, when it appears in the midst of prose, must be borrowed, even if we are not advertised of the fact by the display of inverted commas.

These commas are prodigiously used in dialogue—but let us see how far they are necessary; and let it be understood that if they are unnecessary, they must be a blemish on the page. Will you? said Edwin. Never, said Angelina. What is the use of inverted commas in such dialogue as this? Do they convey more to the eye than the words themselves convey to the ear? Not a jot. Says-he and says-she convey the full meaning of the typographical signs. It is sometimes, however, oppressive in dialogue to be always writing says-he and says-she; and in such case it may be asked, how are the alternations of the dialogue to be indicated except by typographical signs? The answer is, that typographical signs are then no doubt allowable; but it is not necessary to have them doubled. The printer indicates the alternations of the dialogue by making each new speech begin a new line. Surely that is enough. The French think it enough. They print whole pages of dialogue between two persons, as we should print the dialogue of a play, omitting the names; and they are right. Our printers have two typographical devices to do the work of one. The dialogue is in the first place broken into paragraphs, each separate speech having a separate beginning. As if this were not enough, the further typographical device of inverted commas is added. Lastly, both of these devices are constantly employed when says-he and says-she have already accomplished all which they can by any possibility suggest. If you deprive the dialogue of says-he, and says-she; and if, further, you print it without breaks; then inverted commas may come in usefully. At present they are, in the English practice, I repeat, a ridiculous excess.

Let us proceed to another class of cases in which these nefarious commas are allowed

to play too prominent a part—as, for example, where there is any peculiarity of names. A spade is a spade: here there is no peculiarity—no room, therefore, for inverted commas. But if I happen to write that a spade should be called a spade, or if I should in any way speak of the word spade as distinct from the thing, then I am expected to mark the distinction by commas. Why? The word is never anything but a word, and how it becomes more a word by investing it with inverted commas, I cannot see. Will somebody be good enough to explain how much more the phrase—A spade should be called “a spade,” conveys to the eye than—A spade should be called a spade, conveys to the ear? Or take another case. We speak of John Smith, and, in writing his name, are independent of inverted commas; but, if we say that John Smith was familiarly known as Old Smith, then we are expected to fly to the commas. Why? Is not Old Smith his name? And why should his acquired name be frizzled with commas, more than his baptismal one? Then, again, people have an insane desire to put the names of ships in inverted commas. Call a ship the Betsy Jane, and instantly the name must be tricked out with inverted commas, to show that it is not the name of a woman, although the definite article always placed before it shows clearly that it must be the name of a vessel. Or take the names of books and of articles in periodicals. I see that some printers are rushing into the weakness of printing all names of books and of articles bedizened with these pestilent marks. They do so, forgetful of the broad principles of typography. What do you mean to tell us when you put the names of books into inverted commas? You tell us nothing. The old rule of typographers was to begin all nouns substantive with a capital letter. But it was soon discovered that the eye did not need such help as this, and that the frequent recurrence of capital letters spoilt the look of the page. Then capital letters came to be disused for common names, and they were reserved for proper ones, those of books being included. But the names of books presented a difficulty; they were often identical with the names of persons, and of places, and of things. Hamlet, for example, gives his name to the play; and how are we to distinguish the name of the play from that of the hero? To meet this difficulty there arose the custom of printing all names of books in italics—in some change of type. This may or may not be necessary, but, at least, the manner of indicating the distinctions

of name, violated no typographical principle. Can we say as much of the custom which is now coming into use? Why should the name of a book be invested with the marks of quotation? To name a book is no more quoting than to name a man.

When foreign words or phrases are introduced into English discourse, it has hitherto been usual to print them in italics. Now there are writers who introduce the custom of printing them in ordinary type, and crowning them with commas. The new custom is in itself objectionable; but were it not so, it would be objectionable because of its diversity from the common usage. If we are to go by signs, it is important that they should be uniform, and it is mere wantonness to attempt in this matter to interfere with the established rule. The chief rule of all is that we are to be chary of typographical signs. When we rely upon them too much, we shall find that we come to use them with the utmost contrariety of meaning. Thus, for example, see the use of italics. Most persons would say that italics always mean that the words printed in them are emphatic. But in the printing of the English Bible the words in italics are precisely those which are not emphatic; they are words which are wanting in the original (the sense being evident without them), but which are introduced into the translation to meet the exigencies of English idiom. And so of inverted commas: they are supposed to introduce a quotation or a second-hand saying. A writer, speaking in his own person, is not expected to put them on his own remarks; and yet there is a tendency to use them in some such sentence as the following:—I have always said, and I say now, "Beware of inverted commas"—where they cover no quotation whatever, and nothing in the nature of a quotation.

But now we come to the most painful part of the subject—that use of inverted commas which indicates the degeneracy of the language, and the feebleness of its writers. Let it be remembered that we live in an age when nearly every man writes. But, unfortunately, the greater number of those who write do not know the English language, and use many words which either they have no right to use, or they are afraid of using. In the olden time, when a man adopted a doubtful phrase—say a word too old, or a word too new, or any strange turn of words—he introduced it with a set apology, as *So-to-speak*, or *If-I-may-be-allowed-the-expression*. But now the language has become so colloquial and full of slang that it would be ludicrous to introduce the apology

as often as it would be necessary, and so the page is crowded with words in inverted commas, in which we can hear the writers saying to us distinctly—I know that this is not English, but never mind, it must do. Likewise if the word is a remarkable one, as *incarnadine*, these half-educated writers remembering that it occurs in Shakespeare, and not being sure whether his authority has prevailed so far as to make it pass current, think it necessary to decorate it with commas. And if they should wish to speak of the *rath primrose*, they do not seem to understand that the English language, with all its wealth, is their heritage, and they put the old adjective into inverted commas in token of the timidity with which they take possession of their inheritance. So too of every word and phrase which they can trace to a particular author or to a particular occasion that gave it currency, they must needs touch it up with the commas to show that they know whence it comes. Religious writers of the Low Church school are terrible offenders in this way. They can never use any word which is prominent in the Bible, as *blood*, or *lamb*, or *faith*, or *perfect love*, without superstitiously sprinkling it with the commas to show that it is biblical.

Now the state of things in literature which these inverted commas indicate is by no means to our glory. They indicate an epoch in literature, and if we look seriously into the matter, we shall see that these little commas, which now beset the pages of our literature, are a trifling sign of an immense fact. An age of inverted commas is essentially a degenerate one, and the inverted commas are the badges of our degeneracy. They imply two things chiefly—want of originality in thought, and want of grasp in language, with an infinite sense of borrowing and pilfering in both. They are the recognised sign of second-hand goods, and when they prevail in literature they necessarily mean that the power of originating has ebbed away, and that we are reduced to compilation. People can see that this is what they mean as regards the matter of thought; it may not so distinctly be seen that they imply a similar defect in the manner of expressing it—that is, in the language. Somebody has said of language, that it is always best when it is like a pane of glass, so that you can see through it without thinking of the window. But a style fretted with inverted commas is a style afflicted with the vice of consciousness. It is a style in which the writer halts for words. He does not know what words are his by right of inheritance as an Englishman, and what are not. He does not know his mother tongue; he is

obliged, in his weakness and ignorance, to insult the noblest of all languages by eking it out with borrowed plumes. When you foist upon us words which you are obliged to present to your readers marked with the typographical signs of borrowing, you in effect say—These words are not mine; they are no part of the inheritance I enjoy in the English language. To which it must be replied—If you know not the wealth of the English language, if in your use of it you are driven to many words which do not properly belong to it, and which you have to proffer with myriads of apologetical commas, you have no business to write books, and you profane our literature.

TALKING OF DIPLOMATISTS.

AT dinner our host, the doctor, expressed rather excitedly his absolute disbelief in the sagacity of professional diplomatists: For, said he, would any of you take me for a spy? His wine being excellent, we said no, promptly; and, besides, he never could have had the look of a spy. Well, then, said he, just listen to my story. I was a very young man travelling on the Continent with a friend whom I had made on the way, who turned out to be the private physician of one of the greatest diplomatists of that time. His name was Lüpner. He had a passion for theoretical surgery, but wanted nerve for it in practice. He saw me operate on the limb of a peasant in the Black Forest, and says he, "I love thee!" Upon my word, I think he respected me as much as Blücher or the Archduke Charles. Wherever we went, I was introduced by Lüpner to the most notable people as a miracle of surgical skill and medical science, while he himself stood flourishing his hand, and always ending, "A youth—and Englishman on his face!" He knew that I was engaged to a young lady, and I was half-inclined to accept his proposal for me to settle down in the city where he lived with his patron, and benefit by his introductions. However, my sweetheart liked her own country best. So did I; and I had to tell him that there was no home for me but England, though I might have to wait there five or ten years for the marriage service. "She too will wait, my friend?" said Lüpner. "Five years or ten! It dries the blood to think of! But hence your success, you Englishmen! You have patience—patience even in love!" One day I was in his cabinet, showing him some surgical instruments, when the Prince came in. Lüpner introduced me in the usual

manner. I suspect he had pre-arranged the interview. Out came the scene in the Black Forest, of course. Well, the Prince invited me to dinner. The talk was all about the opera and ballet, and a dancer who had broken her leg, poor thing, six months ago, and was lamed for life. "He would have saved her—saved her!" shouted Lüpner, frowning at me reproachfully. The Prince hinted once or twice before I left the city, that I might find it profitable to reside there. Lüpner almost burst into tears when I went to take leave of him. "But, well, well," he said, "we will do what we can do to advance the ungrateful man," and he led me to the Prince, who shook my hand cordially, and wrote in my presence a letter of introduction to his ambassador in London—say, Count Coronitz. He did more, he read me his letter, in which I was spoken of as his Highness's young friend, in whose fortunes he took a particular interest, and he strongly recommended me to the count's attention. I felt naturally enough that my fortune was now secure, and I spent money in the purchase of presents for friends in England, whom I should otherwise have forgotten. As soon as I reached London, I went straight to the embassy and saw the count. He read my letter and invited me to dinner.

An old man can afford to remember that he has been a fool, and what's more, to confess it. If you had seen me ordering an expensive fashionable dress-suit ten minutes after leaving the embassy, you would have smiled. I was ready to order a doctor's carriage. Physician to the embassy, mind you—and the count's manner of receiving me meant something like it—is no small thing. I wrote to my sweetheart, telling her that time was nearly up and she had better think of choosing her bridesmaids. The count and his chief secretary, and an extraordinary silent fellow—one of the lot—made, with myself, the number at table. An admirable dinner, none of his home wines, and very pleasant conversation. I talked—I was always a talker—told two or three good stories, and then waited for them to go on. But they seemed to like best listening to me, and, you know, one gets flattered by ears all attention—long or short. We smoked one cigar after dinner, and then I suggested to the count that he might be busy. He rose and squeezed my fingers; he was very particular about having my address; told me I should hear from him, rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him of making my acquaintance. He said pretty things, and I said pretty things. The difference was that I swallowed his, and he

didn't mine, which makes a remarkable difference in drugs and in compliments. His secretary led me out, the silent rascal bowed—like a fishing-rod landing a trout. So that evening was over. I regarded it as having placed me in the ante-room of Fortune, and expected her to open the door of her private chamber every day. But no letter came from the count; I had left my card, too. I saw him riding in the Row, and not looking in the best of health. He might, I thought, have called me in professionally, just to give me a trial. The Prince, you know, had dwelt forcibly on my skill and science. I called to see the ambassador. He did not receive me. I called again. I wrote for permission to pay my respects to him. You will scarcely believe it—I never heard from him or entered the embassy house a second time. As you may imagine, I was astonished, but fifty thousand times more vexed. I ought to have written to Lüpner, but I had become so ashamed of myself, owing to this treatment—it made me appear the smallest dog in the world, and any complaint on my part would have sounded too like yelping to make the comparison endurable; so I kept a still tongue and worked. The young lady threw me over; perhaps, laughed at me. I was eight years making income enough for one, so I forgave her. Well, the end of it was, that, five-and-twenty years later, I was passing through Carlsbad, and met Lüpner near the great spring. We had not seen or heard of one another all that time. He insisted on my dining with the Prince, to whose service he was still attached, and I was only too happy; but just as we were parting, Lüpner was hailed by a man who turned out to be the private secretary of Count Coronitz—not then filling the same office, however.

"You know him," said Lüpner, pointing to me, and began repeating my name, then my profession; and then, rather in amazement, the circumstance of my bringing a letter of introduction to the embassy from the Prince. Suddenly, Mr. Secretary gave his chest a slap. "Why, then, you were not a spy?" he said. "How!" cried I; "you took me for one?" And Lüpner bellowed out among all the water-drinkers, "A spy!" I had the Prince's letter by heart, and referred to the especially friendly terms expressed in it towards me. "Exactly," said the fellow, in the way that foreigners throw off a whole chapter. "Was it *because* of those kind expressions that you did me the honour to suspect me!" I asked, for I was determined to make him, if possible, speak out. "How other?" said he, laughing; and

we were all laughing, for it was the most preposterous thing in the world. "But," I persisted in bringing him to a plain statement—"you will excuse my ignorance of the secret ways and necessities of diplomacy—but what was your objection to a spy, supposing I had been one? I thought they were useful to you—or at least you don't object to use them, do you? Why didn't you offer to give me some employment? Why did you ask me to dinner one day, and then bolt your doors against me?" The fellow stooped his head half-way across the distance separating us, to explain: "This was the simple case. You take my apologies of the profoundest, *d'avance*. It was this:—There was the Prince's letter. It was of an unexampled friendliness, and written as man, not as diplomat. It was of a nature to arouse suspicion—let us say, in the diplomatic breast. For why should he recommend this young Englishman to the count? There was just then delicate business in hand. We could not entertain a spy. So we dropped you. We dined you to inspect you, and immediately dropped you."—"But how could a spy hurt you at the embassy?" said I. "Oh," says he, "you will understand when I tell you—just Heavens! how differently one reads a man under a different light—we could not,"—and he leaned over to me on tiptoe—"we could not afford to have a *spy upon us*." With that he wheeled round swiftly; and Lüpner and I did the same, roaring with laughter. The comedy of it was the intense absurdity of a chief minister striving to do a friendly act by means of his diplomatic servants, and supposing, in a moment of simplicity, that friendliness could be carried out by such an agency. "But, tell me," said Lüpner to him, "you surely couldn't have looked at the doctor's face and supposed that he had a spark of the spy in him?" The other only replied, "Exactly."—"Oh, then, it was on account of that very English ingenuousness you misdoubted his business?" The answer was, "Exactly."—"You thought the Prince had selected him as the finest possible mask for an agent to examine and report on you?"—"How otherwise?" and a shrug. "Come," said Lüpner, taking my arm; "we have a good story for the Prince."

So, gentlemen, that is why I don't think highly of the wisdom or ability of those who ply the trade of cunning—in other words, practise diplomacy. It's not a science. They are fools all round, and the Prince was the first to call himself one when he had heard Lüpner's account of the matter.



HUNTING.

SOFT is the air, the dewy grass
Breathes fragrant incense to the morn ;
The wand'ring breezes, as they pass
From the red clouds where day is born,
Proclaim the south wind on the wing
To waft to hungry hounds the scent,—
Proclaim the budding dawn of spring
With winter's ice-cold sunshine blent.

Up and to horse ! St. Hubert calls—
No slumbers when his horn is blown !—
The morning greeting cheery falls
Upon the ear ; in sadder tone
Poor Ponto from his kennel barks,
He knows no sport is his to-day ;
Mount, gentles ! blithe as May-day larks
That sing the ling'ring frosts away.

Oh ! clear and fresh this fitful breeze,
Fanning with health youth's eager face !

And rich beneath the bare black trees
The flush'd glow height'ning beauty's grace,
When friend joins friend and neighbours tell,
While ambling to the meet, how corn
Rises, and Fenians rise as well,
And to the squire how twins are born.

And now we reach the covert side
Where twinkle tails amongst the furze,
Eager adown the glades men ride
And start at ev'ry leaf that stirs ;
List ! Pilot whimpers !—"hark, I say !"
A check—the gallant hounds give tongue—
And then the shout comes—"Gone away !"
And silence sleeps where hoofs just rung.

Now tighten stirrups, gather reins,
To earth the mild Havana fling,
Our steed his quiv'ring nostril strains,
And half the hunt is following.



Onwards! the first flight we must win—
 "Hark, forrad!" there's the bullfinch clear'd!
 And now down ringing dales we spin,
 And laggards pale have disappear'd.

Hold up! 'tis timber—what a crash!
 No harm done! o'er the "plough" we race;
 Beware the limekiln! there's a smash!
 A fall is killing at this pace!
 Beside the railway now we stream,
 Then through the wood the leaders break,
 And on we flutter like a dream,
 "The devil the hin'most chiel may take!"

The field thins, but the flyers hold
 Their way through meadow tilth and hurst;
 No craning now! When all are bold
 No fence must stop the crowning burst.
 A sheet would cover all the hounds;
 So keen their chace, the quarry droops—

They're on him in a dozen bounds,
 "Killed! Tallyho!" the master whoops.

Sweet then to joke the luckless wights
 Whose horses could not live the run;
 Or who if all had but their rights
 Had ridden harder, seen more fun.
 Sweeter to hand with honest pride
 The brush to Dian's fairest maid,
 Who held her own well at your side,
 And deem it with her smiles o'erpaid.

Last in the day's delight there comes
 The dusky ride when sinks the sun
 A globe of fire on happy homes
 And restful hamlets, labour done:
 And then, as Vesper gems the sky
 Glitt'ring o'er twilight's dusky sea,
 Each one will swear with flashing eye—
 "Hunting is still the sport for me!"

OSBORN'S PIPE.

WE were up on the Fjeld, Edward and I and Anders our guide, in quest of reindeer. How long ago it was we will not ask; for after all it was not so very long ago. How did we get there? Well; if you must know we went up to the head of the Sogne Fjord in a boat, and then we drove up the valley in carioles till we were tired, and then we took to our legs, and, now, about three P.M. we were on the Fjeld making for the *Sater* or Shieling, where we were to pass the night. On this our first day, we did not expect to meet deer, so on we plodded over the stony soil slanting across the Fjeld which showed its long shoulder above us, while far off glared the snowy peaks, and the glaciers stooped down to meet the Fjeld, for as the Norse proverb says, if the dale wont come to the mountain, the mountain must meet the dale. On we went, Anders cheering the way by stories of *Huldror* and Trolls, and running off hither and thither to fetch us Alpine plants and flowers. All at once, in one of these flights which had brought him up to the very edge of the shoulder above us, we saw his tall form stiffen as it were against the sky and, in another moment, he had fallen flat, beckoning us to come cautiously to him. As we reached him stooping and running, he whispered "There they are, away, yonder;" and sure enough, about half a mile further on, close under the shoulder, which broke off into an immense circular valley or combe, we could make out two stags, three hinds, and some fawns at play. It was a strange sight to see the low, thick-set stags with their heavy palmated antlers, leaping over one another and over the hinds, and the hinds and fawns in turn following their example. "A sure sign of rain and wind," said Anders. "It will blow a hurricane and pour in torrents to-morrow, mark my words. I never looked to find them so low down, let us try to get at them." We crept down then, well under cover of the shoulder, and, led by Anders, went on till he said we were opposite the spot where the deer were at play. "But, by all the powers," said he, "be sure to take good aim both of you, and bring down each a stag. I will take one of the hinds, but I will not fire before you." And now began the real stalk, we had about three hundred yards against the wind to crawl on our hands and feet over stones, and gravel, and dry grass, and brambles, and dwarf willow, before we could get to the edge of the shoulder, and look down on the deer. For nearly the whole distance all went well, our bellies clove to the dust like snakes, as we wormed our way. But, alas! when we were not ten yards from the edge, Edward uttered a cry and sprang to his feet. Anders and I did the same without the cry, only to see the deer off at full speed down the combe, followed by a volley of oaths and a bulletless bullet from

the old flint rifle which Anders carried. For myself I turned to Edward and felt very much as though I should like to send my bullet through him.

"Why, in the name of all that is unholy, did you utter that yell and scare them away?"

"Oh, I am very sorry," he said, "but I came across this thing like a bramble only the prickles are much sharper, and it tore me so I couldn't bear it;" and, as he spoke, he pointed to a stout trailing *Rubus arcticus* over which he had crawled, and which had taken toll both of his clothing and flesh.

Anders looked at him with unutterable scorn. "When the gentleman next goes after reindeer, he had better take Osborn's Pipe with him. Come along, no more reindeer for us to-day; no, nor to-morrow either. The peaks are going to put on their nightcaps; we must try to get to the *Sater* before the storm comes on." After a tough walk, during which Anders said little or nothing; we got to the shieling, where two girls, a cousin of Anders and his sister, met us with bright hearty faces. They had been up there looking after the cattle since June, and it was now August, and they had made heaps of butter and cheese. There were three rooms in the *Sater*, a living-room in the middle, and on either hand a room for the men and another for the women. There were outhouses for the butter, and cheese, and milk, and cream. We had sent up some creature comforts, and with these and the butter, cream, and cheese, we made a good supper; and now we are sitting over the fire smoking our pipes, and listening to the rain as it patters on the roof, and to the wind as it howls round the building. Under the influence of tobacco and cognac Anders was more happy, and got even reconciled to Edward, whom he regarded as a muff. Looking at him mockingly, he said again, "What a pity you had not Osborn's Pipe."

"And, pray, what was that?" asked Edward; "was it anything like this?" holding out his cutty pipe.

"God forgive us," said Anders; "there are pipes and pipes, and Osborn's Pipe was not a tobacco-pipe, but a playing pipe or whistle. At least so my grandmother said, for she said her grandmother knew a very old woman down at the head of the lake, who had known Osborn and seen his pipe. But, if you like, I'll tell you the story. The girls are gone to bed, and so they won't trouble us, though there's a good bit of kissing in the story, and, when you hear it, you'll both say we should have been lucky if we had only had Osborn's Pipe when the gentleman scared away the deer. But here goes:—

ONCE on a time there was a poor tenant farmer who had to give up his farm to his landlord; but, if he had lost his farm, he had three sons left, and their names were Peter, Paul, and Osborn Boots. They stayed at home

and sauntered about, and wouldn't do a stroke of work; *that* they thought was the right thing to do. They thought, too, they were too good for everything, and that nothing was good enough for them.

At last Peter had got to hear how the king would have a keeper to watch his hares; so he said to his father that he would be off thither: the place would just suit him, for he would serve no lower man than the king; that was what he said. The old father thought there might be work for which he was better fitted than that; for he that would keep the king's hares must be light and lissom, and no lazybones, and when the hares began to skip and frisk there would be quite another dance than loitering about from house to house. Well, it was all no good: Peter would go, and must go, so he took his scrip on his back, and toddled away down the hill; and when he had gone far, and farther than far, he came to an old wife, who stood there with her nose stuck fast in a log of wood, and pulled and pulled at it; and as soon as he saw how she stood dragging and pulling to get free he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Don't stand there and grin," said the old wife, "but come and help an old cripple; I was to have split asunder a little firewood, and I got my nose fast down here, and so I have stood and tugged, and torn and not tasted a morsel of food for hundreds of years." That was what she said.

But for all that Peter laughed more and more. He thought it all fine fun. All he said was, as she had stood so for hundreds of years she might hold out for hundreds of years still.

When he got to the king's grange, they took him for keeper at once. It was not bad serving there, and he was to have good food and good pay, and maybe the princess into the bargain; but if one of the king's hares got lost, they were to cut three red stripes out of his back and cast him into a pit of snakes.

So long as Peter was in the byre and home-field he kept all the hares in one flock; but as the days wore on, and they got up into the wood, all the hares began to frisk, and skip, and scuttle away up and down the hillocks. Peter ran after them this way and that, and nearly burst himself with running, so long as he could make out that he had one of them left, and when the last was gone he was almost brokenwinded. And after that he saw nothing more of them.

When it drew towards evening he sauntered along on his way home, and stood and called and called to them at each fence, but no hares

came; and when he got home to the king's grange, there stood the king all ready with his knife, and he took and cut three red stripes out of Peter's back, and then rubbed pepper and salt into them, and cast him into a pit of snakes.

After a time, Paul was for going to the king's grange to keep the king's hares. The old gaffer said the same thing to him, and even still more; but he must and would set off; there was no help for it, and things went neither better nor worse with him than with Peter. The old wife stood there and tugged and tore at her nose to get it out of the log; he laughed, and thought it fine fun, and left her standing and hacking there. He got the place at once; no one said him nay; but the hares hopped and skipped away from him down all the hillocks, while he rushed about till he blew and panted like a colley-dog in the dog-days, and when he got home at night to the king's grange, without a hare, the king stood ready with his knife in the porch, and took and cut three broad red stripes out of his back, and rubbed pepper and salt into them, and so down he went into the pit of snakes.

Now, when a little while had passed, Osborn Boots was all for setting off to keep the king's hares, and he told his mind to the gaffer. He thought it would be just the right work for him to go into the woods and fields, and along the wild strawberry brakes, and to drag a flock of hares with him, and between whiles to lie and sleep and warm himself on the sunny hill-sides.

The gaffer thought there might be work which suited him better; if it didn't go worse, it was sure not to go better with him than with his two brothers. The man to keep the king's hares must not dawdle about like a lazybones with leaden soles to his stockings, or like a fly in a tar-pot; for when they fell to frisking and skipping on the sunny slopes, it would be quite another dance to catching fleas with gloves on. No; he that would get rid of that work with a whole back had need to be more than lithe and lissom, and he must fly about faster than a bladder or a bird's wing.

"Well, well, it was all no good, however bad it might be," said Osborn Boots. He would go to the king's grange and serve the king, for no lesser man would he serve, and he would soon keep the hares. They couldn't well be worse than the goat and the calf at home. So Boots threw his scrip on his shoulder, and down the hill he toddled.

So when he had gone far, and farther than far, and had begun to get right down hungry, he too came to the old wife, who stood with

her nose fast in the log, who tugged, and tore, and tried to get loose.

"Good-day, grandmother," said Boots. "Are you standing there whetting your nose, poor old cripple that you are?"

"Now, not a soul has called me mother for hundreds of years," said the old wife. "Do come and help me to get free, and give me something to live on; for I haven't had meat in my mouth all that time. See if I don't do you a motherly turn afterwards."

Yes; he thought she might well ask for a bit of food and a drop of drink.

So he cleft the log for her, that she might get her nose out of the split, and sat down to eat and drink with her; and as the old wife had a good appetite, you may fancy she got the lion's share of the meal.

When they were done, she gave Boots a pipe, which was in this wise: when he blew into one end of it, anything that he wished away was scattered to the four winds, and when he blew into the other, all things gathered themselves together again; and if the pipe were lost or taken from him, he had only to wish for it, and it came back to him.

"Something like a pipe, this," said Osborn Boots.

When he got to the king's grange, they chose him for keeper on the spot. It was no bad service there, and food and wages he should have, and, if he were man enough to keep the king's hares, he might, perhaps, get the princess too; but if one of them got away, if it were only a leveret, they were to cut three red stripes out of his back. And the king was so sure of this that he went off at once and ground his knife.

It would be a small thing to keep these hares, thought Osborn Boots; for when they set out they were almost as tame as a flock of sheep, and so long as he was in the lane and in the homefield, he had them all easily in a flock and following; but when they got upon the hills by the wood, and it looked towards midday, and the sun began to burn and shine on the slopes and hillsides, all the hares fell to frisking and skipping about, and away over the hills.

"Ho, ho! stop! will you all go? Go, then!" said Boots; and he blew into one end of the pipe, so that they ran off on all sides, and there was not one of them left. But as he went on, and came to an old charcoal pit, he blew into the other end of the pipe; and before he knew where he was, the hares were all there, and stood in lines and rows, so that he could take them all in at a glance, just like a troop of

soldiers on parade. "Something like a pipe, this," said Osborn Boots; and with that he laid him down to sleep away under a sunny slope, and the hares frisked and frolicked about till eventide. Then he piped them all together again, and came down to the king's grange with them, like a flock of sheep.

The king and the queen, and the princess, too, all stood in the porch, and wondered what sort of fellow this was who so kept the hares that he brought them home again; and the king told and reckoned them on his fingers, and counted them over and over again; but there was not one of them missing—no! not so much as a leveret.

"Something like a lad, this," said the princess.

Next day he went off to the wood, and was to keep the hares again; but as he lay and sunned himself on a strawberry brake, they sent the maid after him from the grange that she might find out how it was that he was man enough to keep the king's hares so well.

So he took out the pipe and showed it her, and then he blew into one end and made them fly like the wind over all the hills and dales; and then he blew into the other end, and they all came scampering back to the brake, and all stood in row and rank again.

"What a pretty pipe," said the maid. She would willingly give a hundred dollars for it, if he would sell it, she said.

"Yes! it is something like a pipe," said Osborn Boots; "and it was not to be had for money alone; but if she would give him the hundred dollars, and a kiss for each dollar, she should have it," he said.

Well! why not? of course she would; she would willingly give him two for each dollar, and thanks besides.

So she got the pipe; but when she had got as far as the king's grange, the pipe was gone, for Osborn Boots had wished for it back, and so, when it drew towards eventide, home he came with his hares just like any other flock of sheep; and for all the king's counting or telling, there was no help,—not a hair of the hares was missing.

The third day that he kept the hares, they sent the princess on her way to try and get the pipe from him. She made herself as blithe as a lark, and she bade him two hundred dollars if he would sell her the pipe and tell her how she was to behave to bring it safe home with her.

"Yes! yes! it is something like a pipe," said Osborn Boots; "and it was not for sale," he said, "but all the same, he would do it for

her sake, if she would give him two hundred dollars, and a kiss into the bargain for each dollar; then she might have the pipe. If she wished to keep it, she must look sharp after it. That was her look-out."

"This is a very high price for a hare-pipe," thought the princess; and she made mouths at giving him the kisses; "but, after all," she said, "it's far away in the wood, no one can see it or hear it—it can't be helped; for I must and will have the pipe."

So when Osborn Boots had got all he was to have, she got the pipe, and off she went, and held it fast with her fingers the whole way; but when she came to the grange, and was going to take it out, it slipped through her fingers and was gone!

Next day the queen would go herself and fetch the pipe from him. She made sure she would bring the pipe back with her.

Now she was more stingy about the money, and bade no more than fifty dollars; but she had to raise her price till it came to three hundred. Boots said it was something like a pipe, and it was no price at all; still for her sake it might go, if she would give him three hundred dollars, and a smacking kiss for each dollar into the bargain; then she might have it. And he got the kisses well paid, for on that part of the bargain she was not so squeamish.

So when she had got the pipe, she both bound it fast, and looked after it well; but she was not a hair better off than the others, for when she was going to pull it out at home, the pipe was gone; and at even down came Osborn Boots, driving the king's hares home for all the world like a flock of tame sheep.

"It is all stuff," said the king; "I see I must set off myself, if we are to get this wretched pipe from him; there's no other help for it, I can see." And when Osborn Boots had got well into the woods next day with the hares, the king stole after him, and found him lying on the same sunny hillside, where the women had tried their hands on him.

Well! they were good friends, and very happy; and Osborn Boots showed him the pipe, and blew first on one end and then on the other, and the king thought it a pretty pipe, and wanted at last to buy it, even though he gave a thousand dollars for it.

"Yes! it is something like a pipe," said Boots, "and it's not to be had for money; but do you see that white horse yonder down there?" and he pointed away into the wood.

"See it! of course I see it; it's my own horse Whitey," said the king. No one had need to tell him that.

"Well! if you will give me a thousand dollars, and then go and kiss yon white horse down in the marsh there, behind the big fir-tree, you shall have my pipe."

"Isn't it to be had for any other price?" asked the king.

"No, it is not," said Osborn.

"Well! but I may put my silken pocket-handkerchief between us?" said the king.

Very good; he might have leave to do that. And so he got the pipe, and put it into his purse. And the purse he put into his pocket, and buttoned it up tight; and so off he strode to his home. But when he reached the grange, and was going to pull out his pipe, he fared no better than the women folk; he hadn't the pipe any more than they, and there came Osborn Boots driving home the flock of hares, and not a hair was missing.

The king was both spiteful and wroth, to think that he had fooled them all round, and cheated him out of the pipe as well; and now he said Boots must lose his life, there was no question of it, and the queen said the same: it was best to put such a rogue out of the way red handed.

Osborn thought it neither fair nor right, for he had done nothing but what they told him to do; and so he had guarded his back and life as best he might.

So the king said there was no help for it; but if he could lie the great brewing-vat so full of lies that it ran over, then he might keep his life.

That was neither a long nor perilous piece of work: he was quite game to do that, said Osborn Boots. So he began to tell how it had all happened from the very first. He told about the old wife and her nose in the log, and then he went on to say, "Well, but I must lie faster if the vat is to be full." So he went on to tell of the pipe and how he got it; and of the maid, how she came to him and wanted to buy it for a hundred dollars, and of all the kisses she had to give besides, away there in the wood. Then he told of the princess how she came and kissed him so sweetly for the pipe when no one could see or hear it, all away there in the wood. Then he stopped and said, "I must lie faster if the vat is ever to be full." So he told of the queen, how close she was about the money and how overflowing she was with her smacks. "You know I must lie hard to get the vat full," said Osborn.

"For my part," said the queen, "I think it's pretty full already."

"No! no! it isn't," said the king.

So he fell to telling how the king came to

him, and about the white horse down on the marsh, and how if the king was to have the pipe, he must—"Yes, your majesty, if the vat is ever to be full I must go on and lie hard," said Osborn Boots.

"Hold! hold, lad! It's full to the brim," roared out the king; "don't you see how it is foaming over?"

So both the king and the queen thought it best he should have the princess to wife and half the kingdom. There was no help for it.

"That was something like a pipe," said Osborn Boots.

That was the story of Osborn's Pipe, and when Anders stopped we all laughed, and our laughter was re-echoed by the girls who had listened with the door ajar, and who now showed their smiling faces through the opening, and thanked Anders for telling the story so well. "Your own grandmother couldn't have told it better," said Christine, his fair-haired cousin.

THE CAM REVISITED.

THE innovation of admitting voting papers at University Elections is no unqualified benefit to the constituents. The majority are clergymen with small incomes, tender consciences, and wives who, to put it mildly, disapprove of unnecessary expenditure, and consequently they do not get many outings. Or when a week's holiday does break in upon the routine of their lives, it is probably spent with the children in an uncomfortable sea-side lodging, or devoted to laying in a stock of Exeter Hall May eloquence, which can be retailed afterwards at minor country meetings. But there is one sentiment which is stronger with the representative or model country parson than either domesticity, enforced economy, or the success of his pet society, and that is, love for his Church. Now we all know that the Church of England is in a chronic state of danger (fancy a Roman admitting that of *his* Church!), and is periodically to be saved for the time being by the election of one of two University candidates; so that, in the old times, the conscience of every good churchman not only permitted, but commanded, him to rush to the rescue. And thus he was feasted by his college, which kept open house; he revived old friendships, he refreshed his mind with a backward glance at his youth, and returned home a brighter, perhaps a wiser, certainly not a sadder, man. But now that he can send in his voting-paper from any distance, the poor curate feels the incurring of travelling

expenses to be quite out of the question. He cannot have the pleasure of spending a penny in behalf of the Establishment; literally not a penny, for the man he means to vote for sends him stamped envelopes. Of course there are men holding good livings, or possessed of private property, to whom the journey is of no pecuniary importance; and a few of these will probably always prefer to visit the scene of the contest, and tender their votes in person, perhaps work on the committee; but the scene at Cambridge during the late contest between Messrs. Hope and Cleasby was very different from that witnessed at former elections; and I looked about in vain for old familiar non-resident faces.

On several occasions I caught a glimpse of one indeed which recalled an old friend, though I dismissed the notion of the present portly dignified ecclesiastic being identical with Jack Bayliss as too absurd. But a week or two after the election was over, I met him face to face in the street, when he stopped, and mentioned my name. "Bayliss?" I said; the Jack of twenty years ago would have been out of the question, even if I had been quite sure of my man. "Of course," he replied; "am I so much altered?" I hope to be forgiven for saying no; what can one say to such a question? Was he much altered! Last time I had seen him he weighed twelve stone, instead of quite four more; his hair was brown and curly, not sparse and grizzled; he had no wrinkles at the corners of his eyes; his chin was single, instead of, as now, merging into a reduplication, which, like a wave of Time, flowed down into his neckcloth. Yet I would have defied such natural changes to deceive my memory, had they not been aided by a thorough revolution in dress and manner. The entity represented to my mind by the words Jack Bayliss was a smartly-dressed youth in lavender gloves, shining boots, eccentric scarf-pin, hat slightly cocked, quizzing-glass stuck in one eye, enormous regalia in the corner of the mouth, strolling along the Parade with somewhat more swagger than would be thought gentlemanly now-a-days; while the figure impressed on my retina wore gold spectacles, a white tie, M.B. waistcoat, coat with straight collar, awe-inspiring hat with a little rosette in front, and black cloth gaiters; and it stepped along with a sobriety which suggested a possible minuet as the only admission to a theory of youthful skittishness.

He proposed a walk; I mentioned that the second division boat-races were going on, and that we might as well take our constitutional

in the direction of the river as in any other. He assented, and we turned our steps towards Chesterton. "You remember," said I, "when our boat was at the head of the river, and you pulled number five?" "Did I?" he replied; "I believe I did. But I have long ceased to take any interest in rowing. I do not quite approve of an exercise which must be too violent for the health." "I am glad to see that it has not injured yours, at all events," I could not help observing. "Thank you," he said mildly; "thank you. From what the doctors say in the *Times* it must have been a great risk, and it is a wonder that none of our old friends died of heart complaint. But doubtless we should all have taken better degrees if we had contented ourselves with healthy country walks every day from two to four. Is it not marvellous, when you come to think of it, that we should have ever taken any pleasure in sitting in a very uncomfortable position in a boat, and engaging voluntarily in a pursuit which has, in all ages, been reserved as the most cruel punishment for the vilest of criminals? Is it not humiliating that an intelligent being should feel the keenest chagrin when the boat behind touches his, the most intoxicating joy when his boat touches the one before it?" "Well," said I, "I am not sure that the objects of our mature ambition would seem much nobler if put in that light."

And so I led the conversation to the late election and politics in general, desiring to see my old friend's transformation all round. As I anticipated, he was a very high Tory, and, in reply to a remark that his opinions had become slightly modified by time, he said, naively:—"Ah, now you mention it, I believe that my views, as a very young man, were tainted slightly by Liberalism." His memory did not deceive him. As Jack Bayliss he had been nearly expelled from the Union for a short speech upon the French Revolution. A republican advocate had been finding mild excuses for the excesses of it; Jack rose to reply to him.

"That the extermination of kings, priests, and nobles would be the greatest of boons to mankind, none but slaves and bigots can doubt," said he; "but we must not do evil that good may come, and though these criminal pests of society deserve any lawful vengeance, let us not forget that the infliction of capital punishment is itself a crime." In those days the Throne, the Altar, and the Halter were almost equally sacred in our minds, and we made such a noise!

By this time we had reached the river bank,

and eight-oar after eight-oar passed us as we walked towards the course. Bayliss watched them with a puzzled look, and grew so absent that he did not hear me when I spoke to him. "It is very odd," he said at length, "I no longer care for these things; but it is not pleasant to find the memory impaired. Now I cannot remember any of the uniforms except the Johnian scarlet and the First and Second Trinity clubs." I relieved his mind by telling him that they had been almost all altered since his time; and presently pointed out his own old boat as it swept by. In spite of his asserted indifference his eyes lighted up and his manner thawed; he even began to criticise. "Is that dashing of the oar into the water with a jerk what they call the catch at the beginning?" he said. "Well, I do not like it; it must take too much out—I mean must fatigue a man greatly over a long course; good perhaps for a spur—effort that is." And he stood still to watch the passing eights more narrowly.

There were a couple of young ladies dressed in the attractive style of the period, stationed near us, and as each crew went by, the little coxswain called out, Eyes in the boat! A flattering tribute, which brought a smile to the features of my clerical companion. One of the injunctions—indeed, that most commonly used by the men who, either from the steerage or the bank, were coaching the different crews—was hardly delicate enough for youthful female ears, besides sounding rather cruel to the uninitiated. "Drop your stomachs between your knees! More forward all! Number three; *will* you drop your stomach between your knees!" The boats all went by, passing out of sight to their starting posts. So we walked on, crossed the river at the Plough, and took up our positions in the meadow called Grassy, opposite to which a large proportion of the bumps are usually made.

"Dear me," said Bayliss, "to think that there was a time when one got quite excited about these things! and now, how foolish all youthful pleasures seem. There goes the first gun! How warm it is for the time of year; and how forward the vegetation is. A frost just now would do much mischief—the apricot blossoms especially—second gun!" "No, the third; they are off, for there is the Trinity Hall donkey."

And sure enough that intelligent animal comes cantering in advance, laden with the spare jerseys of the crew that owns him, while that most intoxicating of sounds, the roar of human voices, swells in the distance.

Louder and nearer it grows, and the frantic crowd running on the towing path on the opposite bank to that on which we are standing, comes into sight. Presently the prow of the leading boat appears at the corner to our right, and in a moment is round it, the rudder tearing up a fountain, the crew rowing as if for dear life, for the second boat is close upon their wake; a third is spurting after that; the fourth is evidently in difficulties, for the boat behind it, that of Bayliss's old club, is barely two feet from its rudder. The crowd on the towing path is thickest and most excited alongside these two, and from the shouts of the partizans you might imagine that a breach was being stormed. "You must own that it is a lively scene," said I, and not getting any reply I turned to see what had become of my companion. His indifference had vanished, and he was running along the meadow by the side of his old boat, which was now overlapping its prey, and he was shouting like an undergraduate, "Well rowed! Keep it up. Now she shoots. Another stroke and you are into her. Well rowed! Well steered! Hurrah!" And off came the curly-brimmed hat with a flourish, as the bows touched the stern of the conquered boat, the coxswain of which held up his hand in acknowledgment of the bump, and both crews pulled into the bank to allow others to pass them on the narrow stream.

"Why, Jack, you old humbug!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as he stood mopping his forehead. "Pooh, pooh! one is made of flesh and blood," he replied. "And since we are here, suppose we stop and have a look at the University boat; it will be coming down presently." I did not ask how he got his information, but it proved quite correct, for before long a white pony appeared in the distance rising from the midst of a group of runners, and soon we saw a boat approaching with a little light blue flaglet fluttering in its bows. I spare you the reverend gentleman's criticisms, which were old fashioned, and perhaps inapplicable, but they were listened to with great interest by a knowing horsey-looking little man who stood near, and who presently addressed me.

"I beg pardon, sir, but isn't that the boat as is going to row at Putney?"

"Yes," said I.

"Not a bad looking lot. No more they was last year, nor the year before when I see 'um. And I cannot make out why the Oxforde won such a lot of times running; what do you think?"

I pointed out what a bad river we had to

practise on; but he replied that the river had not altered its course since the days when Cambridge was a constant winner. So I told him that the build of boats had been altered, that we always lost the toss for Surrey and Middlesex sides, &c., &c. But he shook his head.

"I don't know much about rowing," said he, "but I have been used to 'osses all my life; and my rule is, I never backs a nanimal as has excuses made for him."

TABLE TALK.

IT is rather singular that the new metallic compound aluminium bronze is not more used in England. We know it best in the cheap pencil-cases which come from America; but there is no metal which is so well suited for many domestic purposes. It is better than silver. I suppose that our plate is chiefly of silver, not because it is one of the precious metals and we wish to make a show of our wealth, but because it is a clean, hard, useful, and beautiful metal, easily kept in order. Its preciousness is a positive disadvantage to it, because it entails upon us some extra trouble in guarding it; and many persons, to save themselves this worry, refuse to have silver, and take to electroplate. Electroplate is certainly as hard, as cleanly, and as beautiful as silver; and it has the advantage of not being tempting enough for thieves: but it is unreal—too much like the thing it imitates, and many people reject it on that account. To all such persons let me say, Try the aluminium bronze. It has all the beauty of gold, without any pretence of imitating it. You know it is not gold by the weight of it; and no one has a word to say against the metals which in tint resemble gold—as brass, because they are not deceptive as the resemblances of silver. For articles in aluminium bronze, however, we should have to go to Paris. They are not made in England. Spoons and forks, cruet-stands, candlesticks, harness, and many other things in this beautiful substance, figured prominently in the late Paris Exhibition.

THE performance of the naval drama entitled *Le Vengeur*, at the Théâtre du Châtelet, has brought the glorious affair of the *Vengeur* once more before the public. The story of the French ship which, having been entirely disabled, was ordered to surrender, but, although sinking fast, refused to strike, shot her tricolor streamers aloft, returned the enemy's fire from

her upper deck when the lower were submerged, and went down with deafening shouts of *Vive la République*—all this on the 1st of June, 1794—is almost too well-known to be repeated. But although no one who is not a Frenchman ever thinks of considering it other than a melo-dramatic fiction, it is far from generally known that this fiction was, for almost half a century, universally accepted as a historical fact. It was first published by Barrère, of French Convention notoriety, in his *Report* of 9th July, 1794. He, however, quotes the English newspapers as his authorities, and, strangely enough, the *Morning Chronicle* of 16th June, and other papers have, after microscopic researches, been found to contain what, according to Carlyle, seems the probable origin of Barrère's Fable. The report was re-printed in the *Morning Chronicle* of 26th July, and the story was repeated, without hesitation, by various writers, great and small, on both sides of the Channel. Doubts, it seems, were faintly expressed, from time to time, by the French; but not until both Alison and Carlyle had given it the weight of their authority did any Englishman, so far as I am aware, think it necessary to contradict a statement in which his countrymen are accused of the cruelty and cowardice of firing into a sinking ship. It was then emphatically contradicted by Rear-Admiral Griffiths, who declared the generally accepted story to be a ridiculous piece of nonsense; he himself, then fourth lieutenant on board the *Culloden*, had witnessed the sinking of the *Vengeur*, which, he stated, sank, riddled with shot, her colours down, and without a cry, except one of horror and despair, Captain Renaudin and almost all the crew being at the time prisoners on board the English fleet. These statements were found to be confirmed by the contents of Captain Renaudin's despatch to his own government (20th June, 1794) which was printed from the Naval Archives of France, in the *Revue Britannique* of Oct., 1839, soon after the appearance, in *Fraser*, of the paper on the sinking of the *Vengeur*, by Carlyle, who had made inquiries in all directions, even applying, through a friend, to Barrère himself, and to whom we are indebted for the demolition of this monstrous invention, which had withstood the tear and wear of time so long.

A MORE extraordinary legacy than that bequeathed to his fellow citizens by Father a Loque cannot well be imagined. At his death his body was found stretched on a miserable bed in an attic of the *Quartier de Grenelle*, which is anything but a fashionable

district of Paris. He was an old man, had lived in the simplest way, sustaining himself almost entirely on bread. His room contained hardly any furniture, yet hid in a corner was found a little cupboard, with numerous shelves, and on these were sorted, with the greatest order, regiments of corks. In the centre was a manuscript written by the Père la Loque, on which he stated that he had formerly been in possession of considerable wealth, now squandered; that of all his greatness there remained but these corks, drawn in better times to welcome many a friend who now had forgotten him; that age and ruin had taught their moral, and that on each cork would be found written its history. This the old man did, hoping that it would serve as a timely warning, and that placed on the shelves of some museum, or of a philosopher's study, they might be found to illustrate human nature. On one of the corks was an inscription to this effect:—"Champagne cork. Bottle emptied 12th May, 1843, with M. B——, who wished to interest me in a business by which I was to make ten millions. This affair cost me fifty thousand francs. M. B—— escaped to Belgium. A caution to amateurs." On another appears the following note:—"Cork of Cyprus wine, of a bottle emptied on the 4th December, 1850, with a dozen fast friends; of these, I have not found a single one to help me on the day of my ruin. The names of the twelve are annexed below."

DOES Oxford, who hears often enough how Cambridge vaunts herself as the nurse of the greatest English poets, bear in mind those exquisitely polished and musical lines by Dryden, on the rival claims of the sister Universities! How delicate, yet keen is the sarcasm the verses contain, aimed at the dull Bœotians of the Cambridgeshire fens! Only four lines,—and in them Dryden alludes to his having sought Oxford in the decline of life, though in his youth he had been an undergraduate of Cambridge:—

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother University;
THEBES did his green, unknowing youth engage,
He chooses ATHENS in his riper age!

WHY do theatrical managers talk of Complimentary admissions? Where's the compliment? They give orders either to secure critical kindnesses—I mean puffs—or to fill houses that would otherwise present a beggarly account of empty boxes. Complimentary would be the proper word, as it means filling up. If you have any doubt as to the facts, ask

a manager (especially if you have obliged him) for a box when a departure from his ordinary blundering has given him a piece that draws.

To see me here with my glass and my jug,
And my fire, and my cat, and my meerschaum, too,
You'd think that I ought to be jolly and snug,
And so I am, thank you,—the same to you !

Yet somehow, sitting cosily here,
I think of the sunny summertime hours,
When the what-do-you-call-'em warbles clear,
And the breezes blow. Likewise the flowers.

For the summer I love with a love as bright
As a poet feels for his Chloë or Nancy,
And musing dreamily here to-night,
I try to hurry it on in fancy.

I am lying, we'll say, in the nook I love,
Screen'd from the sunlight's scorching glow,
Watching the big clouds up above,
And blowing a lazy cloud below ;

Blowing a cloud from my meerschaum black,
And thinking or not, as I feel inclined,
With a light alpaca coat on my back,
And nothing particular on my mind ;

Dreaming, may be, of fame, or strife,
Of hopes that kindle, of loves that bless—
Some people might call it wasting life,
But it's very pleasant, nevertheless.

And pleasanter still when, after a while,
I hear a low footfall i' the grass,
And lo ! with a fluttering blush and a smile,
She comes to meet me, my own wee lass.

My love of the blue eyes, tender and soft,
And yellow hair in the sun that glisten'd,
With a smile that's the same I've seen so oft,
And a new pork-pie and feather that isn't.

Cara mia, love is sweet,
Love and beauty, summer and youth,
And true is the love that I lay at your feet—
You may laugh, my dear, but you know it's the truth.

So with love at our hearts—ecstatic boon !
And now and then a word and a smile,
We dream thro' the summer afternoon
In the Owen-Meredith-Bulwer style.

And then when the good-night kiss o' the sun
Has touch'd her cheek to a daintier red,
And twilight is soberly stealing on,
And yokels are toddling home to bed :

Arm-in-arm on our homeward walk,
Thro' the country lanes and corn-fields dear,
We wile the way with such tender talk
As maidens and young men love to hear.

Heigho ! this is all very nice, you know,
Yet somehow nor maiden nor summer is nigh,
And the only corn is the corn on my toe,
And that 'll want cutting by-and-by.

As for thinking my dream 'll come true, why that
Would be one of the most absurd o' rigs ;
For I'm rather bald, and uncommonly fat,
And my name isn't Norval, but only Chiggs.

A GOOD title for memoirs of royal mistresses:—Kings and Queens.

THE alchemists, seeking gold, discovered looking-glass. So many a man, labouring vainly, perceives his true nature.

QUOTH Tom, 'Tis strange that in the world
So much injustice should abound.
Nay, answered John, the human heart
Is never on the right side found.

ON my first visit to Edinburgh, having heard a great deal of the oratorical powers of some of the members of the General Assembly, I was anxious to hear and judge for myself. I accordingly paid an early visit to it. Seated next me I saw an elderly, hard-featured, sober-looking man, leaning with both hands on a stick and eyeing the stick with great earnestness, scarcely even moving his eyes to right or left. My attention was soon directed to the speaker above me, who had opened the discourse of the day. The fervidness of his eloquence, his great command of language and the strangeness of his manner, excited my attention in an unusual degree. I wished to know who it was, and applied to my neighbour, the sober-looking, hard-featured man. "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is speaking now?" The man turned on me a defiant and contemptuous look for my ignorance and answered, looking reverently at the cane on which his hands were imposed, "Sir, that's the great Dochter Chawmers, and I'm haudin' his stick !"

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CHAPTER XXXIX.



THE VERY NAME of Arthur Wardlaw startled Helen, and made her realise how completely her thoughts had been occupied with another.

But add to that the strange and bitter epigram! Or was it a mere fortuitous concourse of words?

She was startled, amazed, confounded, puzzled. And, ere she could recover her composure, Hazel was back to his problem again: but no longer with the same energy.

He said in a faint and sleepy voice: "'He maketh the winds His messengers, and flames of fire His ministers.' Ah! if I could do that! Well, why not? I can do anything she bids me—

Græculus esuriens cœlum jusseris ibit."

And soon after this doughty declaration he dozed off, and forgot all his trouble for awhile.

The sun rose, and still he slept, and Helen watched him with undisguised tenderness in her face; undisguised now that he could not see it.

Ere long she had companions in her care. Ponto came out of his den, and sniffed about the boat; and then began to scratch it, and whimper for his friend. Tommy swam out of the sea, came to the boat, discovered, Heaven knows how, that his friend was there, and, in the way of noises, did everything but speak. The sea birds followed and fluttered here and

there in an erratic way, with now and then a peck at each other. All animated nature seemed to be uneasy at this eclipse of their Hazel.

At last Tommy raised himself quite perpendicular, in a vain endeavour to look into the boat, and invented a whine in the minor key, which tells on dogs: it set Ponto off in a moment; he sat upon his tail, and delivered a long and most deplorable howl.

"Everything loves him," thought Helen.

With Ponto's music Hazel awoke, and found her watching him; he said softly: "Miss Rolleston! There is nothing the matter, I hope. Why am I not up and getting things for your breakfast?"

"Dear friend," said she, "why you are not doing things for me and forgetting yourself, is because you have been very ill. And I am your nurse. Now tell me what I shall get you. Is there nothing you could fancy?"

No; he had no appetite; she was not to trouble about him. And then he tried to get up; but that gave him such a pain in his loins, he was fain to lie down again. So then he felt that he had got rheumatic fever. He told her so; but seeing her sweet anxious face, begged her not to be alarmed—he knew what to take for it. Would she be kind enough to go to his arsenal and fetch some specimens of bark she would find there, and also the keg of rum.

She flew at the word, and soon made him an infusion of the barks in boiling water; to which the rum was added.

His sweet nurse administered this from time to time. The barks used were of the cassia tree, and a wild citron tree. Cinchona did not exist in this island, unfortunately. Perhaps there was no soil for it at a sufficient elevation above the sea. But with these inferior barks they held the fever in check. Still the pain was obstinate, and cost Helen many a sigh; for if she came softly, she could often hear him moan; and the moment he heard her foot, he set-to and whistled for a blind; with what success may be imagined. She would have

bought those pains, or a portion of them ; ay, and paid a heavy price for them.

But pain, like everything, intermits, and in those blessed intervals his mind was more active than ever, and ran a great deal upon what he called the Problem.

But she, who had set it him, gave him little encouragement now to puzzle over it.

The following may serve as a specimen of their conversation on that head.

"The air of this island," said he, "gives one a sort of vague sense of mental power. It leads to no result in my case : still it is an agreeable sensation to have it floating across my mind that some day I shall solve the Great Problem. Ah ! if I was only an inventor !"

"And so you are."

"No, no," said Hazel, disclaiming as earnestly as some people claim ; "I do things that look like acts of invention, but they are acts of memory. I could show you plates and engravings of all the things I have seemed to invent. A man, who studies books instead of skimming them, can cut a dash in a desert island, until the fatal word goes forth—invent ; and then you find him out."

"I am sure I wish I had never said the fatal word. You will never get well if you puzzle your brain over impossibilities."

"Impossibilities ! But is not that begging the question ? The measure of impossibilities is lost in the present age. I propose a test. Let us go back a century, and suppose that three problems were laid before the men of that day, and they were asked to decide which is the most impossible : 1st, to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of water : 2nd, to make the sun take in thirty seconds likenesses more exact than any portrait-painter ever took—likenesses that can be sold for a shilling at fifty per cent. profit : 3rd, for New York and London to exchange words by wire so much faster than the earth can turn, that London shall tell New York at ten on Monday morning what was the price of consols at one o'clock Monday afternoon."

"That is a story," said Helen, with a look of angelic reproach.

"I accept that reply," said Hazel. "As for me, I have got a smattering of so many subjects, all full of incredible truths, that my faith in the impossibility of anything is gone. Ah ! if James Watt was only here instead of John Hazel—James Watt from the Abbey with a head as big as a pumpkin—he would not have gone groping about the island, writing on rocks, and erecting signals. No ; he would

have had some grand and bold idea worthy of the proposition."

"Well, so I think," said Helen, archly ; "that great man with a great head would have begun by making a kite a hundred yards high."

"Would he ? Well, he was quite capable of it."

"Yes ; and rubbed it with phosphorus, and flown it the first tempest, and made the string fast to—the island itself."

"Well, that is an idea," said Hazel, staring ; "rather hyperbolic, I fear. But after all, it is an idea."

"Or else," continued Helen, "he would weave a thousand yards of some light fabric, and make balloons ; then he would stop the pitch-fountain, bore a hole in the rock near it, and so get the gas, fill the balloons, inscribe them with our sad story, and our latitude and longitude, and send them flying all over the ocean—there !"

Hazel was amazed.

"I resign my functions to you," said he. "What imagination ! What invention !"

"Oh dear no," said Helen, silyly ; "acts of memory sometimes pass for invention, you know. Shall I tell you ? When first you fell ill, you were rather light-headed, and uttered the strangest things. They would have made me laugh heartily, only I couldn't—for crying. And you said that about kites and balloons, every word."

"Did I ? Then I have most brains when I have least reason."

"Ay," said Helen, "and other strange things—very strange and bitter things. One I should like to ask you about, what on earth you could mean by it ; but perhaps you meant nothing after all."

"I'll soon tell you," said Hazel ; but he took the precaution to add, "Provided I know what it means myself."

She looked at him steadily, and was on the point of seeking the explanation so boldly offered ; but her own courage failed her. She coloured and hesitated.

"I shall wait," said she, "till you are quite, quite well. That will be soon, I hope ; only you must be good and obey my prescriptions. Cultivate patience ; it is a wholesome plant ; bow the pride of that intellect, which you see a fever can lay low in an hour : aspire no more beyond the powers of man. Here we shall stay unless Providence sends us a ship. I have ceased to repine : and don't you begin. Dismiss that problem altogether ; see how hot it has made your poor brow. Be good now, and dismiss it ; or else do as I do—fold it up, put it quietly

away in a corner of your mind, and, when you least expect, it will pop out solved."

[Oh, comfortable doctrine! But how about Jamie Watt's headaches? And why are the signs of hard thought so much stronger in his brow and face than in Shakespeare's? Mercy on us, there is another problem.]

Hazel smiled, well-pleased, and leaned back, soothed, silenced, subdued, by her soft voice, and the exquisite touch of her velvet hand on his hot brow; for, woman-like, she laid her hand like down on that burning brow to aid her words in soothing it. Nor did it occur to him just then that this admonition delivered with a kind maternal hand, maternal voice, came from the same young lady who had flown at him like a wild cat with this very problem in her mouth. She mesmerised him, problem and all; he subsided into a complacent languor, and at last went to sleep, thinking only of her. But the topic had entered his mind too deeply to be finally dismissed. It returned next day, though in a different form. You must know that Hazel, as he lay on his back in the boat, had often, in a half-drowsy way, watched the effect of the sun upon the boat's mast: it now stood, a bare pole, and at certain hours acted like the needle of a dial, by casting a shadow on the sands. Above all, he could see pretty well by means of this pole and its shadow when the sun attained its greatest elevation. He now asked Miss Rolleston to assist him in making this observation exactly.

She obeyed his instructions, and the moment the shadow reached its highest angle, and showed the minutest symptom of declension, she said, "Now," and Hazel called out in a loud voice:—

"Noon!"

"And forty-nine minutes past eight at Sydney," said Helen, holding out her chronometer; for she had been sharp enough to get it ready of her own accord.

Hazel looked at her and at the watch with amazement and incredulity.

"What?" said he. "Impossible. You can't have kept Sydney time all this while."

"And pray why not?" said Helen. "Have you forgotten that once somebody praised me for keeping Sydney time; it helped you, somehow or other, to know where we were?"

"And so it will now," cried Hazel, exultingly. "But no! it is impossible. We have gone through scenes that—you can't have wound that watch up without missing a day."

"Indeed but I have," said Helen. "Not wind my watch up! Why, if I was dying I should wind my watch up. See, it requires no

key; a touch or two of the fingers and it is done. Oh, I am remarkably constant in all my habits; and this is an old friend I never neglect. Do you remember that terrible night in the boat, when neither of us expected to see the morning—oh, how good and brave you were!—well, I remember winding it up that night. I kissed it, and bade it good-bye; but I never dreamed of not winding it up, because I was going to be killed. What! am I not to be praised again, as I was on board ship? Stingy! can't afford to praise one twice for the same thing."

"Praised!" cried Hazel, excitedly; "worshipped, you mean. Why, we have got the longitude by means of your chronometer. It is wonderful! It is providential! It is the finger of Heaven! Pen and ink, and let me work it out."

In his excitement he got up without assistance, and was soon busy calculating the longitude of Godsend Isle.

CHAPTER XL.

"THERE," said he. "Now the latitude I must guess at by certain combinations. In the first place the slight variation in the length of the days. Then I must try and make a rough calculation of the sun's parallax. And then my botany will help me a little; spices furnish a clue; there are one or two that will not grow outside the tropic. It was the longitude that beat me, and now we have conquered it. Hurrah! Now I know what to diffuse, and in what direction; east, south-east; the ducks have shown me that much. So there's the first step towards the impossible problem."

"Very well," said Helen; "and I am sure one step is enough for one day. I forbid you the topic for twelve hours at least. I detest it because it always makes your poor head so hot."

"What on earth does that matter?" said Hazel, impetuously, and almost crossly.

"Come, come, come, sir," said Helen, authoritatively; "it matters to me."

But when she saw that he could think of nothing else, and that opposition irritated him, she had the tact and good sense not to strain her authority, nor to irritate her subject.

Hazel spliced a long, fine-pointed stick to the mast-head, and set a plank painted white with guano at right angles to the base of the mast; and so whenever the sun attained his

meridian altitude, went into a difficult and subtle calculation to arrive at the latitude, or as near it as he could without proper instruments; and he brooded and brooded over his discovery of the longitude, but unfortunately he could not advance. In some problems the first step once gained leads, or at least, points to the next; but to know whereabouts they were, and to let others know it, were two difficulties heterogeneous and distinct.

Having thought and thought till his head was dizzy, at last he took Helen's advice and put it by for a-while. He set himself to fit and number a quantity of pearl oyster shells, so that he might be able to place them at once, when he should be able to recommence his labour of love in the cavern.

One day Helen had left him so employed, and was busy cooking the dinner at her own place, but, mind you, with one eye on the dinner and another on her patient, when suddenly she heard him shouting very loud, and ran out to see what was the matter.

He was roaring like mad, and whirling his arms over his head like a demented windmill.

She ran to him.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he shouted, in furious excitement.

"Oh, dear!" cried Helen; "never mind." She was all against her patient exciting himself.

But he was exalted beyond even her control. "Crown me with laurel," he cried; "I have solved the problem:" and up went his arms.

"Oh, is that all?" said she, calmly.

"Get me two squares of my parchment," cried he; "and some of the finest gut."

"Will not after dinner do?"

"No; certainly not," said Hazel, in a voice of command. "I wouldn't wait a moment for all the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Then she went like the wind and fetched them.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Now I want—let me see—ah, there's an old rusty hoop that was washed ashore, on one of that ship's casks. I put it carefully away; how the unlikeliest things come in useful soon or late!"

She went for the hoop, but not so rapidly, for here it was that the first faint doubt of his sanity came in. However, she brought it, and he thanked her.

"And now," said he, "while I prepare the intelligence, will you be so kind as to fetch me the rushes."

"The what?" said Helen, in growing dismay.

"The rushes! I'll tell you where to find some."

Helen thought the best thing was to temporise. Perhaps he would be better after eating some wholesome food. "I'll fetch them directly after dinner," said she. "But it will be spoiled if I leave it for long; and I do so want it to be nice for you to-day."

"Dinner?" cried Hazel. "What do I care for dinner now. I am solving my problem. I'd rather go without dinner for years than interrupt a great idea. Pray let dinner take its chance, and obey me for once."

"For once!" said Helen, and turned her mild hazel eyes on him with such a look of gentle reproach.

"Forgive me! But don't take me for a child, asking you for a toy; I'm a poor crippled inventor, who sees daylight at last. Oh, I am on fire; and, if you want me not to go into a fever, why, get me my rushes."

"Where shall I find them?" said Helen, catching fire at him.

"Go to where your old hut stood, and follow the river about a furlong; you will find a bed of high rushes: cut me a good bundle, cut them below the water, choose the stoutest. Here is a pair of shears I found in the ship."

She took the shears and went swiftly across the sands and up the slope. He watched her with an admiring eye; and well he might, for it was the very poetry of motion. Hazel in his hours of health had almost given up walking; he ran from point to point, without fatigue or shortness of breath. Helen, equally pressed for time, did not run; but she went almost as fast. By rising with the dawn, by three meals a day of animal food, by constant work, and heavenly air, she was in a condition women rarely attain to. She was *trained*. Ten miles was no more to her than ten yards. And, when she was in a hurry, she got over the ground by a grand but feminine motion not easy to describe. It was a series of smooth undulations, not vulgar strides, but swift rushes, in which the loins seemed to propel the whole body, and the feet scarcely to touch the ground: it was the vigour and freedom of a savage, with the grace of a lady.

And so it was she swept across the sands and up the slope,

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

While she was gone, Hazel cut two little squares of seals' bladder, one larger than the other. On the smaller he wrote: "An English lady wrecked on an island. W. Longitude 103 deg. 30 min. S. Latitude between the 33rd and 26th parallels. Haste to her rescue." Then he folded this small, and enclosed it in



Page 12, Right.

Once a Week.]

the larger slip, which he made into a little bag, and tied the neck extremely tight with fine gut, leaving a long piece of the gut free.

And now Helen came gliding back, as she went, and brought him a large bundle of rushes.

Then he asked her to help him fasten these rushes round the iron hoop.

"It must not be done too regularly," said he; "but so as to look as much like a little bed of rushes as possible."

Helen was puzzled still, but interested. So she set to work, and, between them, they fastened rushes all round the hoop, although it was a large one.

But, when it was done, Hazel said they were too bare.

"Then we will fasten another row," said Helen; good-humouredly. And, without more ado, she was off to the river again.

When she came back, she found him up, and he said the great excitement had cured him—such power has the brain over the body. This convinced her he had really hit upon some great idea. And, when she had made him eat his dinner by her fire, she asked him to tell her all about it.

But, by a natural reaction, the glorious and glowing excitement of mind, that had battled his very rheumatic pains, was now followed by doubt and dejection.

"Don't ask me yet," he sighed. "Theory is one thing; practice is another. We count without our antagonists. I forgot they will set their wits against mine: and they are many, I am but one. And I have been so often defeated. And, do you know, I have observed that whenever I say beforehand now I am going to do something clever, I am always defeated. Pride really goes before destruction; and vanity before a fall."

The female mind, rejecting all else, went like a needle's point at one thing in this explanation. "Our antagonists?" said Helen, looking sadly puzzled. "Why, what antagonists have we?"

"The messengers," said Hazel, with a groan. "The aerial messengers."

That did the business. Helen dropped the subject with almost ludicrous haste; and, after a few common-place observations, made a nice comfortable dose of grog and bark for him. This she administered as an independent transaction, and not at all by way of comment on his antagonists, the aerial messengers.

It operated unkindly for her purpose: it did him so much good, that he lifted up his dejected head, and his eyes sparkled again, and he set

to work, and, by sunset, prepared two more bags of bladder with inscriptions inside, and long tails of fine gut hanging. He then set to work, and, with fingers far less adroit than hers, fastened another set of rushes round the hoop. He set them less evenly, and some of them not quite perpendicular; and, while he was fumbling over this, and examining the effect with paternal glances, Helen's hazel eye dwelt on him with furtive pity; for, to her, this girdle of rushes was now an instrument, that bore an ugly likeness to the sceptre of straw, with which vanity run to seed sways imaginary kingdoms in Bedlam or Bicetre.

And yet he was better. He walked about the cavern and conversed charmingly; he was dictionary, essayist, *raconteur*, any thing she liked; and, as she prudently avoided and ignored the one fatal topic, it was a delightful evening: her fingers were as busy as his tongue: and, when he retired, she presented him with the fruits of a fortnight's work, a glorious wrapper made of fleecy cotton enclosed in a plaited web of flexible and silky grasses. He thanked her, and blessed her, and retired for the night.

About midnight she awoke and felt uneasy: so she did what since his illness she had done a score of times without his knowledge, she stole from her lair to watch him.

She found him wrapped in her present, which gave her great pleasure; and sleeping like an infant, which gave her joy. She eyed him eloquently for a long time; and then very timidly put out her hand and, in her quality of nurse, laid it lighter than down upon his brow.

The brow was cool, and a very slight moisture on it showed the fever was going, or gone.

She folded her arms and stood looking at him; and she thought of all they two had done and suffered together. Her eyes absorbed him, devoured him. The time flew by unheeded. It was so sweet to be able to set her face free from its restraint, and let all its sunshine beam on him: and, even when she retired at last, those light hazel eyes, that could flash fire at times, but were all dove-like now, hung and lingered on him as if they could never look at him enough.

Half-an-hour before day-break she was awakened by the dog howling piteously. She felt a little uneasy at that: not much. However she got up, and issued from her cavern, just as the sun showed his red eye above the

horizon. She went towards the boat as a matter of course. She found Ponto tied to the helm: the boat was empty, and Hazel nowhere to be seen.

She uttered a scream of dismay.

The dog howled and whined louder than ever.

CHAPTER XLI.

WARDLAW senior was not what you would call a tender-hearted man: but he was thoroughly moved by General Rolleston's distress, and by his fortitude. The gallant old man! Landing in England one week, and going back to the Pacific the next! Like goes with like; and Wardlaw senior, energetic and resolute himself, though he felt for his son, stricken down by grief, gave his heart to the more valiant distress of his cotemporary. He manned and victualled the Springbok for a long voyage, ordered her to Plymouth, and took his friend down to her by train.

They went out to her in a boat. She was a screw steamer, that could sail nine knots an hour without burning a coal. As she came down the Channel, the General's trouble got to be well known on board her, and, when he came out of the harbour, the sailors by an honest, hearty impulse, that did them credit, waited for no orders, but manned the yards to receive him with the respect due to his services, and his sacred calamity.

On getting on board, he saluted the captain and the ship's company with sad dignity, and retired to his cabin with Mr. Wardlaw. There the old merchant forced on him by way of loan seven hundred pounds, chiefly in gold and silver, telling him there was nothing like money, go where you will. He then gave him a number of notices he had printed, and a paper of advice and instructions: it was written in his own large, clear, formal hand.

General Rolleston tried to falter out his thanks. John Wardlaw interrupted him.

"Next to you I am her father; am I not?"

"You have proved it."

"Well, then. However, if you do find her, as I pray to God you may, I claim the second kiss, mind that: not for myself, though; for my poor Arthur, that lies on a sick bed for her."

General Rolleston assented to that in a broken voice. He could hardly speak.

And so they parted: and that sad parent went out to the Pacific.

To him it was indeed a sad and gloomy voyage; and the hope with which he went on board oozed gradually away as the ship

traversed the vast tracks of ocean. One immensity of water to be passed before that other immensity could be reached, on whose vast, uniform surface the search was to be made.

To abridge this gloomy and monotonous part of our tale, suffice it to say that he endured two months of water and infinity ere the vessel, fast as she was, reached Valparaiso. Their progress, however, had been more than once interrupted to carry out Wardlaw's instructions. The poor General himself had but one idea; to go and search the Pacific with his own eyes; but Wardlaw, more experienced, directed him to overhaul every whaler and coasting vessel he could, and deliver printed notices; telling the sad story, and offering a reward for any positive information, good or bad, that should be brought in to his agent at Valparaiso. Acting on these instructions they had overhauled two or three coasting vessels as they steamed up from the Horn. They now placarded the port of Valparaiso, and put the notices on board all vessels bound westward; and the captain of the Springbok spoke to the skippers in the port. But they all shook their heads, and could hardly be got to give their minds seriously to the inquiry when they heard in what water the cutter was last seen, and on what course.

One old skipper said, "Look on Juan Fernandez, and then at the bottom of the Pacific; but the sooner you look *there* the less time you will lose."

From Valparaiso they ran to Juan Fernandez, which indeed seemed the likeliest place; if she was alive.

When the larger island of that group, the island dear alike to you who read, and to us who write, this tale, came in sight, the father's heart began to beat higher.

The ship anchored and took in coal, which was furnished at a wickedly high price by Mr. Joshua Fullalove, who had virtually purchased the island from Chili, having got it on lease for longer than the earth itself is to last, we hear.

And now Rolleston found the value of Wardlaw's loan; it enabled him to prosecute his search through the whole group of islands; and he did hear at last of three persons, who had been wrecked on Masa Fuero; one of them a female. He followed this up, and at last discovered the parties. He found them to be Spaniards, and the woman smoking a pipe.

After this bitter disappointment he went back to the ship, and she was to weigh her anchor next morning.

But while General Rolleston was at Masa Fuero, a small coasting vessel had come in,

and brought a strange report at second-hand, that in some degree unsettled Captain Moreland's mind; and, being hotly discussed on the fore-castle, set the ship's company in a ferment.

CHAPTER XLII.

HAZEL had risen an hour before dawn, for reasons well known to himself. He put on his worst clothes, and a leathern belt, his little bags round his neck, and took his bundle of rushes in his hand. He also provided himself with some pieces of raw fish and fresh oyster; and, thus equipped, went up through Terrapin Wood, and got to the neighbourhood of the lagoons before daybreak.

There was a heavy steam on the water, and nothing else to be seen. He put the hoop over his head and walked into the water, not without an internal shudder, it looked so cold.

But instead of that, it was very warm, unaccountably warm. He walked in up to his middle and tied his iron hoop to his belt, so as to prevent it sinking too deep. This done, he waited motionless, and seemed a little bed of rushes. The sun rose, and the steam gradually cleared away, and Hazel, peering through a hole or two he had made expressly in his bed of rushes, saw several ducks floating about, and one in particular, all purple, without a speck but his amber eye. He contrived to detach a piece of fish, that soon floated to the surface near him. But no duck moved towards it. He tried another, and another; then a mallard he had not observed swam up from behind him, and was soon busy pecking at it within a yard of him. His heart beat; he glided slowly and cautiously forward till the bird was close to the rushes.

Hazel stretched out his hand with the utmost care, caught hold of the bird's feet, and dragged him sharply under the water, and brought him up within the circle of the rushes. He quacked and struggled. Hazel soused him under directly, and so quenched the sound; then he glided slowly to the bank, so slowly that the rushes merely seemed to drift ashore. This he did not to create suspicion, and so spoil the next attempt. As he glided, he gave his duck air every now and then, and soon got on *terra firma*. By this time he had taught the duck not to quack, or he would get soused and held under. He now took the long gut-end and tied it tight round the bird's leg, and so fastened the bag to him. Even while he was effecting this, a posse of ducks rose at the west end of the marsh, and took their flight from the island. As they passed, Hazel threw

his captive up in the air; and such was the force of example, aided, perhaps, by the fright the captive had received, that Hazel's bird instantly joined these travellers, rose with them into the high currents, and away, bearing the news eastward upon the wings of the wind. Then Hazel returned to the pool, and twice more he was so fortunate as to secure a bird, and launch him into space.

So hard is it to measure the wit of man, and to define his resources. The problem was solved: the aerial messengers were on the wing, diffusing over hundreds of leagues of water the intelligence that an English lady had been wrecked on an unknown island, in longitude 103 deg. 30 min. west, and between the 33rd and 26th parallels of south latitude; and calling good men and ships to her rescue for the love of God.

THE WITCHWIFE'S SON.

A GUDE ship came across the main,
Across the saut saut sea,
And as it neared the skipper's hame
A gladsome man was he.

"Look out, look out, my shipmates all,
If land in sight there be,
'Tis time we saw our bonnie toun,
Our braw toun o' Dundee."

Then ane he thought him on his wife,
And ane on bairnies three;
The skipper said within his heart
"My mither's face for me!"

"Oh sair, sair has my mither pined
While I ha' been at sea,
And sair she's pored o'er crabbed books,
Yet thought the mair o' me.

"For mickle kens she o' book-lore,
And e'en o' grammare,
There's nae auld wife in braid Scotland
Mair wise nor learn'd than she."

Right bravely sped the vessel on,
Right hamewards gallantly,
And soon could one and all espy
The shore of auld Dundee.

"Now what is't brings the gude folk forth,
What means this company?
For sure they ne'er ha' gathered there
Just welcome hame to gie.

"Look out, look out, my shipmates all,
And speer what it can be,
Did ever such a gathering yet
Meet hame-bound sailor's ee!"

"I spy nought but a crowd o' folk."

"Eh, but a flame I see."

Thus ane by ane the shipmen spak',
As still they neared the lee.

"Meseems there's awfu' wark afoot,"

The skipper so spak' he,

"They've brought some witch or warlock forth
Upon the sands to dee."

There rose a wild blast through the air,

The flames leapt merrily,

They showed a form bound to the stake,
Bound tightly hand and knee.

They showed a wasted face upraised

In mortal agony ;—

Ah me ! how fearsomely their blaze
Lit up that misery !

There rose a wild cry on the land,

A yell of mockery,—

"Ay, dee, witch, dee, nor look for help !
Thy son's far out at sea."

Ah, woe upon the dancing waves !

Ah, woe upon the sea !

They've brought the gude son hame in time
To see his mither dee.

"Now rin the ship in fast, my mates,

At land I fain wad be,

That surely was my mither's face,
That face in agony.

"Now God forbid that she suld burn,

And I stand here to see !

Ah, cruel hearts ! ah, cruel hands !
May vengeance light on ye !"

Uprose anither fearsome cry,

Uprose exultingly ;

He couldna hear the words they spak',
Yet corpse-pale turned he.

The awsome flames had dune their wark,

Nae form was left to see,

Nought but a grim and blackened stake,
A ghastly vacancy.

"Ah, brave a sight it was i' truth

To watch the auld witch dee !"

Sae spak' the crowd ; and noo their gaze
Turned outward to the sea.

A voice cam' frae the gude ship's side,—

"Hear, tounsmen o' Dundee !

Was she whom ye ha'e dune to death
The mither unto me ?"

They couldna, dar'na answer nay,

They kenn'd right weel 'twas he,

The braw son o' the auld witchwife
They had led forth to dee !

They looked in ane anither's face,

An awe-struck company,

Fain wad' they ha'e the wark undune,
The wark o' devilry.

A voice cam' frae the gude ship's side,

A voice of agony,—

"God's bitterest wrath upon ye bide,
Ye fause loons o' Dundee !

"God hide in His great Judgment Day

His holy face frae ye,

Wha've ta'en wi' rash and murd'rous hands
My mither's face frae me !

"Heave round the ship, my seamen true,

Stand out, stand out to sea !

For niver mair shall foot o' mine
Press this accursed lea.

"God's luve rest wi' the ashes dear

They've scattered wantonly,

God's mercy gather them again,
And keep them safe for me !"

They veered the gude ship round apace,

Ance mair stood out to sea,

With fav'ring wind they onward fared,
On, seawards, gallantly ;

And lang, lang did the gudewives pine,

And lang the bairnies three ;

For ne'er again that vessel touched
The haven o' Dundee.

I'M AFLOAT.

I.

THERE is probably no amusement on the merits of which there exists so much variety of opinion as that of Yachting. To some it is suggestive of the most perfect enjoyment, to others of infinite discomfort. The former perhaps overrate its advantages. The latter, in their turn, are apt to magnify the objections. It is obvious, however, that a good deal is to be said in its favour, for otherwise how can we account for the strong hold which it has taken on popular favour. The pleasure navy of England is a great fact, not to be ignored, as will be readily seen by a very brief sketch of some of the statistics connected with it.

The number of yachts of all denominations on Hunt's List, which is the yachtsman's Blue Book, for the year 1867, was 1048. Their total tonnage was 59,376, the Northumbria of 424 tons, owned by Mr. Stephenson, heading the list in point of size. Assuming one man to every 10 tons as the proper complement, we arrive at a figure just under 6000 as the number of hands required to man them. Steam yachts as a rule require fewer hands than sailing yachts, cutters more than schooners, and *cateris paribus* the proportion above assumed will be less in sailing yachts of large tonnage,

than those of small ; but after making all due allowances, one man to every 10 tons will be found to be a fair average. From the gross number, however, must be deducted a certain per centage in respect of those yachts which are laid up, which reduces the number of men afloat in any one year to 5000. Taking the cost roughly, for the purpose of arriving at the total capital expended, say at £25 per ton all round, we find it represented by a sum of £1,250,000. These are large figures, and very suggestive of the growth of yachting up to the present time.

The social element which prevails among yachtsmen has led to the establishment of various clubs, amounting to thirty-one in number in and about England, Ireland, and Scotland, (most of them on the coast), each of them having a distinctive flag of its own, which none but its members who are yacht owners have a right to hoist. The Royal Yacht Squadron, having its head-quarters at Cowes, alone enjoys the privilege of carrying the white ensign of Her Majesty's Fleet, but all have the right to confer upon their members admiralty warrants, on proper application being made ; the possession of which is not without its advantages when visiting foreign ports. The influence which these clubs exercise over their members, and all connected with the pursuit of yachting, is very considerable, and calculated to maintain a certain *esprit de corps* highly conducive to their well being and prosperity.

Royal patronage has from an early period been freely vouchsafed to yachting. At the present time, if we except Her Majesty's three steam yachts, the list of yachtsmen is headed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who flies his flag on board the *Dagmar*, of 36 tons, built by Harvey & Co., of Wivenhoe ; a model of a good cruising sea boat of her size, and one which those who want to get the greatest amount of amusement in yachting, all things considered, would do well to follow. There is indeed a legend to the effect that Henry, Prince of Wales, owned a yacht, built for him at Chatham in 1604 by one Phineas Pett, who was the Reed of that day, though content with the modest title of Master Shipwright, in place of that of Chief Constructor of the Navy. However this may be, certain it is that in the same century, and close upon 200 years ago, yachts were built in the government dockyards. The records of the Controller's office at Somerset House enumerate six as being built at Greenwich, Woolwich, and Chatham, between the years 1671 and 1683. The largest

being the *Mary*, of 163 tons and the smallest the *Queensbrough* of 27 tons. Their builder is stated to have been Sir Phineas Pett, and, if he be the same of whom the legend speaks, he must have been the veritable Old Man of the Sea. It is more than probable, however, that the talent of ship-building was hereditary in the Pett family, for that amusing gossip, Pepys, of whom honourable exception should be made when indorsing the truths contained in the examples given by the Latin Grammar, *Percontatorem fugio nam garrulus idem est*, tells us, under date, May 21, 1661, "Then to Deptford, and so took barge again, and were overtaken by the king in his barge, he having been down the river with his yacht this day for pleasure to try it, and as I said, Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one, and that that his brother built ;" and again under date, Sept. 3, in the same year, he speaks of a yacht built by "my Lord Brunkard, one of our virtuosoës, with the help of Commissioner Pett." Not to quote further, these extracts sufficiently establish the claim of yachting to a tolerably respectable antiquity, and shew that, from a comparatively early period, that which has now become a national amusement has not been without the active sanction of royalty.

Dismissing, however, these considerations, which though interesting, can scarcely be said to be practical, let us look at the question from another point of view, as presented to us in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight. How comes it that, with only a herring pond between us and our lively neighbours the French, the amusement is confined, with one or two exceptions, to ourselves? What is the pleasure which we English find in yachting? and, under what conditions can we best realise it?

We have never been able to account in a manner quite satisfactory to our minds for the difference existing in this respect between the French and us. Two years ago we had the mortification, speaking in a national sense, of seeing the Blue Riband of the turf carried off to Paris by *Gladiateur*, a horse bred and trained in France. How is it, that no marine Lagrange comes forward to challenge our *Alines* and carry off the Queen's prize at one of our Cowes Regattas? Curiously enough the French are more at home *in* the water than we are. Bathing establishments are on a larger scale with them than with us. They go in for it, and delight and excel therein. Anyone who has been at Havre, Dieppe, Trouville, or Biarritz, must have observed this, and not unfrequently the *cabanes des dames*

will send forth a better swimmer than any of the men. Is it the raw material that is wanting to enable them to compete with us? We think not. That we should have a powerful navy, fully manned, is only natural, as affording the most effective means of self-defence arising out of our insular position. That we should be every day building larger and faster steam vessels and clipper ships is a necessary incident to the enormous development of our foreign trade. The great ship race between the clippers engaged in the China trade, as to who shall bear off the prize of the merchant service, and be the first to bring to market the new year's teas, creates, among the classes interested, almost as great a sensation as the Derby. Again, as bearing more particularly upon the point, that every port and harbour should teem with smacks and fishing vessels of every denomination (from the crews of which our yachts are mostly manned) is a matter of no surprise. But the French run us close in these respects. They, too, have a powerful navy, as numerous, if not in our opinion as efficiently, manned as ours. Of late years they have greatly extended their trading relations with foreign countries, and the trade is carried on in French bottoms. Favoured by large government subsidies, they are beginning to compete with us successfully in many of the ocean lines of steamers; so much so indeed that, on the recent termination of the P. and O. contract for the transmission of our India and China mails, our government were said to have seriously entertained the question of inviting them to send in tenders for the services to be performed. Lastly, fish is an article of more general consumption in France than in England, and consequently the number of their fishing vessels and fishermen is not less than ours.

Thus to a certain extent the same causes are in operation on both sides of the Channel, and it would seem that Frenchmen might, if so inclined, be as good yachtsmen as ourselves. Yet to many of them the whole subject of yachting is as a sealed book. The Isle of Wight is to the majority of Frenchmen what Italy was once described to be—a geographical expression, and nothing more.

Propound to a Frenchman the question,—what is a yacht and its uses? The chances are that you will find as much difficulty in getting an answer, as the late Sir Robert Peel experienced when he put the question in the House of Commons, what is a pound? If he is of an inquiring mind he will fall back upon his dictionary, and if a Johnson comes first to his

hand he will find it defined to be “a small ship for carrying passengers;” if a Richardson, he will find no attempt at a definition, but in lieu of it a quotation from an obscure Latin author, describing it to be *Navis prædatoria incredibilis celeritatis*, which being freely translated, but without violence to the sense of the original, means “a piratical craft and wonderful fast.” If sufficiently versed in English literature to have read the Essays of Elia, Johnson will have suggested to him the Margate Hoy as the type of an English yacht; while if he sees the *Times* and reads the letters of Historicus, the Alabama will naturally present itself to his mind, as coming nearest to the description given by Richardson. Let us, however, suppose him to have come over to our shores as a guest on board one of the French ironclads, when they paid us a friendly visit in 1865, and he would then have seen at a glance what yachting is like, and probably have joined in the remark, understood to have been made by one and all of the officers, that nothing struck them so much as the fleet of yachts by which they were escorted in and out of our waters, and the admirable manner in which they were handled.

It is true that in the Thames, with a free run from Erith to the Nore, our yachtsmen possess an advantage over the French which must not be overlooked; and the Thames, it must be remembered, is our nursery. Many a man begins with his little eight or ten-tonner, who, later, expands into the full-grown yachtsman, with the more ambitious craft of one hundred tons and upwards. Then again, the innumerable bridges by which the Seine is spanned in its course between Paris and the sea, and the narrowness of the channel in many places, are serious drawbacks; and though there is a club established in Paris called The Society of Paris Sailing Club, the number of yachts belonging to it are few and their tonnage small. But when we come to the sea-board, and glance at the map between Calais and Brest, we find that, in point of harbours and roadsteads, always excepting the Isle of Wight and its great natural advantages, the French are nearly as well off as we are. Beginning with Dunkirk, they have Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Trouville, Cherbourg, St. Malo, and Brest, as against Dover, Newhaven, Shoreham, Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth. These places embrace a length of coast of upwards of two hundred miles, and the Channel Islands, it must be remembered, are nearer, and much more accessible to them than to us.

Yacht building is, of course, confined to England. At the Exhibition there were a few French models and designs to be seen; but the models were indifferent, and there were none from which any lines could have been copied, while the designs, though in some instances cleverly executed, were not good as designs, and not carried up to the last stage of models. The best of these came from Rouen. If a demand were to spring up for yachts, French builders would soon be in a position to supply. In the interval a French order could be easily executed over here, and a yacht delivered at any port in France without any difficulty, and with scarcely any appreciable increase of cost. There is plenty of money in France. The money-spending power among Frenchmen has enormously increased under imperial rule. Why, then, is it that under conditions which, when examined, are found to exist nearly alike in both countries, the French have hitherto shown no desire to emulate us in our love of the sea?

It is always easier to state a fact or an objection than to account for the one, or reply to the other; and, as we stated at the outset, we are not prepared to offer a solution of the question. Crapaud has his likes and dislikes, and there are those among us who prefer the *amari aliquid* of the leek to the fragrant of the onion. If we hazard a suggestion, it is more by way of ventilating the question than answering it.

The Frenchman is a gregarious animal, and hence the reason why he is to be found in force at Baden and Homburg. He is content to be cabined, cribbed, confined in a small apartment by the sea-side, but on condition that his wife can, for a certain number of hours in the day, display to the fulness of her heart's content the hidden treasures of those enormous boxes which have been collected for the occasion. Monsieur must have his amusement too. A little music—that is indispensable. A theatre, of course; and a choice of *cafés*. Add to this the bathing, with new dresses and decorations, and the early closing movement, and the twenty-four hours of the day are accounted for. Take him away from these things and straightway, at Victor Hugo's bidding, he joins *Les Misérables*. Describe to him the incidents of the passage in your yacht from Ryde to Trouville. Tell him how you started with a fair wind, a full sail, and a dry deck; how you afterwards encountered a stiff breeze, involving jib no. 3 and a double-reefed mainsail; how you had to beat against a head wind and a weather-

tide; how you shipped a little water, and had to eat your dinner off your lap. He will hear you out, with the true politeness of the well-bred Gaul; but he will express his feelings by a peculiar shrug of the shoulders which none but a Frenchman can give.

THE PARISIAN WORKMAN.

I WANT to set the French workman in his blouse, beside the British workman in his corduroy. A few glances will show us that the difference between the two—albeit striking in the trifling matter of clothes—is deeply seated. They start from different cradles; breathe a different atmosphere; and get, in the earliest spring, different ideas of the admirable. And so, in the fulness of time, art is in the soul of the Frenchman, and is not even at the finger ends of the Englishman. I offer a note or two, by way of explanation—being firmly possessed with the idea that something more than South Kensington is wanted to bring my working countrymen to the shoulder of the alert and graceful workman of the Quartier Saint Antoine.

Lately, a friend of mine, staying in Paris, was writing in his room, when his *concierger*—also his servant—entered, and began to dust his books. The turn of Lamartine came in due time. "Ah!" exclaimed the *concierger*, dusting the volume with his feather brush, "que c'est beau d'être écrivain!" My friend surlily replied, as having worn the shoe, and earned no little acquaintance with its pinching, "Beau! c'est le dernier des métiers." The *concierger*, still busily dusting, "Mais c'est le premier des arts!" Take another instance in support of that which I am preparing to advance. A gentleman (decorated) is standing upon a bookseller's doorstep on the Quai Voltaire; the bookseller is talking deferentially to him; I am at hand, examining some books, and am struck with the appearance of the red-ribboned gentleman. A blouse at my elbow remarks my interest, touches me upon the sleeve politely, and reverentially gives me the stranger's name: "C'est Monsieur Cormenin." M. Cormenin's is not the best-known name in France.

To a race of workmen among whom this reverential feeling is common, the idea of the beautiful in the useful comes easily. The beautiful in the useful is the French workman's passion. Look into Potel and Chabor's windows, and observe the artful grace with which the larded viands, the daintily-attired

ortolans, the brilliant-coloured prawns, the terrines, and the truffles are disposed and contrasted amid greenery, and in the sweet neighbourhood of fruits. Even in that section of the establishment, which is the French version of our pork-butcher's window, the Parisian purveyor of comestibles snatches a grace which recommends his Bayonne hams, his galantines, and sausages. A Paris wine-shop is decked in a manner that makes vice lose at least some of its evil by parting with some of its grossness. Compare a French laundry with an English one; a Parisian *blanchisseuse* with a British washerwoman!

British censors may take up French art angrily, and say their worst about it, calling it tawdry, glaring, violent, and at times indecent. But this should be marked, that art, or a sense of art, is everywhere—in the toy-shop of Giroux, as at Barbédienne's. I have spoken of the *concierge* who perceived that literature is the first of arts, and of the labourer in the street recognising in M. Cormenin the brain-workman who is to be revered above the commoner intelligence. This labourer, who caps seriously to the writer, would not duck his pate to the Baron James de Rothschild.

A great art institution started among such a race, albeit less urgently needful than in a country like ours, where the proletarian mind is not warmed, or brightened, or refined with the art sense, was certain to get a rapid and wide circulation. Few who know the French public will be surprised to learn the rapid and brilliant progress which has been effected by the *Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie*, since it was originated in humble quarters in the famous old Place Royale, early in the year 1864. The Union was the creation of a number of eminent art manufacturers, as M. Guichard (the president), Barye, Carrier Belleuse, Theodore Deck, Gonelle Brothers, Klagmann, Piat, Sauvrezey, &c. It is an independent art institution, that took its rise out of the famous Exhibition of Art Applied to Industry, which was held in the Palais de l'Industrie in 1863. The president, closing the Exhibition, said it should remind the exhibitors of those glorious tropical trees which glow at once with their weight of fruit, and their wealth of flowers. Four years have not yet elapsed, and the Union is already a quiet institution, and is putting forth a most notable art-educational plan that promises to keep Paris against all comers, the art-mistress of the world.

A college for the cultivation of the beautiful in the useful is an idea that is actually in course of realization. The land is ready, well

placed between the Marais and the Quartier St. Antoine, and within a stroll of the ruralities of Vincennes. A council of imposing authority is formed, and soon the builders will be at work. The very scaffolding will be a sight worth seeing. What would the Paris carpenter say, if he were brought to contemplate the clumsy array of poles, and planks, and ropes, which the English builder uses? I have under my eye a photograph of the scaffolding that was raised to complete the Louvre. It is as neat, and light, and regular as our Crystal Palace girders. He who would mark correctly how learned, light-handed, and well-trained the Paris carpenter is, must see the trophies of his trade, which he is wont to parade through the streets on the saint-day of his corporation. Yet poor old Agricol Perdiguier is for ever lamenting the decline of skill and knowledge among the Gavots and Devoirants. This wonderful old workman (who had a seat in the revolutionary chamber of 1848) is an admirable illustration of the character and skilful force of the French working-man. He has collected the songs of his class—and these, again, manifest the artistic element of the working-man. The journeyman's craft songs are often admirable, in tone much resembling their idol, the poor tailor's immortal son, Béranger. Let any man who desires to form a good idea of the French workman, contrast the songs which are sung at workmen's festivals in England, with old Perdiguier's collection. Again, mark the difference in the festivals. The French workman has a ball admirably conducted (the men-servants' association have just had one, following close upon the cooks'), to which they are accompanied by their wives or sweethearts. Observe that the workmen can dance—not as the royal quadrille is footed, with solemn step, and slow—but, if, to our thinking, grotesquely, at least, with ease and dignity. Let the emperor enter a carpenter's shop to-morrow, and the workmen will not lose their manliness. The sense of dignity is deep in the nature of every worker. This proceeds, not so much I apprehend, from the levelling effects of revolution, as from the innate refinement and spirit of the race. The French workman's proud independence is as apparent in his dress as in his speech and bearing. He is not arrayed in vulgar imitation of a gentleman. Now an English carpenter may be seen going to a job with his basket of tools swung over the shoulder of a rusty dress coat. London cabmen wear silk hats, that have about as much form as a cinder. The cabs of London and Paris illustrate admirably the distance in art-sense there

is between the two capitals. A London cab is an impossibility in Paris. Its hideous exterior and filthy interior; its driver in cobbled overcoat, and planted upon a deal box, with any ragged thick thing he can contrive, to cover his legs; its deafening rattle and stifling odour, completely shock the Parisian when he is first compelled to enter it. No Frenchman (unless he is an actor, and the French actor can imitate everything and every type) could possibly belong to a service that would reduce him to the outward degradation which is to be seen planted upon a London cab-box. The Paris cabman is well-clothed, well-brushed, and topped with a handsome glazed hat. He has not a sack to twist about his nether anatomy in bad or cold weather; and I should be glad to see the patron bold enough to suggest to him that a sprawling end of sackcloth would do for his legs.

Again; see what a wretched object is a British nursemaid—(she would rather say goodbye to her fair name than give up her ridiculous bonnet)—among the prettily equipped *bonnes* in the baby avenue of the Tuileries gardens. The *bonne* is dressed in good taste and has not the smallest idea of being mistaken for a lady. A British mistress had a French cook and an English maid. On New Year's day she presented each with a handsome stuff dress. "Madame," Sophie protested, "I am afraid it is too fine for my station." It was not good enough for the maid's. She may possibly give it to her mother. A white linen apron is the pride of the Paris cook—(a dozen when you engage her, is her right); the pride of the English servant is imitative finery. The *bonne* takes her holiday in her snowy cap, daintily ribboned; the English maid bears forth a chignon, knows the number of her gloves, and is in silk.

These broad differences indicate two races, that are educated from different starting-points. Money, and nought save money—wages—is in the mind of the English workman, as it is in that of his employers. You hear the peasant poet sing that the rank is but the guinea stamp. Rank to the English workman's mind is the possession of so much coin of the realm. He can understand gold and silver and copper, and bow down to them, and strive his mightiest to work up from copper to gold; but you cannot, at present, make him understand dignity with an empty pocket: something venerable that hath not an inch of ground in the market-place. Through every grade of our social life we see the feeling, which animates completely the working-man, cropping up.

The artist! M. de Lamartine! M. Cormenin! Who, among the servants who have dusted *In Memoriam* or *Vanity Fair*—have with respectful dignity turned to their master, and said:—"Que c'est beau d'être écrivain!"

I live in a literary neighbourhood, or rather in a neighbourhood where one or two shining lights in contemporary French letters, are fixed. Passing out of the house, my barber accosts me. "There they are, monsieur! What a charming group they make in the balcony!" A lady in a white robe reclining in a balcony, with a gentleman adjusting a shawl about her, fetching her stool, laughing and chatting with her, and sending forth little specks of blue smoke from his cigarette. It is a picture of happy people, on a May morning. "They have just breakfasted," adds the barber—an artist also, let it be remembered, or he will not shave you. Sophie cries on the morrow—"Monsieur, they are going out. That charming young lady on his right is his step-daughter. You know that Madame was married before." Our friends of the balcony scene are merely about to take the air—very much like ordinary mortals. "Papa! He has a lovely study, carved oak and green. The room with the blue curtains is the bed-room. He's up so early—writes his letters before breakfast, and, what do you think? Monsieur Bobo is in such a state of delight to-day! When he brought the rolls he told Sophie that, when he went over there this morning, he was entrusted with a pile of letters for the post. He's as proud as a peacock." This from a boy aged ten years. Monsieur Bobo was the baker; and the gentleman who asked him to post his letters, the gentleman of the balcony scene and the walk out, was Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, *fil.* The British Bobo would describe his literary customer as "a fellow who writes for his bread." In the useful—in the work-a-day world—there is very little of the beautiful on this side of the Channel—AS YET.

THE RAILWAY DILEMMA.

ONE day last autumn I joined a pleasure-party in the south of Scotland, and was helping—very awkwardly, I fear—a fair companion along a briery brambled path when she turned round, and, with a look of beautiful distress, exclaimed, "Oh, do take care of my dress!" As I strove to disentangle the lovely muslin from the thorns, she added, half in apology, half in explanation, "The North British is not paying, and I shall

soon be in rags!" I laughed outright at the picture her words conjured up. "Oh, you need not laugh," she said; "those horrid railways!" I thought of my Atlantic and Great Western bonds, and echoed her sentiment. It was a strange thing, truly,—and showing, I suppose, the march of civilisation. Here were we two humble beings in our way, and as little like speculators as can well be conceived, yet both hit, and hit hard by events in the wide world of stock-jobbing and financial enterprise, which lies far apart from the sphere of either of us. How many thousands, good reader, have been hit hard by the railways during the last two years! And how bitter the contrast between the present time and the years which preceded the crash! A hurricane of distress after a halcyon period of hope and joy! In 1863-4-5, how bright everything looked! How big the golden dividends on the reserve-wealth which we invested! And now it seems as if some wicked magician had suddenly turned all our precious coin into slate-stones.

Well, such are some of the drawbacks upon civilisation. These horrid Crises now come oftener, far oftener, than they used to do, leaving great capitalists like stranded whales, and we poor minnows like fish out of water. Unquestionably the fundamental cause of these great vicissitudes is to be found in human nature itself. Communities ever and anon grow sanguine and hopeful; they see everything in rose-colour, and they launch out exuberantly into a hundred new fields of enterprise. By-and-by, they carry it too far. A collapse comes. Companies and firms are forced into bankruptcy. The class of accountants reap untold profits, while the legal profession swoop down upon the prey like vultures, and actually help to kill the embarrassed victims in order that they may fatten on their carcase.

"Those horrid railways!" The public has suffered more by them than by any other kind of enterprise or class of companies. Not so much from any special insolvency on their part as from the vastness of the amount of capital invested in them, drawn from all parts of the kingdom, and from all classes of the community. There has been great recklessness and ambitious rivalry on the part of directors; nevertheless, the grand difficulty which overtook railways was of a different kind. Railway companies have borrowed, naturally and justifiably, upwards of a hundred millions of floating debt from the public, in bonds which fall due every five years or so.

In ordinary times this arrangement occasions no difficulty. If some bondholders do not choose to renew their loans as these expire, there are plenty of other people willing to take up the expired bonds. But when a monetary crisis occurs—a panic like that of 1866—what happens? Everybody at such times is in want of ready money; everybody, too, is frightened; credit is shaken, companies are distrusted. Accordingly, as railway-debentures fell due after May 1866, the bondholders wanted their money, and no new lenders came forward. And thus came the railway crash. It was impossible for railway companies under any circumstances to have met the demand made upon them; they could not cash up at once. The hundred millions which they had borrowed were all invested permanently in the business. They could pay interest on the debt out of the receipts of the lines; but it was not possible for them to repay the capital amount. Doubtless it was a rash and perilous course to have borrowed so largely in this form; and the crisis of 1866 has demonstrated this danger in a way never to be forgotten. Still, it was the panic, more than the railways themselves, that was to blame. There is not a single railway whose net receipts are not sufficient to pay all the interest on its debentures; but when the crisis shook the whole fabric of our credit-system, and the debentures, as they fell due, were called up in cash, railways came to the ground, and a wide-spread disaster befell the country, ramifying even into the most secluded nooks, and involving spinsters, clergymen, retired tradesmen, and others, who had a few hundreds to invest, and which in many cases was their only means of livelihood.

This was the grand cause of the railway collapse. And it is not likely ever to occur again. But no sooner did railways shake with the financial earthquake, than a whole host of foes gathered round them to complete their fall. Litigation has been the curse of the times. Never before has Law inflicted such terrible disasters upon the community for whose sake it is established. As regards the squabbles of shareholders, who, rather than agree among themselves to make the best of things, throw their company into costly litigation or into all-devouring Chancery, we have nothing to say. If shareholders will be fools, and squander their property, that is their own affair. But what one must complain of is the defective and chaotic state of railway legislation, and especially the facilities given to outsiders to embarrass and ruin companies. The legal profession—attorneys and others,

who hope to make gain thereby—often exert this power successfully for their purpose. The moment they see any quirk or quibble upon which a litigation may be raised, or if any act of questionable legality occurs in a company's proceedings, some limb of the law is down upon the company at once. He buys a few shares, and raises an action. The legal profession, in fact, whether rightfully or not, have been the vultures preying upon the carcase of railway property. Shareholders take their advice: and of course their advice is always to fight. And, as has been said, they will enter the arena themselves, rather than let slip an opportunity for litigation. A powerful and prosperous railway company, which pays a high dividend, and which successfully withstood the panic of 1866, resolves, in full meeting of shareholders, to pay a certain amount of dividend. All the accounts of receipts, expenditure, and liabilities are laid in a full, clear, and correct form before the meeting; and the dividend proposed by the directors is agreed to unanimously. Well, one would think, the company is the only party interested in such a matter. If, in the face of the accounts, the shareholders choose to divide a little more or a little less than what may be deemed sound finance, that is their business. But solicitor A, an outsider, who holds not a single share or bond of the company, sees a legal flaw in the procedure. By a clause in the company's act, and one which has no place in railway acts generally, he sees that the company are not allowed to divide so much as they propose to do. He advertises the fact, and asks for shareholders to join him. Then, having obtained some co-partners in the enterprise, who will bear their share of the expenses—of course with him for solicitor—he proceeds to work. The company is drawn into court,—heavy expenses—solicitor A succeeds, and company's credit fearfully damaged. Shares go down. Fine field for stock-jobbing!

In truth, railway legislation is a muddle, a chaos. Parliament has cramped and fettered the action of railway companies to a degree quite unknown in the case of other kinds of business. Lenders to railways, too, must take special care what they are about. An insolvent railway can't be sold like other bankrupt property, to meet the claims of creditors. The bondholders and mortgagees have no lien over the property of the company, such as all other bondholders possess. They are only entitled to rank as creditors against the revenue of the line. And to complete the dilemma of bondholders, and the muddle of

legislation, Lord Cairns has recently repeated his judgment to the effect that bondholders are *quasi* partners in the line, and that the claims of ordinary creditors should take precedence of theirs. This is in accordance with a former judgment of Lord Cairns, but it is directly opposed to the plain meaning of the act of 1867, passed subsequently to his lordship's first judgment, which declares (clause 23) that the "mortgages, bonds, or debenture-stock shall have priority over *all other* claims," excepting those of landowners who have sold their land to the said railway company. This judgment of Lord Cairns is not only at variance with the act of 1867, but it is of the most revolutionary character. How would a man who holds a mortgage over an estate, look if he were told that his mortgage was of no more use to him than if it were a common receipt for the money which he had lent to the landowner,—nay more, that the claims of the tailor and wine merchant had a priority over his! Yet this, according to Lord Cairns, is the law as regards the mortgage-holders of railway companies. Obviously, in the case of a company's insolvency, a bondholder would be much better off if he held no bond at all, and had nothing but his cheque-book to prove his loan. To allege, as his lordship does, that the bondholders are *quasi* partners of the company, is perfectly absurd. They are no more partners than a man who lends his money on land is a partner of the landowner, or than a bank which makes advances to a merchant is a partner of the merchant. Is it not, indeed, the fact, that no holder of a mortgage or other bond is allowed to attend or take part in the meetings of a railway company? This is expressly enacted by act of parliament: and in the face of this, and the other facts of the case, it is as idle to allege that bondholders are *quasi* partners, as it is to make Lord Cairn's judgment square with the act of 1867.

Fortunately the railway act of last year is a temporary act: it expires on the 31st of August. Hence we may safely reckon upon soon obtaining a new act which will fully meet the requirements of the case. The defects of the existing legislation, as regards the interests alike of the public and of railway companies themselves, have been fully brought to light. And in the new act, we doubt not, we shall have a measure which, for the first time, puts railway legislation on a clear, simple, and satisfactory footing. Whether Lord Cairns's interpretation of the existing statutes be right or wrong, it will be necessary to put the claims of the bondholders on a more

satisfactory footing than has been recognised in some of his recent judgments. Railway companies, in truth, have as direct an interest in getting this done as the general public has. It is true, insolvent railway companies need not care which class of their creditors obtains priority of payment, so far as concerns the mere payment of the claims. But to railway companies in general, it is of great importance that the value of their bonds and mortgages should not be impaired. If these mortgages are not to be as valid as other mortgages—if they are to carry no special security, and even to rank *after* the ordinary and unsecured creditors, then, it is manifest, the public will not take up those bonds and debentures except upon much higher terms than hitherto. High interest, said the Great Duke, means bad security. And bad security for railway debentures will certainly cause the public to demand a higher rate of interest on their loans to railway companies, than has hitherto prevailed.

Among the many proposals to be made in Parliament this session in connection with railways is one for the establishment of a Government Audit for the accounts of railway companies. Such a measure has its advantages, possibly it may be necessary, in order to re-establish public confidence in railway companies. But Government interference is in itself a bad thing; and there now appear to be grounds for hoping that this Government audit of railway accounts will not be necessary. The act of last session, which empowered the accountants employed by railway companies to call upon the directors to furnish every kind of information which the accountants consider necessary, and which compels the accountants to express their opinion whether or not the accounts are satisfactory, has obviously had a very beneficial effect. The boards of directors themselves have turned over a new leaf; they find that mystification of accounts no longer answers the purpose for which they had recourse to it. In the present justly suspicious temper of the public, the only hope of maintaining the credit of a company, and the value of its shares, lies in making the published accounts as full and clear as possible. This improvement on the old practice is conspicuous in the recent half-yearly balance-sheets of the railway companies. Hence it seems to us that, after all, a Government audit of railway accounts may not be indispensable; and that, if the requirements of the act of 1867 were supplemented (as is now proposed) by a clause enacting that

directors should be held penally responsible for any bad faith in the making up of the balance-sheet which they submit to the accountants, and also that every company shall make out its accounts on a uniform system, all that is necessary would be accomplished without having recourse to the objectionable system of government intervention. Nevertheless this is a question which cannot be decided by abstract considerations, but by the fact whether or not the confidence of the public in the honesty of railway boards can be re-established without such state interference. And on this point, Parliament, as the representative of the public, is the most fitting judge.

A matter of vast importance to railway credit and to the interests of the public is the adoption of a uniform system of accounts, especially with reference to the practice of charging some portion of the expenditure to capital. A great deal of rubbish has lately been written and spoken in regard to closing the capital account of railways. There is hardly a railway company in this kingdom which could close its capital account; save with positive detriment to the company. Even apart from the question of making extensions or branch-lines, the traffic and requirements of the public are yearly increasing; and, consequently, more rolling-stock (engines, carriages, and waggons), more sidings, and additions to the terminal stations, are necessary. The simple rule of accounting in this case is, that all expenditure which suffices merely to keep the line and rolling-stock in its original condition, must be charged to revenue; but if expenditure is made in addition to the permanent-way and rolling-stock, for the purpose of getting more traffic and additional income, then, unquestionably, it is perfectly in accordance with the soundest principles of finance, as well as with the interests of the shareholders (who are a fluctuating body), that a portion of that expenditure should be charged to capital:—that is to say, that a portion of it should be made chargeable on those future years which are to benefit by it in the shape of additional revenue. This is the true principle. But the great desideratum is that, whatever be the practice of a company in this matter, the accounts should clearly show the exact nature of the company's outlays for works, and also how much (if any) of the annual dividend is obtained by charging to capital;—in other words, by charging, as it were, for unexhausted improvements; as a tenant, who has thoroughly drained or manured his land, may fairly credit himself with a sum equivalent to the unexhausted

value of the improvements which he has made on his farm.

As regards the future of railways, the prospect is full of hope. First of all, the weak points of railway management and finance have been fully disclosed. The crisis of 1866 subjected everything connected with railway-property to the severest possible test. Every flaw has been laid bare. In consequence, never again in the history of our railways will there be such a collapse as has recently befallen them. Of this we may feel confident. As regards the normal condition of railway-property in the future, the prospects are equally reassuring. Railway-traffic is steadily increasing; it increases naturally with the increase of trade, wealth, and population. On some lines, at present, the annual increase is equivalent to a rise of one per cent. in the dividend. Nor are there any grounds for apprehension that this normal increase of traffic will be nullified as regards the existing railways, by the construction of new rival lines. The field of rivalry has almost disappeared: it has already, during the last few years of reckless competition, been fully occupied. Not only have railway-companies been taught the folly of over-competition, but the ground is now so full, that hardly any new rival line can be constructed.

Nevertheless, it is a great mistake to imagine that the era of railway-making is past. Hundreds of miles of railway will yet be made in this country: but they will not be rival lines,—they will simply be feeders to the existing lines. They will be a new class of railways: they will be lines of a purely local character, opened and constructed from local resources. Apart from purely urban lines, the railways of the future, in this country, will be rural or agricultural lines; with light rails, slow speed, sharp curves, steep gradients, and narrow gauge. Every valley, ere long, will make such a line for itself; every outlying town will connect itself with the main railway-system of the kingdom, by means of such cheap lines—which need not cost per mile one-fifth of the sum required for the construction and working of the present lines. We believe we are on the brink of a great outburst of railway enterprise in this new form. We make this prediction confidently: ere five years are gone, the construction of such cheap agricultural lines will be a feature of the times. And all of these new lines, we expect, will act simply as feeders to the present lines. Already, as we have said, there is a steady increase of traffic and of receipts on the existing lines: but the adoption of the new system, which we have described,

of cheap rural lines, so to call them, will tend greatly to raise the normal increase of traffic already going on with existing lines.

Hence, we repeat, the future of railway-property is full of hope. It is true that the railway shareholders are so fluctuating a body that, to at least nine-tenths of them, the dividend to be declared at the next half-yearly meeting of their company is all that they care about: give them a high dividend next July, and they will regard with indifference all beyond. But to permanent investors, the prospect ought to be most encouraging. We say to them unhesitatingly, Keep your shares: in a year or two hence their value will be much greater than it is at present. To bondholders, on the other hand—to the lending public—we say, Beware. The condition of railways is improving; but your security has been dreadfully weakened—nay, annihilated. You had much better have no special security, no bond or mortgage, at all. Therefore, although there are many railway companies to which you may lend freely, in consequence of their assured solvency;—as regards feebler companies, as long, at least, as Lord Cairns's interpretation of railway-law stands unaltered, or until the law itself be changed—we would say unhesitatingly, Do not lend a single sixpence!

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

FROM my earliest childhood I have been a devoted admirer and disciple of dear old Isaac Walton. When as a small boy, I sought a few hours' peace and relaxation, from the cruelty and misery which in my day were the lot of the Winchester Junior, what happiness it was to sneak out, with a two-pronged fork tied to a stick, into the pleasant water-meads, and prod the unsuspecting miller's-thumb as he thrust his great bull-head from beneath his hiding stone! Or greater happiness still, when the good-natured Prefect of Hall, Philip Jones, took me off hills to carry the landing net when he went a fly-fishing. Many a speckled beauty have I seen him stretch quivering on the grass, wooed from the lovely stream which glides by St. Cross. I saw Jones the other day in his snug Devonshire rectory: he appeared to me to have grown younger and to be less tall than I remember him in those long-flown days, and he showed me a stream at the bottom of his garden where there are some fine two and three pounders, I promise you: but he can't catch them, fish he never so wisely. He has promised to carry the landing net for

me when I go to see him in the spring, and I fancy I shall be able to put him up to a dodge or two, though I almost trembled when I told him so, remembering the awful power he wielded in the old old times.

Nay, I have not despised the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, incited to seek the scaly one, by a supposed difficulty in getting leave from the Ranger, and legends of gigantic perch having their abode there. The leave was easily obtained, but alas! the fish were not. And it is not so many years ago, while staying with my friend the Count Fosco Varese, a distinguished Piedmontese nobleman, at his elegant *campagne* on the lake of Geneva, that I was first introduced to the singular plan adopted by his countrymen of dipping the worm used as bait into *assafœtida*. This plan, though eminently disagreeable, was also singularly ineffective—so ineffective as to lead me to doubt the existence of any fish whatever in the lake: so every market-morning I was taken into the town, where I had my hopes of sport nourished by the sight of large trout, pike, and perch, displayed on the fish stalls. "Behold them! behold them!" cried the excited Fosco, "and shall not we, too, succeed!" But we never did, and though we subsequently made a fishing tour of the lake we got nothing but *perchettes* and *vengerons*, the latter a kind of sardine, totally unfit for consumption.

But let club cynics scoff as they list, there is no pleasure comparable to a day's fishing on my beloved Thames: alas! that Fosco should have visited England during the last Exhibition and insisted on being introduced to those piscatorial delights on which he had often heard me dilate, for he caught nothing but a sunstroke: not a fish came to basket the day we fished. It is not so much the prospect of sport, as the relinquishing for a time the smoke, noise, and cares, of the metropolis, the breathing a pure air in the midst of the most beautiful rural scenery in the world, and the amusement to be derived from the droll characters to be met with—notably some of the fishermen. For instance, I have arrived at the river side, and as I step into the punt and salute old Isaac the fisherman, a man given to dark hints and evasive replies, I say: "Well, Isaac, shall we have any luck to day?" "Well, Mussa (Mr.) George, there be no telling—map we may kitch a few towards even. Mussa Cobb and I was out yesterday, and if you'll believe me" (which I never will when he prefaces a statement in that form) "I sees a waggon-load of barbel at the bridge a rol-

ling about like porpoises, there were some leemenjous ones sure—lie," which last word I interpret in a manner unfavourable to Isaac's veracity. Then Isaac casts an eye over the commissariat department, verifies the number of gallons of beer in the stone bottle and the quality thereof, for he has a proud stomach, and the beer must be sparkling, and the bread of the sweetest, the cheese of (what he calls) the maggot-est, and the beef of the streakiest, and having satisfied himself on these points, condescends to unmoor his punt and conduct me to a barbel pitch.

But here a mysterious ceremony occurs, the invariable prelude to the day's proceedings. A large wooden tub and a spade are on board, and while I ponder on their possible use, I am taken to a spot by the bank where it is evident that excavations of clay on a large scale have taken place from time to time. Isaac goes to work with his spade and speedily fills the tub. "What's that for, Isaac?" "Pudden," he answers in a tone which prevents my pursuing further inquiries. As it is evidently a serious subject not to be trifled with, I smoke my pipe and arrange my tackle in silence, as we proceed to the appointed spot. Here, at the end of a long reach, the punt is fixed. Before me the white spire of a village church rises above a grove of elms, whence hoary rooks "are blown about the skies," and on each side are fair meadows where the mowers are hard at work. The rods are put together, and the mysterious pudden is confected; a huge ball of clay, hollow in the centre, into which three lob-worms broken into small pieces are placed, and then cast into the river. Isaac expects you to believe that these reptiles, or rather atoms of them, crawling out of the ball attract the fish, as no doubt they would, if they could get out under a week. It is fair to him to add that if he thinks you believe it, he loses his respect for you directly.

And so the sport goes on till dinner time, for which period Isaac has been anxiously expectant ever since we set out, and displays an unwonted alacrity in unfolding the various comestibles. When I say, the sport, I use the word in its possible not actual sense, as two or three barbel and a slimy brute of abominable aspect called a bream, constitute the whole of it. The meal is enlivened by Isaac's personal recollections, which are certainly little short of marvellous. There is the story of the man who was fishing at the first arch of the bridge at C—, and hooked a barbel which ran in and out of every arch till it got to the farthest, when by skilful handling it was induced to return the

same way and was finally brought to basket ! And how shall I be silent about the Fearful Pike of immeasurable dimensions?—"for if you'll believe me" he was brought up to the bank, but was too big to be got into the net. So Isaac jumped into the water, threw his arms round the fish, and jumped with him on to the bank and sat upon him. Then ensued a Terrific Struggle, one moment Isaac was down, and the fish a-top of him, at another Isaac was uppermost. At the most exciting period, a lady passing by (whom he described as "in scent") was terrified into fits, thereby frustrating the hopes of her lord and master as to a son and heir. At last after fighting upwards of twenty minutes the pike "bested" him and regained its native element.

As regards the Great Carp story there are living witnesses to vouch for its truth, "leastways it happened to a gent what resides with his brother in Fetter Lane, though I forgits the number"—and it was in this wise. The fishers went down to Penton Hook, a celebrated spot for large trout and all kinds of fish, and one caught a "leemengeous" carp which on being got into the net made a fearful rush and went right through. The fisher passed his rod through the net, handed it to his brother, mended the net, and began again, three times with the same result. Last of all the fish succeeded in carrying off rod, net, and tackle, and was never seen again !

"But lor bless 'ee, Mussa George, that was nothing to what me and Jack 'Arris saw once at the Head Pile yonder. Jack and I was out a netting, and we'd cast the net, after fixing the punt firm at one end. Well, we commenced haling and haling (hauling), 'Isaac,' says Jack, 'I'd a'most swear I see'd the ripeck move,' and, bless you, Mussa George, sure it did too : and I never see'd such a sight as that 'ere net in all my born days : it heaved and heaved, and the water biled all alive like. Do you suppose we could hale that net, Mussa George ; not a bit on it : the consequins was, she (the punt) drifted and drifted, and threw out all that was in her, barring five or six hundred weight ; and, if you'll believe me, Mussa George, they was all took by the gills !"

"Quite a miraculous draught, eh, Isaac?"

"I don't know about that, Mussa George ; howsumdever, I'll have another drain, and then I'll trouble you for a bit of baccy for the tooth, and we'll go at 'em again."

Away we go then, and try various places, with varied success. After luncheon, Isaac gets rather comatose, and is not so keen for sport as he was before—not that his energies at

any time are remarkable, save in the matter of food. He gets cross too ; and if you miss striking when a bite occurs, abuses your "okkardness" in the most deplorable language, and vows that the fish you have missed, probably a two ounce roach, was the biggest he'd seen for many a day, and draws insulting comparisons between you and his more skilful clients. But I only laugh at the old boy, for he means no offence, and we are friends of many years' standing.

Thus the day passes away, and as evening approaches and the beer is finished, Isaac begins to think that *he* has had enough of it, and as I have not had a bite for an hour, observes "they've gone to roost" and it's no use trying any longer. Then I return to my snug little inn, and after tea and a pipe and chat with the landlord, go betimes to bed, trusting that my wildest dreams about angling may end, as Balzac says our fondest do, "en queue de poisson."

TABLE TALK.

FIGURES are said to be incontestable ; and, perhaps, that is one of the reasons why prophecy flies so much to arithmetic. Some of these calculations are well-known ; and here is the latest of the kind. What is wanted is to determine the date when the Imperial rule shall end in France. Let us go back, then, to the reign of Louis Philippe for facts which may help us in the calculation. Louis Philippe ascended the throne in 1830. If we take that as a fixed point, we shall find that by adding to it certain numbers, the result will give the year 1848, when the reign of the Orleans family came to an end. Thus, Louis Philippe was born in 1773. The ciphers of this date added together make 18 ; and, if you add 18 to 1830, it brings us precisely to 1848. Again, his queen was born in 1782. The ciphers of the date added together make 18 ; and, 18 added to 1830 make 1848. Or once again, the king and queen were married in 1809. The ciphers of this year also make 18 ; and, if we treat this amount as before, it will yield the same result. Now let us proceed in the same fashion to deal with the empire. It was proclaimed in 1852. The emperor was born in 1808. If we add the ciphers of the latter date together, and add the result to the date of 1852, we obtain the figures 1869. Again, the empress was born in 1826. Proceed as before, and the result is 1869. The emperor and empress were married in 1853.

Still repeat the calculation, and the result is 1869. Last of all, take the date of the revolution—1848. Manipulate its figures in the same fashion as the others—the sum total is 21; and this added to 1848 makes 1869. Is it not perfectly clear, therefore, that the empire will come to an end in 1869?

LET those who love riddles, rede me this :—

Je donne à manger et à boire—for sure
 'Tis meat as well as drink the food I give.
 My head or tail cut off, too, would secure
 Refreshment, yet, forbid me not to live.

For, cut my head off, lo! you make me eat,
 And lop my tail, you make me drink no less.
 And, if you sever both, why still at meat
 Without them, you may look for me, I guess.

But if decapitation make me eat;
 And decadaution, drink; there, sure, should be
 A difference 'twixt my head and tail, and yet
 The one is like the other to a t.

A LONDON photographic firm is using the electric light to multiply impressions of its portraits. There is nothing very striking in this fact taken by itself; but the consideration of it develops a curiosity of nature and of art. The light in this particular instance is produced by the conversion of mechanical force into electricity. The mechanical force is supplied by a steam engine, which draws its power from the combustion of coals; so that the coal is the source of light after all. But the coal derived its energy from the solar rays that ripened the vegetation of which it was formed thousands of years ago; it is, to use George Stephenson's term, bottled sunshine. Hence it follows that the beauty who sits to the camera of the firm in question really has her portrait printed by the "light of other days."

ON the 14th of last February, a young gentleman residing in Leicester, sent the following Valentine to a young lady in London :—

Delicate Ears And Radiant Eyes
 Scatter Their Wiles In Leicester ;—
 Leicester Your Offer Under-Buys,
 Each Maiden Is Not Esther.

In the course of a few days he received this answer :—

Declare, Edwin! Can Love Impart
 Never Entrancement Dearer,
 Will Interest Thy Hand—Thy Heart,—
 And Never Kiss Sincerer?

It will be seen, on examination, that the initial letters of the first of these rather complicated

verses form the words, "Dearest, will you be mine?" and those of the second, "Declined with thanks." This is the most elaborate and the most veiled way of proposing and refusing I have ever met with.

A CORRESPONDENT on whistling as a fine art :—"In continuation of your remarks, allow me to say that I heard the Spanish Manola, as a trio, whistled very well in a little village tavern between Frankfort and Homburg last year. Three rustics performed, and the effect was not unpleasant. At the Horns (Kennington), about a month ago, a Mr. Graham whistled a waltz, accompanying himself on the piano with his left hand, and on the castanets with his right. It is now about six years since an Englishman, named Charles Groves, gave several specimens in Montreal of his skill in whistling, and got up a class to teach it at a kind of mechanics' institute. Of course there was giggling before the lesson actually commenced, but it was presently exhausted; and the class, with solemn faces, waited for the tutor, who was trilling a few preparatory cadenzas. The order came—"Gentlemen, *prepare to pucker!*" as he pursed up his lips. The class never got beyond that point."

THERE is now being sold in Paris a small pocket-lens which is called a Trichinoscope. Can you imagine for what it is intended? I suppose you have heard of certain deadly worms—small as hairs, and, therefore, called Trichinæ—which infest pork? It is intended by means of the trichinoscope that if you have sausage or ham placed before you at table, you should be in a position to ascertain by ocular demonstration whether or not it is pervaded by parasites! Surely it is better to abjure the unclean beast altogether than to be afflicted with such hideous fears of the consequences of eating him. I saw a distinguished chemist, the other day, begin his dinner by swallowing some pills of pepsine, made from the stomach of a pig. The pills were intended to enable him to digest the huge dinner which he had vowed to devour.

THEY who have made out the relation of Dick to Tom from the premise that Dick's father was Tom's son, may apply themselves to the solution of the following problem :—An abbess found that an old nun was visited suspiciously often by a young man, and so she demanded who the gentleman was. Saith

the nun, "A very near relation; his mother was my mother's only child." This answer set the abbess pondering; but she came to the conclusion that the youth was a permissible visitor. Why?

WE have a few—a very few—public institutions in London that we can show a foreigner with pride. One of these is the Museum of Fine Art, at South Kensington. But we have many—very many—that we cannot take him to for shame; and one of the especially discreditable is the Museum of the Patent Office, at the same place. There, almost invisible, unknown and unhonoured, lie the germs of inventions that have made us great as a nation,—the steam-engine, the screw-propeller, the steam-hammer, the spinning-jenny, and a host of minor trophies, piled up and huddled together, like the lumber of a broker's shop, in a room not one-tenth part large enough to hold them properly. If the curiosities are not worth decent accommodation, why is not the collection destroyed, sold to a Barnum, or handed over to some private person or body, that will do it more justice than a public office seems disposed to do? Why is the only national mechanical exhibition that we possess a sham and a shame? It cannot be for want of funds, for the Patent Office is a money-making department, and can well afford to establish a repository for the machines and models that it has begged and borrowed, more worthy the name of a museum than the miserable shed in which those objects are at present stored. If a creditable place of exhibition were provided, there would be hopes of seeing, by-and-by, an accumulation of mechanical treasures as rich as the magnificent one of art treasures now existing. But who will give their valuables to be hidden beneath a bushel, or lend their relics to be buried?

THE following inscription, which was copied from a tombstone in a churchyard at Liverpool, may be recommended to the collectors of curious monumental epitaphs:—

O cruel death! how could you be so unkind
As to take him before and leave me behind?
Why didn't you take both of us if either,
Which would have been better for the survivor?

ONCE upon a time, when Mr. Delafield had lost all his money by speculating in the Covent Garden Opera, and when Mr. Lumley was on the point of shutting up her Majesty's Theatre

from disastrous failures, *Punch*, in a merry mood, recommended any of his readers desirous of making a rapid fortune to embark in a third Italian Opera. The joke was an excellent one, and amused the public vastly. Now, however—if all we hear be true—the hunchbacked autocrat of comic letters might venture on the same joke without exciting the least risibility, for at this moment it has gone abroad, and has found many believers, that an Italian Opera is the best of all possible investments for one's money. If nothing else has arisen from the recent projected amalgamation of the two Italian Operas, it has been shown that the manager of the Royal Italian Opera has valued his interest in the theatre at £270,000; and that the estimate was not overrated is proved by the company who were about to purchase the property not demurring to the terms, nor even contemplating a reduction. Within ten years, therefore, dating from the building of the new theatre, this enormous sum has been realised by the performance of Italian Operas at Covent Garden—that is, as I have just said, *if all we hear be true*. Mr. Mapleson, too, seems to get on tolerably well with his management of Her Majesty's Theatre; so that the fact is established that two Italian Operas flourish in the present day, when formerly one brought nothing but ruin to many successive administrations. If one of two managers of Italian Opera has realised in ten years more than a quarter of a million of money, why should not a third manager have a chance of making a fortune? Why success should now wait on that which formerly involved certain failure is more than I can tell. The cause is worth inquiring into, but the investigation I leave to those acquainted with the current events of the Opera, and the general progress of what is commonly called the "Divine Art."

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XLIII.



NOW FOR the strange report that landed at Juan Fernandez while General Rolleston was searching Masa Fuero.

The coaster, who brought it ashore, had been in company, at Valparaiso, with a whaler from

Nantucket, who told him he had fallen in with a Dutch whaler out at sea, and distressed for water: he had supplied the said Dutchman, who had thanked him, and given him a runlet of Hollands; and had told him in conversation that he had seen land and a river reflected on the sky, in waters where no land was marked in the chart; namely, somewhere between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Island; and that, believing this to be the reflection of a part of some island near at hand, and his water being low, though not at that time run out, he had gone considerably out of his course in hopes of finding this watered island, but could see nothing of it. Nevertheless, as his grandfather, who had been sixty years at sea, and logged many wonderful things, had told him the sky had been known to reflect both ships and land at a great distance, he fully believed there was an island somewhere in that longitude, not down on any chart: an island wooded and watered.

This tale soon boarded the Springbok, and was hotly discussed on the fore-castle. It came to Captain Moreland's ears, and he examined the skipper of the coasting smack. But this

examination elicited nothing new, inasmuch as the skipper had the tale only at third hand. Captain Moreland, however, communicated it to General Rolleston on his arrival, and asked him whether he thought it worth while to deviate from their instructions upon information of such a character. Rolleston shook his head. "An island reflected in the sky!"

"No, sir: a portion of an island containing a river."

"It is clearly a fable," said Rolleston, with a sigh.

"What is a fable, General?"

"That the sky can reflect terrestrial objects."

"Oh, there I can't go with you. The phenomenon is rare, but it is well established. I never saw it myself, but I have come across those that have. Suppose we catechise the fore-castle. Hy! Fok'sel!"

"Sir!"

"Send a man aft: the oldest seaman aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir."

There was some little delay: and then a sailor of about sixty slouched aft, made a sea scrape, and, removing his cap entirely, awaited the captain's commands.

"My man," said the captain, "I want you to answer a question. Do you believe land and ships have ever been seen in the sky, reflected?"

"A many good seamen holds to that, sir," said the sailor, cautiously.

"Is it the general opinion of seamen before the mast? Come, tell us. Jack's as good as his master in these matters."

"Couldn't say for boys and lubbers, sir. But I never met a full grown seaman as denied that there. Certainly few has seen it; but all of 'em has seen them as has seen it; ships, and land, too; but mostly ships. Hows'ever, I had a messmate once as was sailing past a rock they call Ailsa Craig, and saw a regiment of soldiers marching in the sky. Logged it, did the mate; and them soldiers

was a marching between two towns in Ireland at that very time."

"There, you see, General," said Captain Moreland.

"But this is all second-hand," said General Rolleston, with a sigh; "and I have learned how everything gets distorted in passing from one to another."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can't help that; the thing is rare. I never saw it for one; and I suppose you never *saw* a phenomenon of the kind, Isaac?"

"Han't I!" said Isaac, grimly. Then, with sudden, and not very reasonable, heat, "D—— my eyes and limbs if I han't seen the Peak o' Teneriffe in the sky topsy turvy, and as plain as I see that there cloud there" (pointing upwards).

"Come," said Moreland; "now we are getting to it. Tell us all about that."

"Well, sir," said the seaman, "I don't care to larn them as laughs at everything they han't seen in may-be a dozen voyages at most; but you knows me, and I knows you; though you command the ship, and I work before the mast. Now I axes you, sir, should you say Isaac Aiken was the man to take a sugar-loaf, or a cocked-hat, for the Peak o' Teneriffe?"

"As little likely as I am myself, Isaac."

"No commander can say fairer nor that," said Isaac, with dignity. "Well, then, your honour, I'll tell ye the truth, and no lie:—We was bound for Teneriffe with a fair wind, though not so much of it as we wanted, by reason she was a good sea-boat, but broad in the bows. The Peak hove in sight in the sky, and all the glasses was at her. She lay a point or two on our weather quarter like, full two hours, and then she just melted away like a lump o' sugar. We kept on our course a day and a half, and, at last, we sighted the real Peak, and anchored off the port; whereby, when we saw Teneriffe Peak in the sky to winnard, she lay a hundred leagues to looard, s'help me God."

"That is wonderful," said General Rolleston.

"That will do, Isaac," said the captain.

"Mr. Butt, double his grog for a week, for having seen more than I have."

The captain and General Rolleston had a long discussion; but the result was, they determined to go to Easter Island first, for General Rolleston was a soldier, and had learned to obey as well as command. He saw no sufficient ground for deviating from Wardlaw's positive instructions.

This decision soon became known through-

out the ship; and she was to weigh anchor at 11 A.M. next day, by high water.

At eight next morning, Captain Moreland and General Rolleston being on deck, one of the ship's boys, a regular pet, with rosy cheeks and black eyes, comes up to the gentlemen, takes off his cap, and, panting audibly at his own audacity, shoves a paper into General Rolleston's hand, and scuds away for his life.

"This won't do," said the captain, sternly.

The high-bred soldier handed the paper to him unopened.

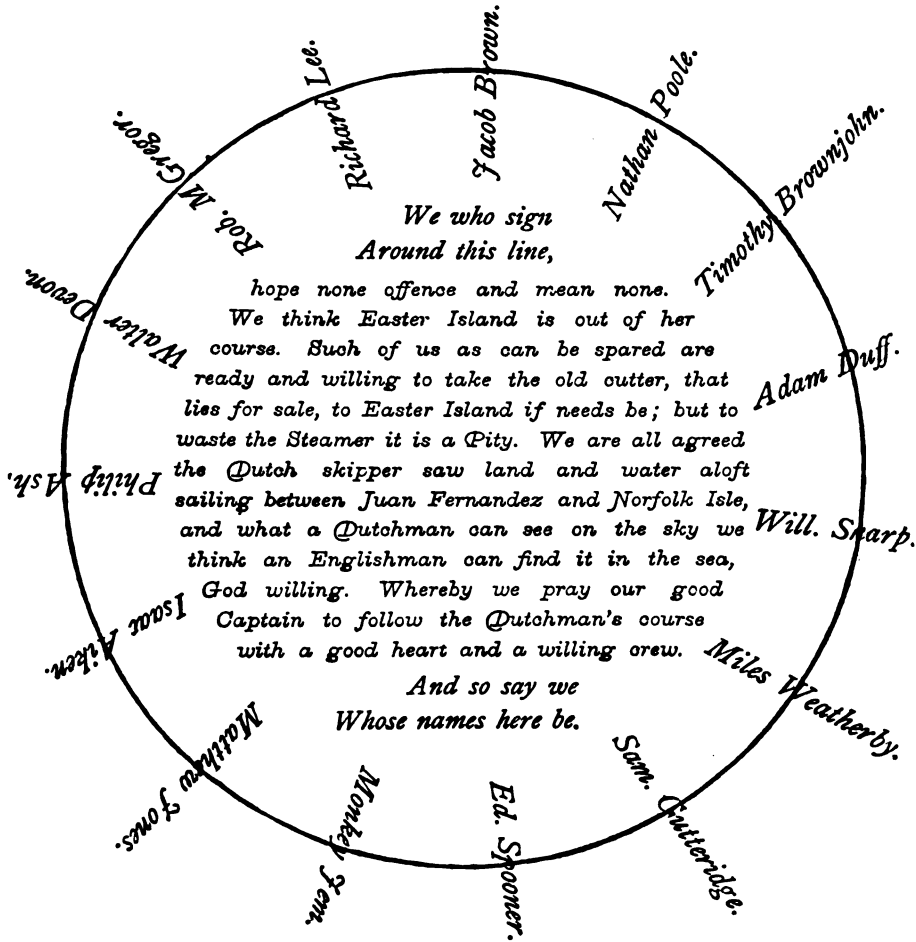
The captain opened it, looked a little vexed, but more amused, and handed it back to the general.

It was a ROUND ROBIN.

Round Robins are not ingratiating as a rule. But this one came from some rough but honest fellows, who had already shown that kindness and tact may reside in a coarse envelope. The sailors of the Springbok, when they first boarded her in the Thames, looked on themselves as men bound on an empty cruise; and nothing but the pay, which was five shillings per month above the average, reconciled them to it; for a sailor does not like going to sea for nothing, any more than a true sportsman likes to ride to hounds that are hunting a red herring trailed.

But the sight of the General had touched them afar off. His grey hair and pale face, seen as he rowed out of Plymouth Harbour, had sent them to the yards by a gallant impulse; and all through the voyage the game had been to put on an air of alacrity and hope, whenever they passed the General or came under his eye.

If hypocrisy is always a crime, this was a very criminal ship; for the men, and even the boys, were hypocrites, who, feeling quite sure that the daughter was dead at sea months ago, did, nevertheless, make up their faces to encourage the father into thinking she was alive, and he was going to find her. But people, who pursue this game too long, and keep up the hopes of another, get infected at last themselves; and the crew of the Springbok arrived at Valparaiso infected with a little hope. Then came the Dutchman's tale, and the discussion, which ended adversely to their views; and this elicited the circular we have the honour to lay before our readers on the next page.



General Rolleston and Captain Moreland returned to the cabin and discussed this document. They came on deck again, and the men were piped aft. General Rolleston touched his cap, and with the Round Robin in his hand, addressed them thus:—

“My men, I thank you for taking my trouble to heart as you do. But it would be a bad return to send any of you to Easter Island in that cutter: for she is not sea-worthy: so the captain tells me. I will not consent to throw away your lives in trying to save a life that is dear to me: but, as to the Dutchman's story, about an unknown island, our captain seems to think that is possible; and you tell us you are of the same opinion. Well, then, I give up my own judgment, and yield to yours. Yes, we

will go westward with a good heart (he sighed), and a willing crew.”

The men cheered. The boatswain piped; the anchor was heaved, and the Springbok went out on a course that bade fair to carry her within a hundred miles of Godsend Island.

She ran fast. On the second day, some ducks passed over her head, one of which was observed to have something attached to its leg.

She passed within sixty miles of Mount Look-out, but never saw Godsend Island, and so pursued her way to the Society Islands; sent out her boats; made every inquiry around

about the islands, but with no success; and, at last, after losing a couple of months there, brought the heart-sick father back on much the same course, but rather more northerly.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HAZEL returned homewards in a glow of triumph, and for once felt disposed to brag to Helen of his victory,—a victory by which she was to profit; not he.

They met in the wood; for she had tracked him by his footsteps. She seemed pale and disturbed, and speedily interrupted his exclamations of triumph, by one of delight, which was soon however followed by one of distress.

"Oh, look at you!" she said. "You have been in the water: it is wicked; wicked."

"But I have solved the problem. I caught three ducks one after the other, and tied the intelligence to their legs: they are at this moment careering over the ocean, with our story and our longitude, and a guess at our latitude. Crown me with bays."

"With foolscap, more likely," said Helen: "only just getting well of rheumatic fever, and to go and stand in water up to the middle."

"Why, you don't listen to me," cried Hazel, in amazement. "I tell you I have solved the problem."

"It is you that don't listen to common sense," retorted Helen. "If you go and make yourself ill, all the problems in the world will not compensate me. And I must say I think it was not very kind of you to run off so without warning: why give me hours of anxiety for want of a word? But there, it is useless to argue with a boy: yes, sir, a boy. The fact is, I have been too easy with you of late. One indulges sick children. But then they must not slip away and stand in the water, or there is an end of indulgence; and one is driven to severity. You must be ruled with a rod of iron. Go home this moment, sir, and change your clothes: and don't you presume to come into the presence of the nurse you have offended, till there's not a wet thread about you."

And so she ordered him off. The inventor in his moment of victory slunk away crest-fallen to change his clothes.

So far Helen Rolleston was a type of her sex in its treatment of inventors. At breakfast she became a brilliant exception. The moment she saw Hazel seated by her fire in dry clothes she changed her key, and made him relate the

whole business, and expressed the warmest admiration and sympathy.

"But," said she, "I do ask you not to repeat this exploit too often; now, don't do it again for a fortnight. The island will not run away. Ducks come and go every day, and your health is very, very precious."

He coloured with pleasure, and made the promise at once. But during this fortnight, events occurred. In the first place, he improved his invention. He remembered how a duck, over-weighted by a crab, which was fast to her leg, had come on board the boat. Memory dwelling on this, and invention digesting it, he resolved to weight his next batch of ducks; for he argued thus:—"Probably our ducks go straight from this to the great American Continent. Then it may be long ere one of them falls into the hands of a man; and perhaps that man will not know English. But, if I could impede the flight of my ducks, they might alight on ships: and three ships out of four know English."

Accordingly, he now inserted stones of various sizes into the little bags. It was a matter of nice calculation: the problem was to weight the birds just so much that they might be able to fly three or four hundred miles, or about half as far as their unencumbered companions.

But in the midst of all this, a circumstance occurred that would have made a vain man, or indeed most men, fling the whole thing away. Helen and he came to a rupture. It began by her fault, and continued by his. She did not choose to know her own mind, and in spite of secret warnings from her better judgment, she was driven by curiosity or by the unhappy restlessness to which her sex are peculiarly subject at odd times, to sound Hazel as to the meaning of a certain epigram that rankled in her. And she did it in the most feminine way, that is to say, in the least direct: whereas the safest way would have been to grasp the nettle; if she could not let it alone.

Said she one day, quietly, though with a deep blush, "Do you know Mr. Arthur Wardlaw?"

Hazel gave a shiver, and said "I do."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"I do."

"Nothing to his discredit, I am sure."

"If you are sure, why ask me? Do I ever mention his name?"

"Perhaps you do, sometimes, without intending it."

"You are mistaken: he is in your thoughts, no doubt; but not in mine."

"Ought I to forget people entirely, and what I owe them?"

"That is a question I decline to go into."

"How harshly you speak to me. Is that fair? You know my engagement, and that honour and duty draw me to England; yet I am happy here. You, who are so good and strong, might pity me at least; for I am torn this way and that:" and here the voice ceased, and the tears began to flow.

"I do pity you," said Hazel: "I must pity any one who is obliged to mention honour and duty in the same breath as Arthur Wardlaw."

At this time Helen drew back, offended bitterly. "That pity I reject and scorn," said she. "No, I plighted my faith with my eyes open, and to a worthy object. I never knew him blacken any person who was not there to speak for himself, and that is a very worthy trait, in my opinion. The absent are like children; they are helpless to defend themselves."

Hazel, racked with jealousy, and irritated at this galling comparison, lost his temper for once, and said those who lay traps must not complain if others fall into them.

"Traps! Who lays them?"

"You did, Miss Rolleston. Did I ever condescend to mention that man's name since we have been on the island? It is you make me talk of him."

"Condescend?"

"That is the word. Nor will I ever deign to mention him again. If my love had touched your heart, I should have been obliged to mention him, for then I should have been bound to tell you a story in which he is mixed, my own miserable story—my blood boils against the human race when I think of it. But no, I see I am nothing to you; and I will be silent."

"It is very cruel of you to say that," replied Helen, with tears in her eyes; "tell me your story, and you will see whether you are nothing to me."

"Not one word of it," said Hazel, slowly, "until you have forgotten that man exists."

"Oh! thank you, sir, this is plain speaking. I am to forget honour and plighted faith; and then you will trust me with your secrets, when I have shown myself unworthy to be trusted with anything. Keep your secrets, and I'll try and keep faith; ay, and I shall keep it too as long as there's life in my body."

"Can't you keep faith without torturing me, who love you?"

Helen's bosom began to heave at this, but she fought bravely. "Love me less, and

respect me more," said she, panting; "you affront me, you frighten me. I looked on you as a brother, a dear brother. But now I am afraid of you—I am afraid——"

He was so injudicious as to interrupt her, instead of giving her time to contradict herself. "You have nothing to fear," said he; "keep this side of the island, and I'll live on the other, rather than hear the name of Arthur Wardlaw."

Helen's courage failed her at that spirited proposal, and she made no reply at all, but turned her back haughtily, and went away from him, only when she had got a little way her proud head drooped and she went crying.

A coolness sprang up between them, and neither of them knew how to end it. Hazel saw no way to serve her now, except by flying weighted ducks; and he gave his mind so to this that one day he told her he had twenty-seven ducks in the air, all charged, and two thirds of them weighted. He thought that must please her now. To his surprise and annoyance, she received the intelligence coldly, and asked him whether it was not cruel to the birds.

Hazel coloured with mortification at his great act of self-denial being so received.

He said, "I don't think my worst enemy can say I am wantonly cruel to God's creatures."

Helen threw in, deftly, "And I am not your worst enemy."

"But what other way is there to liberate you from this island, where you have nobody to speak to but me? Well, selfishness is the best course. Think only of others, and you are sure not to please them."

"If you want to please people, you must begin by understanding them," said the lady, not ill-naturedly.

"But if they don't understand themselves?"

"Then pity them; you can, for you are a man."

"What hurts me," said Hazel, "is that you really seem to think I fly these ducks for my pleasure. Why, if I had my wish, you and I should never leave this island, nor any other person set a foot on it. I am frank, you see."

"Rather too frank."

"What does it matter, since I do my duty all the same, and fly the ducks? But sometimes I do yearn for a word of praise for it; and that word never comes."

"It is a praiseworthy act," said Helen, but so icily that it is a wonder he ever flew another duck after that.

"No matter," said he, and his hand involuntarily sought his heart; "you read me a sharp

but wholesome lesson, that we should do our duty for our duty's sake. And as I am quite sure it is my duty to liberate you and restore you to those you—I'll fly three ducks to-morrow morning instead of two."

"It is not done by my advice," said Helen. "You will certainly make yourself ill."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Hazel.

"You are rude to me," said Helen, "and I am not aware that I deserve it."

"Rude, am I? Then I'll say no more," said Hazel, half-humbly, half-doggedly.

His parchment was exhausted, and he was driven to another expedient. He obtained alcohol by distillation from rum, and having found dragon's blood in its pure state, little ruby drops, made a deep red varnish that defied water; he got slips of bark, white inside, cut his inscription deep on the inner side, and filled the incised letters with this red varnish. He had forty-eight ducks in the air, and was rising before daybreak to catch another couple, when he was seized with a pain in the right hip and knee, and found he could hardly walk, so he gave in that morning, and kept about the premises. But he got worse, and he had hardly any use in his right side, from the waist downwards, and was in great pain.

As the day wore on, the pain and loss of power increased, and resisted all his remedies: there was no fever to speak of; but Nature was grimly revenging herself for many a gentler warning neglected. When he realized his condition, he was terribly cut up, and sat on the sand with his head in his hands for nearly two hours. But, after that period of despondency, he got up, took his boat-hook, and using it as a staff, hobbled to his arsenal, and set to work.

Amongst his materials was a young tree he had pulled up: the roots ran at right angles to the stem. He just sawed off the ends of the roots, and then proceeded to shorten the stem.

But meantime, Helen, who had always a secret eye on him and his movements, had seen there was something wrong, and came timidly and asked what was the matter?

"Nothing," said he, doggedly.

"Then why did you sit so long on the sand? I never saw you like that."

"I was ruminating."

"What upon? Not that I have any right to ask."

"On the arrogance and folly of men; they attempt more than they can do, and despise

the petty prudence and common sense of women, and smart for it; as I am smarting now for being wiser than you."

"Oh!" said Helen; "why, what is the matter; and what is that you have made? It looks like—oh dear!"

"It is a crutch," said Hazel, with forced calmness: "and I am a cripple."

Helen clasped her hands and stood trembling.

Hazel lost his self-control for a moment, and cried out in a voice of agony, "A useless cripple. I wish I was dead and out of the way."

Then, ashamed of having given way before her, he seized his crutch, placed the crook under his arm, and turned sullenly away from her.

Four steps he took with his crutch.

She caught him with two movements of her supple and vigorous frame.

She just laid her left hand gently on his shoulder, and with her right she stole the crutch softly away, and let it fall upon the sand. She took his right hand, and put it to her lips like a subject paying homage to her sovereign; and then she put her strong arm under his shoulder, still holding his right hand in hers, and looked in his face. "No wooden crutches when I am by," said she, in a low voice, full of devotion.

He stood surprised, and his eyes began to fill.

"Come," said she, in a voice of music. And, thus aided, he went with her to her cavern. As they went, she asked him tenderly where the pain was.

"It was in my hip and knee," he said: "but now it is nowhere; for joy has come back to my heart."

"And to mine too," said Helen; "except for this."

The quarrel dispersed like a cloud, under this calamity. There was no formal reconciliation; no discussion: and this was the wisest course: for the unhappy situation remained unchanged; and the friendliest discussion could only fan the embers of discord and misery gently, instead of fiercely.

The pair so strangely thrown together commenced a new chapter of their existence. It was not patient and nurse over again; Hazel, though very lame, had too much spirit left to accept that position. But still the sexes became in a measure reversed—Helen the fisherman and forager, Hazel the cook and domestic.

He was as busy as ever, but in a narrow circle; he found pearl oysters near the sunk galleon, and ere he had been lame many weeks, he had entirely lined the sides of the cavern with mother-of-pearl set in cement, and close as mosaic.

Every day he passed an hour in Paradise; for his living crutch made him take a little walk with her; her hand held his; her arm supported his shoulder; her sweet face was near his, full of tender solicitude: they seemed to be one; and spoke in whispers to each other, like thinking aloud. The causes of happiness were ever present: the causes of unhappiness were out of sight, and showed no signs of approach.

And of the two, Helen was the happiest. Before a creature so pure as this marries and has children, the great maternal instinct is still there, but feeds on what it can get—first a doll, and then some helpless creature or other. Too often she wastes her heart's milk on something grown up, but as selfish as a child. Helen was more fortunate; her child was her hero, now so lame that he must lean on her to walk. The days passed by, and the island was fast becoming the world to those two, and as bright a world as ever shone on two mortal creatures.

It was a happy dream.

What a pity that dreams dissolve so soon! This had lasted for nearly two months, and Hazel was getting better, though still not well enough, or not fool enough, to dismiss his live crutch, when one afternoon Helen, who had been up on the heights, observed a dark cloud in the blue sky towards the west. There was not another cloud visible, and the air marvellously clear; time, about three quarters of an hour before sunset. She told Hazel about this solitary cloud, and asked him, with some anxiety, if it portended another storm. He told her to be under no alarm—there were no tempests in that latitude except at the coming in and going out of the rains,—but he should like to go round the Point and look at her cloud.

She lent him her arm, and they went round the Point; and there they saw a cloud entirely different from anything they had ever seen since they were on the island. It was like an enormous dark ribbon stretched along the sky, at some little height above the horizon. Notwithstanding its prodigious length it got larger before their very eyes.

Hazel started.

Helen felt him start, and asked him, with some surprise, what was the matter?

"Cloud!" said he, "that is no cloud. That is smoke."

"Smoke!" echoed Helen, becoming agitated in her turn.

"Yes; the breeze is northerly, and carries the smoke nearer to us; it is the smoke of a steam-boat."

CHAPTER XLV.

BOTH were greatly moved; and after one swift glance Helen stole at him, neither looked at the other. They spoke in flurried whispers.

"Can they see the island?"

"I don't know; it depends on how far the boat is to windward of her smoke."

"How shall we know?"

"If she sees the island, she will make for it that moment."

"Why? do ships never pass an unknown island?"

"Yes. But that steamer will not pass us."

"But why?"

At this question Hazel hung his head and his lip quivered. He answered her at last. "Because she is looking for *you*."

Helen was struck dumb at this.

He gave his reasons. "Steamers never visit these waters. Love has brought that steamer out; love that will not go unrewarded. Arthur Wardlaw is on board that ship."

"Have they seen us yet?"

Hazel forced on a kind of dogged fortitude. He said, "When the smoke ceases to elongate, you will know they have changed their course, and they will change their course the moment the man at the masthead sees us."

"Oh. But how do you know they have a man at the masthead?"

"I know by myself. I should have a man at the masthead night and day."

And now the situation was beyond words. They both watched, and watched, to see the line of smoke cease.

It continued to increase, and spread eastward; and that proved the steamer was continuing her course.

The sun drew close to the horizon.

"They don't see us," said Helen, faintly.

"No," said Hazel; "not yet."

"And the sun is just setting. It is all over."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes a moment, and then, after a sob or two, she said almost cheerfully, "Well, dear friend, we were happy till that smoke came to disturb us: let us try and be as happy now it is gone. Don't smile like that, it makes me shudder."

"Did I smile? It must have been at your simplicity in thinking we have seen the last of that steamer."

"And so we have."

"Not so. In three hours she will be at anchor in that bay."

"Why, what will bring her?"

"I shall bring her."

"You? How?"

"By lighting my bonfire."

CHAPTER XLVI.

HELEN had forgotten all about the bonfire. She now asked whether he was sure those on board the steamer could see the bonfire. Then Hazel told her that it was now of prodigious size and height. Some six months before he was crippled he had added and added to it.

"That bonfire," said he, "will throw a ruddy glare over the heavens, that they can't help seeing on board the steamer. Then, as they are not on a course, but on a search, they will certainly run a few miles southward to see what it is. They will say it is either a beacon or a ship on fire; and, in either case, they will turn the boat's head this way. Well, before they have run southward half a dozen miles, their look-out will see the bonfire, and the island in its light. Let us get to the boat, my lucifers are there."

She lent him her arm to the boat, and stood by while he made his preparations. They were very simple. He took a pine torch and smeared it all over with pitch; then put his lucifer-box in his bosom, and took his crutch. His face was drawn pitifully, but his closed lips betrayed unshaken and unshakeable resolution. He shouldered his crutch, and hobbled up as far as the cavern. Here Helen interposed.

"Don't you go toiling up the hill," said she. "Give me the lucifers and the torch, and let me light the beacon. I shall be there in half the time you will."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hazel, eagerly, not to say violently.

He wanted it done; but it killed him to do it. He then gave her his instructions.

"It is as big as a haystack," said he, "and as dry as a chip; and there are eight bundles of straw placed expressly. Light the bundles

to windward first, then the others; it will soon be all in a blaze."

"Meanwhile," said Helen, "you prepare our supper. I feel quite faint—for want of it."

Hazel assented.

"It is the last we shall—" he was going to say it was the last they would eat together; but his voice failed him, and he hobbled into the cavern, and tried to smother his emotion in work. He lighted the fire, and blew it into a flame with a palmetto-leaf, and then he sat down a while, very sick at heart; then he got up and did the cooking, sighing all the time; and, just when he was beginning to wonder why Helen was so long lighting eight bundles of straw, she came in, looking pale.

"Is it all right?" said he.

"Go and look," said she. "No, let us have our supper first."

Neither had any appetite: they sat and kept casting strange looks at one another.

To divert this anyhow Hazel looked up at the roof, and said faintly, "If I had known, I would have made more haste, and set *pearl* *there* as well."

"What does that matter?" said Helen, looking down.

"Not much, indeed," replied he, sadly. "I am a fool to utter such childish regrets; and, more than that, I am a mean selfish cur to *have* a regret. Come, come, we can't eat; let us go round the Point and see the waves reddened by the beacon, that gives you back to the world you were born to embellish."

Helen said she would go directly. And her languid reply contrasted strangely with his excitement. She played with her supper, and wasted time in a very unusual way, until he told her plump she was not really eating, and he could wait no longer, he must go and see how the beacon was burning.

"Oh, very well," said she; and they went down to the beach.

She took his crutch and gave it to him. This little thing cut him to the heart. It was the first time she had accompanied him so far as that without offering herself to be his crutch. He sighed deeply, as he put the crutch under his arm; but he was too proud to complain, only he laid it all on the approaching steamboat.

The subtle creature by his side heard the sigh and smiled sadly at being misunderstood—but what man could understand her? They hardly spoke till they reached the Point. The waves glittered in the moonlight: there was no red light on the water.

"Why, what is this?" said Hazel. "You

can't have lighted the bonfire in eight places, as I told you."

She folded her arms and stood before him in an attitude of defiance: all but her melting eye.

"I have not lighted it at all," said she.

Hazel stood aghast. "What have I done?" he cried. "Duty, manhood, everything, demanded that I should light that beacon, and I trusted it to you."

Helen's attitude of defiance melted away: she began to cower, and hid her blushing face in her hands. Then she looked up imploringly. Then she uttered a wild and eloquent cry, and fled from him like the wind.

I'M AFLOAT.

II.

ONE of our most popular novelists, a type of the true Saxon, writing on a subject which he thoroughly understands, has classed hunting men under two heads: those who hunt and like it; those who hunt and don't like it. So also there are yachtsmen, and there are men who keep yachts. The latter class have their head quarters mostly at Cowes, or at Ryde. They seldom venture out beyond the placid waters of the Solent, and are more frequently to be met with in the club, than on the deck or in the cabin of a yacht. They lay more store on a large collection of flags, wherewith to make a display at regattas, than on a carefully selected case of charts. The skipper in their estimation fills a subordinate position to the cook, who should be an artist of no mean degree. Their talk is of those who go down to the sea in ships; but their heart is not with them. They would answer the question which Croesus put to Solon—When can a man be said to be happy?—by suggesting a smooth sea with a fresh off-shore breeze, a living freight of ladies on board, age not under twenty or over thirty, with or without the lively widow to act as chaperone, who under the genial influence of the sparkling wines of France are easily led to imagine the scene before them to be a correct representation of life on the ocean wave. These are the butterflies of the sea, pleasing to the eye, and perfectly harmless; fulfilling their destiny, whatever that may be, but they point no moral, though they may adorn a tale. Is it to be said, therefore, that they are of no use? Hardly so, for they act as a foil to the genuine yachtsman, and are, as it were, the middle distance in the picture, serving to bring out in

relief the principal subject, and heightening by judicious contrast the general effect.

In the present day, when everybody thinks it necessary to have an outing—some in search after health, others after excitement, and all after novelty—the genuine enterprising yachtsman has a great advantage. Railways do not vex him, nor is he given over as a prey to hotel or lodging-house keepers. The number of trains, the hours of their departure and arrival, the nature of the accommodation to be met with at the journey's end, whether for the night's rest only, or for the more prolonged stay, are to him matters of absolute indifference. He carries his hotel about with him, certain of finding each day the accommodation he requires, or say rather his house, for ready to his hands he has his home comforts, his books, his household gods.

How many places there are, which a man would seldom have an opportunity of seeing—out-of-the-way spots—to which access is comparatively difficult, were it not for the facilities which a yacht affords him. Take the north coast of France to begin with. There is Dunkirk, on which Louis XIV. lavished such large sums of money to make it one of the most strongly fortified ports in the kingdom, after having bought it of us in 1662; next in order, Calais; then Boulogne, with its newly-opened floating basin, where ships lie water-borne; a little further on, Dieppe, also with a basin, a pretty country at the back of it, and Rouen to be reached in a couple of hours; then Havre, the Liverpool of France, and King Cotton's stronghold, with its Frascati to amuse, and its magnificent docks to interest. Trouville within sight, where, thanks to De Morny, our yachtsman can also lie water-borne; Fécamp, with its caravanseraï; and that quaint little place Etretat, where artist life is to be seen, within an easy sail from either Havre or Trouville; farther on Cherbourg, with its magnificent breakwater; then St. Malo, the key to Brittany, distant inland only fourteen miles from Dinant, where he may see the problem solved of How to live upon 200*l.* a year, and lay by something handsome at the end of it; lastly Brest, with its magnificent roadstead, capable of holding in its inner port as many as 500 large ships. Retracing his course, the Channel Islands invite him to stop and explore the beauties of Jersey and Guernsey, which ought not to be seen hurriedly to be appreciated—those of the former especially.

If by the time he has seen thus much, the shortened days warn the yachtsman that it is time to bring his cruise to an end, he may

comfort himself with the reflection that he has as yet seen but little compared with what remains to be seen. He gets home in time for the best of the partridge shooting. High farming is not yet so universally the rule, that the stubbles are all cleared; squeakers have had time to develop into full-grown birds, and the puppy of great promise when last seen in May, has profited by the first fortnight's schooling in September, and putting away puppyish things, has grown into a sagacious and obedient dog.

The next year the yachtsman makes himself familiar with the south coast of England. Starting from the mouth of the Thames, and looking in at Ramsgate and Dover, he finds a harbour at Newhaven, whence he can run over to see his friends at Brighton or at Hastings; another at Shoreham, if he is desirous of comparing the merits of those places with Worthing. Littlehampton and Bognor come next (perhaps in the Goodwood week). Then the Isle of Wight, the best yachting station in the world, and leaving that behind him he has a look at Bournemouth and Weymouth, and drops anchor within the noble breakwater at Portland, the works of which, rivalling Cherbourg, are now fast approaching completion. On to Torquay, where a dock is being constructed, which will be a great boon to yachtsmen, for the bay is a treacherous place to lie in when the wind comes up from the S.E. Rounding Berry Head, where the chances are he will fall in with a fleet of Brixham trawlers, a little further on he will find in Dartmouth a beautiful land-locked harbour, and as picturesque an old town as is to be seen anywhere. If river scenery has charms for him, let him row up the Dart in his boat to Totnes; and in his passage haply he may see some of the salmon rising which the records of the Totnes Election Committee tell us readily commanded prices of 20s. a lb. and upwards, when fortunate enough to have been captured by a free and independent elector. Between Dartmouth and Plymouth he will pass the little fishing village of Start, and if the weather admits of his landing, let him try and procure one of the Labrador dogs, the breed of which the natives take great pains to preserve pure, as the finest water dogs in the world. They are trained to swim from the shore through the surf, which often runs very high, catch in their mouth a rope thrown from the fishing boats, and then return with it to the shore, thus establishing a means of communication between the boat and the shore, by which the men who are on the look-out for the purpose

haul her up. Close by is the Start light, the last seen and the first made by vessels outward and homeward bound. Plymouth, Fowey, and Falmouth follow in rapid succession, each with a strong claim on a yachtsman's attention; and having got thus far, the Scilly Isles naturally come in for a visit. From Dover to this point there is excellent trawling ground, and if he carries a trawl on board, which he should do, he will have abundant opportunities of using it to his profit and advantage. He then has to decide whether, rounding the Land's End, he will stretch across the Channel to Queenstown, and visit the sister isle, or whether he will reserve the treat that awaits him, more especially on the south-west and west coast of Ireland, for another year. If this pleasure is deferred, the Welsh coast scenery will go far to dissipate any feeling of disappointment; and when that has been seen, and bushels of mackerel caught "dabbing" in Cardigan Bay, there still remains Scotland, rich in the natural beauty of its western seaboard; broken up into so many islands, smiling in their beauty, and inviting the yachtsman to anchor and linger among them.

Again the scene changes, and he finds himself sailing or being towed through the Caledonian Canal, and in the heart of the Highlands. *O fortunatus nimium* if he knows one of the thrice blessed, who has some fishing on the Ness. What excitement in this world is to be compared with that of killing one's first salmon? The rush of waters, with just one clear spot, the anxious cast, the protracted struggle, the final capture! Gently, however—our business is not with salmon fishing. When the king of fish alters his habits and nature, and takes to feed at the bottom of the sea, he may come to be caught in the net of the trawl; but till this comes to pass the yachtsman must look upon salmon fishing as perfectly consistent with the enjoyment of yachting, but not included in the programme. Turning his back upon Inverness, he should by this time be working his way home, which he will do by the east coast; and here again one has only to look at a map to see at a glance the number of places of interest which would alone occupy a season in visiting.

In the outline of cruises thus enumerated, there is nothing to deter any man owning a yacht of forty or fifty tons. The only drawback of a practical nature is the absence in some cases of what is called the horse's head on board. As a rule, the ordinary run of skippers of this class of vessel are not up to taking a

nautical observation ; and consequently they are unable, in the event of the coast being lost sight of for a day or more, to determine at any given time the precise position of the vessel on the chart. This is, no doubt, an element of danger, and one which a yachtsman would do well to avoid by making himself practically acquainted with the subject, or by giving his skipper the means of acquiring the necessary knowledge. For a short run out of sight of land, the patent logs now in use, indicating the rate of speed at which a vessel is going through the water, answer the purpose well enough, particularly when the wind continues to blow from the same quarter ; but when, in case of an adverse wind, it is necessary to be constantly tacking, the set of the tide is often so great, and so difficult to allow for correctly, that, on making the land, the exact position of the vessel cannot be determined with that absolute certainty which is desirable. A light seen for the first time may be mistaken for another, and so a certain degree of risk incurred, which in bad weather may amount to danger. As regards our side of the Channel, it is so well lit, and to a coaster the various lights are so familiar, that they present no difficulty whatever. The crew of a yacht are generally selected from the better class of smacksmen—men who, during the time that they are not so employed, follow their ordinary calling, some in fishing, others in pilot-boats ; and as in pursuit of it they are constantly in and out of the various harbours, they are scarcely ever at fault when their knowledge is put to the test. It must be understood, however, that the yachtsman who is himself familiar with these things, has a great advantage over one who is not. He is much more his own master, a point of no small importance when the question of making or not making a passage is at issue. He may not be able to act as his own sailing-master, nor, if he could, is it in the slightest degree necessary that he should ; but he ought to know enough of his business to know what he can do, and what he can't. If he is fortunate in his skipper, and has a good set of men, he may learn a great deal from them ; and as talent and education always tell in the long run, they will soon yield to him a willing deference on occasions requiring soundness of judgment and promptness of decision. Many a yachtsman throws away an opportunity in the course of a season for the want of a little energy and determination at the right moment. Let him show that he has this quality in him, and his men will like him all the better for

giving them a chance of displaying their mettle, and the sea-going qualities of his yacht.

In determining the question of tonnage when buying or building is concerned, regard must be had to the amount which a yachtsman is prepared to pay for his amusement, both in respect of the first cost, and annual expense. The minimum to secure comfort to the owner, and sufficient accommodation for a crew of five hands, is from thirty-five to forty tons. Under this tonnage a headway of six feet in the main cabin is unattainable ; and unless a man can move about without knocking his head, he will not be free to exercise that liberty of action which is indispensable to bodily comfort. The number of yachts afloat which do admit of this without running into fifty and sixty tons are very few ; and in them it will be found that lead is largely used for the purposes of ballast. The proportion of lead to iron should not exceed one-third, and in a vessel of forty tons that proportion gives six inches more headway than can be got by the use of iron ballast only. Small as that may appear, the practical difference between five feet six and six feet represents just the difference between comfort and discomfort, and for one man who stands six feet in his shoes, there are at least a score who do not exceed five feet nine. If Nature has qualified a man to be a Life Guardsman, and instead of going into the army he prefers entering the pleasure navy, he must be prepared to pay for the advantages of frame which have been conferred upon him, and nothing under eighty or a hundred tons will suit him. We have spoken of accommodation for five hands on the forecabin as the other essential which cannot be attained in a vessel of less than forty tons, and for cruising purposes five is the smallest complement consistent with the proper handling of the yacht. This admits of an alternate watch of two and two, and the fifth man, who acts as cook and steward, must be as good an A B as the others, and willing to lend a hand and take his share of the work on deck whenever occasion requires. As regards the owner's accommodation, he can have a separate berth to himself, and the after-cabin ought to be, and can be, so arranged as to accommodate two friends in perfect comfort. The main cabin, if well arranged, can supply to the most fastidious every luxury that a man can wish for, and is at one and the same time dining-room, drawing-room, and library, without any elaborate transformation, or any extraordinary effort.

Now as to the respective merits of building and buying. If a man is fortunate enough to

find, ready made to his hand, exactly what he wants, of course he will do well to buy. But men's notions of what a yacht should be differ so widely that they very rarely meet with what they do want. If a man intends to go in for racing, and can't afford to pay for costly experiments in trying to build a vessel which shall beat anything afloat, we advise him to try and buy an established favourite, and seek to maintain her reputation. There is no more glorious uncertainty in the law, than there is in the result which attends the building of racing yachts. If, however, he means to confine himself to a good comfortable sea-going vessel, one which he can take a liberty with, and in which he hopes to take his pleasure for many years, then we say unhesitatingly, let him build—and try to forget what has been said of those who build houses for others to live in—only let him be quite clear in his own mind what it is that he wants, and let him make his requirements perfectly clear to his builder. A friend of ours built his own house, but before he laid one stone upon another, he made himself thoroughly master of the ground plans which he had submitted to him in all their minutest details, down to the exact position of every door and chimney. He then had a model made of it, so constructed that he could take it to pieces, story by story, and quite satisfied himself that the rooms were what he desired. He then entered into a contract, accompanied by a careful and exact specification. This done, he went abroad for two years, on purpose not to have an opportunity of changing his mind, and he returned at the end of that time to find his house ready for his reception. He has never altered it to this day. So in building a yacht. Draught of water, rig, tonnage as near as may be, and the amount of accommodation, are conditions which the yachtsman has a right to name, but the less he has to do with what are called her lines the better. He may be a very clever fellow, and gifted with exquisite taste. He may have an eye for a Peters or a Barker brougham out of a thousand, he may know Holland's or Gillow's furniture by intuition; he may point out to you what there is in the peculiar toss of the foot which justifies a Sheward in asking two hundred for one animal, and fifty for another. These things are within his ken, but a ship's lines from stem to stern are a hidden mystery, and he will be wise not to seek to penetrate it. Let him place himself in the hands of an honest builder, who has a reputation to preserve; and if he adds to the instructions above suggested, Let her be as

fast as other people's, he will have laid up for himself as little cause for disappointment as falls to the lot of most men.

The cost, all told, will vary from £35 a ton for a vessel of 40 tons, to £28 a ton for one of 100 tons and upwards. The former price may seem high, and it is no doubt a good deal of money, but it must be remembered that smaller vessels do cost more relatively than large ones. There are two ends and a finish to each, but the cost involved does not bear the same ratio to the larger which it does to the smaller. In this price, however, are included teak fittings throughout on deck, with a single plank of mahogany or cedar for bulwarks, hard wood planking, oak or teak, and below, mahogany relieved with maple. Let the yachtsman eschew paint everywhere, except for the ceilings to give lightness and contrast. The lining of the fore-castle should be deal or pine, stained and varnished as being easy to clean, and inexpensive to renew. His skipper will be the only permanent man he need keep on the books all the year round, as once a week, while she is laid up, or every day if fine and dry, the hatches should be opened, and air freely admitted so as to give thorough ventilation. If this be done, and the vessel honestly built in the first instance, no dry rot need be feared, and she will last for years. There could not be a better instance given of the lasting qualities of a well-built yacht than the Pearl, which was laid down in the yard at Wivenhoe, now occupied by Harvey, by that brilliant cavalry officer and thorough-bred yachtsman the late Marquis of Anglesea, in the year 1818, exactly fifty years ago, and which is still afloat. He lived just long enough to see her lengthened, and died shortly afterwards. The present generation are fast passing away who can remember him as eager to make a match with anything afloat for 500*l.* round the island, or 1000*l.* round the Eddystone, and back, as he ever was in the Peninsula to have a dash at his old opponent Ney. In the person of one of his sons, Lord Alfred Paget, the family prestige in the yachting world continues to be honourably maintained, and the Xantha, which he recently built where the Pearl had been built before, bears testimony to the knowledge which he possesses of what a sea-going yacht ought to be. Latterly he has not been able to resist the temptation of having a steam yacht, but we should not be surprised if we saw him coming out once more in his old form, and giving the yachting world the benefit of his long experience.

Within the last two or three years, the adaptation of steam launches to pleasure purposes has become very general, and they have been greatly improved upon by White, of Cowes. We ought to do the French the justice to admit that they were the first to introduce them in their navy; and now there are but few of our men-of-war which are not provided with them. The idea seems to have taken with our amateurs, and there are now several of them to be seen in the summer about Cowes. They are pretty toys, useful enough in quiet waters, to those who like to explore nooks and crannies and to make sure of getting back home at any given hour; and when a yacht is big enough to carry one, they are found very useful to turn her in and out of harbour, or in a dead calm. The engines are high pressure, and are easily put in, and as easily taken out when not required.

We have not touched, in this sketch, upon the more ambitious yachtsman who spends his winter in the Mediterranean, in a schooner of 150 tons or upwards, or his summer in Norway: nor have we alluded to the adventurous cruise in the Baltic Sea, at the time of the Russian war, of the *Pet*, of eight tons, described by her owner as "about as long as a moderate-sized drawing-room, and scarcely so wide as a four-post bed." Our object has rather been to point out what may be done by a man with moderate means, who loves a little healthy, pleasurable excitement, and who, to our thinking, can get it purer and better on board his yacht than in any other form. If from among those who may take the trouble to run their eye over these hastily penned lines, there be any found who will give a yachting cruise a trial on their own account, we shall rejoice over the little part we have taken, and heartily wish them good-luck in joining the pleasure navy of England.

TOYS.

LEARNED and ingenious men have puzzled and wearied themselves, in attempting to give an exact definition of wit,—and it requires no small amount of wit to give the definition of a toy. For a toy is a mysterious thing. When you see a tiny mannikin in short petticoats, who has just learned the use of his legs, dragging after him a wooden horse as solemnly as did the citizens of Troy, it is difficult to discover in what light he regards that extraordinary quadruped. It is not fun which he is enjoying—it looks more like occupation;—

the only fact which the young gentleman appears to recognise is, that he is making progress in the world, until a sudden turn in the road brings the animal down on its head. Again, watch some future Jehu with a whipping-top, as he pants with infantine ardour, and makes his game with a determination that would be beyond his years, were not its object so childish. It is not easy to say whether the spinning trifle is a less earnest thing to him, than will be the spinning of the thousand wheels of the great machine which he is hereafter to lash on with the smart force of a well-knit intellect. Does the toy engage less in proportion of his nascent steam, than will the whirr and drive of business engage his matured energies? In this respect then, it must be admitted that a toy is a mysterious thing. But there is a deeper mystery about it—the faith reposed in it by the young. A toy is part of the religion of a little child. Nothing is more beautiful than the sweet credulity with which very young children receive a toy. Not only have they an intense belief in it, but they seem to view it as possessed of life. Did you ever meet a very little girl who had a doll, who did not treat it as if it were alive? and could you dare to disturb that childish yet wise credulity? It is the faith of infancy that nothing is dead, not even a toy. I recollect a little fellow, whose earthly career was early ended, who seemed to retain that faith longer than usual, as he was once observed putting his waggon-and-horse up on end in the corner of a room and teaching it to say prayers.

Yes, a toy is a mysterious thing. Those boxes of bricks with which we constructed houses that were never seen on earth except when such bricks composed and such builders planned them; those Noah's arks, containing animals of such remarkable shapes, and such tendencies to fall upon each other, that they never issued forth in long procession round the table without giving rise to a dispute about their names; those columns of infantry, with arms glued to their sides, closing up or wheeling round on their wooden diagonals; those puzzles with which we strove to bring beauty out of chaos; those Chinese lanterns, their wonderful arrangement, their still more astounding shapes and manufacture; even to the mimic theatre, in which were enacted the strangest stories we had heard or read,—the marvels of the palace of Aladdin,—the horrors of the chamber of Blue Beard,—the fate of the Forty Thieves;—all these things still hold place in our memories, as part of the romance of our childhood, points of recollection in a

half-remembered dream. More, they hold place in our hearts, as part of our history and education. Not more tenderly, perhaps, does the weeping mother of some little friend or companion whom we have watched with sorrow fall down by the wayside and pass from before us,—lay by and cherish the toys which the little one had played with, regarding them as precious relics of the past.

The dictionary definition of toy—a child's plaything—only half answers the question raised. The old Danish original *tøi* means implements, and by what means soever the word got across here in the times of savage old sea-kings, not given to playing, this may lead us to a fuller and truer definition. We might say that toys were mostly, in their essence, mimicry,—were they not so indubitably real to their little owners. It would be remarked also that such toys as kites and marbles are not mimic,—still, they exercise and cultivate powers which are the infantile representation of abilities the full-grown man will display matured and perfected. A game at chess was usually played by the great Napoleon on the eve of a battle,—because on that small arena the qualities were developed which decided the fate of nations in time of war. We would describe toys as the implements of childhood and childish pursuits: they satisfy that desire of laying hold on the realities of life which is aroused within us so soon as we can lay hold on anything, and teach us in some degree, or enable us to learn, what those realities are. They are chiefly the imitation, on a reduced scale, of things in actual use among adult humanity; and imitation, it has been said, is the great teacher of us all. The gardener's son first wants a spade,—the washerwoman's daughter her mimic tub,—the children of a cleanly housewife wash the roses off the faces of their dolls, and take as naturally as ducks to the water.

Can it then be denied that toys are not only part of our history, but part of our education also? Are they not often the indicators, pointing out the direction of a child's future course in the world? You see the stolid little fellow, pulling away at his wooden horse,—that child will become a steady, plodding man. You notice the demure girl, fond of her doll, and perceive there the presage of the home-loving English wife. Occasionally, you will find a boy who will break open his toys to discover what is inside; be sure that such a boy, if persistent, and not thwarted, will make a clever man. Most seldom you meet with a boy who likes to make his own toys; he will become a serious,

deep-thinking man; perhaps a genius, who soonest will grow out of the use of toys.

The largest class of toy-consumers is composed of those little rogues who have too many toys,—who soon tire of one, and then throw it aside or break it, to make way for some novelty. Theirs is the most dangerous case of all; for the quickness of apprehension which is obtained by such an amount of toy-experience, leads to that versatility and surface-brilliance which is the crying curse of the young dandies of the present generation, rendering them the ninnies of business, who soon get shouldered off the platform of any concern in which friends or fortunes place them; who dare not push into any channel of manly exertion, and who, perforce, eventually dawdle or crawl through life, as their worldly means may dictate.

It is an old Turkish saying, that if you have to meet a man in argument, "be not afraid of the man of many books, but the man of one book—of him be afraid." Were we to speak in patriarchal style of toys, we should say, without many invocations of Allah, Be not afraid of the child of one toy, but the child of many toys—of him be afraid. Get a lad to take an interest in a few toys, to make proper use of them, and work them well,—he is safe for business, for the world, for himself—if for no higher things, so long as he learns in the same direction. Too many toys, like too many sugar-plums, produce a kind of indigestion and nausea; the former enfeebling the moral vigour, and depraving the mental appetite of children as much as the latter do the corporeal.

It would be as interesting as useful, could we but have it written how much men who have risen to eminence in the world, by their own exertions, have been educated by their toys. All must have observed what educators they are. Fine incentives to the awakening mind are those toys which have an use in them, and those which, when taken to pieces, disclose something curious or beautiful within. In them children not only delight, but the desire aroused is of that kind which educates a faculty. A spirit of inquiry, or a love of work, grows up in the hearts of these tiny play-folk, and, from playing, they begin learning and living. Give a boy a hammer and chisel; show him how to use them; at once he begins to hack the door-posts, to take off the corners of shutter and window frames, until you teach him a better use for them, and how to keep his activity within bounds. Offer him a knife; how quickly does he wish to shape his little craft, and launch it on the ocean of the nearest pool;

how will he mangle his school-desk, and carve it with letters or caricatures, till he happens to gash his fingers, and finds there is danger in delight. Let him have a whip, and he will become careless and cruel—the terror of unoffending children round him—the scourge of his tiny sphere. If the great among men have ever been truly children, their toys have helped to make them so; if the wolves of mankind have ever played, their toys have helped to mar their pristine innocence. This is an important thought for those who have, or may have, the selection of toys for these little ones who are to grow up into another generation; if we have a care that another generation shall be nobler and better than the one it succeeds. Of course, even in this century of rules and systems, it is impossible, and would be pedantic were it possible, to lay down rules for the selection of toys, but a lively apprehension of their importance will go far to guide our judgment.

It is a curious thing to observe the manner in which the toy-spirit leaves the youthful mind—so slowly and gradually with some, so quickly and suddenly with others. One lad will throw them all away at once, and leap, Minerva-like, into the busy world with all his armour on him; but the many will drop them one by one, from the ambition of cultivating more critical and manly associates, from the necessities of study or business, from a feeling of their inherent childishness. With the girl, on the contrary, they seem to remain much longer, as a quieter life, and more retiring, would naturally induce. Girls become young ladies, and, very frequently, each stage of the advance is marked by a change of toy. Too often, alas! do they then consent to become themselves mere toy-people, warranted to go off on proper occasions with a given number of times, after the requisite pressing, or, whenever a spark comes in contact with them, to fizz away with the requisite amount of banter and scandal, like a school-boy's squib. We know this is dangerous ground, yet may we not remark that the pretty living dolls, who so beautify our homes and gladden us with their sweet smiles, would be so much the more lovely and heart-cheering, were their charms made up of something more than external attractions and accomplishments. Days spent in dalliance with the dearest toy that ever showed its bewitching face in the drawing-room, are not worth an hour's chat with a cultivated full-souled woman. But let us not, even in appearance, be ungallant, and single out the gentler sex for scolding. Oh! the men, these lords of the creation, what toys of

circumstance are they! How many are tossed from hand to hand, from master to master, or kept butting against a wall of difficulty like a tennis-ball, without being allowed to rest. Now the fondlings, anon the victims of others, they seem not to have a will of their own until they have lost the opportunity of exerting it. Let us be thankful that these human toys are, in general, good-tempered, easy men, who, like Punchinello on the weighted ball, still keep their heads uppermost, how much soever they may be flung about, and nod approval everlastingly to all their ills.

What is the world but a great toy-shop? Caleb Plummer might say. What is the theatre, with its gorgeous scenes, its lovely or terrific impersonations, but one gigantic toy? What are the lives of most men filled with, but the enchantment of playing with some conceit or other which they hug to themselves with as much complacency as a little girl her doll—conceits which have as much real life in them, and are, after all, nothing but toys? How does many a man glory in an oddity or whim, which he never loses willingly, even for a moment, but is continually poking it up in other people's faces, like a boy with a monkey on a stick. How some will pant and tear in the street of life, to keep a favourite concern afloat, ever beating it up, like children a shuttlecock—a concern which, like a shuttlecock, is only worth seeing come down. What large people will fly their kites, and ride their wooden hobbies, till their lines are broken and their saddles quite worn out. But is there not a viler class, and more to be condemned than these—who, at the most, are simpletons—those who sport with fellow-men as if they were toys? The manufacturer who treats his hands as so much production and so much power; the lawyer who regards his clients as so many cards to shuffle and deal with, and turn the game as it may please him; the merchant, who ever pulls the strings of interest to his own golden tune;—all these degrade into toys our poor humanity.

It has often been remarked that to watch the procession in London called the Lord Mayor's Show, from the top of the dome of St. Paul's, is to watch a line of toys. Toys we all are, at one time or another, in one way or another; so that a chapter on human life, with its joys and sorrows, its progress and vicissitudes, its aims and occupations, its sentiments, dresses, and dinners, viewed from some sublime height which should dwarf it into its real littleness, would form a very suggestive and not uninteresting chapter on toys.



ANOTHER DAYS WORK DONE.

April 14, 1884.

Once a Week.

THE UNTAMEABLE SHREW.

AMONG the many relics of past times which arrest attention in the narrow, busy and intricate streets of Vienna, is an inscription still legible beneath a fresco-painting, which adorns the façade of an old gable-ended house, in ancient days numbered 311, but now No. 3, in the Bognergasse. The painting represents a woman wrestling with the devil, and inscribed beneath it are the following lines :—

Pestilenz und Noth ein Uebel ist,
Krieg ein arger Zeitvertreib,
Schlimmer als des Teufes Tück und List,
Gott behüt uns, ist ein böses Weib.

(Want and Disease are woes indeed,
And War is scarce less dire :
Fiercer than war, disease, or need,
God help us, is a woman's ire.)

In the beginning of the 16th century it appears that this same Bogner-gasse, or Bow-street, was the exclusive domain—not of beaks and bobbies—but of bow and arrow manufacturers, who, even thus long after the invention of gun-powder, plied there a flourishing trade. The house No. 311, was at that time occupied by an honest peaceable burgher—a native of Siebenbürger—one Kaspar Pergauer by name, who had settled there with his newly-married wife Frau Ursula, of whose stately figure and comely face the fond husband was not a little proud ; moreover she had brought him a handsome dowry, and the young couple may be said to have started in life under the most promising conditions, and were accordingly the envy of many of their neighbours.

Kaspar carried on the business of bow and arrow maker and being a man of orderly habits, regular life, and industrious propensities, he prospered accordingly. Unhappily he was not blessed with offspring, and as Dame Ursula had no taste for cats, dogs, parrots, or any other components of the *menagerie* which is usually the substitute for a childless *ménage*, she gradually became self-centred, and her temper began to afford external evidence that all was not right within. It never occurred to her to bestow her unoccupied energies on those she might have helped, nor to seek for any useful employment of her time ; the consequence was, that, dissatisfied with herself, she knew not why, her ill-humour vented itself on her unlucky husband, when it had exhausted itself on her servant. So sour did her disposition grow, aggravated by the dissatisfaction she created in those around her, that it at length became impossible to keep either domestic or

apprentices in the house, and then her undivided wrath fell with deadly effect upon the head of the unhappy Kaspar. With servants and apprentices, disappeared also acquaintances and neighbours, and Kaspar, whose home had once been so bright, tranquil, and happy, felt as if a blight had fallen upon all his prospects. His house became dingy and neglected, his little garden was overgrown with weeds, and, what was worse, his business began to flag, and he foresaw that a change in his position was imminent. Kaspar began to sink under the weight of his misery, in which he could only see one consolation, viz., that matters could scarcely be worse. Reduced to his own company, for he dreaded that of his wife, he would sneak out of his house unobserved and steal to the bank of the river, there to muse on his wretched fate, and sometimes to try to muster courage to plunge into the current, as the only way of getting rid of the chain he could not break.

One day he had wandered as far as Petersfriedhof, sauntering listlessly along, with his hands swinging behind him, muttering to himself the complaints he could no longer confide to others : “All is in vain,” he said, “Heaven is deaf to my cry, and all my entreaties are spurned ; as I can obtain no mercy from above, am I not justified in trying what I can get from below ?” But it was the first time the thought had crossed him, and the sound of his own words startled him, as he pronounced them. He paused, aghast at the desperation which had wrung from him so formidable an idea. “What am I saying ?” exclaimed he ; “and can it be indeed I—I, Kaspar Pergauer, who would—”

He was interrupted by a hollow and unnatural laugh beside him, and an unearthly voice replied to his half-uttered question. “Ah, my dear fellow,” it said, “don’t be so very particular ; if you are in a mess, get out of it the best way you can. Here I am the moment you call me—Lucifer in person, at your service, and ready to do what you want—that is, *if I can*.”

Kaspar had not expected so ready a response to his appeal, and had stood pale and trembling, not knowing whether to regard the strange dark figure that stood before him, as a friend or a foe : at these last words, however, he recovered some of his courage, and repeating them in accents of astonishment, he seemed to be calling in question the identity of the stranger.

“Well,” said Lucifer ; for there really was no mistake as to who he was ; “but the job

you wait to give me is not one that can come under the category of ordinary work ; you see Heaven will have nothing to do with it, and although, no doubt, it is more in my way, yet I don't promise, offhand, to succeed."

"Then I wonder why you offered yourself," said Kaspar, somewhat tartly, for he was grievously disappointed.

"Now don't put yourself in a pet, Master Kaspar," replied Satan, "or I shall think your wife has some excuse for her temper ; you haven't heard me to the end. Your life is intolerable, as it stands, I believe?" and he paused for Kaspar's gloomy assent. "Well," he resumed, "I will do my best to relieve you of your burden. If I succeed I certainly expect to be remunerated, and I shall have honestly earned my reward," and he placed his hand on his left side, just as if he had a heart there ; but Kaspar didn't notice it. "If I don't," he proceeded, "try some one cleverer : I shall have left you no worse off than I found you."

"True," said the henpecked husband ; "but I must know what you consider a cure, and what are the terms you expect."

"Prudent and fair, Master Kaspar," said the devil, patting his new client on the back, and cleverly concealing his claws. "I like dealing with a man of business. You shall know my conditions. Indeed, if you are not satisfied with my word, we will put it down in red and white : you know, I daresay," added he, with a wink, "what description of writing-fluid we employ for this sort of deed."

"A verbal undertaking will do," said Kaspar, with something very like a shudder. "So as you accomplish the task, I want no written agreements."

"I promise and undertake, then," resumed the Devil, solemnly, "to treat Dame Ursula for the ugly moral disease which besets her ; and I require three days for the purpose, at the end of which time, if I restore her to you completely cured, she will be so mild, gentle, and amiable, that neither you nor any one else will recognise her as the same person. You shall then enjoy many years of peace and happiness with her, till the expiration of the term of your natural life, when your soul becomes my sole . . . and absolute property : failing in this, I abandon her to you, and you to your ridiculous and most contemptible position ; leaving you, however, as a consolation, the permission to make game of me for the rest of your life, and the certainty that I shall never show my face to you again. Now, I call that a very handsome offer—what say you to it?"

"I consent," replied Pergauer, rather sulkily ;

—"any chance is preferable to leaving things as they are."

"Now then," resumed Satan, "follow my directions : take a holiday, and don't turn up again for three days from this time—go, and enjoy your liberty."

On the following morning, with the first beam of the rising sun, Lucifer, in the form and garb of Kaspar, stood by the bedside of Dame Ursula ; he contemplated the sleeping vixen for a moment with some trepidation, but he had formed his plans. His first attempt at taming the shrew before him, was to be by means of gentleness and affection ; so he bent down over the reclining form and impressed a passionate kiss upon the rosy lips. Ursula disturbed thus suddenly from her downy slumber, opened her eyes, and before the tender culprit had time to withdraw, or even to foresee what was coming, applied a well-directed box on his ear, making it ring again. Stunned by the unsympathising reception, he retreated with speed, apprehensive of what might follow ; and seating himself in Kaspar's chair, apparently busy with his unfinished work, he began to consider what his next move should be in this critical game ; for it was clear he had not as yet hit upon the right method. As may be supposed, a day thus untowardly begun, was not likely to proceed very favourably ; and it is needless to recount the various scenes which succeeded each other between the strange couple as it wore on. Suffice it to say that by the time night came, the supposed husband's back was covered with stripes, and his face bore tokens of having come into somewhat close contact with the nails of Mrs. Pergauer.

Finding the system of cajolery with which he had begun, thus fruitless in its results, the shrew-tamer proposed to himself to try next day what effect a little rational argument would produce. Having accordingly prepared his attack, he addressed her in a tone of great forbearance, placing her conduct before her in so true and startling a light that, taken completely aback by the force of his words, the scold for once lost her tongue, and sat mutely by, unable to find any reply to these just and temperate observations ; but the storm was, all the time, brewing within, and the more she felt herself in the wrong the more difficult did she find it to contain herself. Her only resource lay in the hope of silencing her admonisher by noise and invectives ; she accordingly thundered forth a volley of abuse, and the dinner having now been put upon the table, on turning round to look for some weapon with which she could castigate him, her eye fell upon the tureen of

scalding soup ; this she seized, and in another moment the seething contents had bathed his head and shoulders and were running down his face and arms, placing him in a most pitiable plight. Blinded by the hot liquid, and breathless from the suddenness of the unwelcome shower-bath, Lucifer only recovered himself to hear the street-door slammed-to with violence, and to perceive that his temporary wife had flung herself out of the house. "Hell and pitch !" he exclaimed, "what the deuce does this mean? Is this virago of a woman going to defeat me with my own arms! Am I to stand by and see myself her sport? And yet it is beginning to look uncommonly as if I were going to get the worst of it. More than half the time I had given myself to subdue her villanous temper has expired, and I don't seem to be any nearer my aim than I was at first! I have, however, one more expedient in reserve, and I must manage to finish her off with that."

No sooner had Ursula returned home, than the supposed Kaspar met her, and looking at her sternly, bade her follow him into the sitting-room, as he had something important to communicate to her. Arrived there, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. "Sit down," he said, "and listen in silence, if you can, to what I have to say." Ursula stared and obeyed mechanically, for she was completely mystified by all these unusual manœuvres. "My patience," began he, "is at an end. I have made up my mind to endure your vile temper no longer. I have tried every proper and rational means of taming you, and I find that you have not the feelings of a woman, and cannot be treated as a reasonable being. I have now to tell you, once for all, that unless, from this hour, you renounce your violent ways, and behave decently and quietly as a respectable women should, I mean to get myself formally separated from you, and to turn you out of doors." He paused, and for a moment, as he looked into the woman's astonished face, he believed he had at last succeeded in impressing her ; but it was only for a moment ; her reply was a loud and scornful laugh, in the midst of which she began in her old way. "You absurd creature !" she said, "what new freak is this? Has your mind got a twist, for it seems as crooked as one of your own bows, that you think to intimidate me by such language as that. Go back to your workshop, and try to earn something, instead of turning preacher and lecturing those who are in every way superior to yourself ; and for your pains, take that !" and she raised her hand for

a powerful smack, but Lucifer was too quick for her this time ; he seized her arm, she resisted, and then began a fierce struggle for victory, in which it seemed doubtful—so well matched were the combatants—which would get the better of the other.

At last Satan found the day was going against him, and infuriated at the humiliating thought that he was to be vanquished by a woman, he roared out,— "Stay, bad woman ! Recognise me and be annihilated !" With these words, he threw off his disguise and stood before her in his real form ; but he had miscalculated the moral energy of his adversary. Ursula even then did not lose her self-possession, but seizing both his horns in her vigorous grasp, she dragged him to the ground and there held him pinned, till he cried for quarter ! This is the moment chosen by the artist for the mural painting in the Bognergasse which excited our curiosity.

The Devil had now no choice but to confess himself, for once, out-done ; he fled away with his tail between his legs, uttering a fiendish cry of impotent rage, and leaving Dame Ursula mistress of the situation.

Kaspar returned home on the appointed day, fully prepared for the event ; he found his house a perfect Pandemonium ; but he had learned that henceforward resistance would be useless, and that he must resign himself to endure what it was evident he could not cure. He accepted his trial in a spirit of true Christian submission to the will of Providence, and made it his daily habit to offer up his sufferings in expiation of the sins of his former life. He became a second Job, and when at last the welcome hour arrived that was to relieve him from his troubles, it was his turn to cheat the Devil ; for those who stood round his bed, declared that they saw his spirit ascend straight to Abraham's bosom. Over Ursula's subsequent fate the chronicler discreetly draws a veil, but hints that there is much probability in the popular report that when she departed this life, Lucifer took his revenge, and that no good angel interfered to dispute his claims to her soul.

CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCH HASCHISCH EATER.

THE English Opium-Eater has made us familiar with the imaginary world opened by the use of opium to a man of lively fancy. A recently deceased French poet, M. Baudelaire, furnished a pendant to these experiences

of Mr. De Quincey, in a book picturesquely entitled *Les Paradis Terrestres*, containing, besides a condensed account of the English *Confessions*, a corresponding description of the effects of haschisch or Indian hemp. The readers of *Monte Christo* will remember that M. Alexandre Dumas, a great master of the marvellous, had already made effective use of this narcotic as an element of romance. M. Baudelaire's book is written with the finished and faultless eloquence of which he was a master, and it may, perhaps, be thought that the literature of the subject is now complete. Certainly neither Mr. De Quincey nor M. Baudelaire profess any desire to make proselytes to this mystery. Both of them lost ordinary health and happiness by their devotion to it, and the books in which they have described their experiences must be looked upon as the beautiful products of secret disease, like the pearl in the oyster.

Herodotus found the smoke of burning hemp in use among the Scythians as a narcotic, and the legal memory of the East, which goes farther back than all written history, preserves traces of its use from the earliest times. All the orgiastic religions were probably connected with the artificial production of ecstatic states of consciousness by means of this or some similar drug. The sect of the Assassins (haschischins) or followers of the Old Man of the Mountain, were simply haschisch-eaters of a homicidal type. The preparations in which it is used are various. The Arabs prefer the davamesk, a sweetmeat containing a certain portion of the "fatty extract" of haschisch, which is obtained by boiling the flower of hemp in fresh butter. Modern chemists have obtained the essential part of the drug (haschischine) in the shape of a clear resin of a dark green colour. In Paris this is mixed with chocolate, like everything else, and may "lie on the drawing-room table."

M. Baudelaire has chosen to present his records of haschisch experience as communications from other persons. But his friends inform us, and, indeed, it is sufficiently evident from the book itself, that they are really portions of his own inner history. He divides them according to their intensity and importance into two classes. The first of these he speaks of under the name of the Theatre of Séraphin. This is merely a heightened and transformed state of ordinary consciousness, in which surrounding objects are continually present to the mind, but furnish, as it were, the texture of a strange and variegated embroidery of fancy. In this stage of its influence

haschisch affects only the senses, and the contents of the sensuous imagination. The first indication of the activity of the drug is a childlike gaiety, an irresistible tendency to find comical resemblances and contrasts in everything which surrounds the patient, a sense of the exquisite oddness of the most familiar words, things, and persons. A sort of courteous benevolence accompanies this state of feeling, founded on the persuasion that every one else is in the same state of sensitiveness and nervous tension as the patient himself. M. Baudelaire tells of another person in his book, a story which he was accustomed to relate of himself. He suddenly remembered, when in this state of haschisch-intoxication, that he was engaged to dine with a party of highly serious and respectable people. He imagined himself attempting to conceal, throughout a long evening, a state of excitement which would have gravely scandalized his companions. Filled with terror at the thought, he went out to get an antidote at the nearest chemist's. On the threshold of the shop he was stopped by a painful reflection. The man whom he was going to address, and whom he did not know, appeared to his imagination as a person of singularly refined benevolence. How the necessary explanations might distress him! He also imagined this benevolent apothecary to be as sensitive to noise and disturbance as he was himself at that moment. He therefore opened the door gently, with the greatest misgivings, entered the shop on tiptoe, and addressed the astonished tradesman in an exceedingly subdued voice, with formal and elaborate politeness. After a long explanation, uttered by the poet with a poignant sense of the distress he was inflicting, he was calmly, but firmly, requested by his confidant to leave the shop. Humiliated and disenchanted, he obeyed, and passed the rest of the evening in an agonizing, though, as he says, successful struggle to appear like the rest of the world.

To this phase of humour and urbanity there succeeds, in the first place, an interval of tranquil rationality, which, however, is only the prelude to further excitement. The extremities now become intensely cold, the limbs lax and inanimate. The eyes are enlarged, and seem drawn in all directions by "an implacable ecstasy." The face loses colour, and the lips are drawn inwards by a convulsive aspiration. Deep sighs escape from the chest "as though the old body could not bear the activity and the desires of the new soul." The sensation of cold reached such a pitch in one of the

cases reported by M. Baudelaire, that the patient at last believed himself completely frozen, and felt an indescribable moral satisfaction in conceiving himself as a statue cut out of a block of ice, though the time was summer, and the place a crowded theatre. In this experience occurs the strange sensation—known to many persons as the result of late hours and an overdose of tea—of seeing everything as though through the big end of a telescope. The objects seen appear to be at an immeasurable distance, and yet perfectly distinct in outline and colour. The effect reminds one of Meissonnier's pictures, or of a much-reduced photograph of an engraving. The despotism of analogies, correspondences, associations, profound meanings, a whole universe of artificial mysticism, comes in at this stage. Then the intense sympathy with all these inner meanings of objects leads to a quasi-pantheistic identification with them. Thus, suppose you are smoking, you watch the curls of smoke, you sympathise intensely with the idea of slow, successive, eternal, evaporation. In another moment, without ceasing to be the smoker, you begin to be the matter which is evaporated, and you feel yourself crouched together in the bowl of your pipe, being smoked by yourself at the other end!

M. Baudelaire's speculations on the moral effect of haschisch-eating are singularly interesting, but could hardly be made generally intelligible in the space at our command. Certain it is that the intense philosophical and moral metamorphosis of which he speaks will remain unknown to all but a few haschisch-eaters of remarkable endowments. The Theatre of Séraphin, with its gay marionette-version of human experience, is open to all at the price of almost inevitable physical and moral degradation.

TABLE TALK.

"PICTURE Sunday and Palm Sunday fall together this year."

"And who takes the palm for a picture?"

"That is not for me to say; for though I have visited some studios, it was only as a friend."

"I believe that a good many critics do that, and the aroma of friendship does not evaporate, but flavours the May notices."

"To the credit of human nature. Besides, what are Brown, Jones, and Robinson to me, that I should complete their art-education at the price of annoying my particular friends

Zeuxis, Apelles, and Phidias, with whom I dine?"

"You have a duty to the public."

"Clear your mind of cant. I was a Christian before I was a critic."

"A very long time before, I take it. But tell us about some of the pictures, as it is very good cram for a diner-out. What has Millais got?"

"Several, I am glad to say. Notably, two old pensioners, looking, by a fixed lantern, at the tomb of Nelson. A wonderful light effect, and a yet more wonderful avoidance of sentimentality—the old crabs are just what they would be. Rosalind and Celia, weary, under the tree—such a Stella, and some of the Millaisian angels whom we call children."

"Creswick?"

"He has not painted for this exhibition, but will be well represented by two productions of an earlier date."

"What pictures emanate from the pencil of Frith?"

"Don't question in the style of Pinnock, will you? Why, he has painted Dr. Johnson, at Boswell's, looking down kindly and indulgently at Garrick, while Goldsmith is figuring before a glass, extolling his celebrated coat, Murphy and Reynolds listening, and the maid showing in Davies, who has been keeping them waiting for dinner. He has also painted Tony Lumpkin knocking his pretty cousin's head when the old lady made them measure heights:—also Laurence Sterne, who, looking at the sweet girl who is making the stocking, makes his own suggestive reflections."

"Ward?"

"Gives the marriage of the little duke of York, whose uncle Gloucester looks on, having quite obtained his own consent to be Richard III. notwithstanding. And Mrs. Ward has painted Lady Jane Grey, yielding to the persuasions that gave her ten days of royalty and the axe at seventeen, poor child—by the way, what a lesson against classical education. Plato could teach her no more wisdom."

"Than to obey her husband. Is that Platonic? Well, what has Leighton done?"

"Much. An Ariadne, dead by the sea—a painted poem. A Jonathan, about to signal to David with the arrow: an Acme and Septimus embracing, and a sea-nymph, Actæa, with her fishes, and such a light in her limbs."

"That is criticism."

"It isn't, it's only description. Elmore has painted Two Women grinding at a Mill, and a quiver of arrows hints, I fancy, at the rest of the text. And he has a wearied out little Ishmael, laid down to die."

"O'Neil?"

"A large and full picture, abounding in life and motion. The officers hastening away from the Duchess's ball at Brussels to crush Napoleon, and the fair women bidding good-bye to the brave men. That story of the stealing away, one by one, is all nonsense; they all left together, and the ball was broken up, as you see here."

"Ansdell has worked, of course?"

"More gallantly than ever. Sheep saved from a spate, or, for pure Saxon understanding, a storm; a bonny herd-woman; a murdered fox (but it is not murder in Highland); Counting the Game; and a pointer who would give his ears to go in and finish a wounded moor-hen, but knows it would be as much as his beautiful skin is worth."

"Have you seen Calderon's?"

"Have I not? The young R.A. rests not because he has won his spurs. There is his diploma picture, a slight terrified maiden following a stern man into a forest—she carries a casket—there is a mystery. Then there is Yorick, young and gay, carrying merry Prince Hamlet on his back on the grass, and beautiful Gertrude, then a good and a proud wife, looking on, and little flaxen-haired Ophelia, who has been brought round from Polonius' house, crows at her future lover. Moreover, there is the daughter of Cebren, and mother of Corytus—every schoolboy knows whom I mean."

"I have left school some years."

"Ænone, deserted by Paris, and he deserved the poisoned arrow for leaving such a woman. She looks as if she could forgive him now,—later, I think, she held out, but in the end, softened."

"I hope Marks has painted."

"Of course he has, and another Middle Age scene: a cannon of the period has been made by a rural Armstrong, who is going to fire it, with some idea that he had better have previously confessed to the priest who looks on. A gay archer also watches, rather hoping, I suppose, that the innovation may come to grief."

"Cheyne Walk?"

"Yes, that classic ground sends good tribute. MacIise has painted the gracious Duncan, asleep, surrounded by trophies of the chase and the weapons of war. His stalwart powers lie on the ground, helpless, and she who has laid their daggers ready (they are placed with meaning athwart the king's coronal, on the table) glowers from behind a curtain, and sees the likeness to her father. Not a conventional Lady Macbeth, with her face tied

up, but a sumptuous woman, worth a soldier-king's love. A second Shakspearean picture, Desdemona anxious to bind the brow of Othello, and a new reading of the exquisite Eve of St. Agnes."

"Ha! That is about as much as I can carry without spilling—stop—what has George Leslie got?"

"A sea-captain of the last century, such an upright, cheery fellow, with an empty sleeve, telling a boy, who is all belief, how the sleeve was emptied. Sea and ships below, and the story will not scare the lad from the service, whatever his pretty sister may think. And a full-length figure of a lady, seated, whereof I would say something—but it will be said."

"I can afford to wait, so can he, nobody better. What hath Valentine Prinsep?"

"The most ardent of lovers wooing the most sumptuous of beauties."

"You said sumptuous before. I have no idea what you mean, but I don't think the word should be applied to a woman."

"Take it in the sense of Sidney in the Arcadia, who says that 'she did apparel her apparel and with the preciousness of her body make it most sumptuous.' But, for your hyper-criticism, I will tell you no more, though I have sundry other recollections."

"Enough to eat is as good as a feast, and enough talk is as good enough for table talk. Sir, you have obliged me, and in return I shall be happy to recount to you the principal points in the debate on the Irish Church."

"Sir, there is an ingratitude that becomes a virtue by its sublimity."

NOTICE.

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER XLVII.



MAT CLOUD was really the smoke of the Springbok; which had mounted into air so thin that it could rise no higher. The boat herself was many miles to the northward, returning full of heavy hearts from a fruitless search. She came back in a higher parallel of latitude, intending afterwards to steer N.W. to Easter Island. The life was gone out of the ship; the father was deeply dejected, and the crew could no longer feign the hope they did not feel. Having pursued the above course to within four hundred miles of Juan Fernandez, General Rolleston begged the captain to make a bold deviation to the S.W., and then see if they could find nothing there before going to Easter Island.

Captain Moreland was very unwilling to go to the S.W., the more so as coal was getting short. However he had not the heart to refuse General Rolleston anything. There was a northerly breeze; he had the fires put out, and, covering the ship with canvas, sailed three hundred miles S.W. But found nothing. Then he took in sail, got up steam again, and away for Easter Island. The ship ran so fast that she had got into latitude thirty-two by ten A.M. next morning.

At 10h. 15m. the dreary monotony of this cruise was broken by the man at the mast-head.

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!"

"The schooner on our weather-bow!"

"Well, what of her?"

"She has luffed."

"Well, what o' that?"

"She has altered her course."

"How many points?"

"She was sailing S.E., and now her head is N.E."

"That is curious."

General Rolleston, who had come and listened with a grain of hope, now sighed and turned away.

The captain explained kindly that the man was quite right to draw his captain's attention to the fact of a trading vessel altering her course. "There is a sea-grammar, General," said he; "and, when one seaman sees another violate it, he concludes there is some reason or other. Now, Jack, what d'ye make of her?"

"I can't make much of her: she don't seem to know her own mind, that is all. At ten o'clock she was bound for Valparaiso or the island. But now she has come about and beating to windward."

"Bound for Easter Island?"

"I dunno."

"Keep your eye on her."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Captain Moreland told General Rolleston that very few ships went to Easter Island, which lies in a lovely climate, but is a miserable place; and he was telling the General that it is inhabited by savages of a low order, who half worship the relics of masonry left by their more civilized predecessors, when Jack hailed the deck again.

"Well," said the captain.

"I think she is bound for the Springbok."

The soldier received this conjecture with astonishment and incredulity, not to be wondered at.

The steamboat headed N.W. right in the wind's eye.

Sixteen miles off at least a ship was sailing N.E. So that the two courses might be represented with tolerable accuracy by the following

diagram, in which A represents the course of the steamer, and B that of the schooner.



And there hung in the air, like a black mark against the blue sky, a fellow, whose oracular voice came down and said B was endeavouring to intercept A.

Nevertheless time confirmed the conjecture; the schooner, having made a short board to the N.E., came about and made a long board due west, which was as near as she could lie to the wind. On this Captain Moreland laid the steamboat's head due north. This brought the vessels rapidly together.

When they were about two miles distant, the stranger slackened sail and hove-to; hoisting stars and stripes at her mizen. The union jack went up the shrouds of the Springbok directly, and she pursued her course, but gradually slackened her steam.

General Rolleston walked the deck in great agitation, and now indulged in wild hopes, which Captain Moreland thought it best to discourage at once.

"Ah, sir," he said; "don't you run into the other extreme, and imagine he has come on our business. It is at sea as it is ashore: if a man goes out of his course to speak to you, it is for his own sake, not yours. This Yankee has got men sick with scurvy, and is come for lime juice. Or his water is out. Or—hallo, savages aboard."

It was too true. The schooner had a cargo of savages male and female; the males were nearly naked, but the females, strange to say, were dressed to the throat in ample robes with broad and flowing skirts, and had little coronets on their heads. As soon as the schooner hove-to, the fiddle had struck up, and the savages were now dancing in parties of four; the men doing a sort of monkey hornpipe in quick pace with their hands nearly touching the ground; the women on the contrary, erect and queenly, swept about in slow rhythm, with most graceful and coquettish movements of the arms and hands, and bewitching smiles.

The steamboat came alongside, but at a certain distance, to avoid all chance of collision; and the crew clustered at the side and cheered the savages dancing. The poor General was forgotten in the merry sight.

Presently a negro in white cotton, with a

face blacker than the savages, stepped forward and hoisted a board, on which was printed very large ARE YOU

Having allowed this a moment to sink into the mind, he reversed the board, and showed these words, also printed large, THE SPRINGBOK?

There was a thrilling murmur on board; and after a pause of surprise, the question was answered by a loud cheer and waving of hats.

The reply was perfectly understood; almost immediately a boat was lowered by some novel machinery, and pulled towards the steamer. There were two men in it: the skipper and the negro. The skipper came up the side of the Springbok. He was loosely dressed in some light drab-coloured stuff and a huge straw hat; a man with a long Puritanical head, a nose inclined to be aquiline, a face bronzed by weather and heat, thin resolute lips, and a square chin. But for a certain breadth between his keen grey eyes, which revealed more intellect than Cromwell's Ironsides were encumbered with, he might have passed for one of that hard-praying, harder-hitting fraternity.

He came on deck, just touched his hat, as if to brush away a fly, and, removing an enormous segar from his mouth, said, "Wal, and so this is the Springbok. Spry little boat she is: how many knots can ye get out of her now? Not that I am curious."

"About twelve knots."

"And when the steam's off the bile, how many can you sail? not that it is my business."

"Eight or nine. What is your business?"

"Hum! You have been over *some* water looking for that gal. Where do ye hail from last?"

"The Society Islands. Did you board me to hear me my catechism?"

"No, I am not one of your prying sort. Where are ye bound for now?"

"I am bound for Easter Island."

"Have you heard anything of the gal?"

"No."

"And when do ye expect to go back to England as wise as ye came?"

"Never while the ship can swim," cried Moreland, angrily, to hide his despondency from this stranger. "And now it is my turn, I think. What schooner is this? by whom commanded, and whither bound?"

"The Julia Dodd; Joshua Fullalove; bound for Juan Fernandez with the raw material of civilization—look at the varmint skippin'—and a printing press; an' that's the instrument of civilization, I rather think."

"Well, sir; and why in heaven's name did you change your course?"

"Wal, I reckon I changed it—to tell you a lie."

"To tell us a lie?"

"Ay; the darndest eternal lie that ever came out of a man's mouth. Fust, there's an unknown island somewheres about. That's a kinder flourish beforehand. On that island there's an English gal wrecked."

Exclamations burst forth on every side at this.

"And she is so tarnation 'cute, she is flying ducks all over creation with a writing tied to their legs, telling the tale, and setting down the longitude. There, if that isn't a buster, I hope I may never live to tell another."

"God bless you, sir," cried the General. "Where is the island?"

"What island?"

"The island where my child is wrecked."

"What, are you the gal's father?" said Joshua, with a sudden touch of feeling.

"I am, sir. Pray withhold nothing from me you know."

"Why, Cunnle," said the Yankee, soothingly; "don't I tell you it's a buster. However, the lie is none o' mine. It's that old cuss Skinfint set it afloat; he is always poisoning these peaceful waters."

Rolleston asked eagerly who Skinfint was, and where he could be found.

"Wal, he is a sorter sea Jack-of-all-trades, eternally cruising about to buy gratis,—those he buys of call it stealing. Got a rotten old cutter, manned by his wife and fam'ly. They get coal out of me for fur, and sell the coal at double my price; they kill seals and dress the skins aboard; kill fish and salt 'em aboard. Ye know when that fam'ly is at sea by the smell that pervades the briny deep an' heralds their approach. Yesterday the air smelt awful: so I said to Vespasian here, I think that sea-skunk is out, for there's something a poisoning the cerulean waves an' succumbambient air. We hadn't sailed not fifty miles more before we run agin him. *Their clothes were drying all about the rigging.* Hails me the varmint does. Vesp and I, we work the printing press together, an' so order him to looward, not to taint our Otaheitans, that stink of ile at home, but I had 'em biled before I'd buy 'em, an' now the're vilets. 'Wal, now, Skinfint,' says I; 'I reckon you're come to bring me that harpoon o' mine you stole last time you was at my island?' 'I never saw your harpoon,' says he; 'I want to know, have you come across the Springbok?' 'Mebbe I have,' says I; 'why do you ask?'

'Got news for her,' says he; 'and can't find her nowheres.' So then we set-to and fenced a bit; and this old varmint, to put me off the truth, told me the buster. A month ago or more he was boarded—by a duck. And this 'ere duck had a writing tied to his leg, and this 'ere writing said an English gal was wrecked on an island, and put down the very longitude. 'Show me that duck,' ses I, ironical. 'D'ye take us for fools?' says he; 'we ate the duck for supper.' 'That was like ye,' says I; 'if an angel brought your pardon down from heights celestial, you'd roast him and sell his feathers for swan's-down; mebbe ye ate the writing? I know you're a hungry lot.' 'The writing is in my cabin,' says he. 'Show it me,' says I, 'an' mebbe I'll believe ye.' No, the cuss would only show it to the Springbok; 'there's a reward,' says he. 'What's the price of a soul aboard your cutter?' I asked him. 'Have you parted with yours as you wants to buy one?' says he. 'Not one as would carry me right slick away to everlasting blazes,' says I. So then we said good-morning, and he bore away for Valparaiso. Presently I saw your smoke, and that you would never overhaul old Stink-amalee on that track: so I came about. Now I tell ye that old cuss knows where the gal is, and mebbe has got her tied hand and fut in his cabin. An' I'm kinder sot on English gals; they put me in mind of butter and honey. Why, my schooner is named after one. So, now, Cunnle, clap on steam for Valparaiso, and you'll soon overhaul the old stink-pot: you may know him by the brown patch in his jib-sail, the ontidy varmint. Pull out your purse and bind him to drop lying about ducks and geese, and tell you the truth; he knows where your gal is, I swan. Wal, ye needn't smother me." For by this time he was the centre of a throng, all pushing and driving to catch his words.

Captain Moreland begged him to step down into his cabin, and there the General thanked him with great warmth and agitation for his humanity. "We will follow your advice at once," he said. "Is there anything I can offer you, without offence?"

"Wal," drawled the Yankee, "I guess not. Business an' sentiment won't mix no-how. Business took me to the island, sentiment brought me here. I'll take a shake hand all round: and if y'have got live fowls to spare I'll be obliged to you for a couple. Ye see I'm colonising that darned island: an' sowing it with grain, an' apples, an' Otaheitans, an' niggers, an' Irishmen, an' all the other cream o' creation; an' I'd be glad of a couple o' Dorkins to crow the lazy varmint up."

This very moderate request was heartily complied with, and the acclamations and cheers of the crew followed this strange character to his schooner, at which his eye glistened and twinkled with quiet satisfaction, but he made it a point of honour not to move a muscle.

Before he could get under way the Springbok took a circuit, and passing within a hundred yards of him, fired a gun to leeward by way of compliment, set a cloud of canvas, and tore through the water at her highest speed. Outside the port of Valparaiso she fell in with Skinfint, and found him not quite so black as he was painted. The old fellow showed some parental feeling, produced the bag at once to General Rolleston, and assured him a wearied duck had come on board, and his wife had detached the writing.

They took in coal: and then ran westward once more, every heart beating high with confident hope.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HELEN'S act was strange, and demands a word of explanation. If she had thought the steamboat was a strange vessel, she would have lighted the bonfire: if she had known her father was on board, she would have lighted it with joy. But Hazel, whose every word now was gospel, had said it was Arthur Wardlaw in that boat, searching for her.

Still, so strong is the impulse in all civilised beings to get back to civilisation, that she went up that hill as honestly intending to light the bonfire, as Hazel intended it to be lighted. But, as she went, her courage cooled, and her feet began to go slowly, as her mind ran swiftly forward to consequence upon consequence. To light that bonfire was to bring Arthur Wardlaw down upon herself and Hazel living alone and on intimate terms. Arthur would come and claim her to his face. Could she disallow his claim? Gratitude would now be on his side as well as good faith. What a shock to Arthur! What torture for Hazel! torture that he foresaw, or why the face of anguish, that dragged even now at her heart-strings? And then it could end only in one way; she and Hazel would leave the island in Arthur's ship. What a voyage for all three! She stood transfixed by shame: her whole body blushed at what she saw coming. Then once more Hazel's face rose before her; poor crippled Hazel! her hero and her patient. She sat down and sighed, and

could no more light the fire, than she could have put it out, if another had lighted it.

She was a girl that could show you at times she had a father as well as a mother: but that evening she was all woman.

They met no more that night.

In the morning his face was haggard, and showed a mental struggle; but hers placid and quietly beaming, for the very reason that she had made a great sacrifice. She was one of that sort.

And this difference between them was a foretaste.

His tender conscience pricked him sore. To see her sit beaming there, when, if he had done his own duty with his own hands, she would be on her way to England! Yet his remorse was dumb: for, if he gave it vent, then he must seem ungrateful to *her* for her sacrifice.

She saw his deep and silent compunction, approved it secretly, said nothing, but smiled, and beamed, and soothed. He could not resist this: and wild thrills of joy and hope passed through him, visions of unbroken bliss far from the world.

But this sweet delirium was followed by misgivings of another kind. And here she was at fault. What could they be?

It was the voice of conscience telling him that he was really winning her love, once inaccessible; and, if so, was bound to tell her his whole story, and let her judge between him and the world, before she made any more sacrifices for him. But it is hard to stop great happiness: harder to stop it and ruin it. Every night as he lay alone he said, "To-morrow I will tell her all, and make her the judge." But in the morning her bright face crushed his purpose by the fear of clouding it. His limbs got strong and his heart got weak: and they used to take walks: and her head came near his shoulder: and the path of duty began to be set thicker than ever with thorns; and the path of love with primroses. One day she made him sit to her for his portrait; and, under cover of artistic enthusiasm, told him his beard was god-like, and nothing in the world could equal it for beauty; she never saw but one at all like it, poor Mr. Seaton's; but even that was very inferior to his: and then she dismissed the sitter: "Poor thing," said she, "you are pale and tired." And she began to use ornaments: took her bracelets out of her bag; and picked pearls out of her walls, and made a coronet, under which her eyes flashed at night with superlative beauty, conscious beauty admired and looked at by the eye she desired to please.

She revered him. He had improved her character, and she knew it, and often told him so. "Call me Hazelia," she said; "make me liker you, still."

One day, he came suddenly through the jungle and found her reading her prayer-book.

He took it from her, not meaning to be rude neither, but inquisitive.

It was open at the marriage-service, and her cheeks were dyed scarlet.

His heart panted. He was a clergyman: he could read that service over them both.

Would it be a marriage?

Not in England: but in some countries it would. Why not in this? This was not England.

He looked up. Her head was averted; she was downright distressed.

He was sorry to have made her blush: so he took her hand and kissed it tenderly, so tenderly, that his heart seemed to go into his lips. She thrilled under it, and her white brow sank upon his shoulder.

The sky was a vault of purple with a flaming topaz in the centre; the sea, a heavenly blue; the warm air breathed heavenly odours; flaming macaws wheeled overhead; humming-birds, more gorgeous than any flower, buzzed round their heads, and amazed the eye with delight, then cooled it with the deep green of the jungle into which they dived.

It was a Paradise, with the sun smiling down on it, and the ocean smiling up, and the air impregnated with love. Here they were both content now to spend the rest of their days—

"The world forgetting; by the world forgot."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE Springbok arrived in due course at longitude 103 deg. 31 min, but saw no island. This was dispiriting; but still Captain Moreland did not despair.

He asked General Rolleston to examine the writing carefully, and tell him was that Miss Rolleston's hand-writing.

The general shook his head sorrowfully.

"No," said he; "it is nothing like my child's hand."

"Why, all the better," said Captain Moreland; "the lady has got somebody about her who knows a thing or two. The man that could catch wild ducks and turn 'em into postmen, could hit on the longitude somehow; and he doesn't pretend to be exact in the latitude."

Upon this, he ran northward 400 miles; which took him three days; for they stopped at night.

No island.

He then ran south 500 miles; stopping at night.

No island.

Then he took the vessel zigzag.

Just before sunset, one lovely day, the man at the mast-head sang out:

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!"

"Something in sight; on our weather-bow."

"What is it?"

"Looks like a mast. No. Don't know what it is."

"Point."

The sailor pointed with his finger.

Captain Moreland ordered the ship's course to be altered accordingly. By this time, General Rolleston was on deck. The ship ran two miles on the new course; and all this time the topman's glass was levelled, and the crew climbed about the rigging, all eyes and ears.

At last the clear hail came down.

"I can make it out now, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is a palm-tree."

The captain jumped on a gun, and waved his hat grandly, and instantly the vessel rang with a lusty cheer; and, for once, sailors gabbled like washerwomen.

They ran till they saw the island in the moonlight, and the giant Palm, black, and sculptured out of the violet sky; then they set the lead going, and it warned them not to come too close. They anchored off the west coast.

At daybreak they moved slowly on, still sounding as they went; and, rounding the West Point, General Rolleston saw written on the guanoed rocks in large letters:—

AN ENGLISH LADY WRECKED HERE.
HASTE TO HER RESCUE.

He and Moreland shook hands; and how their eyes glistened!

Presently there was a stranger inscription still upon the rocks—a rough outline of the island on an enormous scale, showing the coast-line, the reefs, the shallow water, and the deep water.

"Ease her! Stop her!"

The captain studied this original chart with his glass, and crept slowly on for the west passage.

But warned by the soundings marked on the rock, he did not attempt to go through the

passage, but came to an anchor and lowered his boat.

The sailors were all on the *qui vive* to land; but the captain, to their infinite surprise, told them only three persons would land that morning—himself, his son, and General Rolleston.

The fact is, this honest captain had got a misgiving, founded on a general view of human nature. He expected to find the girl with two or three sailors, one of them united to her by some nautical ceremony, duly witnessed, but such as a *military* officer of distinction could hardly be expected to approve. He got into the boat in a curious state of delight, dashed with uncomfortable suspense; and they rowed gently for the west passage.

As for General Rolleston, now it was he needed all his fortitude. Suppose the lady was not Helen! After all, the chances were against her being there. Suppose she was dead and buried in that island! Suppose that fatal disease, with which she had sailed, had been accelerated by hardships, and Providence permitted him only to receive her last sigh. All these misgivings crowded on him the moment he drew so near the object, which had looked all brightness, so long as it was unattainable. He sat, pale and brave, in the boat; but his doubts and fears were greater than his hope.

They rounded Telegraph Point, and in a moment Paradise Bay burst on them, and Hazel's boat within a hundred yards of them. It was half-tide. They beached the boat, and General Rolleston landed. Captain Moreland grasped his hand, and said, "Call us if it is all right."

General Rolleston returned the pressure of that honest hand, and marched up the beach just as if he was going into action.

He came to the boat. It had an awning over the stern, and was clearly used as a sleeping place. A series of wooden pipes standing on uprights, led from this up to the cliff. The pipes were in fact mere sections of the sago tree with the soft pith driven out. As this was manifestly a tube of communication, General Rolleston followed it until he came to a sort of verandah with a cave opening on it; he entered the cave, and was dazzled by its most unexpected beauty. He seemed to be in a gigantic nautilus. Roof and sides, and the very chimney, were one blaze of mother-of-pearl. But, after the first start, brighter to him was an old shawl he saw on a nail; for that showed it was a woman's abode. He tore down the old shawl and carried it to the light. He recognised it as Helen's. Her rugs were in a corner; he rushed in and felt them all over

with trembling hands. They were still warm, though she had left her bed some time. He came out wild with joy, and shouted to Moreland, "She is alive! She is alive! She is alive!" Then fell on his knees, and thanked God.

A cry came down to him from above; he looked up as he knelt, and there was a female figure dressed in white, stretching out its hands as if it would fly down to him. Its eyes gleamed; he knew them all that way off. He stretched out his hands as eloquently, and then he got up to meet her; but the stout soldier's limbs were stiffer than of old; and he got up so slowly, that, ere he could take a step, there came flying to him with little screams and inarticulate cries, no living skeleton, nor consumptive young lady, but a grand creature, tanned here and there, rosy as the morn, and full of lusty vigour; a body all health, strength and beauty, a soul all love. She flung herself all over him in a moment, with cries of love unspeakable; and then it was "Oh, my darling! my darling! Oh, my own, own! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! oh! oh! Is it you? is it? can it? Papa! Papa!" then little convulsive hands patting him and feeling his beard and shoulders; then a sudden hail of violent kisses on his head, his eyes, his arms, his hands, his knees. Then a stout soldier, broken down by this, and sobbing for joy. "Oh, my child! My flesh and blood! Oh! oh! oh!" Then all manhood melted away, except paternity; and a father turned mother, and clinging, kissing and rocking to and fro with his child, and both crying for joy as if their hearts would burst.

A sight for angels to look down at and rejoice.

But what mortal pen could paint it?

CHAPTER L.

THEY gave a long time to pure joy before either of them cared to put questions or compare notes. But at last he asked her, "Who was on the island besides her?"

"Oh," said she, "only my guardian angel. Poor Mr. Welch died the first week we were here."

He parted the hair on her brow and kissed it tenderly. "And who is your guardian angel?"

"Why, you are now, my own papa: and well you have proved it. To think of your being the one to come at your age!"

"Well, never mind me. Who has taken such care of my child?—this the sick girl they frightened me about!"

"Indeed, papa, I *was* a dying girl. My very hand was wasted. Look at it now; brown as a berry, but so plump; you owe that to him: and, papa, I can walk twenty miles without fatigue: and so strong; I could take you up in my arms and carry you, I know. But I am content to eat you." (A shower of kisses.) "I hope you will like him."

"My own Helen. Ah! I am a happy old man this day. What is his name?"

"Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman. Oh, papa, I hope you *will* like him, for he has saved my life more than once: and then he has been so generous, so delicate, so patient; for I used him very ill at first: and you will find my character as much improved as my health: and all owing to Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman: and oh so good, so humble, so clever, so self-denying! Ah! how can I ever repay him?"

"Well, I shall be glad to see this paragon, and shake him by the hand. You may imagine what I feel to any one that is kind to my darling. An old gentleman? About my age?"

"Oh no, papa."

"Hum!"

"If he had been old I should not be here; for he has had to fight for me against cruel men with knives: and work like a horse. He built me a hut, and made me this cave, and almost killed himself in my service. Poor Mr. Hazel!"

"How old is he?"

"Dearest papa, I never asked him that: but I think he is four or five years older than me, and a hundred years better than I shall ever be, I am afraid. What is the matter, darling?"

"Nothing, child, nothing."

"Don't tell me. Can't I read your dear face?"

"Come, let me read yours. Look me in the face, now: full."

He took her by the shoulders, firmly, but not the least roughly, and looked straight into her hazel eyes. She blushed at this ordeal, blushed scarlet; but her eyes, pure as Heaven, faced his fairly, though with a puzzled look.

He concluded this paternal inspection by kissing her on the brow. "I was an old fool," he muttered.

"What do you say, dear papa?"

"Nothing, nothing. Kiss me again. Well, love, you had better find this guardian angel of yours, that I may take him by the hand and give him a father's blessing, and make him some little return by carrying him home to England along with my darling."

"I'll call him, papa. Where can he be gone, I wonder."

She ran out to the terrace and called,

"Mr. Hazel! Mr. Hazel! I don't see him; but he can't be far off. Mr. Hazel!"

Then she came back and made her father sit down: and she sat at his knee, beaming with delight.

"Ah, papa," said she, "it was you who loved me best in England. It was you that came to look for me."

"No," said he, "there are others there that love you as well in their way. Poor Wardlaw! on his sick bed for you, cut down like a flower the moment he heard you were lost in the Proserpine. Ah, and I have broken faith."

"That is a story," said Helen; "you couldn't."

"For a moment I mean; I promised the dear old man—he furnished the ship, the men, and the money, to find you. He says you are as much his daughter as mine."

"Well, but what did you promise him?" said Helen, blushing and interrupting hastily, for she could not bear the turn matters were taking.

"Oh, only to give you the second kiss from Arthur. Come, better late than never." She knelt before him and put out her forehead instead of her lips. "There," said the General, "that kiss is from Arthur Wardlaw, your intended. Why, who the deuce is this?"

A young man was standing wonderstruck at the entrance, and had heard the General's last words; they went through him like a knife. General Rolleston stared at him.

Helen uttered an ejaculation of pleasure, and said, "This is my dear father, and he wants to thank you——"

"I don't understand this," said the General. "I thought you told me there was nobody on the island but you and your guardian angel. Did you count this poor fellow for nobody? Why, he did you a good turn once."

"Oh, papa!" said Helen, reproachfully. "Why, this *is* my guardian angel. This is Mr. Hazel."

The General looked from one to another in amazement, then he said to Helen, "This your Mr. Hazel?"

"Yes, papa."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you don't know this man?"

"Know him, papa! why, of course I know Mr. Hazel; know him and revere him, beyond all the world, except you."

The General lost patience. "Are you out of your senses?" said he; "this man here is no Hazel. Why, this is James Seaton—our gardener—a ticket-of-leave man."

SENSIBILITY OF PLANTS.

THE plant is a living thing. Is it a feeling thing? Has it instinct? Has it sensibility? It is difficult to say No to these questions in the face of the surprising facts of which patient explorers have been witnesses in the vegetable world.

Science, indeed, seems inclined to say Yes; and in this case as in so many others she does but follow the lead of poets and mythologists before her. The Greek never doubted that trees had souls:—has mythology any prettier conception than that of Dryads and Hamadryads? The oaks of Dodona spoke; Daphne was turned into a laurel; Polydorus in Virgil bleeds in a myrtle. The Arabs and the Tartars have worshipped trees: and a very learned German professor, whose name we forget, has written a very learned treatise on *Baumcultus*, or the worship of trees. Indeed, in the desert and in the steppes of Asia a tree becomes a friend. Some are still worshipped; on the borders of the Caspian Sea you may travel for three or four hundred leagues through an infinite monotony of denuded country—"as bare as a beggar's hand" is the expression of Freiligrath—and find but one tree in the middle of your journey; that tree is still worshipped—every passer by makes it an offering of some kind, and the Tartar woman, in default of anything else, will give it a lock of her hair.

The most surprising of all the phenomena of the vegetable world is the most common, the earliest in date in the growth of the plant, and the most inexplicable on any other theory than that of instinct. This occurs at its very birth, after germination of the seed.

Newton discovered why an apple fell to the ground, but no one yet has found anything approaching to an explanation why the seed invariably sends its root downwards and its stalk upwards. All kinds of reasons have been given: the most common is that plants strive towards the sun. Experiments of the most various kinds have proved that no external causes whatever can be found to account for this inveterate tendency. Some of the experiments are very curious. Acorns and beans placed in tubes full of earth, have been turned and turned about, whirled round wheels day and night, till one would have thought they must have lost all ideas of zenith and nadir; but no; in spite of all ingenious attempts which have been made to confuse the vegetable mind it persists in sending its stalk upwards and its root downwards. One of the

most conclusive experiments was made by M. Durochet: he filled with earth a vase whose bottom was pierced with holes, in the holes he placed bean seeds, so that each plant had every inducement to thrust its roots upwards to get earth, and its stalk downwards to have the light and air; but no again! it remained true to the education which every baby seed must receive on leaving its mother, and which every plant will follow or die,—it thrust its roots downwards into empty air, and its stalk upwards through the dark thick earth. The first withered, the latter was suffocated, and the infant bean plant perished as a martyr to the law of its nature; but it proved its incorruptible autonomy and invincible constancy.

Another peculiar example of autonomy and constancy in plants is shown in creeping and climbing plants which turn in spirals round any support; they *will* obstinately persist in climbing in the direction of the first spiral turn, be it to left or right. No surprise—no system of coaxing will make the plant forget or change the direction it first began to climb with its infant shoots. What then is this energy—this invincible desire which exhibits itself in the tender baby milky pulp of the first spiral of the twining plant, and which overcomes any obstacle? Some plants, like the *Ampelopsis hederacea*, may be seen climbing a wall, throwing their delicate arms like feelers, dying of disappointment where they fail to find a resting-place; but where they do, clinging to the wall with little *disks* like a fly's foot, and so creeping up and up in search of heat and warmth.

As to that strange phenomenon known as the sleep of plants, though it is neither an argument in favour of instinct or sensibility, it demonstrates a further likeness in their vitality to that of animals. Sleep, indeed, seems an improper expression—it is a sort of vegetable contraction which plants experience at certain times. The leaves in this plant-sleep are drawn together, and become crisp and hard to the touch, and they return to their former state as though extended by a spring. The lotus of the Nile, and the water lily, as is well known, go to sleep at night, and even withdraw their flowers beneath the surface of the water; and here we may remark that Heine, in his charming song—

Die Lotus-blume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte,
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht—

makes the lotus in love with the wrong luminary. The lotus, instead of sentimentally

hanging its head by day, as Heine would have it do, springs up in the morning to catch the first sunbeam, and stands erect and glorious in broad sunlight, as long as it lasts. Other plants, however, sleep at all hours of the day and night with such regularity and diversity, that Linnæus made a flower-clock, which he called the Dial of Flora, by means of rows of flowers, which expanded in regular succession, day and night. But even the flower-clock of Linnæus is not more marvellous than the oscillating movements of the leaflets of the *Hedysarum gyrans* of Bengal, of which two out of every three united on one stem, and forming the leaves of the tree, oscillate one after the other exactly like the pendulum of a clock, and their ascending movements are with jerks precisely like the second-hand of a watch.

To return, however, to phenomena denoting sensibility and instinct. We may note that plants may be put to sleep by narcotics, as well as destroyed by poison, and that in the sensitive plant, a drop of sulphuric acid placed on the root of the leaf not only kills the leaf itself, but when it contracts at the first touch of the poison, all the leaves on the plant shut with a sympathetic shudder. The sensitive plant being the most delicate creature in the whole range of vegetable sensibility is necessarily a stranger to none of its symptoms. It goes to sleep regularly in the evening, gathering all its leaves up, and towards midnight, it gives them a gentle quiver like a bird or a little lady rousing an instant from sleep, turning over and going to sleep again, and with the first rays of the sun it distends its leaves, and stretches itself out in the sunshine. The exquisite sensibility of this delicate creature is so great that a shock, a noise, a too loud voice, and even a strong smell gives it convulsions. In the West Indies, if you come upon it suddenly, not properly announced, your very shadow is sufficient to give it—not an attack of nerves, for it has been proved to have none, but a fainting fit; but all these isolated symptoms are nothing to the fact that a whole field of them may be thrown into a state of alarm, if their advanced guard discovers an enemy. You may walk up to a bed of them, and by touching the nearest ones with a cane throw the whole republic into a state of terror; from leaf to leaf, from branch to branch, fear takes possession of the whole commonwealth—the enemy is in sight. This proof of sympathetic sensibility, extraordinary as it is, does not, however, surpass the exhibition of sensitiveness made by a plant on a journey in a carriage. When the carriage

began to move, it shut itself up in a fright—it was a motion it had not been accustomed to; however, it was gently treated, and getting reconciled to the motion, its confidence returned, it opened its leaves, and seemed quite happy. When the carriage stopped, the courage of the sensitive plant failed again—something dreadful had surely happened; it shrunk itself up in a fright, and so remained till the carriage went on once more. After a few experiments the plant was educated into being a courageous traveller, and it got quite resigned to the little accidents of travel, and never fainted again on any occasion. But what shall we say of the *Dionæa muscipula* of North Carolina, which belongs to the same family, yet is by no means as innocent, since it passes its whole existence in alluring flies into its clutches and putting them to death. Every leaf of the *Dionæa muscipula* is a villanous fly-trap. As soon as the insect alights on the leaf, which the perfidious plant carefully baits with gum to attract it, the leaf, which has a hinge in the centre, doubles up and catches the fly a prisoner; when he is dead, the leaf opens, and he is allowed to fall out. The trap is set again, and the *Dionæa muscipula* goes on catching flies thus to the end of its wicked existence.

But after all, the exceptional sensibilities of particular plants are nothing—nothing in comparison to the miraculous microscopical love-making which goes on between the stamens and the pistils of flowers. The loves of the flowers; how shall we hope to understand their mystery? We cannot do better than borrow M. Michelet's words in his recent delightful book on the *Mountain*—to describe the general method in which the work of fecundation goes on in the flower.

"This is how it happens. The leaf, some day, is gay and happy with heat and light, and folds itself up, and makes of itself a home, a warm cradle, a soft alcove where a little world shall be born. From its inspired tissue arises a little lady (the pistil), with her virgin dress closely wrapt round the precious treasure she bears within her. All around her, and upwards towards the sun, shoot up little jets of life (the stamens). These are her lovers—her suitors—and they make her a noble court.

"Almost always the little male, springing upwards towards the light, goes higher and farther than she. He is subject to two attractions: the splendour of the lustrous ray, which tinges him with gold, intoxicates him with life, and the gentle inner warmth of the soft

maternal home which announces to him from within, the propinquity of the object of his passion. There are two different temptations for him : liberty, the unfettered existence in which his light head is waving—the splendour of the luminary who seems the god of flowers. Shall they not prevail? Yes, would say the laws of physics ; love says, no ; and this little flower-lover does as man would do. He bends down towards *her*, and often, with a visible effort, he turns him downwards from the luminous ray towards the shady deep beneath him, seeking for *her*, and, by this single movement, signifying that *she* is more than the world—love is more than the sun."

This pretty description, when put into plain English, means that the stamens generally bend down towards the pistil to deposit their pollen there, and the work of fecundation is done. But there are numerous and some most wonderful exceptions. In some cases the pistil is, contrary to the general rule, higher than the stamens ; so much higher that the stamens must despair of ever laying their fairy offering on the head of their beloved—what is then to be done? Why, then, when the hour arrives, and the pistil is aware that her lover has duly prepared his wedding gift, and is dying in desperation at her exalted airs and the impossibility of getting to the summit of the lady pistil, who rises like a Peak of Teneriffe before him, she descends from her lofty station, stoops down to him, and then, good-natured creature, not to one of her lovers alone ; for she goes the whole round of her circle of admirers, takes all they have to bestow, and finally resumes her former state of passionless immobility in the centre of the flower. The passion-flower, the cactus, and the lily, are all fecundated in this way. But even more wonderful things than this take place ; the pistil of one flower separates itself into four parts, and bends each part over like a hook to reach the stamens, so difficult is their position ; and in another flower of the bell-shape, when the pistil is too long to be able to bend itself down to the stamens, it tilts its bell right over down-side up, and shakes the pollen off from the stamens, so that it drops upon its stigmata, and when it has relieved its lovers of their offerings, raises its bell up again to its former position. The poppy and campanula are thus fecundated ; and among some aquatic plants a still more wonderful kind of love-making goes on which would take us into the region of hydrostatics.

All that we can say before examples of this kind is not that we believe the flower to be en-

dowed with instinct, but that it does all a modest flower can do to prove to us that it has instinct. Yet there is another wonderful circumstance also attending this marriage-season of flowers, which still further assimilates it to the passionate heat of human affection. Plants have not usually the faculty of producing caloric, but at this period the temperature rises within them in a most wonderful degree. The delicate thermometer of Walferdin has registered a heat in some plants at this time of twenty degrees centigrade above the atmosphere around it. "At time of fecundation," says Dumas, the famous chemist, "the plant which usually absorbs the solar heat, which usually decomposes the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, changes altogether its mode of proceeding. It burns carbon and hydrogen, becomes an instrument for combustion—in a word, becomes animal, and as such, develops caloric."

Finally, we will adduce another distinct proof that the plant has a little will and way of its own, which it is not possible to make it abandon under any constraint whatever, and that is in the manner in which it holds its leaves ; the general law is that the smoothest and brightest side of the leaf is uppermost, the other side, paler and marked with fibres, looks downwards, and if you attempt to reverse this order, the leaf will struggle by every artifice in its power to gain its normal decent condition, and will perish rather than submit to be exposed thus in its under raiment.

Priestly, by his observations on the *Protococcus*, led the way to the scientific truth that there is no distinct line of demarcation between the animal and the vegetable world. Indeed, the plant breathes, its leaves perform for it the function of lungs—it feeds itself—that is, it incorporates with itself, by a system of rejection and assimilation, such substances as it finds suited to its nature in the soil and the atmosphere ; it has a circulation in its sap—produced by a vascular power of contraction analogous to that of animal tissues ; it produces heat at certain seasons ; it has, as we have shown, as much or more power of motion as the polypus or medusa, and some of the lowest animals, and it must also have some confused way of feeling. They exhibit every sign of suffering if cruelly used—more so than oysters and periwinkles. We have no desire to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Flowers ; yet flowers, like animals, were meant for use and not for abuse ; and one does not need to be a Wordsworth to have some affection and tenderness for a daisy or a violet.



[April 25, 1868.]

THE ARMOURER.—By JOHN GILBERT.

SPRINGER
Once a Week.]

RIDDLES.

I.

I KNOW a grave and solemn gentleman who, whenever a riddle is propounded in his hearing, is apt to shrug his shoulders and ask with some asperity whether life be not enigmatical enough, that we must be dealing in self-imposed enigmas, and be racking our own brains to puzzle other people's. And yet, amongst those who have been guilty of this folly may be some who have felt the great riddle of existence press as much like a nightmare on their souls as my good friend, and who haply in this way have even sought relief from a sense of its cruel and crushing weight. These, however, would make but a very small class of those who have exercised their ingenuity on riddles. For civilised people of every age, and of nearly every class of mind, have taken pleasure in them. They are as old as civilisation itself, though in ancient times the riddle was not as it is now—a sort of witty pastime. Witness the celebrated one of the Sphinx, which had neither fun nor frolic in it.

A riddle, speaking generally, is anything that puzzles, and so it may include the charade and the conundrum, or any other species of it. But the riddle proper, as understood of old, is the description of a thing by terms so chosen as to hide what that thing really is, and to cause its discovery to come as a surprise. Language here is used to conceal the thought. But in a good riddle the words should be as true as when they are used for a definition. Obscure and misleading they may be, but not false.

In olden time the riddle was often allied to apologue and fable, and therefore, if for no other reason, its birth-place was probably the East. It certainly seems to have been known to the Egyptians, if it did not originate with them. That the Jews were well acquainted with it must be clear to any one familiar with the Bible. Not to dwell on the well-known one of Samson, Josephus tells us how great was Solomon both at making and solving riddles, and how he once won a sum of money from Hiram, King of Tyre, in a riddle contest, and afterwards lost it in a similar way to one of Hiram's subjects—nay, the questions which the Queen of Sheba put to Solomon, it has been thought, were posers of the riddle-kind. But other peoples of the East, besides the Jews, have cultivated the riddle largely. It figures in the Koran as well as in the Bible; and even whole books of riddles, we are told, are to be found in Arabic and Persian.

Then, again, we know that amongst the Greeks and Romans the riddle was very common. Indeed, if Plutarch is to be believed, Homer died of one that he could not solve. Chagrin at his failure killed the poor old bard. Certes, it must have been harder than this, by a daughter of one of the wise men of Greece: A father had twelve children and each child had thirty sons and daughters, the sons being white, and the daughters black, and one of these died every day, and yet became immortal. This surely needs no Œdipus to solve, but may serve to show how simple the riddle was of old. But in time it became less simple and more common, and then the Greeks and Romans served it up at their feasts, with many other good things. Then, however, it had grown to be spicy, and more a dish of the conundrum kind that modern young wits are so very fond of. So at least we may say of the entertainment, that it is thoroughly classical withal. Athenæus has a whole chapter on riddles, and every school-boy will remember those in Virgil, which the shepherds propound at the end of the third eclogue, "Dic quibus in terris," &c., and which have puzzled commentating riddlers not a little.

Nor during the dark or middle ages do we find that riddles had grown into disfavour. On the contrary, they were much cultivated, and our forefathers found great amusement in them. What the monk might make, the baron could enjoy, and—

"Twas merry in the hall
When the beards waggd all,

and (to add another line to the jolly old song),

When the laugh grew enigmatic-al.

Specimens of what these riddles were may be met with in English, French, and German. They exist in many a funny old book like that which was printed by Wynkin de Worde as early as 1511, and which bore the title of *Demands Joyous*. Some of these demands, like the age, were very coarse, and some were very simple. Here is not a bad one. What is that which never was, and never will be? Answer: A mouse's nest in a cat's ear. At Christmas-tide, when "twas merry in the hall," and the yule-log was brightly blazing on the hearth, one can fancy how the laugh would go round with the wassail at this very quaint solution. Well, let them laugh that win. In those days there were serious demands as well as joyous, and they solved harder riddles far than this.

When we get nearer to our own times (for the Reformation somewhat put a stop to the

merry-making and riddle-making that used to go together), we find the riddle keep its ground as well on the Continent as here in England. In France, a learned Jesuit wrote a treatise on the subject; and, about the time of Louis Quatorze, the making of riddles grew quite fashionable. Boileau made a nasty one on the flea; and those literary big-wigs, Rousseau and Voltaire, tried their hands at riddle-making, too. After their time, the *Mercur de France* became a regular vehicle for riddles; and, to solve one, it is even said, made the solver famous.

In Germany, Schiller built up the riddle to what it had scarcely been before. Its conception became a poetical one. With him it grew to be a thing of beauty, and invested with charms that only poetry can give. He made it possess an interest and meaning that lay beyond its mere solution. As treated by him, it gives one an idea of what it might have been of old, and of his having gone back to the time of the Sibyls, and learned the art of making riddles from them. At all events, his riddles have so much of their beauty, and, one might also add, of their inspiration, that I cannot help giving my readers one or two. The following seems to me highly poetical:—

Auf einer grossen Weide gehen
Viel tausend Schafe silberweiss :
Wie wir sie heute wandeln sehen,
Sah sie der altertümste Greis.

Sie altern nie und trinken Leben
Aus einem unerschöpften Born !
Ein Hirt ist ihnen zuzugeben
Mit schön gebog'nem Silberhorn.

Er treibt sie aus zu goldenen Thoren,
Er überzählt sie jede Nacht,
Und hat der Lämmer Keins verloren,
So oft er auch den Weg vollbracht.

Ein treuer Hund hilft sie ihm leiten,
Ein munt'rer Widder geht voran :
Die Heerde, kannst du Sie mir deuten,
Und auch den Hirten zeig' mir an !

This riddle is not hard to read, however the language it is written in may be to some of my gentle readers; and so, instead of answer, I subjoin a translation, as being (that such a pun should go with such a riddle!) if not more germane, less German to the matter:—

A spacious field there is where wander
Thousands of sheep all silver-white :
Have seen them as we see them yonder,
Long since the oldest grey-beard might.

They ne'er grow old, but drink life flowing
From out a spring that's never dry :
A shepherdess directs their going,
Hung with silver gracefully.

She leads them out to gateways golden,
She counts them over every night,
And long as she her course has holden,
Has never of a lamb lost sight.

A trusty dog his guidance lending,
Helps her; a brisk ram leads the way :
Now, what the flock that she is tending,
And who the shepherdess, wilt say ?

Here's another which has force and spirit, if not the beauty of the one just given. I only select it because it is short:—

Ich wohn' in einem steinernen Haus,
Da lieg' ich verborgen und schlafe :
Doch ich-trete hervor, ich eile heraus,
Gefordert mit eise'rner Waffe ;
Erst bin ich unscheinbar und schwach und klein,
Mich kann dein Athem bezwingen ;
Ein Regentropfen schon saugt mich ein
Doch mir wachsen im Siege dir Schwingen ;
Wenn die mächtige Schwester sich zu mir gessellt,
Erwachs ich zum furchtbarn Gebieter der Welt.

In a house of stone I keep,
Where I hidden lie and sleep ;
But, steel weapon summoned by,
Forth I leap, and out I fly :
Faint, weak, small, at first, a breath
Might o'ercome me ; and in death
Whelm me might a rain-drop then ;
Yet doth victory fledge me, when
Join'd by my strong sister, lo !
I the world's dread conq'r'or grow.

In England we have always shown a love for riddles as great perhaps as that of any other country, and never more so than in the present day, to judge by the collections made of them, and by what we almost daily see or hear. But most of these are properly conundrums—a mere playing upon words. A taste for this kind of thing may be indulged in till it grows to be a very frivolous one; but it is worthy of note how many English names amongst the illustrious in every walk of life belong to those who, in some form or other, have tried their hand at riddle-making.

To begin with statesmen—Fox tried his on woman, and made a riddle of her which was hardly fair from him. It is not bad; but a better one is that which he contrived about a bed:—

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep :
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

Not less good is that by Canning on the word Cares, which perhaps his political life suggested, but which, it is to be hoped, his domestic life in that case might find a ready answer to. It is not so well known but that one may give it here:—

A noun there is of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber :
Now any other noun you take,
By adding *s* you plural make,
But if you add an *s* to this
Strange is the metamorphosis ;
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Cod has been made into something very good, and has often been laid at Macaulay's door, but he never had anything to do with it we learn.* The supposition, however, that he had—perhaps, even more than its own excellence—has led to the cutting off many a head and tail that folks can make neither head nor tail of. Here are some of these *dissecta membra* for my readers to make anything out of that they can :—

Cut off my head, and I have horns to gore you ;
Cut off my tail, my sting yet know me by ;
Cut off both head and tail, I still may bore you,
Though nothing now is left me but a cry !

What are my head and tail cut off ? Effects,
If sounded, sure, without sufficient cause !
Following but where his pleasure man connects
With following me, and not kind Nature's laws.

Again :—

I serve, it may be one whom you adore,
But cut my head off and I play the lover !
And if you cut my tail off, what is more,
I claim the hand, you haply may discover

That of your suit a nonsuit makes : moreover,
Cutting off both, too sorely you might rue :
For while you vainly round the fair might hover,
Who is there now with pow'r like mine to woo ?

Once more :—

Cut off my head, you bring a king to life !
Cut off my tail, and lo ! no less you see ;
Cut off both head and tail, where cries are rife
You find me now, tho' naught you make of me.

What are my head and tail cut off ?—Remains
Of Royalty deposed for having spared
Those who with my successor, for their pains,
If they went further, certainly worse fared !

If Macaulay did not make the riddle on Cod, one whose early career was perhaps as brilliant, and who held his own against him at the Union, was the author of many very beautiful ones. The riddles of Praed—or rather the charades—are remarkable for their force and spirit, and their singular elegance and beauty. They are the only ones to oppose to those of Schiller, though they are written in a very different style from his. Schiller's are those of a poetical recluse, and have a Sibylline beauty about them, which we might expect from one whose heart as well as mind were

full of "Die Götter Griechlands." Praed's are those of the man of the world, but of one who carried something of the poet too, and the philosopher also, into it. They seem written not so much for the sake of the enigma as to give free play to his own poetic fancy. They are none of them very hard to guess ; and yet there is one, that some twenty years ago, made not a little noise in the world (though not by any means his best), as no one had been able to find the answer to it. So at least Mary Mitford told the writer, who knew it herself and invited answers. Amongst the rest I sent her mine, which, knowing Praed's fondness for playing upon words, I could not help thinking must be the right one. Alas ! it was not so ; but the dear old lady, to soothe, I suppose, my wounded vanity, and save me from Homer's melancholy end, gave me to understand that she liked it better than the real one. So perhaps I may be pardoned for giving it here as well as the riddle itself. Here is the riddle :—

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt ;
Sooth ! 'twas an awful day !
And tho', in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer ;

My first, to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun :
My next, with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done ;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies !

Here is the answer sent by me to Miss Mitford :—

The field of Agincourt was won
By right bold hearts and true :
And Sir Hilary, though he might yield to none
For a chivalrous charge, ere the fight was done
Might well have exclaimed, Ah Dieu !
Ah Dieu ! or Adieu ! for a warrior's prayer,
Say, what two syllables meeter were ?

Ah ! my First, might well be addressed to those
Who see to-morrow's sun ;
And my next, Dieu ! Dieu ! God be with his repose
Who sleeps with the dew for his shroud at the close
Of to-day's, for *his* day is done !
And both to the eyes that no more may view
The face of the sleeper—Adieu ! Adieu !

The proper answer is—Good night.

Praed mostly wrote, as I have said, charades, and only one or two riddles proper. A charade may be defined as a species of riddle in which a word of two syllables or more is indicated by an enigmatical description of each of these, and then of the whole word. To have

* ONCE A WEEK, Nos. 2, 4, 6.

any point, there should be some connection between the ideas suggested by each syllable singly, and by all of them when taken together. The one should naturally arise out of the other. There are plenty of charades that observe no such rule. Praed's, however, are perfect in this way; and, had I space, I could illustrate largely from many a spirited one of his, the easy way in which he links together the separate members, so to speak, of each, and thus gives a unity to its whole.

The term Charade is said to be French, and derived from the name of him who invented it. And as good an example as could possibly be given of what a true charade should be may be found in the dictionary of the French Academy. My first employs my second to eat my whole. The answer is—Chien-dent, or dog-grass. But we shall look in vain for any charades that have all the various merits of Praed's—his easy elegance, his force and spirit, his play of fancy, his true poetic feeling. As it is very short, and elegant besides, I must find room for one of the only two riddles, I believe, properly so called, that he wrote:—

In other days, when hope was bright,
Ye spake to me of love and light,
Of endless Spring, and cloudless weather,
And hearts that doted linked together!

But now ye tell another tale;
That life is brief, and beauty frail,
That joy is dead, and fondness blighted,
And hearts that doted disunited!

Away! Ye grieve, and ye rejoice
In one unfelt, unfeeling voice;
And ye, like every friend below,
Are hollow in your joy and woe!

If we leave the politicians for the poets, we find a beautiful riddle by Cowper that might have been suggested to the amiable bard by some such sweet lips as prompted Johnny Gilpin:—

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told:
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

In our own day, the riddle on the letter H, I suppose on account of its exquisite beauty, was long attributed to Byron. It certainly added to his fame. So if, as in the case of Macaulay and others, who will not authenticate the riddles given them, he was not its author, he ought to have been. The real authorship, however, belongs to a lady.

Two or three of Moore's political squibs were in the form of riddles. Here is one that was

telling in its day: What is my thought like? or,

Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Answer:—

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

Amongst novelists who have been guilty of riddle-making, I recollect the name of Mrs. Opie, and one that was very well known in its day; but, when we get amongst scholars and divines, the guilt grows more common, and of deeper dye! Is not Porson charged with Latin charades; and, worse still, the late Archbishop Whately, with conundrums? Is not this one of the high dignitary's own?—What is the difference between form and ceremony? though I hardly think he had found out the answer by *sitting* on the one, or by *standing* on the other. This, at least, I know to be his, for a friend of mine once heard him put it to the clergy gathered round his pleasant dinner-table: "What is the vocative for cat? You—you—you—you?" and so he passed it on from one to another; and then, as each declined it, but not exactly in his way, "Why, puss, to be sure," he exclaimed, laughing. "No one would think of saying, Oh, cat." So much for archiepiscopal gravity! Well, one likes him none the less, the great and good old man, for having so little of this about him, and so much of the simple child! For I quite agree with Locke and Rochefoucauld, that gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body to conceal the defects of the mind.

It is strange that, whilst writing about the Archbishop, I should find his name connected, but wrongly, with a riddle which has just now been sent me for solution:—

When, from the ark's capacious round,
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

I am no Œdipus, and so sent it to a lady, who returns me the following answer to my letter,—"It was said that the riddle you have sent me was by Archbishop Whately, and that he had offered a reward of 5*l.* to any one who should solve it. My sister Minnie (who was then in Germany) gave it to some German professor, who wrote a most elaborate reply in verse, and sent it to the Archbishop claiming the reward, but was told that he (the Archbishop) was not the author; and subsequently we have heard that there *was no answer* to it." So, if there be no answer—if *no one* heard the

sound of boots upon the stairs—it is bootless to pursue the enquiry further !

The late Master of Trinity has the credit of a riddle to add to the list of great names already quoted, and one of a very original kind. I will not vouch for his being its author, but I know that his friends heard it very often from him, and that he took as much interest in it as if it were his own. Here it is :

U O a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me ;
Then let not my O a O go,
But give O O I O thee so.

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for thee,
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me :
Then let not my sigh for a cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh for I sigh for thee so.

This sighing riddle was much admired by Dr. Whewell, but is it much more ingenious than this old one ?

Stand take to takings,
I you throw my.

I understand
You undertake
To overthrow
My undertakings.

or than this :

If the B. m. t. put :
When the : burns make a .

If the grate be empty, put coal on :
When the coal on burns, make a full stop.

To add one more illustrious name to the list of those already mentioned, may I not give Professor De Morgan's for the following capital riddle. How do you know that there is no danger of starving in the desert ? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. And how do you know you will get sandwiches there ? Because Ham went into the desert, and his descendants bred (bread) and mustered (mustard).

SOCIABLE SILENCE.

THERE is a silence which is felt to be sociable, when the silent associates are tried and trusty friends. Wherever, in fact, there is implicit confidence, and an underlying sense of general sympathy, it is often a relief to be able to hold one's peace without any risk of misapprehension. Whereas, with a comparative stranger, one puts on company manners, and has to keep up the shuttle-cock of colloquial inanity with all one's battle-door might. Everybody who has friends must have felt this ; and though—nay, because the feeling is a

common one, it may be interesting to show by examples how it has been expressed in literature.

Horace Walpole tells a story of two old cronies, who, sitting together one evening till it was quite dark, without speaking, one called to the other, "Tom, Tom." "Well," said his friend, "what do you say ?" "Oh," said the other, "are you there ?" "Ay," said old Tom. "Why, then, don't you say *humph* ?" demanded the first. So that there was but a felt presence the silence was enjoyable between these twain. The mute companionship was scarcely the less companionable for being mute. Old friends, remarks Walpole in another of his letters, are the great blessing of one's later years—half a word conveys one's meaning. He makes this remark in reference to the loss of his intimate friend Mr. Chute, whom he used to see oftener than any one, and to whom he had recourse in every difficulty. "And him I loved to have here, as our friendship was so entire, and we knew one another so entirely, that he alone was never the least constraint to me. We passed many hours together without saying a syllable to each other ; for we were both above ceremony."

It is the concluding couplet in the following lines that best attests the confiding friendship that existed between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Skene :

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again ;
When doing naught—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And desultory, as our way,
Ranged unconfined from grave to gay ;
E'en when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too.

Wisely and well La Bruyère says that, merely to be with those we love is enough. To indulge in reverie the while ; to talk to them ; not to talk to them ; to think about them ; to think on matters indifferent and irrelevant to them,—but with themselves beside us,—all goes well on that single condition : *tout est égal*. The Abbé Barthélemy speaks happily of those happy moments between like-minded friends, when the very silence is a proof of the enjoyment each feels in the mere presence of the other ; for it is a silence productive of neither weakness nor disgust. They say nothing, but they are together. *On ne dit rien, mais on est ensemble*. Rousseau is even rapturous in his eulogies of sympathetic silence ; he dilates with

enthusiasm on the quantity and quality of good things that are said without ever opening the mouth—on the ardent sentiments that are communicated without the frigid medium of speech. Fénelon expatiates on the charm of free communion, *sans cérémonie*, with a dear friend who don't tire you, and whom neither do you tire; you see one another; at times one talks; at others, listens; at others, both keep silence; for both are satisfied with being together, even with nothing to say. "*On ne se dit rien, on est content d'être ensemble sans se rien dire.*"

For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug, says the author of *Orley Farm*, there is no happier time of life than the long candle-light hours of home and silence. "No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace." This fact is touchingly exemplified in the American story of *The Gayworthys*, in the instance of stolid Jaazaniah Hoogs and his leal-hearted wife Wealthy. We see Jaazaniah in his chair, the three-legged chair tilted up, the man whistling a stick, and whistling. Wealthy is busy chopping, following her own solitary thoughts, but feeling a certain habitual comfort in having him at her elbow. Standing up for the poor soul, she maintains in one place that his thoughts come out in his whistling: he could never make such music as that out of nothing. "You never heard it, nor nobody else, as I have. Why, when we're sitting here, all alone . . . he'll go on so [whistling], that I hold my breath for fear o' stopping him. It's like all the Psalms and Revelations to listen to it. There's something between us then that's more than talk."—Presently it is beside his death-bed that she sits, in the same expressive silence. "She sat by him for hours; sometimes laying her hand softly down upon the coverlet, and letting his seek it, as it always would; and the spring breath and music in the air spoke gently for them both, and there was something between them that was more than talk."

One thinks of Dr. Johnson in his last illness, visited by Malone, and proving so unusually silent that the visitor rose to leave, believing him to be in pain, or incommoded by company. "Pray, sir, be seated," Johnson said. "I cannot talk, but I like to see you there." Indeed, great talker in every sense as the doctor had been in his prime, he was never insensible to the value of sympathetic silence. During his tour to the Hebrides, his companion, Boswell, took the liberty one evening of re-

marking to Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with a single friend. "It is true, sir," replied Johnson. "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'" Boswell was apparently incapable of seeing anything enjoyable in social silence. Not so his everyway bigger friend.

A delightful essayist of the present time, discussing the companionship of books, accounts it no forced paradox to say that a man may sometimes be far more profitably employed in surveying his book-shelves in meditative mood, than if he were to pull this or that volume down and take to reading it; "just as two friends may hold sweeter converse in perfect silence together, than if they were talking all the time."

Henry Mackenzie's Montauban congratulates himself on the footing upon which already he stands with his new acquaintance, Monsieur de Roubigné: "He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me; and we sometimes spend a morning together pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences." It is of Julia de Roubigné, in the some epistolary novel, that another letter-writer declares, after adverting to the sprightliness of a Mademoiselle Dorville,—“Oh, Beauvaris! I have laid out more soul in sitting five minutes with Julia de Roubigné in silence, than I should in a year's conversation with this little Dorville.”

Elia accounts that to be but an imperfect solitude which a man enjoys by himself, and applauds the sense of the first hermits when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, "to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness." In secular occasions, Elia adds, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication. "Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? . . . Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude."

Lamb's reference to the agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness cultivated in monastic retreats, may remind us of what is told of a celebrated meeting between St. Louis, King of France, in disguise, and Egidius of Assisi, a rich citizen, "famous for many graces," writes Sir James Stephen, "and for not a few

miracles." At Perugia the two saints met, and long knelt together in silent embrace. On the departure of the king, Egidiu was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness in not having uttered a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak; a divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation."

One of the most popular of French authors comments, in his autobiography, on the analogy he professes to have observed between the two races of sailors and forest-rangers, and tells, for instance, how the mariner or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, in the one case on the ocean, in the other deep in the forest, without exchanging a single word. But as the two entertain the same train of ideas—as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, "You will be astonished to find that, at the proper moment, they have but to exchange a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture, or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse." As Scott and Skene with their sports, so can these

Right pleasantly pursue
Their craft, in social silence too.

Mr. Helps' three Friends in Council return home, after one of their outdoor colloquies, or peripatetic philosophisings, "not sorry to be mostly silent" as they go along, and glad that their friendship is so assured that they can be silent without the slightest danger of offence.

Uncle Sol and Mr. Toots, in *Dombey & Son* wait patiently in the churchyard, sitting on the copingstone of the railings, until Captain Cuttle and Susan come back. Neither being at all desirous to speak, or to be spoken to, they are expressly described as excellent company, and quite satisfied. Glance again at the same author's picture of Mr. Willet and his companions, Mr. Cobb and long Phil Parkes, enjoying one another's society at the Maypole; and how enjoying it? "For two mortal hours and a half, none of the company had pronounced one word." Yet were they all firmly of opinion that they were very jolly companions—every one—rather choice spirits than otherwise; and their look at each other every now and then is said to have been as if there were a perpetual interchange of ideas going on—no man among them considering himself or his

neighbour by any means silent; and each of them nodding occasionally when he caught the eye of another, as if to say, "You have expressed yourself extremely well, sir, in relation to that sentiment, and I quite agree with you."

Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his last and best novel, says: "It is a happy time when a man and a woman can be long silent together, and love one another the better that neither speaks of love. A few years later, and silence is perhaps thought to mean either sorrow or sulks." And if this reflection relate to fiction, here is a sketch from fact, which may go with it—a reminiscence by Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck of her early childhood, and of happy hours spent alone with her mother, for whom absolute quiet was indispensable during many hours of the day:—"She was generally seated at her table with her books, her plans of landscape gardening, or ornamental needlework, whilst I was allowed to sit in the room, but to be in perfect silence, unless when my mother called me to fetch anything, or addressed to me some little kind word, which seemed not so much to break the silence as to make it more complete and happy by an united flow of hearts." The lovers, in a modern poem on love, are taken to be a deal more eloquent in their silence than in their converse:—

Which was most full—our silence or our speech?
Ah, sure our silence! Though we talk'd high things
Of life and death, and of the soul's great wings,
And knowledge pure, which only Love can teach;
And we have sat beside the lake's calm beach,
Wordless and still, a long and summer day,
As if we only watch'd the insect-play,
Or rippling wave.

The young lover in Mr. Disraeli's *Love Story*, expressly so called, apologizes to Henrietta Temple for a long term of significant silence, with the candid avowal that he's afraid he's very stupid. "Because you are silent?" she asks. "Is not that a sufficient reason?" he submits. "Nay, I think not," replies Miss Temple; "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull." So, when the tenant of Wildfell Hall is being courted by Markham, the latter plumes himself on possessing the faculty of enjoying the company of those he loves, as well in silence as in conversation. One feels sure that this faculty was possessed in a marked degree by all the Brontë family,

to the youngest of whom we owe the rather grim and very characteristic story last named.

There is a fragment in print of an unpublished play of Leigh Hunt's, picturing an ideal home—a heaven this side the stars, (as happy husband tells his happy wife) :—

By men call'd home, when some blest pair are met
As we are now ; sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,
Where friends are match'd) each at its gentle task
Of book, or household need, or meditation.

To like effect, in all intents and purposes, writes the poet of the *Angel in the House*, a sufficiently cognate theme ; where Frederick sends his mother this suggestive sketch of his wedded life :—

For hours the clock upon the shelf
Has all the talking to itself ;
But to and fro her needle runs
Twice, while the clock is ticking once ;
And, where a wife is well in reach,
Not silence separates, but speech ;
And I, contented, read or smoke,
And idly think, or idly stroke
The winking cat, or watch the fire,
In social peace that does not tire.

WYATT'S LAMENT FOR ANNE BOLEYN.

WE hunted all that bright May day ;
The red deer through the forest flew,
And many a bolt pursued its way ;
But not a string that day I drew,
For in my heart this weary chime
Of words rang on in ceaseless time,
" Had I been free and thou been true ! "

My thoughts turned back, for all before
Was sickening, and the ready clue
Of memory seized, retraced once more
Days bright and sweet, hopes false and few.
How many days more bright, more sweet,
How many hopes more just, more meet,
" Had I been free and thou been true ! "

Days when by all our telltale court
My love was bruited, and thy hue
Deepened a shade while in bold sport
The stolen token forth I drew,
Flashing the tablet and the chain
Before half-angry eyes. Oh vain !
" Had I been free and thou been true ! "

Back to that gay and ghastly hunt !
To deeper shade the king withdrew—
And rested there, as was his wont,
Surrounded by the courtier crew.
Each other heart leaped to the wine ;
Each other hand lay still on mine,
" Had I been free and thou been true ! "

The king sate still, the meal was done,
And silent every mocker grew ;—
It came, the sign, that shuddering gun !
Uprose the king full in my view :
" 'Tis done. Up, follow we the sport."
I murmured while my breath grew short,
" Had I been free and thou been true ! "

TABLE TALK.

WE may close the history of Longchamps. The history stretches from 1252 or 1260, when the sister of St. Louis founded the convent, to Good Friday, 1868. The fame of Longchamps spread—not when the abbaye was the destination of pious pilgrims from Paris, but when the pilgrimage was enlivened by famous sacred concerts given on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy week. The music drew forth the children of fashion, and the spring tempted the fair pilgrims to bedeck themselves in new spring clothes. The sacred music died away, but Vanity held to her long promenade. They had passed away who prayed, and they who laughed crowded the Champs Elysées—giving the fashion on Good Friday to elegant Europe. The great ladies vied with one another in richness and originality of costume. The promenade of Longchamps was a Paris sight worth even much tumbling and bruising in a dirty diligence. It became a business. The *modistes* turned it into an advertisement upon wheels. Then the great ladies withdrew, consoled in this—that the Champs Elysées and the Bois had become a daily promenade de Longchamps ; that there were monthly changes of fashion ; that times were too brisk, in vanities as in other things, to wait till Good Friday for a decided change in the form of a bonnet or the cut of a cloak. For some years past the papers have said, Longchamps is dying ; this year the words are, Longchamps is dead. On Good Friday there were fewer people in the Champs Elysées than usual. The dress promenade had become an intolerable vulgarity. There was not one sumptuous equipage—not one remarkable dress—not a single startling figure. To be sure it would take a genius, of a rare and daring order, to startle a bystander in the way of costume now-a-days. Longchamps was represented in the year of its death by two or three ladies "of no world whatever," in long blue velvet cloaks, cut in front like dressing-gowns ! The sister of St. Louis has been revenged. The pilgrims of Vanity Fair have followed the fate of the pious whom she drew out of the gay city to the

shrine of St. Francis. The gilt gingerbread fair of Easter Sunday survives, however, in that most unfashionable quarter by the Place du Trône. A lady says, in one of Dryden's plays: "I came up, as we country gentlewomen use, at an Easter term, to the destruction of tarts and cheesecakes, to see a new play, buy a new gown, take a turn in the park, and so down again to sleep with my forefathers." To such a humdrum gentlewoman, Longchamps, once in a long life-time, had been a wonder to gossip about for a score of years; but with "Paris in ten hours and a half," and new dresses as common as weekly bills, Vanity's great tournament has died a natural death. Let us hope that gingerbread fair will die out in the same way—that gingerbread will be within the reach of everybody every day.

THE death of the Earl of Cardigan has revived the memory of his famous trial. It is the only occasion on which a peer has been arraigned for felony during the present century. The charge against Lord Cardigan was, that he had, on September 12, 1840, fought a duel with Captain Tuckett on Wimbledon Common. Technically the crime was shooting with intent to murder, an offence rendered capital by 1 Vict. c. 85. Being entitled to be tried by his peers, the accused appeared at the Bar of the House of Lords on February 16, 1841. The scene was an imposing one. Princes, peers, peeresses, ambassadors, and a glittering throng gathered there to form part, or to witness the proceedings, of that High Court. It was a goodly and exciting pageant—for a peer's life was in danger; but the risk was not great, for the tribunal was sympathetic; and even if convicted the accused could, it was said, crave in aid the 1 Edw. I. c. 12, which allowed purgation for felony to a peer as a clerk convict, although he could not read. The stately Lord Denman was Lord High Steward; Sir John Campbell, as Attorney-General, prosecuted; and Sir William Follett defended. The prosecuting counsel seemed fully to appreciate the views of those whom he addressed, for according to him, "The charge against the noble prisoner at the bar does not imply any degree of moral turpitude, and if he should be found guilty the conviction will reflect no discredit upon the illustrious order to which he belongs." Whilst the Attorney-General seemed almost indifferent to the result of the trial, Sir William Follett was anxious even to irritability. He knew that he had but one point to rely on, and to that he directed his whole

attention. Fortunately for Lord Cardigan, the Christian name of Captain Tuckett was not a simple one: it was Harvey Garnett Phipps. The indictment, therefore, set out a charge of shooting at Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett; and it was necessary to prove that the person shot at bore those names. It was clearly proved that Lord Cardigan shot at Captain Tuckett, for he himself stated that he had done so. It was also established that the Captain Tuckett shot at was Captain Harvey Tuckett, formerly of the 11th Light Dragoons. Further, it was proved that the name of Captain Tuckett, formerly of the 11th Light Dragoons, was Harvey Garnett Phipps. But this did not suffice, for the officer shot at may not have borne the name of Garnett Phipps, and there might have been two Captain Tucketts on half-pay in the 11th Dragoons. And so the white staff of the High Steward was broken, and the peers of Great Britain and Ireland cheerfully laid their hands on their hearts and said that James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, was not guilty on their honour. But the Duke of Cleveland seemed to be scarcely able to understand our great principles of justice, and said, bowing low, that upon *his* honour the prisoner was not guilty *legally*. Those who played the principal parts in that day's trial,—accused, High Steward, and counsel,—have all passed away; and before them went the possibility of justice being evaded by such a technical defence as that above recorded. The tale at the time went, that, in fear of forfeiture of his lands, Lord Cardigan, the day before his trial, surrendered to trustees to certain uses his copyhold estates. When acquitted he desired his own again. The lands were re-surrendered, but the fines were heavy—some said, £80,000. I, however, know not if this be true.

"As quick as thought," we say, when we would imply a maximum of celerity. But is thought so rapid? According to the recent experiments of the famous German physicist, Helmholtz, the process of thinking and willing is a comparatively slow one. An impression made upon the body takes a perceptible time to reach the brain; and when the brain wills to put in action a corporeal member, it takes time to communicate its orders thereto. The interval required by a shock given, say to the foot, to announce itself to the brain has been measured—impracticable as this may seem; and thus it has been done:—An electric current has been applied to a muscle or a nerve, and the instant of its contact has been automati-

cally registered on a chronograph. The moment the patient has felt the shock he has touched a key, which has made a second mark upon the register; and this last mark has been found to be separated from the first by several tenths of a second of time. The interval was the time occupied by the sensation in travelling to the brain; by perception and reflection in the brain; and by the passage of the will from the brain to the digit touching the key. A few tenths of a second may not appear much; but we must remember that a direct electric current would have traversed the distance instantaneously. It is evident, therefore, that the nervous current, or, if you please, the speed of thought, is much slower than that of electricity. M. Radau estimates that the latter is twenty million times more rapid than the former. The rate of thinking and acting upon thought varies materially in different people. Astronomers know this to their cost, as they are obliged to introduce troublesome corrections to their observations for personal equation, as they term it. Two experienced and highly accurate observers will differ by half a second in their records of an instantaneous phenomenon; and this difference between them is a constant quantity, remaining unchanged for years: he who observes thus much before his fellow to-day, will do so to-morrow, and next month, and years hence. This peculiarity appears to have no connection with mental acuteness or ability: sharp, quick-witted men may observe much later than such as are slow and heavy-headed; it is purely a question of the conductive powers of the nerves and rapidity of the perceptive and reflective action of the brain.

THERE is a rather amusing suggestion in the *Orchestra*. The way in which musicians take a popular air and tease it to death with what they are pleased to call variations on it, is often trying enough to the patience of those who, with all their love of music, have no great interest in feats of mere legerdemain. It is irreverently proposed in the wicked journal I have named, to try the effect on poetical readers of introducing similar variations into poetry: as thus—

To be, fiddle—or not to be, diddle—
That is the question, de rol de dol day,
Whether 'tis nobler, doodle—in the mind to suffer,
poodle—
The slings and arrows, noodle—of outrageous fortune, foodle—
Or to take arms, kafoozleum—against a sea of troubles,
kaboozleum—and by opposing end them, ti roodle,
ti roodle, ti roodle, ti ray.

THE last new use of steel is for the manufacture of billiard balls. It is claimed for the metal balls that they are more elastic than those of ivory, and are not liable to crack and chip. But how about the weight? An ordinary ivory ball weighs about five ounces, and as steel is rather more than four times as dense as ivory, the new balls, if they be solid, must weigh over a pound and a half each. Play with such would be hard work. One great merit of the steel balls would certainly be their stability of form: ivory balls are apt to get out of truth, as a mechanic would say, which their steel rivals are not likely to do.

AT present the greater part of our imported mutton and lamb comes from Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Why cannot we get a cheap supply from Australia, where sheep are selling for the mere value of the wool on their backs? Perhaps they cannot be brought over alive. But we can have them dead; for, if the chemists speak truly, Professor Gamgee has given us a fresh-meat preserving process that leaves nothing to be desired. Mutton killed and preserved in London last July, and sent to New York, was found perfectly fresh several months after; and some beef treated by the process in March last year was shown to a butcher in an American market in July, and was pronounced by him to have been killed about two days. Professor Gamgee's method is briefly as follows:—The animal is made to inhale carbonic oxide gas, and when it has become insensible is bled to death in the usual way. The carcass is dressed, and then suspended in an air-tight chamber; the air is exhausted, and the receiver is filled with the gas before mentioned. After remaining exposed to the vapour for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours it is removed and hung in a dry atmosphere: that is all. The meat is reported to suffer no perceptible change in taste or appearance, and is not otherwise injured in any way.

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LI.



THIS fearful insult Helen drew back from her father with a cry of dismay, and then moved towards Hazel with her hands extended, as if to guard him from another blow, and at the same time deprecate his resentment. But then she saw his dejected attitude ; and she stood confounded, looking from one to the other.

"I knew him in a moment by his beard," said the General, coolly.

"Ah !" cried Helen, and stood transfixed. She glared at Hazel and his beard with dilating eyes, and began to tremble.

Then she crept back to her father and held him tight ; but still looked over her shoulder at Hazel with dilating eyes and paling cheek.

As for Hazel, his deportment all this time went far towards convicting him ; he leaned against the side of the cave, and hung his head in silence : and his face was ashy pale. When General Rolleston saw his deep distress, and the sudden terror and repugnance the revelation seemed to create in his daughter's mind, he felt sorry he had gone so far, and said, "Well, well ; it is not for me to judge you harshly ; for you have laid me under a deep obligation : and, after all, I can see good reasons why you should conceal your name from other people. But you ought to have told my daughter the truth."

Helen interrupted him ; or rather, she seemed unconscious he was speaking. She had never

for an instant taken her eye off the culprit : and now she spoke to him :

"Who, and what, are you, sir ?"

"My name is Robert Penfold."

"Penfold ! Seaton !" cried Helen. "Alias upon alias !" And she turned to her father in despair. Then to Hazel again, "Are you what Papa says ?"

"I am."

"Oh, Papa ! Papa !" cried Helen, "then there is no truth nor honesty in all the world." And she turned her back on Robert Penfold, and cried and sobbed upon her father's breast.

Oh, the amazement and anguish of that hour ! The pure affection and reverence, that would have blest a worthy man, wasted on a convict ! Her heart's best treasures flung on a dunghill ! This is a woman's greatest loss on earth. And Helen sank, and sobbed under it.

General Rolleston, whose own heart was fortified, took a shallow view of the situation ; and, moreover, Helen's face was hidden on his bosom ; and what he saw was Hazel's manly and intelligent countenance pale, and dragged with agony and shame.

"Come, come," he said, gently, "don't cry about it ; it is not your fault : and don't be too hard on the man ; you told me he had saved your life."

"Would he had not," said the sobbing girl.

"There, Seaton," said the General. "Now you see the consequences of deceit : it wipes out the deepest obligations." He resumed, in a different tone, "But not with me. This is a woman : but I am a man, and know how a bad man could have abused the situation in which I found you two."

"Not worse than he has done," cried Helen.

"What do you tell me, girl !" said General Rolleston, beginning to tremble in his turn.

"What could he do worse, than steal my esteem and veneration, and drag my heart's best feelings in the dirt ? Oh, where—where—can I ever look for a guide, instructor, and faithful friend, after this ? He seemed all truth ; and he is all a lie : the world is all a lie : would I could leave it this moment."

"This is all romantic nonsense," said General Rolleston, beginning to be angry. "You are a little fool, and, in your ignorance and innocence, have no idea how well this young fellow has behaved on the whole. I tell you what ;—in spite of this one fault, I should like to shake him by the hand. I will, too : and then admonish him afterwards."

"You shall not. You shall not," cried Helen, seizing him almost violently by the arm. "You take him by the hand ! A monster ! How dare you steal into my esteem ! How dare you be a miracle of goodness, self-denial, learning, and every virtue that a lady might worship, and thank God for, when all the time you are a vile, convicted——"

"I'll thank you not to say that word," said Hazel, firmly.

"I'll call you what you are, if I choose," said Helen, defiantly. But for all that she did not do it. She said piteously, "What offence had I ever given you ? What crime had I ever committed, that you must make me the victim of this diabolical deceit ? Oh, sir, what powers of mind you have wasted to achieve this victory over a poor unoffending girl ! What was your motive ? What good could come of it to you ? He won't speak to me. He is not even penitent. Sullen and obstinate ! He shall be taken to England, and well punished for it. Papa, it is your duty."

"Helen," said the General, "you ladies are rather too fond of hitting a man when he is down. And you speak daggers, as the saying is ; and then wish you had bitten your tongue off sooner. You are my child, but you are also a British subject ; and, if you charge me on my duty to take this man to England and have him imprisoned, I must. But, before you go that length, you had better hear the whole story."

"Sir," said Robert Penfold, quietly, "I will go back to prison this minute, if she wishes it."

"How dare you interrupt papa," said Helen, haughtily, but with a great sob.

"Come, come," said the General, "be quiet, both of you, and let me say my say. (To Robert.) You had better turn your head away, for I am a straight-forward man, and I'm going to show her you are not a villain, but a madman. This Robert Penfold wrote me a letter, imploring me to find him some honest employment, however menial. That looked well ; and I made him my gardener. He was a capital gardener ; but one fine day he caught sight of you. *You* are a very lovely girl ; though you don't seem to know it ; and *he* is a madman ; and he fell in love with you." Helen uttered

an ejaculation of great surprise. The General resumed, "He can only have seen you at a distance, or you would recognize him ; but (really it is laughable) he saw you somehow, though you did not see him, and—— Well, his insanity hurt himself, and did not hurt you. You remember how he suspected burglars, and watched night after night under your window. That was out of love for you. His insanity took the form of fidelity and humble devotion. He got a wound for his pains, poor fellow ! and you made Arthur Wardlaw get him a clerk's place."

"Arthur Wardlaw !" cried Seaton. "Was it to him I owed it ?" and he groaned aloud.

Said Helen, "He hates poor Arthur, his benefactor." Then to Penfold, "If you are that James Seaton, you received a letter from me."

"I did," said Penfold ; and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out a letter and showed it her.

"Let me see it," said Helen.

"Oh no ! don't take this from me, too," said he, piteously.

General Rolleston continued. "The day you sailed he disappeared ; and I am afraid not without some wild idea of being in the same ship with you. This was very reprehensible. Do you hear, young man ? But what is the consequence ? you get shipwrecked together, and the young madman takes such care of you that I find you well and hearty, and calling him your guardian angel. And, another thing to his credit, he has set his wits to work to restore you to the world. These ducks, one of which brings me here ? Of course it was he who contrived that, not you. Young man, you must learn to look things in the face ; this young lady is not of your sphere, to begin ; and, in the next place, she is engaged to Mr. Arthur Wardlaw ; and I am come out in his steam-boat to take her to him. And as for you, Helen, take my advice, think what most convicts are compared to this one. Shut your eyes entirely to his folly, as I shall ; and let you and me think only of his good deeds, and so make him all the return we can. You and I will go on board the steam-boat directly ; and, when we are there, we can tell Moreland there is somebody else on the island. He then turned to Penfold, and said, "My daughter and I will keep in the after-part of the vessel, and anybody that likes can leave the ship at Valparaiso. Helen, I know it is wrong ; but what can I do ?—I am so happy. You are alive and well : how can I punish or afflict a human creature to-day ? and, above all,

how can I crush this unhappy young man, without whom I should never have seen you again in this world? My daughter! my dear lost child!" and he held her at arm's length and gazed at her, and then drew her to his bosom, and for him Robert Penfold ceased to exist, except as a man that had saved his daughter.

"Papa," said Helen, after a long pause, "just make him tell me why he could not trust to me. Why, he passed himself off to me for a clergyman."

"I am a clergyman," said Robert Penfold.

"Oh!" said Helen, shocked to find him so hardened, as she thought. She lifted her hands to heaven, and the tears streamed from her eyes. "Well, sir," said she, faintly, "I see I cannot reach your conscience. One question more, and then I have done with you for ever. Why, in all these months that we have been alone, and that you have shown me the nature I don't say of an honest man, but of an angel—yes, papa, of an angel—why could you not show me one humble virtue, sincerity? It belongs to a man. Why could you not say, 'I have committed one crime in my life, but repented for ever; judge by this confession, and by what you have seen of me, whether I shall ever commit another. Take me as I am, and esteem me as a penitent and more worthy man; but I will not deceive you and pass for a paragon.' Why could you not say as much as this to me? If you loved me, why deceive me so cruelly?"

These words, uttered no longer harshly, but in a mournful, faint, despairing voice, produced an effect the speaker little expected. Robert Penfold made two attempts to speak, but, though he opened his mouth, and his lips quivered, he could get no word out. He began to choke with emotion; and, though he shed no tears, the convulsion, that goes with weeping in weaker natures, overpowered him in a way that was almost terrible.

"Confound it!" said General Rolleston; "this is monstrous of you, Helen; it is barbarous. You are not like your poor mother."

She was pale and trembling, and the tears flowing; but she showed her native obstinacy. She said, hoarsely, "Papa, you are blind. He *must* answer me. He knows he must!"

"I must," said Robert Penfold, gasping still. Then he manned himself by a mighty effort, and repeated with dignity "I will."

There was a pause while the young man still struggled for composure and self-command.

"Was I not often on the point of telling you my sad story? Then is it fair to say that I

should never have told it you? But, oh! Miss Rolleston, you don't know what agony it may be to an unfortunate man to tell the truth. There are accusations so terrible, so *defiling*, that, when a man has proved them false, they still stick to him and soil him. Such an accusation I labour under, and a judge and a jury have branded me. If they had called me a murderer I would have told you; but *that* is such a dirty crime. I feared the prejudices of the world. I dreaded to see your face alter to me. Yes, I trembled, and hesitated, and asked myself whether a man is bound to repeat a foul slander against himself, even when thirteen shallow men have said it, and made the lie law."

"There," said General Rolleston, "I thought how it would be, Helen; you have tormented him into defending himself, tooth and nail; so now we shall have the old story; he is innocent; I never knew a convict that wasn't, if he found a fool to listen to him. I decline to hear another word: you needn't excuse yourself for changing your name; I excuse it, and that is enough. But the boat is waiting, and we can't stay to hear you justify a felony."

"I AM NOT A FELON. I AM A MARTYR."

CHAPTER LII.

ROBERT PENFOLD drew himself up to his full height, and uttered these strange words with a sad majesty that was very imposing. But General Rolleston, steeled by experience of convicts, their plausibility, and their histrionic powers, was staggered only for a moment. He deigned no reply; but told Helen that Captain Moreland was waiting for her, and she had better go on board at once.

She stood like a statue.

"No, papa, I'll not turn my back on him till I know whether he is a felon or a martyr."

"My poor child, has he caught you at once with a clever phrase? A judge and a jury have settled that."

"They settled it as you would settle it, by refusing to hear me."

"Have I refused to hear you?" said Helen. "What do I care for steam-boats and captains. If I stay here to all eternity, I'll know from your own lips and your own face, whether you are a felon or a martyr. It is no phrase, papa. He *is* a felon, or a martyr; and I am a most unfortunate girl, or else a base, disloyal, one."

"Fiddle-dee," said General Rolleston, angrily. Then looking at his watch; "I give you five minutes to humbug us in—if you can."

Robert Penfold sighed patiently. But from

that moment he ignored General Rolleston, and looked to Helen only. And she fixed her eyes upon his face with a tenacity and an intensity of observation, that surpassed anything he had ever seen in his life. It dazzled him; but it did not dismay him.

"Miss Rolleston," said he, "my history can be told in the time my prejudiced judge allows me. I am a clergyman, and a private tutor at Oxford. One of my pupils was—Arthur Wardlaw. I took an interest in him because my father, Michael Penfold, was in Wardlaw's employ. This Arthur Wardlaw had a talent for mimicry; he mimicked one of the college officers publicly and offensively, and was about to be expelled, and that would have ruined his immediate prospects; for his father is just but stern. I fought hard for him, and, being myself popular with the authorities, I got him off. He was grateful, or seemed to be, and we became greater friends than ever. We confided in each other; he told me he was in debt in Oxford, and much alarmed lest it should reach his father's ears, and lose him the promised partnership; I told him I was desirous to buy a small living near Oxford, which was then vacant; but I had only saved £400, and the price was £1000; I had no means of raising the balance. Then he said, 'Borrow £2000 of my father; give me fourteen hundred of it, and take your own time to repay the £600. I shall be my father's partner in a month or two,' said he; 'you can pay us back by instalments.' I thought this very kind of him. I did not want the living for myself, but to give my dear father certain comforts, and country air every week; he needed it; he was born in the country. Well, I came to London about this business: and a stranger called on me, and said he came from Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, who was not well enough to come himself. He produced a note of hand for £2000, signed John Wardlaw, and made me endorse it, and told me where to get it cashed; he would come next day for Arthur Wardlaw's share of the money. Well, I suspected no ill; would you? I went and got the note discounted, and locked the money up: it was not my money: the greater part was Arthur Wardlaw's. That same evening a policeman called, and asked several questions, which of course I answered. He then got me out of the house on some pretence, and arrested me as a forger."

"Oh!" cried Helen.

"I forgot the clergyman: I was a gentleman, and a man, insulted, and I knocked the officer down directly. But his myrmidons overpowered me. I was tried at the Central

Criminal Court on two charges. First, the Crown (as they call the attorney that draws the indictment) charged me with forging the note of hand; and then with not forging it, but passing it well knowing that somebody else had forged it. Well, Undercliff, the Expert, swore positively that the forged note was not written by me; and the Crown, as they call it, was defeated on that charge; but being proved a liar in a court of justice did not abash my accuser; the second charge was pressed with equal confidence. The note, you are to understand, was forged: that admits of no doubt: and I passed it; the question was whether I passed it *knowing it to be forged*. How was that to be determined? And here it was that my own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, destroyed me. Of course, as soon as I was put in prison, I wrote and sent to Arthur Wardlaw. Would you believe it? he would not come to me. He would not even write. Then as the time drew near, I feared he was a traitor. I treated him like one. I told my solicitor to drag him into court as my witness, and *make* him tell the truth. The clerk went down accordingly, and found he kept his door always locked; but the clerk outwitted him, and served him with the subpoena in his bedroom, before he could crawl under the bed. But he baffled us at last: he never appeared in the witness-box; and, when my counsel asked the court to imprison him, his father swore he could not come: he was dying, and all out of sympathy with me. Fine sympathy! that closed the lips, and concealed the truth; one syllable of which would have saved his friend and benefactor from a calamity worse than death. Is the truth poison, that to tell it makes a sick man die? Is the truth hell, that a dying man refuses to speak it? How can a man die better than speaking the truth? How can he die worse than withholding it? I believe his sickness and his death were lies like himself. For want of one word from Arthur Wardlaw, to explain that I had every reason to expect a note of hand from him, the jury condemned me. They were twelve honest, but shallow men—invited to go inside another man's bosom and guess what was there. They guessed that I knew and understood a thing, which to this hour I neither know nor understand, by God."

He paused a moment, then resumed:—

"I believe they founded their conjecture on my knocking down the officer. There was a reason for you! Why, forgers and their confederates are reptiles, and have no fight in them. Experience proves this. But these

twelve men did not go by Experience. They guessed, like babies, and after much hesitation, condemned me; but recommended me to mercy. Mercy! What mercy did I deserve? Either I was innocent, or hanging was too good for me. No; in their hearts they doubted my guilt; and their doubt took that timid form, instead of acquitting me. I was amazed at the verdict, and asked leave to tell the judge why Arthur Wardlaw had defied the court, and absented himself as my witness. Had the judge listened for one minute, he would have seen I was innocent. But no. I was in England, where the mouth of the accused is stopped, if he is fool enough to employ Counsel. The judge stopped my mouth, as your father just now tried to stop it; and they branded me as a felon.

"Up to that moment my life was honourable and worthy. Since that moment I have never wronged a human creature. Men pass from virtue to vice, from vice to crime; this is the ladder a soul goes down; but you are invited to believe that I jumped from innocence into a filthy felony, and then jumped back again none the worse, and was a gardener that fought for his employer, and a lover that controlled his passion. It is a lie. A lie that ought not to take in a child. But prejudice degrades a man below the level of a child. I'll say no more: my patience is exhausted by wrongs and insults. I am as honest a man as ever breathed, and the place, where we stand, is mine, for I made it. Leave it and me this moment. Go to England, and leave me where the animals, more reasonable than you, have the sense to see my real character. I'll not sail in the same ship with any man, nor any woman either, who can look me in the face, and take me for a felon."

He swelled and towered with the just wrath of an honest man driven to bay; and his eye shot black lightning. He was sublime.

Helen cowered; but her spirited old father turned red, and said, haughtily, "We take you at your word, and leave you, you insolent vagabond. Follow me this instant, Helen!"

And he marched out of the cavern in a fury.

But, instead of following him, Helen stood stock-still and cowered, and cowered till she seemed sinking forward to the ground, and she got hold of Robert Penfold's hand, and kissed it, and moaned over it.

"Martyr! Martyr!" she whispered, and still kissed his hand, like a slave offering her master pity, and asking pardon.

"Martyr! Martyr! Every word is true—true as my love."

In this attitude, and with these words on her lips, they were surprised by General Rolleston, who came back, astonished at his daughter not following him. Judge of his amazement now.

"What does this mean?" he cried, turning pale with anger.

"It means that he has spoken the truth, and that I shall imitate him. He is my martyr, and my love. When others cast shame on you, then it is time for me to show my heart. James Seaton, I love you for your madness, and your devotion to her, whom you had only seen at a distance. Ah! that was love. John Hazel, I love you for all that has passed between us. What can any other man be to me?—or woman to you? But most of all, I love *you* Robert Penfold—my hero and my martyr. When I am told to your face that you are a felon, then to your face I say you are my idol, my hero, and my martyr. Love! the word is too tame, too common. I worship you; I adore you. How beautiful you are when you are angry. How noble you are now you forgive me; for you do forgive me, Robert; you must, you shall. No; you will not send your Helen away from you, for her one fault so soon repented. Show me you forgive me; show me you love me still, almost as much as I love you. He is crying. Oh, my darling! my darling! my darling!" And she was round his neck in a moment, with tears and tender kisses, the first she had ever given him.

Ask yourself whether they were returned.

A groan, or rather we might say, a snort of fury, interrupted the most blissful moment either of these young creatures had ever known. It came from General Rolleston, now white with wrath and horror.

"You villain!" he cried.

Helen threw herself upon him, and put her hand before his mouth.

"Not a word more, or I shall forget I am your daughter. No one is to blame but I. I love him. I made him love me. He has been trying hard not to love me so much. But I am a woman; and could not deny myself the glory and the joy of being loved better than woman was ever loved before. And so I am; I am. Kill me, if you like; insult me, if you will: but not a word against him, or I give him my hand, and we live and die together on this island. Oh, papa! he has often saved

that life you value so ; and I have saved his. He is all the world to me. Have pity on your child ! Have pity on him who carries my heart in his bosom !”

She flung herself on her knees, and strained him tight, and implored him, with head thrown back, and little clutching hands, and eloquent eyes.

Ah ! it is hard to resist the voice and look and clinging of a man's own flesh and blood. Children are so strong—upon their knees : their dear faces, bright copies of our own, are just the height of our hearts then.

The old man was staggered, was almost melted. “Give me a moment to think,” said he, in a broken voice. “This blow takes my breath away.”

Helen rose and laid her head upon her father's shoulder, and still pleaded for her love by her soft touch and her tears that now flowed freely.

He turned to Penfold with all the dignity of age and station. “Mr. Penfold,” said he, with grave politeness, “after what my daughter has said, I must treat you as a man of honour, or I must insult her. Well then, I expect you to show me you are what she thinks you, and are not what a court of justice has proclaimed you. Sir, this young lady is engaged with her own free will to a gentleman, who is universally esteemed, and has never been accused *to his face* of any unworthy act. Relying on her plighted word, the Wardlaws have fitted out a steamer and searched the Pacific, and found her. Can you, as a man of honour, advise her to stay here and compromise her own honour in every way? Ought she to break faith with her betrothed on account of vague accusations made behind his back?”

“It was only in self-defence I accused Mr. Arthur Wardlaw,” said Robert Penfold.

General Rolleston resumed.

“You said just now there are accusations which soil a man. If you were in my place, would you let your daughter marry a man of honour, who had unfortunately been found guilty of a felony?”

Robert groaned and hesitated, but he said “No.”

“Then what is to be done? She must either keep her plighted word, or else break it. For whom? For a gentleman she esteems and loves, but cannot marry. A leper may be a saint; but I would rather bury my child than marry her to a leper. A convict may be a saint; but I'll kill her with my own hand

sooner than she shall marry a convict: and in your heart and conscience you cannot blame me. Were you a father you would do the same. What then remains for her and me, but to keep faith; and what can you do better, than leave her, and carry away her everlasting esteem and her father's gratitude? It is no use being good by halves, or bad by halves. You must either be a selfish villain, and urge her to abandon all shame and live here on this island with you for ever, or you must be a brave and honest man, and bow to a parting that is inevitable. Consider, sir; your eloquence and her pity have betrayed this young lady into a confession that separates you. Her enforced residence here with you has been innocent. It would be innocent no longer, now she has been so mad as to own she loves you. And I tell you frankly, if after that confession, you insist on going on board the steamer with her, I must take you; humanity requires it; but if I do, I shall hand you over to the law as a convict escaped before his time. Perhaps I ought to do so as it is; but that is not certain: I don't know to what country this island belongs; I may have no right to capture you in strange dominions; but an English ship is England—and if you set foot on the Springbok you are lost. Now then, you are a man of honour; you love my child truly, and not selfishly;—you have behaved nobly until to-day; go one step farther on the right road: call worldly honour, and the God whose vows you have taken, sir, to your aid, and do your duty.”

“Oh, man! man!” cried Robert Penfold, “you ask more of me than flesh and blood can bear. What shall I say? What shall I do?”

Helen replied, calmly: “Take my hand, and let us die together, since we cannot live together with honour.”

General Rolleston groaned. “For this, then, I have traversed one ocean, and searched another, and found my child. I am nothing to her—nothing. Oh, who would be a father!” He sat down oppressed with shame and grief, and bowed his stately head in manly but pathetic silence.

“Oh, papa! papa!” cried Helen, “forgive your ungrateful child!” And she kneeled and sobbed, with her forehead on his knees.

Then Robert Penfold, in the midst of his own agony, found room in that great suffering heart of his for pity. He knelt down himself, and prayed for help in this bitter trial. He rose haggard with the struggle, but languid and resigned, like one whose death-warrant has been read.

"Sir," said he, "there is but one way. You must take her home; and I shall stay here."

"Leave you all alone on this island!" said Helen. "Never! If you stay here, I shall stay to comfort you."

"I decline that offer. I am beyond the reach of comfort."

"Think what you do, Robert," said Helen, with unnatural calmness. "If you have no pity on yourself, have pity on us. Would you rob me of the very life you have taken such pains to save? My poor father will carry nothing to England but my dead body. Long before we reach that country I loved so well, and now hate it for its stupidity and cruelty to you, my soul will have flown back to this island to watch over you, Robert. You bid me abandon you to solitude and despair. Neither of you two love me half as much as I love you both."

General Rolleston sighed deeply. "If I thought that," said he—then in a faint voice, "my own courage fails me now. I look into my heart, and I see my child's life is dearer to me than all the world. She was dying, they say. Suppose I send Moreland to the continent for a clergyman, and marry you. Then you can live on this island for ever. Only you must let me live here too; for I could never show my face again in England after acting so dishonourably. It will be a miserable end of a life passed in honour; but I suppose it will not be for long. Shame can kill as quickly as disappointed love."

"Robert! Robert!" cried Helen in agony.

The martyr saw that he was master of the situation, and must be either base or very noble—there was no middle way. He leaned his head on his hands, and thought with all his might.

"Hush!" said Helen: "he is wiser than we are. Let him speak."

"If I thought you would pine and die upon the voyage, no power should part us. But you are not such a coward. If my life depended on yours, would you not live?"

"You know I would."

"When I was wrecked on White-water island, you played the man. Not one woman in a thousand could have launched a boat, and sailed it with a boat-hook for a mast, and——"

Helen interrupted him. "It was nothing; I loved you. I love you better now."

"I believe it, and therefore I ask you to rise above your sex once more, and play the man for me. This time it is not my life you are to

rescue, but that which is more precious still: my good name."

"Ah! that would be worth living for," cried Helen.

"You will find it very hard to do; but not harder for a woman, than to launch a boat, and sail her without a mast. See my father, Michael Penfold. See Undercliff, the Expert, See the solicitor—the counsel. Sift the whole story; and above all, find out why Arthur Wardlaw dared not enter the witness-box. Be obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman; and don't talk of dying, when there is a friend to be rescued from dishonour by living and working."

"Die! while I can rescue you from death or dishonour! I will not be so base. Ah, Robert, Robert, how well you know me."

"Yes, I do know you, Helen. I believe that great soul of yours will keep your body strong to do this brave work for him you love, and who loves you. And as for me, I am man enough to live for years upon this island, if you will only promise me two things."

"I promise, then."

"Never to die, and never to marry Arthur Wardlaw, until you have reversed that lying sentence which has blasted me. Lay your hand on your father's head, and promise me that."

Helen laid her hand upon her father's head, and said, "I pledge my honour not to die, if life is possible, and never to marry any man, until I have reversed that lying sentence, which has blasted the angel I love."

"And I pledge myself to help her," said General Rolleston, warmly, "for now I *know* you are a man of honour. I have too often been deceived by eloquence to listen much to that. But now you have proved by your actions what you are. You, pass a forged check, knowing it to be forged! I'd stake my salvation it's a lie. There's my hand. God comfort you! God reward you, my noble fellow!"

"I hope he will, sir," sobbed Robert Penfold. "You are her father; and you take my hand; perhaps that will be sweet to think of by-and-by; but no joy can enter my heart now; it is broken. Take her away at once, sir. Flesh is weak. My powers of endurance are exhausted."

General Rolleston acted promptly on this advice. He rolled up her rugs, and the things she had made, and Robert had the courage to take them down to the boat. Then he came back, and the General took her bag to the boat.

All this time the girl herself sat wringing her

hands in anguish, and not a tear. It was beyond that now.

As he passed Robert, the General said, "Take leave of her alone. I will come for her in five minutes. You see, how sure I feel you are a man of honour."

When Robert went in, she rose and tottered to him, and fell on his neck. She saw it was the death-bed of their love, and she kissed his eyes, and clung to him. They moaned over each other, and clung to each other, in mute despair.

The General came back, and he and Robert took Helen, shivering and fainting, to the boat. As the boat put off, she awoke from her stupor, and put out her hands to Robert with one piercing cry.

They were parted.

RIDDLES.

II.

IN the preceding paper I have given the names of many famous in different ways, who have tried their hands at riddle-making. But whilst the riddle has the sanction of great names, it by no means derives its sole lustre from them. Some of the best riddles that I know are anonymous. I have a little book before me at this moment containing more than six hundred of them. Some of these are old ones, but most of them are new, and without any name attached to them. But as they are printed at Shrewsbury, and are written not alone in English, but in Latin, French, and German, too, I have a shrewd suspicion as regards their authorship. I guess that those connected with the school there could tell us all about it. Be this as it may, there are riddles in the book that only scholars could write. Here is an elegant one in Latin, which even young lady-Latinists may construe, but to which is appended a translation notwithstanding :—

Omnia vici olim. Verte. Et nunc omnia vinco.
All-conquering I was in days gone by.
Reverse me. Now all-conquering still am I.

The answer is Rome, or, in Latin, Roma, which, when spelled backwards, makes Amor, or love.

Here is another specimen in Latin :—

Frons mea floris amans est ; cauda uliginio ; ipsum,
Dum loquor, heus, audis, dum legis, ecce, vides.

My better half makes love to flow'rs, my worse to swamps ;
but me,

Myself—why speaking now you hear—Lo ! while you
read, you see.

Ver, the spring, and *sus*, a swine, make *versus*, a verse.

Here is not a bad German riddle :—

Vers bin ich zur Hälfte, zur Hälfte nur Tand ;
Erräthst du mein Ganzes, so hast du Verstand.

It is quite impossible to translate this into English. My first *Vers*, in German, means a verse : my second, *Tand* a toy or trifle ; and my whole *Verstand* means understanding ; so, who guesses my whole has sense or understanding. To show its point we must model one upon it. Here is a poor attempt in English, though the answer to it is in Greek :—

My first half says No—find us out says my second ;
Guess my whole, and not wanting in *nous* you'll be
reckoned !

Here is another German riddle :—

Ein Räthsel bin ich, dunkel zu verstehn ;
Kehe'st du mieh um, so was ich bin wirst sehn ;
Doch bin ich immer dunkel, muss es sein,
So lang anströmt mir Mond und Sonnenschein.

A riddle am I hard to read aright,
But turn me round, you bring me now to light.
Yet I am ever dark, and still must be,
As long as sun-or-moonshine falls on me.

The answer is *Leben*, or life, which spelled backwards makes *Nebel*, or fog.

I will only give two short riddles in French, and those are not amongst the new ones in the volume. There are plenty, however, in French verse, but, somehow, French verse always sets one's teeth on edge, and so here is one in prose :—

Quel évêque est le plus mal couché ?

Perhaps it should have had a deeper meaning, not to speak it profanely, if put in this way—What bishop most reminds us of his Master ? Then, L'Évêque de Senlis (sans lit) one well might answer.

The other one is this :—

Quel évêque est le plus souffrant ?

And the ghost of Bossuet ought to tell us. But though he was, in every sense, L'Évêque de Meaux (or Maux), it was of ills that he *caused* and not those which he *endured*.

The little book abounds with good riddles, and these, as I have said, are for the most part new, but it is no disparagement to them to add that it contains some older ones quite equal to them. It is strange that so many of these should go unclaimed. Is it from the claim being hard to prove ? I was travelling once from Salzburg to Munich by the Schnell, or more strictly speaking, the Snail-poste, with a fair young English damsel

and her brother. Night is the time for sleep, says Mrs. Hemans, and as it came on he announced that fact by snoring soon very vigorously. She broke the silence in a much more pleasant way, and the tedious length of the journey, let me add, by giving me riddles she had lately heard to solve. In return I told her of one I once propounded to a pretty widow who would not cease her funning, and whom, in schoolboy phrase, it quite shut up. It was—Why a suit to her was surer of success than to any spinster lady? My companion gave it up like the widow who provoked it. But when I gave the answer to it—Because, ask when one might, one could not ask *a-miss*,—she surprised me much by approving of it thus—“Ah! yes—good—very good—I recollect it now!” I thought, till then, it had been my own, as I made it expressly for the occasion. But should any one care to lay claim thereto I am not disposed to contest it. Perhaps, this, which is not quite my own, as the idea of it is borrowed from *Punch*, might have been propounded as being better in itself, and better suiting the occasion also. What is the worst kind of husbandry? When a man in clover marries a woman in weeds! I ought here to add this which is not my own, but which, perhaps, Mr. Weller, sen., had to do with; How long does a widow mourn for her husband? She mourns for a second.

But whilst I would let my own riddles go unclaimed, there are some that are really so very good that one wonders their paternity should not be acknowledged. Here is one that is tolerably old, and that ought to carry its author's name as well a moral with it: What is majesty, robbed of its externals? One may truly say, A jest. And yet, if I may dare to own it, I rather prefer those funny riddles whose moral is a hearty laugh. But then they should not raise a blush as well, as I once knew one of this kind do, not so much through its own fault, however, as through that of a fair one's too fastidious delicacy. Some years ago, when the Dean of Hereford would have nothing to do with its Bishop-elect, I was sitting next a young lady at dinner whom I wished to engage in conversation. For lack of anything better to commence with, I asked her if she had heard the last new riddle, which just then was very current in society:—Why was Dr. Hampden to be regarded as a most inveterate bather? He was not to be kept out of the sea (see) by Mereweather. She laughed, and immediately asked in return if I had heard this,—“How did Jonah look in the whale's—

whale's—whale's bel—” but the belly seemed to stick in her throat like Macbeth's Amen, and before she could get it out she looked very much like poor Jonah himself—*i.e.*, down in the mouth, and inclined to blubber. Perhaps she rightly deemed the whole thing too coarse for the lips of soft and sentimental ladyship; but nevertheless it seems to me a clever one. It has all the merits of a good pun, and conundrums like this, for we ought not to call them riddles, albeit I have done so all along, are little more than puns. A thing of this kind is nothing without point, and the answer to it should produce on one all the effect of a good pun, which has, says Charles Lamb, “a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it. A pun and its recognitory laugh must be co-instantaneous; the one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder.” And so with the conundrum. With the answer's flash should come the peal of laughter, as it will, when the lightning is not too *far-fetched*. I have known, however, the peal to come without the flash being seen by all. I was spending an evening long ago amongst some young people who were fond of riddles, and when they had puzzled my poor brains enough, I gave them one I had just then seen in a comic paper called the *Man in the Moon*, and which, though advertised by the said riddle, I fear did not live beyond its little lunar month. The question was, Why a drover's piked staff was like a part of Buckinghamshire. On the answer to it being given, Because it runs into oxen and hurts (Oxon and Herts), a shout of laughter went round amongst the young ones, in which their father and mother joined. But something there was in the father's laugh that seemed suspicious, to his, certes, better half, as far as riddles were concerned; so, looking up at his lack-lustre face, she said, with some eagerness, “You see, my love, you see, don't you?” To which he very promptly replied, “Oh, dear, yes; because it runs into Oxfordshire and Hertfordshire!” Had I not heard this, I could hardly have believed it; but now I can believe the story I have heard about the peas and Turnham Green. So it is not enough that a riddle be good; it must have an appreciative audience.

I have owned to a preference for riddles that are funny; and of these there is no end. Most of them, however, are mere *jeux-de-mots*, nothing more than puns, and many of these old ones, put into the form of question and answer. For their point and fun they depend not only on the double meanings of the same words, but

the same sound of very different words, and often on the way in which the words are placed. Here is a striking example of this last, where words having very different meanings are so placed as to sound exceedingly alike :—When may a man be said to possess a vegetable time-piece? When he gets up at eight o'clock (When he gets a potato clock). The merit of this seems to lie much rather in the sound than sense. This, which is somewhat hard on the retired London milkman, has certainly more point and fun. Inquiries were made about Jonah not long since, and now we are asked why the said London milkman resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, and we are told it is, Because he took a little profit! (prophet) out of the water. Here is a thing which it may be worth while for the stewards of our steamers to know :—Why is it needless for a ship to take eggs to sea? Because she can always be ordered to lay to (lay two).

Some of these riddles will not bear rough handling. Here is one which may give one a good laugh, but which it will not do to criticize severely : A lady sent her servant to buy two mackerel : he obeyed her orders to the letter ; yet she said he had brought three fishes : how so? The answer is, He brought two mackerel and one *smelt*! Now *we* could say this, but the mistress could not, and therefore could not charge him with bringing *three* fishes ; for speaking in the present tense, she would say, one *smells*. But one must not be too hard on a riddle or a joke!

I recollect extemporizing something like this last, which is not open to the objection made, however inferior in other respects. I once surprised a sentimental damsel by asking her : Why the emotion she called Love is like my wide-awake hat? She gave it up ; but when she heard the answer ; Because it is one of the commonest *felt* : she understood my meaning as well as the riddle's, and found her false sentiment turned into a laugh. Poor girl ! she was far gone in novel-reading then ; but now she has gone much further in the cares of life, and by this time, I fear, has discovered Love, instead of resembling my wide-awake hat, to be more like a "Highland plaid—all stuff—and very full of crosses."

It seems that not only persons, but things, are sometimes not themselves ; and I find no end of riddles made upon them. When I was young I knew of nothing but a door that was apt to be something beside itself, and which did not jar me then as now by being off *a-jar* ; but now one hears of so many other things that are found, like persons, to act a

double part. We are now asked, When a bed is not a bed : When a boat is not a boat : When beer is not beer : When a chimney is not a chimney : When a nose is not a nose : When a coach is not a coach ; and numberless questions of this kind. And here is one that perhaps might receive another answer from those who should know best : When is a bonnet not a bonnet? Surely the fair wearer of it will not allow it is : When it *becomes* a lady ! Surely, she will say, that then indeed it is that she really may call it a "*love* of a bonnet !"

As to persons not being always themselves, this is a thing one can well understand. But one is surprised, and that not a little, to hear that a Sailor is not a Sailor when he is *a-board*—one would think that then he had been the most so—that Soldiers are not Soldiers when they are *muster'd* (*mustard*)—for they are when *pepper'd* and *'saull'd* too ; and lastly that a Post-boy is not a Post-boy when he is *a-riding* in Yorkshire ! If not, where and when will he be himself again?

When owing to a liking for riddles that are funny, I mean only those whose answers carry with them "an ear-kissing smack" of fun. For many there are with so little point or fun that I do not wonder at one I have just heard, which is : Why a charade is like a fir-tree? Because one may get a deal bored (or board) from it ! Here is one, however, that is more than ear-kissing, it is also most ear-boxing with its thorough smack : Why does a donkey like thistles? Because he is an ass ! It comes on one with the sharp surprise of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—Don't ! Here is another, the answer to which has something so ear-smacking about it that one hardly dare utter it to ears polite. Yet I know one whose name the world delights to honour, who would playfully joke his mother with this riddle—a mother whom he deeply revered, but whose nature was a little emotional withal. The question is : How to stop a woman's crying? and the answer is : To dam her eyes. This, which has also to do with the sex whose power of talking is deemed equal to its crying, must surely have been made by some impudent young Sawbones. The hardest operation in surgery, is asked, and we are told it is : To take the jaw out of a woman ! How very shocking, and how very rude ! And here, too, I am reminded of a riddle I heard many years ago, when Daniel O'Connell was raising against himself a storm of indignation amongst those who did not credit him with honesty or truth. My dear

uncle, said a sharp young fellow to a Reverend gentleman with whom I then was staying, and who had as much of the Parson Adams about him as his nephew had of what the French would call Bohemian : Can you tell me why Dan O'Connell is like a harp that is struck by lightning? The poor uncle gave it up, but on hearing the answer was taken so aback by it, or rather by an adjective the point of which he did not see, that he only found breath to assent to it in this wise : Well, he certainly *is* a Liar ! Facit indignatio versus ; and in this last case, I suppose, it made a riddle. At least I know it *can* make one, for it did so in my own case when it led me to inquire, Why my Income-tax was like a performance hissed off the stage? I trust it will soon resemble it in this, and not in the proper answer to the question.

I have noticed these riddles for the shock they give the ear that has any sense of fun as well as hearing, and not for the shock they may give another sense, as that of propriety, to wit.

Here is a kind of riddle that I like, for the answer to it is not only very pat, but true in a double sense : Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because if they did not, they would fall out ! One cannot say quite as much for this, the answer to which is only true in one sense : How would you increase the speed of a slow boat? By making it fast ! Nor for this—the answer to which is such as folks of ambiguous morals may delight in : Who are the disinterestedly good? Those who are good for nothing ! These are all the better riddles because the answers to them come upon one with such quick surprise, and are so much the opposite of what might be expected.

Here is a riddle which is rather coarse, but not the less may raise a laugh, and which I chiefly notice because I have seen it printed so as to lose all its point and meaning : Why is an oyster the greatest anomaly in nature? Because it has a beard without a chin—and must be taken out of bed before it is tucked in ! It is said to be a *paradox*, and to have a *head* without a chin in the version I speak of. Surely these stray children of the brain require protection !

I have not been making a selection of riddles, for I should not know where to begin or where to stop. Those I have given have been mostly taken at random, and as they occurred to me at the time. But here are a few that I have laughed over, and others may find as laughable. Why are idle schoolboys like postage-stamps? When is a man thinner than a lath?—this is a tolerably old one. Why are

divisions in the House of Commons like a cold in the head? Why did Curtius leap into the gulf? Why was Cranmer's fate better than Laud's? When is a mother sick of her children? What war was Jupiter waging when he could not get his boots on? When do you date the introduction of walking-sticks? What did Adam and Eve wear in Paradise? Why does a miller wear a white hat?—this, too, is old ; and the answer to it as smartly pertinent as that to the question why a donkey eats thistles.

After all, the riddles of the present day, though more amusing, are not more elegant than those of days gone by. What is neater than that which asks the difference between live fish, and fish alive? when even the answer may be given in such a way as to puzzle the guesser still ; or, what is better than this old one?—

What a contented mind desires,
The poor man has, the rich requires,
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all must carry to their graves.

I must have done ; and yet, before I bring this paper to a close, I must notice one last riddle (it shall be the last), which seems to me as puzzling as any, and that, too, one connected with its name. How comes it that to riddle signifies its opposite, that is, to *un*-riddle, or to solve? It is used so by writers both of past and present times : thus Dryden

Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?

We know that to riddle means also to sift, but this does not seem the origin of its use or *misuse*.

Here I must stop. I have not been writing an apology for the riddle, but, had this been my intention, perhaps, I could not have better set about it than in showing how universal it has been—how, in every civilised age and nation it has made its way, and with minds of every order—how, in the literature of nearly every country, ancient or modern, it has found a place—how it stands associated with eminent names in every walk of life ; and how, indeed, people of the highest culture have exercised their ingenuity upon it. And excuse for this or them I should no more deem required than a wise man requires one for being witty. Wisdom and wit more often go together than some dull folks suppose ; and, when an apology is needed for wit, I shall be ready with one for the riddle too. There is a time for all things, the wise man says ; and there is a time for making riddles, and a time for solving them, as

he himself showed by his example. After severe occupation comes amusement. After the serious business of the day has well-nigh worried and fretted one to tears, it is good to indulge in a hearty laugh. There is a time to laugh as well as a time to cry. Man has been well defined a laughing animal. No other does anything in this way. The hyæna makes a poor attempt at it. It is this which differentiates us really from the brutes; for brutes can reason—and I rather suspect they have a conscience—and I know that they can cry, for I have seen the tears rolling down their cheeks—but I have never yet seen or heard them laugh. True, laughing is not the great business of life, as some of our conundrum-making wits may seem to think, and there are worthier riddles than any which they make, to exercise their ingenuity—questions of vast moment soliciting an answer. But, when they have done their best at solving these, let them sit down and make merry with their own. I confess my sympathies are with them and not with those who cannot laugh. “*Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.*” So, vive la bagatelle! Life would be a very dull affair without it.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ONCE on a time, there was a man who went into the wood to cut hop-poles, but he could find no trees so long, and straight, and slender, as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at Death's door. So he went up to see who it was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

“May be,” said the Dragon; “but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and never tasted meat. Besides, it's the way of the world,—that's how it pays its debts.”

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came

for a daysman, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but if he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

“God knows,” said the hound, “I have served my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through, while he lay warm asleep on his ear, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can neither see nor hear any more, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die of hunger. No! it's the way of the world,” said the hound; “that's how it pays its debts.”

“Now I am coming to eat you up,” said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life, till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the Hound, the Dragon was to eat him, and get a meal of man's meat; but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

“Now I have served my master,” said the horse, “as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It's the way of the world. That's how the world pays its debts.”

“Well, now I'm coming to eat you,” said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthfull of man's meat; he was so hungry, he couldn't bear it any longer.

“See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be a judge between us,” said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

“All good things are three,” said the man; “let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot.”

“Very well,” said the Dragon. He, too,

had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard; "I see how it all is;" but as he said this, he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese, every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you," said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hill-side, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip, and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I daresay," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and, what's more, I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into the hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till Doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned, and moaned, and begged hard to come out; but the two went their way, and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen-roost, and hid himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week, and stuffed himself so that he couldn't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay, and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs stretched straight; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came, and all the lassies with her, with sticks and brooms to beat Reynard; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him; but, just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out, and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh," said Reynard; "how true it is. 'Tis the way of the world; and this is how it pays its debts."

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

ONE dull day in autumn, just after noon, a balloon rose into the air at the foot of Cleet Hills, on the western edge of the great central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce; it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air-ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue; and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep dark ravines appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud-mountains next the sun glittering like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above earth! A pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the open sea into an inland unsaline lake: the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! The spectrum, when opposed to the sun, showed marvellously clear; lines appeared which are invisible in the denser atmosphere on the earth's surface; but as the car swung round in its gyrating upward flight, the moment the direct rays of the sun passed off the prism, there was no spectrum at all. The air was so pure, so free from the comparatively solid aqueous matter, that there was no reflected light: the air was too thin to retain or reflect any portion of the rays which fell upon it. And what a silence profound! The heights of sky were as still as the deepest depths of ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as undisturbed from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture in a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up,—five miles above earth!—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dzwangiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon,—the one steering the air-ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter

looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim ; he takes a lens to help his sight, and can only mark, from the falling barometer, that they are still rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him : he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call to his comrade, who has gone into the ring above : a whisper in that deep stillness would suffice,—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. His head droops on his shoulder ; with an effort he raises it—it falls on the other shoulder ; once more, with a resolute effort, he raises it—it falls backward. For a moment he sees dimly the figure of his comrade in the ring above ; then sensation fails him,—he lies back, unconscious. Some minutes pass—the balloon still rising upwards. *Seven miles above earth !* The steersman comes down into the car ; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him. He saw at once that life or death hung upon a few moments. The balloon was still rising rapidly ; it must be made to descend at once, or they were both dead men. He seized, or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out a portion of the inflating gas. His hands are purple with the intense cold—they are paralysed, they will not respond to his will. It was a fearful moment. In another minute, in their upward flight, he would be senseless as his comrade. But he was a bold, self-possessed man, trained in a hundred balloon ascents, and ready for every emergency. He seized the valve with his teeth ; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman heard a voice calling to him, “Come, take an observation—try !” He heard as in a dream, but could neither see nor move. Again he heard, in firmer and commanding tones, “Take an observation—now then, do try.” He returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instruments ; they must have been nearly eight miles up : but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. The *aéronauts* revived. They had been higher above earth than mortal man, or any living thing, had ever been before. But now they were safe.

Such are the perils which Science demands of her votaries, and which they encounter bravely and cheerfully. Such was the memorable balloon ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher from Wolverhampton, on the 5th of September 1862. A madness, thousands will say,—a perilous absurdity, a tempting of Providence, a risking of life for no adequate purpose. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory

inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship, with its intensely rarefied gas, would have been floating untended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space. What would have become of it? How far it would have ascended with its lifeless freight ; how long it would have floated all unseen in the empyrean, who shall say?

This daring adventurous spirit, we find displayed in almost every age, and specially at present by our own countrymen. Again and again have British adventurers penetrated the awful icy solitudes of the Arctic regions—realms where no living creature is to be seen, save rare tenants of the deep. Ice everywhere, and no life. Calm profound, oppressive, awful ! Summer has gone, with its never-setting sun—the red orb rolling for six months in ceaseless course, like a slow-moving red-hot cannon-ball, round the horizon ; illuminating the wide wastes of ice and snow which sparkle with colours not their own, beneath the sun-rays which they analyse. Winter has come with its perpetual twilight. Never a sunrise to mark the return of day ; only a little less darkness. And the cold, intense, frightful, piercing through the thickest furskins which nature creates, and the warmest flannels which Rochdale can manufacture. The ship is frozen in, and covered up, as if its tenants had converted it into a tent. Again the summer ; again a broad gleam of ice-besprinkled waters ; again some miles of movement, onward or backward ; again expeditions over the ice on sledges ; again the ever-rolling sun ;—and once more winter. So have a dozen and more of English ships penetrated into that lifeless land—some to return, but others to be crushed between the closing masses of ice—others abandoned in the solid unopening ice-fields, which even the six months' sun could not melt ; the crews seeking to make their way back, and some of them perishing like brave old Franklin and his men, ere they could reach the settlements of the *Esquimaux*, or of the roving Indian tribes of the main-land.

And now Sherard Osborn, that gallant sailor, is dying himself, and is stirring up others, for a new and still grander enterprise in those barren Polar regions. Hitherto, the main object of all our searches in the Arctic regions has been to find a north-west passage—to ascertain if any sea-route extended from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait. And we have found it at last ; but only to know that it can never be sailed by ship—that it is never sufficiently open to allow a vessel, with all the help of steam, to

make its way round the northern coast of the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was a bootless search, no doubt, for any purpose save that of solving a geographical mystery. It was a search handed down to us from the long by-gone time when we sought a western route to the golden realms of Ind through regions not appropriated by the Catholic majesties of Spain and Portugal, whose subjects were then the grand discoverers of the world. Now-a-days all that has passed. Discoverers no longer go forth to find and claim new empires for their sovereigns; but with the pure and simple object of unveiling the face of the earth, and of finding answers in the region of the uninhabitable to questions of science which are unanswerable in the portions of the globe habitable by man. It is Science, not Conquest, which inspires discovery, and profits by its triumphs. And so, leaving the north-west passage as the property of the dead Franklin, and of those who vainly went to his rescue, Sherard Osborn longs to sail for the Pole itself!—to stand upon the deck, with the keel of his ship right above the Pole; the most mysterious, as well as unapproachable, point of the globe; the magnetic wonder; the point furthest from the Equator; the North: where the bright auroras have their birth—whence they spring as from a magnetic fountain, and rising high into the zenith, are seen from afar in flickering streamers by us dwellers in the temperate zone. Such is the goal of Sherard Osborn's ambition. He will not rest until he has planted his foot upon the mysterious Polar spot, where the restless magnetic needle at length ceases to move, and brought back with him an answer to the queries with which our scientific bodies will entrust him. Is it land or sea that covers the apex of our globe? And how do the northern lights look when viewed by one who stands beneath them, on the spot from whence they rise? Do they spring direct from earth, or are they generated, developed, only in the upper sky? And how grand to see the sun never setting! To see it roll round and round the Pole—sight never witnessed by mortal man—sight the strangest which man can witness, and which will make immortal the name of the hardy explorer who first beholds it.

Sherard Osborn longs to sail thither. Well, it is about the only mysterious spot on earth in the search for which this wild, noble spirit of adventure can now exercise itself. Human nature will have its aspirations after the unknown; heroic life will risk or sacrifice itself in the romance of discovery, whether its object be

a New World, or an Utopia. Columbus sailed in search of the fabled Atlantis amid the seas of the West; and after he had made his grand discovery, in all his subsequent voyages he dreamt that Paradise, the long-lost Eden, still lay in its beauty somewhere on the uplands of the new world which he had found. Vasco di Gama aspired to unveil the shape and round the southern extremity of the African continent, successfully braving the stormy Spirit of the Cape. The daring Magellan did the same for Southern America; and passing through the rocky portals of the strait which now bears his name, he and his three ships entered the wide unruffled solitary expanse of the Pacific.

They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea—

sailing for three months and a half over its calm depths without ever sighting land; and at length perishing, in the hour of their completed triumph, by the hands of savages, a victim to their too reckless daring. Thrice did our own Cook circumnavigate the globe, discovering the isles innumerable of the Pacific, to perish at last like Magellan on the sea-beach of one of the Sandwich Islands.

And what of the gallant Raleigh, and the other searchers after Eldorado—the golden region which was believed to lie in the interior of the New World, somewhere between the rivers Orinoco and Amazons—with its rocks so impregnated with the precious ore, that they shone in the sunshine with a dazzling splendour; and its capital, Manoa, whose houses were roofed with plates of gold, and which stood upon a lake called Parima, whose sands were auriferous? All the sufferings of those ardent adventurers—some in search of riches, others with the higher, but still vainer, dream of Eden in their hearts—hardly convinced them that Eldorado was but a fiction of their heated imagination; and many a gallant heart, worthy of a better fate, then fell a victim to its high-wrought fancies amid the wilds of Guiana—

All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Still the passion for adventure lives, bravely, beautifully, madly as ever. Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, take their lives in their hand, and penetrate the hot fever-haunted plains of Africa for the sake of unveiling the sources of the Nile; and are rewarded by seeing the blue gleaming waters of three great lakes—Tanganyika, the Victoria, and the Albert—rolling their waves beneath them, and spreading away in the

blue distance far beyond what eye can reach ; or by viewing the mighty Nile, as it leaps down the Napoleon Falls, and commences its journey to the valley-land of Egypt, which itself has made, and which it yearly irrigates with its fertilising waters. Livingstone, the greatest of African explorers,—a humble-born, high-souled, hard-headed Scotchman,—tired with the inaction and resultlessness of common missionary life, crosses intertropical Africa from sea to sea, discovering in succession Lakes Ngami, Shirwa, and Nyassa, the great Zambesi river, with its Victoria Falls, far exceeding in magnitude, though perhaps not in effect, the falls of Niagara ; not forgetting the Bakota land, “where” (as even the natives say) “there is no hunger !” A blessed land, truly, where the soil is so rich and the climate so benign, that even without aid from the chase—without pursuing the herds of elands and springbok that frequent the plains, or the countless hippopotami who wallow in the rivers (and whose flesh is as the flesh of pork to eat), the soil itself yields to the unskilled and light-sitting labour of the natives an abundance of food. Is not that a land where civilisation should one day arise and blossom into new shapes ?—a land where, all the necessities of life being abundantly supplied to all, the daily bread being ever made sure, the higher part of human nature may develop itself without obstruction, giving reins to thought, imagination, art, unfettered by that reflection which so often stays the hand of genius when about to engage in some royal work—some masterpiece—that ugly chilling whisper—“Meanwhile, how can I live ?” David Livingstone’s name will stand for ever in the front rank of the heroes of discovery. “Some people,” said Livingstone, “may bring against me the charge of enthusiasm. I only wish I deserved it ; for nothing good or great has ever been accomplished in the world without it.”

And now Sherard Osborn wants to sail for the Pole. He has been among the ice-fields before : he makes light of their dangers, and longs to return to them on a still grander mission. Science says that there are two points of greatest cold, one to the west, the other to the east of the Pole—the former about Melville Island, the latter to the north of Siberia—and between them lies regions of lesser cold. “Only eleven degrees of cold at the Pole.” How attractive ! True, such a degree of cold would be described as almost unbearable if it were to befall us even for a day in comfortable London. But it is luxury to men like Osborn and M’Lintock, who have wintered

amid the perennial ice of Melville Island. Only eleven degrees of cold ! Why, what stretches of unfrozen sea there must be in summer,—long reaches of open water running deep into the ice-continent, and leading up to the Pole itself. Nay, is there not the vision of a Polar Sea to lure on bold adventurers in their search ?—a wide basin of sea girdled all round by ice, but ever free and in motion, with its waves breaking into white crests as they roll over the blue expanse, disporting themselves above the very acme of our globe ? That Polar Sea rises before the mental sight of our Arctic explorers as Eldorado did in the imagination of Raleigh and the adventurers of the sixteenth century ; or as the dimly remembered Italian palace, with its gleaming marble pillars, rose up before the yearning heart of Goethe’s Mignon. “Let us go to it !” says Sherard Osborn. What is life without adventure ? What would England be without that daring spirit ? Will not our navy, the right arm of the national strength in war, grow weak and palsied if we do not find scope for the adventurous spirit of both men and officers ?

And hundreds in our navy—both quarter-deck and fore-castle men—are ready to respond to his appeal. Volunteers are ready in far greater numbers than can be taken. But our wise common-sense journals moralise beautifully on the subject, and say No. Yet British spirit and pluck say Yes !—a hundred times yes ! Nobody wants all England to go a-touring to the Pole. Nobody wants Paterfamilias to risk his valuable limbs and life among the icebergs. If such were the proposal, or anything like it, our very sensible moralisers would be right. But what would be eminently absurd in that case, is not at all absurd in the case of special men. Human nature is endless in its diversities ; and each nature has a use and speciality of its own. In almost every class of men, we find some who scorn ignoble ease, or the respectable jog-trot of life, and who pant for noble work and high deeds, as the war-horse neighs at the sound of the trumpet, and longs to join in the glittering rushing whirlwind of death. What do our young officers prize like the perilous honour of leading a forlorn-hope ? On what do they pride themselves so much as being the first to scale the rampart, or mount a breach, though the gap bristles with the bayonets of the foe ? Just like young La Touche, the other day in India, who fell dead in the moment of victory, after daringly ascending and storming a steep height held by a band of nameless Wagheer robbers and vagabonds. So also do statesmen like Lord Derby—who

give up splendid ease and cultivated tastes, and the repose which advanced life may fitly claim, for the often thankless labour and turmoil of helping to steer the vessel of the State, and influence for good the fortunes of their country. In the same high spirit, too, acts the literary man who devotes himself passionately to some great subject—a work to instruct or delight his fellows for generations to come; or to revolutionise thought on some important subject, and help on the progress of the world: living for his work, unthanked, unpaid for it by the world; and passing away, leaving a name that will swell grandly on his children's ears, but of which not even an echo reaches him—save when his own soul, in a passing moment of enthusiasm, speaks so loudly within him, that it seems as if an actual voice were falling upon his ear.

Enterprise—Adventure—Discovery! Do we not, all of us, ever and anon grow weary of the monotonous jog-trot of life—the daily desk, the daily career, whatsoever it be? Do not hundreds of our countrymen every year seek excitement among the wild mountains and fiords of Norway; or in exploring the perilous heights of the Alps?—crossing the crevasse-beset glaciers, defying the avalanche, and daring icy ascents or descents, where the slipping of a foot would hurry one to instant destruction, down the smooth slopes and over the yawning precipice? Wherever there is a danger to be braved, a difficulty to be overcome, thither our tourists go. Any virgin peak in Europe or Asia tempts them; or they sail up the forest solitudes of the Amazons, as if they were boating on the Thames; or set out from Simla to wander northward among the Himalayas, crossing the highest mountain-passes of the world, where the path of the traveller is several thousand feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc—where the faces are scorched by the glaring light into blackness—the head throbs and grows dizzy—and the heart can hardly withstand the rapidity of its pulsations. Every year, in truth, Englishmen encounter, for mere pleasure and excitement's sake, dangers quite as great as would await them in the Arctic regions. To hundreds it would be little different from a holiday tour. "Come take a holiday with me in the Arctic regions," cries our bluff and hearty sailor-captain. "Start for your long vacation, and let us picnic at the Pole. And if we don't find a pole there after all, we'll hoist our flagstaff and set the Union Jack of England a flying on the breeze."

And here we are reminded of an improvised final we once heard given to the tales of

Baron Munchausen—given in answer to the unevadable demands of certain juveniles who would not hear of the story being at an end as long as the redoubtable Baron was still alive—how at length the Baron, being hard pressed by a polar bear, (the very one we now see eating flounders in the Zoological Gardens,) climbed up the Pole and seated himself safely on the top: where he remains to this day—*Sedet aeternumque sedebit*. Perhaps Sherard Osborn may still find the wonderful man there, in a state of perfect preservation, teeth, hair, clothes and all—like the Siberian mammoths embedded in the ice-mud of the Obi and Lena—and bring him home for presentation to the British Museum or Madame Tussaud's. Or if the bluff sailor were but half as clever as the Baron was, possibly he might bring him alive again by a little judicious thawing; just as the baron's horn, which would not sound in the Swiss pass, owing to the note being frozen up within it by the cold, suddenly, to the amazement of mine host and party, broke forth, "Turrng, turrng, turrng!" when hung up beside the kitchen fire!

MY LANDLORD.

THERE is a snug inn up the river to which I retire to take mine ease, after the exertion of a day's angling with old Isaac the fisherman. This little hostelry, though not actually on the river, is only some few minutes distant from that part of it where are moored the punts and boats necessary to our pastime; and a pleasant walk down a narrow lane, which turns off the high road, and another turn to the right, through Mead Grove, will take you straight to the Elephant, where John Markus invites a trial of his superior accommodation for man or beast, his carefully selected stock of wines and spirits, and the special advantages he affords for the entertainment of anglers; being only two minutes' walk (three less than I've ever been able to do it in, running at full speed) from Curfewton Bridge, and ten from the railway. Without being a rich or splendid building from the outside, it is still in comfortable case, being of the Cockneyonic style of architecture, built of brick, square in form, with a pyramidal roof of slate, from which spring squab stacks of chimneys. But when you have rattled at the front door, (which is always kept locked,) and dear old John Markus appears on the threshold to welcome you, with Mrs. Markus smiling in the back-ground, and when you have cast a glance into the clean,

bright little hall, you may tell in a moment that you will be in clover there, provided, which you will learn later, you are a worthy brother of the angle, skilled in the use of a spittoon, possess no dogs, and, in short, submit generally to the despotism of cleanliness which is there imposed upon you. For who would willingly offend that admirable woman, Mrs. Markus, by insulting the purity of her spotless boards? As you have wrapped your wearied limbs in the sheets where the perfumes of yellow soap and lavender struggle for the mastery, has not your conscience often smitten you, O Dufferius, for that lapse of gravy on the clean table-cloth, specially deplored in your honour? And have I not seen my fat Welsh friend, Ap-Boel, descend pale to breakfast because, by reason of the displacement of the water in his bath, (*teterrima belli causa*,) he had inundated the sacred planks of his room?

It is indeed a clean, cheerful little hostelry; but even if it were not, the amiable character and eccentric genius of mine host would amply compensate for any shortcomings. Markus is not a native of Curfewton; he hails from the western country, but left it in early childhood to be apprenticed to his uncle, who had a large business in a pretty village on the Thames, where he wooed and won the excellent woman, his wife. What his looks were in his youth, I can hardly judge from present appearances, as he is over sixty, stout, hale and hearty, and would not be unlike a peg-top, if it had two legs and a round head at the top of it. His description of himself is, that he never was good-looking, but always uncommon genteel; but he has, at all events, the good looks which a jolly, honest, good-tempered countenance bestows, and which not even repeated attacks of rheumatic gout have been able to impair.

The amusing side of his character is his extraordinary belief in himself. There is nothing he can't do, except fail. I have heard him at various times declare that he could make an Atlantic cable that would defy the effects of water, time, and even bungling, in laying it down; he has stated that he could invent an armour-plated ship that would withstand all the attacks of modern artillery; and the next moment proposed that I should use my influence in bringing under the notice of the Ordnance office a gun that would sink any iron-clad that ever was or could be built. On my asking him how he reconciled these two statements, unabashed he replied, "Ah, you want to know too much!" so I fear the valuable

secret is likely to die with him, unless some member of the Government would like to take the matter in hand. Whatever doubts I may entertain on the subject, I am certain Mr. Markus firmly believes he is capable of performing both the above feats.

As a doctor, he eclipses all others of that profession in the efficacy and simplicity of his remedies, or rather remedy, for he has but one, which is turps. Six drops of that spirit on a lump of sugar will cure everything. Stay! once, I grieve to say, Mrs. Markus was sick unto death; the best advice of Curfewton had pronounced nought of avail save change of air, and rest from business. But this would have involved absence, and Markus couldn't bear the thought of parting from his spouse, even for a time, much less for eternity. "So I says, Old woman, I must take you in hand; these rubbishing doctors ain't no account with their muck and nonsense; so I goes to Bolus, the chemist, and asks for as much calomel as will cover a sixpence. Law, Mr. Markus, says Bolus, why, it be enough to kill a horse! Stuff and nonsense, Bolus, I says, I knows better; it wouldn't kill a jackass, let alone a horse, and if you doubt it, take it yourself and try. So he gives it me, all offended-like, and I put it into a nice black-draught, and made the missus swallow it, and next morning she got up as well as could be. Now, them d—d fools, you know, would have given her the powder over night, and the draught in the morning, and where would she have been now?" I admitted the novelty of the proceeding, and am also free to confess that Mrs. Markus has, from that day to this, been in enjoyment of perfect health.

I asked him once to which side of politics he inclined. He said he had not given his mind much to the subject; all he knew was that he never thought of members of Parliament without likening them to a drove of pigs in a farm-yard. They kept grunting and shoving, and grunting again to get into the barn; but as soon as some did get in, they went off quietly to sleep, and never thought anything more of the unfortunate outsiders.

Markus is a good and keen angler; indeed, he is indebted to the ardour with which he has always pursued the gentle art in all sorts of weathers, for the "rheumatiz" which racks his limbs at certain periods. Within the last five years he and I have often risen at three o'clock of a summer's morning to seek our favourite barbel hole in Curfewton Mead, and many a big fish we have landed in each other's company.

One November morning he went down there by himself, and hooked a carp that must have been as short and plump as himself, for he brought it over the net; but its body would not bend into it, and when it recovered its breath a little, it gave a great flop, and broke away, leaving a scale the size of a florin in the net, which was duly forwarded to me by post. The brute must have weighed twelve pounds; and Mrs. Markus told me afterwards that the old boy had come home all of a tremble, shedding tears of bitter disappointment at not having been able to send me so fine a specimen.

Markus is old Isaac's landlord, and has a sovereign contempt for his skill. I take a wicked pleasure in luring Isaac to the Elephant of an evening, having previously well ground-baited him with promises of beer, and hounding one on against the other. Isaac sneers at him as "one of those hamaturing duffers, what thinks they knows all about it, and ain't no use to us poor fishermen, and 'ad much best go;" and Markus apostrophises Isaac as "an old humbug who gets his living by telling a parcel of lies to a pack of d—d stupid Cockneys;" totally heedless of my presence, and careless of wounding my self-esteem.

A friend of mine and I once played him a trick, which he has not forgotten, if he has forgiven it. The sport had been very bad for some time, and, one evening, when we had returned with the usual ill-luck, and were discussing the probable cause of it, Mr. Markus said,—"Ah, I can catch 'em when nobody else can't, whether they bite or no." "In a net, I suppose you mean?" I said. "Not a bit of it, sir," taking a suck at his pipe,—"with rod and line." "Bosh," said my friend. "Well, you shall see to-morrow morning if I don't hooks 'em out." And bets of grog are made on the result.

The next day we go to the bridge, off which the experiment is to be made; and my friend and I, on pretence of fishing from a punt, put off from the bank, and get quietly underneath the arch, where Mr. Markus can't see us. The tackle is already rigged out, and consists of a sort of infernal machine of triple hooks, with a heavy bullet attached to the trace; the object being to drop it amongst the fish, which generally lie in cart-loads there, and then, by a sharp jerk, to hook one foul—it is needless to say a most illegal and unsportsman-like proceeding. Presently, the hooks slowly descend into the water, and, as the line is paid out, one of us gently lays hold of it and draws it off the reel, while the other fixes the hooks into the punt-pole. When Markus thinks enough line

is out, he begins to wind it up till it gets taut, feels something, gives a jerk, "I've got him," he cries. "My eye, he is a one—er;"—over goes the punt-pole into the water, Mr. Markus playing it splendidly, the line whizzing off the reel as we pull the pole back through the arch, where he can't see it, with a commotion in the water as of a whale; then we allow him to wind it up till it threatens to appear through the arch, when whirr, whirr, whirr! back comes the pole, taking out plenty of line, and we hear suppressed exclamations of surprise and delight from above; till after about ten minutes' sport, and when the pole is nearly exhausted, and allowing itself to be wound up slowly, we cut the line at the moment the line is very tight, and Mr. Markus must be congratulating himself on the big fish he has caught, and we confiscate the hooks.

But the fun was in the evening, when, sitting with the gravest of faces, we listened to the account of the fish he had battled with and lost, and to his conjectures as to its weight, size, and description. Surely, if ever there was an occasion when a man might be forgiven for giving full play to his imagination, it was then, when he firmly believed he had had to do with a monster of the deep, till we produced the hooks, and recounted what manner of beast it was he had struggled with. I don't know whether he was most angry at the trick which had been played upon him, or disappointed at having his aspirations so rudely shattered.

Our evenings are spent, generally, in the parlour, a comfortable, uncarpeted room, neatly fitted with Windsor chairs and spittoons; on the walls hang the prints representing the fishing exploits of Mr. Briggs, the gift of the present writer; and though there is one which shows that gentleman perch-fishing under disadvantageous circumstances, which is the exact likeness of a back view of Mr. Markus, I never could get him to acknowledge it, though it leaps to the eyes even of Mrs. Markus. Or, if alone, I sit in the bar, because it is as good as a play to hear Markus talk to the rustics when they come in for their evening draught. Being looked upon as an oracle by the neighbours, he is consulted on all subjects requiring a ready and decisive opinion, and I've never known him at a loss.

What the fearful results must be at times, I have never had the courage to inquire; but I have yet to learn that turps is an effective agent in scarlet-fever, and that a mustard-poultice applied to an arm over which a kettle of boiling-water has been spilt, will prove an agreeable emulcent.

TABLE TALK.

THOSE who are fond of logical entanglements, and can appreciate their felicitous unravelment, will be pleased at a trait recorded in proof of the acuteness of old Mendelssohn the philosopher, as the father of the great composer was called. In his presence some young sophist propounded this paradox: If the saying that there is no rule without an exception be true, how fares it with the truth of that maxim itself? Mendelssohn's way out of the dilemma was that, in the case in point, the rule was its own exception. It takes some time to see it when you are not accustomed to dialectics, but the answer is perfect.

A PRACTICAL minded parson of my acquaintance, one of the old school, infected with neither of the modern spiritual zymotics, amused me with the relation of how he had dealt with an inquiring spirit among his rustic parishioners, who affected certain theological doubts, and wishing the clergyman in question to resolve them, waited upon him after service in the vestry. "Well, my man, what brings you here?" asks my friend. "If you please, sir, I want you to explain to me what a miracle is: I can't quite make it clear, like." "You can't, eh? Well, just step outside for a minute, and I'll talk to you presently." Out went the bumpkin, and patiently waited, thinking to have made as profound an impression on the parson as the Zulu on the bishop of Natal. Presently out crept the minister, noiselessly, behind his parishioner's back, and dealt him a sound cuff on his doubt-haunted numskull. "Holloa! what's that for?" exclaims the sceptical Corydon. "Did you feel that?" calmly inquired the parson. "Feel it—dang'd if I didn't!" "Well, my man, if you hadn't felt it, that would have been a miracle—good morning:" and away went my friend, leaving the fellow thoroughly satisfied apparently with this striking illustration of a scriptural difficulty, for he never returned to the charge.

I NEVER see in the papers the mention of one of those diabolical attempts to place obstructions in the way of railway trains, which have of late been so alarmingly frequent, without being reminded of a passage in a letter of Charles Lamb to his old and eccentric friend George Dyer, called forth by the then prevalent occurrence of rick firing. I imagine the demoniac attempts, suggested by our improved

mode of travelling, and now aimed at life rather than the means of life, spring from much the same motives as those which Lamb so philosophically discerned, and set forth with such power of quaint and picturesque eloquence in the passage I will now give:—"It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly they jogged on with as little reflection as horses. The whistling ploughman went cheek by jowl with his brother that neighed. Now the biped carries a box of phosphorus in his leather breeches, and in the dead of night the half-illuminated beast steals his magic potion into a cleft in a barn and half the country is grinning with new fires. Farmer Graystock said something to the touchy rustic that he did not relish, and he writes his dictates in flames. What a power to intoxicate his crude brains just muddlingly awake to perceive that something is wrong in the social system—what a hellish faculty above gunpowder! Now the rich and poor are fairly pitted. We shall see who can hang or burn fastest. It is not always revenge that stimulates these kindlings. There is a love of exerting mischief. Think of a dis-respected clod that was trod into earth; that was nothing: on a sudden by damned arts refined into an exterminating angel, devouring the fruits of the earth and their growers in a mass of fire. What a new existence. What a temptation above Lucifers. Would clod be anything but a clod if he could resist it. Why here was a spectacle last night for a whole country, a bonfire visible to all London, alarming her guilty towers, and shaking the Monument with an ague fit, all done by a little vial of phosphor in a clown's fob. How he must grin and shake his empty noddle in clouds. The Vulcanian epicure! Alas, can we ring the bells backwards. There is a march of science, who shall beat the drums for its retreat." Touching the same subject a friend of mine has a theory that there is a more direct and less subtle agency at work inducing the same fiendish results, namely, the insurance tickets which a traveller may now provide himself with for a few pence, and enabling him to make over to a friend, or leave to his heirs, a claim for a considerable sum of money should he lose his life through an accident during the journey. Suppose it known that A. makes a practice of taking an insurance ticket, as many do before starting on a railway journey, and you certainly interest B. his heir, or the friend he has authorised to claim the sum insured, in the occurrence of an accident to the train A. travels in; and according to B.'s nature and necessity this

interest may overwhelm all other considerations, and lead to an attempt to add something to the chances of a calamity.

THE fallibility of an informer's testimony in cases of murder, even when corroborated by presumptive evidence, has seldom been more strongly exemplified than in an Irish trial which occurred at the Kilkenny assizes more than forty years ago. Mr. Marum, a small landed proprietor, and brother to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, riding home with his son from the city late one evening, was, when within a mile of his house, fired at from behind the hedge at either side of the road. The old man fell dead from his horse; the son escaped. At the following assize six men were put on their trial for the murder of Marum. Among the prisoners were two young well-to-do farmers, brothers, named Marshall, whose characters, previous to the accusation, had been unassailable. Their arrest on such a charge created an extraordinary sensation. They assured their friends, however, that they could bring forward irrefutable proofs of their absence from the scene of the murder when it took place. So certain did they make of acquittal that they invited a few friends home to supper on the evening of the trial. The informer swore point-blank against all the prisoners. The whole six had participated in the crime, and all had fired shots at either father or son. The counsel for the prosecution, in confirmation of the informer's evidence, relied upon the fact that two guns, which the informer swore had been borrowed from him by the Marshalls, were found concealed on their premises, and on the testimony of another witness who overheard the Marshalls use threatening words to old Marum a few days before the murder. Both this witness and the informer were submitted to a severe and searching cross-examination without their testimony being shaken in the least. All the prisoners called witnesses to prove alibis. The witnesses for the Marshalls swore positively that they were miles away from the neighbourhood when the murder took place. This evidence remained untouched in cross-examination. In every other case the attempt to prove an alibi was defeated by the Crown counsel. Every witness broke down lamentably. The counsel for the prisoners were paralysed, and made but a feeble defence. The Judge's charge was decidedly adverse to the accused. It was evening when the jury retired to consider their verdict. At the end of two hours they came into court to ask a question. They

could agree only as to three of the prisoners. They were sent back, and were so much at variance as to the verdict, that they were locked up for the night. The Judge was summoned to the Court-house at eight o'clock next morning. The verdict was Guilty against all the prisoners. They were sentenced to be hanged in eight-and-forty hours on the spot where the murder had been committed. Two days after the trial, about five o'clock in the morning, a large concourse of people had assembled round the county-jail. Three companies of soldiers surrounded three carts drawn by one horse each. All at once, the prison gates opened, and the condemned men advanced from the interior of the jail towards the carts, two and two, each couple headed by a priest, who read aloud the prayers for the dead; the hangman, masked, following behind. The Marshalls were in front. As they approached, the elder brother bounded into the nearest cart, and, standing erect, thus spoke aloud, and in a firm voice:—"I am about to appear in the presence of my Maker. I declare most solemnly I am as innocent, in act or thought, of the murder of Marum, as the child unborn, so help me, God!" The younger brother leaped into the same cart, and made a similar declaration. The couple who followed protested their innocence in the same emphatic manner; so did one of the third pair; but his companion ascended the cart without making a sign. This man's name was Campion. It was afterwards recollected that he was one of the three whom some of the jury at first felt inclined to acquit. The cavalcade, preceded by the sheriff, went on its way towards the place of execution. It was followed by a large crowd. Two gallows had been erected close to the locality of the murder, with three nooses dangling from the transverse beam of each. Two carts boarded over were placed beneath the beams. Just as the hangman notified to the convicts to ascend the carts, Campion called the sheriff to him. "You are going to hang five innocent men," he said. "Not one of these had hand, act, or part in the murder; I alone of the six am guilty." The sheriff shook his head. "I swear it to Almighty God!" he lifted up his face and spoke with frightful vehemence. "Their blood will be upon your head," he cried. "Save them, save them!" "It is too late, the law must take its course." Campion let his head drop upon his breast, and doggedly ascended the steps leading to the platform. The next instant the cart was withdrawn, and the six men were suspended in the air.



THE ORCHARD.

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CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LIII.



THAT curious compound the human heart, a respectable motive is sometimes connected with a criminal act. And it was so with Joseph Wylie: he had formed an attachment to Nancy Rouse, and her price was two thousand pounds.

This Nancy Rouse was a character. She was General Rolleston's servant for many years; her place was the kitchen; but she was a woman of such restless activity, and so wanting in the proper pride of a servant, that she would help a housemaid, or a lady's maid, or do anything almost, except be idle. To use her own words, she was one as couldn't abide to sit mum-chance. That fatal foe to domestic industry, the *London Journal*, fluttered in vain down her area, for she could not read. She supported a sick mother out of her wages, aided by a few presents of money and clothes from Helen Rolleston, who had a great regard for Nancy, and knew what a hard fight she had to keep a sick woman out of her twenty pounds a year.

In love, Nancy was unfortunate; her buxom looks, and sterling virtues, were balanced by a provoking sagacity, and an irritating habit of speaking her mind. She humbled her lovers' vanity one after another, and they fled. Her heart smarted more than once.

Nancy was ambitious; and her first rise in life took place as follows:—When the Rollestons went to Australia, she had a good cry

at parting with Helen; but there was no help for it: she could not leave her mother. However, she told Helen she could not stomach any other service, and, since she must be parted, was resolved to better herself. This phrase is sometimes drolly applied by servants, because they throw Independence into the scale. In Nancy's case it meant setting up as a washerwoman. Helen opened her hazel eyes with astonishment at this, the first round in the ladder of Nancy's ambition; however, she gave her ten pounds, and thirty introductions, twenty-five of which missed fire, and with the odd five Nancy set up her tub in the suburbs, and by her industry; geniality, and frugality, got on tolerably well. In due course she rented a small house backed by a small green, and advertised for a gentleman lodger. She soon got one; and soon got rid of him. However, she was never long without one.

Nancy met Joseph Wylie in company: and, as sailors are brisk wooers, he soon became her acknowledged suitor, and made some inroad into her heart, though she kept on the defensive, warned by past experience.

Wylie's love-making had a droll feature about it; it was most of it carried on in the presence of three washerwomen, because Nancy had no time to spare from her work, and Wylie had no time to lose in his wooing, being on shore for a limited period. And this absence of superfluous delicacy on his part gave him an unfair advantage over the tallow-chandler's foreman, his only rival at present. Many a sly thrust, and many a hearty laugh, from his female auditors, greeted his amorous eloquence: but, for all that, they sided with him, and Nancy felt her importance, and brightened along with her mates at the sailor's approach, which was generally announced by a cheerful hail. He was good company, to use Nancy's own phrase, and she accepted him as a sweet-heart on probation. But, when Mr. Wylie urged her to marry him, she demurred, and gave a string of reasons, all of which the sailor and his allies, the subordinate washerwomen, combated in full conclave.

Then she spoke out, "My lad, the wash-tub is a saddle as won't carry double. I've seen poverty enough in my mother's house, it shan't come in at my door to drive love out o' window. Two comes together with just enough for two; next year instead of two they are three, and one of the three can't work and wants a servant extra, and by-and-by there is half-a-dozen, and the money coming in at the spigot and going out at the bung-hole."

One day, in the middle of his wooing, she laid down her iron, and said, "You come along with me. And I wonder how much work will be done whilst my back is turned, for you three gabbling and wondering whatever I'm agoing to do with this here sailor."

She took Wylie a few yards down the street, and showed him a large house with most of the windows broken. "There," said she, "there's a sight for a seafaring man. That's in Chancery."

"Well, it's better to be there than in H——," said Wylie, meaning to be sharp.

"Wait till you've tried 'em both," said Nancy.

Then she took him to the back of the house, and showed him a large garden attached to it.

"Now, Joseph," said she, "I've showed you a lodging-house and a drying-ground; and I'm a cook and a clear starcher, and I'm wild to keep lodgers and do for 'em, washing and all. Then, if their foul linen goes out, they follows it: the same if they has their meat from the cook-shop. Four hundred pounds a year lies there a-waiting for me. I've been at them often to let me them premises: but they says no, we have got no horder from the court to let. Which the court would rather see 'em go to rack an' ruin for nothing, than let 'em to an honest woman as would pay the rent punctual, and make her penny out of 'em, and nobody none the worse. And to sell them, the price is two thousand pounds, and if I had it I'd give it this minit: but where are the likes of you and me to get two thousand pounds? But the lawyer he says, 'Miss Rouse, from *you* one thousand down, and the rest on mortgage at £45 the year,' which it is dirt cheap, I say. So now, my man, when that house is mine, I'm yours. I'm putting by for it o' my side. If you means all you say, why not save a bit o' yours? Once I get that house and garden, you needn't go to sea no more: nor you shan't. If I am to be bothered with a man, let me know where to put my finger on him at all hours, and not lie shivering and shaking at every window as creaks, and him

out at sea. And if you are too proud to drive the linen in a light cart, why I could pay a man." In short she told him plainly she would not marry till she was above the world; and the road to above the world was through that great battered house and seedy garden, in Chancery.

Now it may appear a strange coincidence that Nancy's price to Wylie was two thousand pounds, and Wylie's to Wardlaw was two thousand pounds: but the fact is it was a forced coincidence. Wylie, bargaining with Wardlaw, stood out for two thousand pounds, because that was the price of the house and garden and Nancy.

Now when Wylie returned to England safe after his crime and his perils, he comforted himself with the reflection that Nancy would have her house and garden, and he should have Nancy.

But young Wardlaw lay on his sick bed; his father was about to return to the office, and the gold disguised as eopper was ordered up to the cellars in Fenchurch Street. There, in all probability, the contents would be examined ere long, the fraud exposed, and other unpleasant consequences might follow over and above the loss of the promised £2000.

Wylie felt very disconsolate, and went down to Nancy Rouse depressed in spirits. To his surprise she received him with more affection than ever, and, reading his face in a moment, told him not to fret.

"It will be so in your way of life," said this homely comforter; "your sort comes home empty handed one day, and money in both pockets the next. I'm glad to see you home at all, for I've been in care about you. You're very welcome, Joe. If you are come home honest and sober, why that is the next best thing to coming home rich."

Wylie hung his head and pondered these words; and well he might, for he had not come home either so sober or so honest as he went out, but quite as poor.

However his elastic spirits soon revived in Nancy's sunshine: and he became more in love with her than ever.

But when, presuming upon her affection, he urged her to marry him, and trust to Providence, she laughed in his face.

"Trust to himprovidence you mean," said she: "no, no, Joseph. If you are unlucky, I must be lucky, before you and me can come together."

Then Wylie resolved to have his £2000 at all risks. He had one great advantage over a landsman who has committed a crime: he

could always go to sea, and find employment, first in one ship, and then in another. Terra firma was not one of the necessities of life to him.

He came to Wardlaw's office to feel his way : and talked guardedly to Michael Penfold about the loss of the Proserpine. His apparent object was to give information : his real object was to gather it. He learned that old Wardlaw was very much occupied with fitting out a steamer : that the forty chests of copper had actually come up from the Shannon and were under their feet at that moment, and that young Wardlaw was desperately ill and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw's illness. Yet Wylie detected that young Wardlaw's continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fidgeted, and washed the air with his hands, and with simple cunning urged Wylie to go and see him about the Proserpine : and get him to the office, if it was only for an hour or two. "Tell him we are all sixes and sevens, Mr. Wylie : all at sixes and sevens."

"Well," said Wylie, affecting a desire to oblige, "give me a line to him : for I've been twice and could never get in."

Michael wrote an earnest line to say that Wardlaw senior had been hitherto much occupied in fitting out the Springbok, but that he was going into the books next week. What was to be done ?

The note was received ; but Arthur declined to see the bearer. Then Wylie told the servant it was Joseph Wylie, on a matter of life and death. "Tell him I must stand at the stair-foot and hallo it out, if he won't hear it any other way."

This threat obtained his admission to Arthur Wardlaw. The sailor found him on a sofa, in a darkened room, pale and worn to a shadow.

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Wylie, firmly, "you mustn't think I don't feel for you ; but, sir, we are gone too far to stop, you and me. There are two sides to this business ; it is £150,000 for you, and £2000 for me, or it is——" — "What do I care for money now ?" groaned Wardlaw. "Let it all go to the devil, who tempted me to destroy her I loved better than money, better than all the world."—"Well, but hear me out," said Wylie. "I say it is £150,000 to you and £2000 to me, or else it is twenty years' penal servitude to both on us."

"Penal servitude !" And the words roused the merchant from his lethargy like a shower-bath.

"You know that well enough," said Wylie.

"Why, 'twas a hanging matter a few years ago. Come, come, there are no two ways ; you must be a man, or we are undone."

Fear prevailed in that timorous breast, which even love of money had failed to rouse. Wardlaw sat up, staring wildly, and asked Wylie what he was to do.

"First let me ring for a bottle of that old brandy of yours."

The brandy was got. Wylie induced him to drink a wineglassful neat, and then to sit at the table and examine the sailors' declaration, and the log. "I'm no great scholar," said he. "I warn't a going to lay these before the underwriters, till you had overhauled them. There, take another drop now,—'twill do you good,—while I draw up this thundering blind."

Thus encouraged and urged, the broken-hearted schemer languidly compared the seamen's declaration with the log ; and, even in his feeble state of mind and body, made an awkward discovery at once.

"Why, they don't correspond !" said he.

"What don't correspond ?"

"Your men's statement and the ship's log. The men speak of one heavy gale after another, in January, and the pumps going ; but the log says, 'A puff of wind from the N.E.' And here, again, the entry exposes your exaggeration ; one branch of our evidence contradicts the other ; this comes of trying to prove too much. You must say the log was lost : went down with the ship."

"How can I ?" cried Wylie. "I have told too many I had got it safe at home."

"Why did you say that ? What madness !"

"Why were you away from your office at such a time ? How can I know everything and do everything ? I counted on you for the head-work ashore. Can't ye think of any way to square the log to that part of our tale ? might paste in a leaf or two, eh ?"

"That would be discovered at once. You have committed an irremediable error. What broad strokes this Hudson makes. He must have written with the stump of a quill."

Wylie received this last observation with a look of contempt for the mind that could put so trivial a question in so great an emergency.

"Are you quite sure poor Hudson is dead ?" asked Wardlaw, in a low voice.

"Dead ! Don't I tell you I saw him die !" said Wylie, trembling all of a sudden.

He took a glass of brandy, and sent it flying down his throat.

"Leave the paper with me," said Arthur, languidly, "and tell Penfold I'll crawl to the

office to-morrow. You can meet me there ; I shall see nobody else."

Wylie called next day at the office, and was received by Penfold, who had now learned the cause of Arthur's grief, and ushered the visitor in to him with looks of benevolent concern. Arthur was seated like a lunatic, pale and motionless : on the table before him was a roast fowl and a salad, which he had forgotten to eat. His mind appeared to alternate between love and fraud, for, as soon as he saw Wylie he gave himself a sort of shake, and handed Wylie the log and the papers.

"Examine them ; they agree better with each other now."

Wylie examined the log, and started with surprise and superstitious terror. "Why, Hiram's ghost has been here at work !" said he. "It is his very handwriting."

"Hush !" said Wardlaw ; "not so loud. Will it do ?"

"The writing will do, first rate ; but anyone can see this log has never been to sea."

Inspired by the other's ingenuity, he then, after a moment's reflection, emptied the salt-cellar into a plate, and poured a little water over it. He wetted the leaves of the log with this salt-water, and dog's-eared the whole book.

Wardlaw sighed. "See what expedients we are driven to," said he. He then took a little soot from the chimney, and mixed it with salad oil. He applied some of this mixture to the parchment cover, rubbed it off, and by much manipulation gave it a certain mellow look, as if it had been used by working hands.

Wylie was armed with these materials, and furnished with money, to keep his sailors to their tale, in case of their being examined.

Arthur begged, in his present affliction, to be excused from going personally into the matter of the *Proserpine* ; and said that Penfold had the ship's log, and the declaration of the survivors, which the insurers could inspect, previously to their being deposited at Lloyd's.

The whole thing wore an excellent face, and nobody found a peg to hang suspicion on so far.

After this preliminary, and the deposit of the papers, nothing was hurried ; the merchant, absorbed in his grief, seemed to be forgetting to ask for his money. Wylie remonstrated ; but Arthur convinced him they were still on too ticklish ground to show any hurry without exciting suspicion.

And so passed two weary months, during which Wylie fell out of Nancy Rouse's good graces, for idling about doing nothing.

"Be you a waiting for the plum to fall into your mouth, young man ?" said she.

The demand was made on the underwriters, and Arthur contrived that it should come from his father. The firm was of excellent repute, and had paid hundreds of insurances, without a loss to the underwriters. The *Proserpine* had foundered at sea ; several lives had been lost, and of the survivors, one had since died, owing to the hardships he had endured. All this betokened a genuine calamity. Nevertheless, one ray of suspicion rested on the case, at first. The captain of the *Proserpine* had lost a great many ships ; and, on the first announcement, one or two were resolved to sift the matter on that ground alone. But, when five eye-witnesses, suppressing all mention of the word "drink," declared that Captain Hudson had refused to leave the vessel, and described his going down with the ship, from an obstinate and too exalted sense of duty, every chink was closed ; and, to cut the matter short, the insurance money was paid to the last shilling, and Benson, one of the small underwriters, ruined. Nancy Rouse, who worked for Mrs. Benson, lost 18s. 6d., and was dreadfully put out about it.

Wylie heard her lamentations, and grinned ; for now his £2000 was as good as in his pocket, he thought. Great was his consternation when Arthur told him that every shilling of the money was forestalled, and that the entire profit of the transaction was yet to come, viz., by the sale of the gold-dust.

"Then, sell it," said Wylie.

"I dare not. The affair must cool down before I can appear as a seller of gold : and even then, I must dribble it out with great caution. Thank Heaven it is no longer in those cellars."

"Where is it, then ?"

"That is my secret. You will get your two thousand all in good time ; and, if it makes you one tenth part as wretched as it has made me, you will thank me for all these delays."

At last Wylie lost all patience, and began to show his teeth ; and then Arthur Wardlaw paid him his £2000 in forty crisp notes.

He crammed them into a side pocket, and went down triumphant to Nancy Rouse. Through her parlour window he saw the benign countenance of Michael Penfold. He then remembered Penfold had told him, some time before, that he was going to lodge with her, as soon as the present lodger should go.

This, however, rather interrupted Wylie's design of walking in and chucking the two

thousand pounds into Nancy's lap. On the contrary, he shoved them deeper down in his pocket, and resolved to see the old gentleman to bed, and then produce his pelf, and fix the wedding-day with Nancy.

He came in, and found her crying, and Penfold making weak efforts to console her. The tea-things were on the table, and Nancy's cup half emptied.

Wylie came in, and said,—“Why, what is the matter now?”

He said this mighty cheerfully, as one who carried the panacea for all ills in his pocket, and a medicine peculiarly suited to Nancy Rouse's constitution. But he had not quite fathomed her yet.

As soon as ever she saw him she wiped her eyes, and asked him, grimly, what he wanted there. Wylie stared at the reception; but replied stoutly that it was pretty well known by this time what he wanted in that quarter.

“Well, then,” said Nancy, “Want will be your master. Why did you never tell me Miss Helen was in that ship? my sweet, dear mistress as was, that I feel for like a mother. You left her to drown, and saved your own great useless carcass, and drowned she is, poor dear. Get out o' my sight, do.”

“It wasn't my fault, Nancy,” said Wylie, earnestly. “I didn't know who she was, and I advised her to come with us; but she would go with that parson chap.”

“What parson chap? What a liar you be! She is Wardlaw's sweetheart, and don't care for no parsons. If you didn't know you was to blame, why didn't you tell me a word of your own accord? You kep dark. Do you call yourself a man, to leave my poor young lady to shift for herself?—”

“She had as good a chance to live as I had,” said Wylie, sullenly.

“No she hadn't; you took care o' yourself. Well, since you are so fond of yourself, keep yourself *to* yourself, and don't come here no more. After this, I hate the sight on ye. You are like the black dog in my eyes, and always will be. Poor, dear Miss Helen! Ah, I cried when she left—my mind misgave me; but little I thought she would perish in the salt seas, and all for want of a man in the ship. If you had gone out again after in the steamboat—Mr. Penfold have told me all about it—I'd believe you weren't so much to blame. But no; lolloping and looking about all day for months. There's my door, Joe Wylie; I can't cry comfortable before you, as had a hand in drowning of her. You and me is parted for ever. I'll die as I am, or I'll marry a *man*;

which you ain't one, nor nothing like one. Is he waiting for you to hold the door open, Mr. Penfolds? or don't I speak plain enough? Them as I gave the sack to afore you didn't want so much telling.”

“Well, I'm going,” said Wylie, sullenly; then, with considerable feeling, “This is hard lines.”

But Nancy was inexorable, and turned him out, with the £2000 in his pocket.

He took the notes out, and flung them furiously down in the dirt.

Then he did what everybody does under similar circumstances: he picked them up again, and pocketed them along with the other dirt they had gathered.

Next day he went down to the docks, and looked out for a ship: he soon got one, and signed as second mate. She was to sail in a fortnight.

But, before a week was out, the banknotes had told so upon him, that he was no longer game to go to sea. But the captain he had signed with was a Tartar, and not to be trifled with. He consulted a knowing friend, and that friend advised him to disguise himself till the ship had sailed. Accordingly he rigged himself out with a long coat, and a beard, and spectacles, and hid his sea-slouch as well as he could, and changed his lodgings. Finding he succeeded so well, he thought he might as well have the pleasure of looking at Nancy Rouse, if he could not talk to her. So he actually had the hardihood to take the parlour next door: and by this means he heard her move about in her room, and caught a sight of her at work on her little green: and he was shrewd enough to observe she did not sing and whistle as she used to do. The dog chuckled at that.

His banknotes worried him night and day. He was afraid to put them in a bank, afraid to take them about with him into his haunts; afraid to leave them at home; and out of this his perplexity arose some incidents worth relating in their proper order.

Arthur Wardlaw returned to business; but he was a changed man. All zest in the thing was gone. His fraud set him above the world: and that was now enough for him, in whom ambition was dead, and, indeed, nothing left alive in him but deep regrets.

He drew in the horns of speculation, and went on in the old safe routine; and to the restless activity that had jeopardized the firm, succeeded a strange torpidity. He wore black

for Helen ; and sorrowed without hope. He felt he had offended Heaven, and had met his punishment in Helen's death.

Wardlaw senior retired to Elm Trees, and seldom saw his son. When they did meet, the old man sometimes whispered hope, but the whisper was faint, and unheeded.

One day Wardlaw senior came up express, to communicate to Arthur a letter from General Rolleston, written at Valparaiso. In this letter General Rolleston deplored his unsuccessful search : but said he was going westward, upon the report of a Dutch whaler, who had seen an island reflected in the sky, while sailing between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Isle.

Arthur only shook his head with a ghastly smile. "*She* is in Heaven," said he, "and I shall never see her again, neither here nor hereafter."

Wardlaw senior was shocked at this speech : but he made no reply. He pitied his son too much to criticize the expressions into which his bitter grief betrayed him. He was old, and had seen the triumphs of time over all things human, sorrow included. These, however, as yet, had done nothing for Arthur Wardlaw. At the end of six months his grief was as sombre and as deadly as the first week.

But one day, as this pale figure in deep mourning sat at his table, going listlessly and mechanically through the business of scraping money together for others to enjoy, whose hearts, unlike his, might not be in the grave, his father burst in upon him, with a telegram in his hand, and waved it over his head in triumph. "*She* is found ! *she* is found !" he roared : "read that," and thrust the telegram into his hands.

Those hands trembled, and the languid voice rose into shrieks of astonishment and delight, as Arthur read the words, "We have got her alive and well : shall be at Charing Cross Hotel, 8 P.M."

CHAPTER LIV.

WHILST the boat was going to the Spring-bok, General Rolleston whispered to Captain Moreland ; and what he said may be almost guessed from what occurred on board the steamer soon afterwards. Helen was carried trembling to the cabin, and the order was given to heave the anchor and get under way. A groan of disappointment ran through the ship ; Captain Moreland expressed the General's

regret to the men, and divided £200 upon the capstan ; and the groan ended in a cheer.

As for Helen's condition, that was at first mistaken for ill health. She buried herself for two whole days in her cabin ; and from that place faint moans were heard now and then. The sailors called her the sick lady.

Heaven knows what she went through in that forty-eight hours.

She came upon deck at last in a strange state of mind and body : restless, strung up, absorbed. The rare vigour she had acquired on the island came out now with a vengeance. She walked the deck with briskness, and a pertinacity that awakened admiration in the crew at first, but by-and-by superstitious awe. For, while the untiring feet went briskly to and fro over leagues and leagues of plank every day, the great hazel eyes were turned inwards, and the mind, absorbed with one idea, skimmed the men and things about her listlessly.

She had a mission to fulfil, and her whole nature was stringing itself up to do the work.

She walked so many miles a day, partly from excitement, partly with a deliberate resolve to cherish her health and strength ; "I may want them both," said she, "to clear Robert Penfold." Thought and high purpose shone through her so, that after a while nobody dared trouble her much with common-places. To her father she was always sweet and filial ; but sadly cold compared with what she had always been hitherto. He was taking her body to England, but her heart stayed behind upon that island : he saw this, and said it.

"Forgive me," said she, coldly, and that was all her reply.

Sometimes she had violent passions of weeping : and then he would endeavour to console her : but in vain. They ran their course, and were succeeded by the bodily activity and concentration of purpose they had interrupted for a little while.

At last, after a rapid voyage, they drew near the English coast ; and then General Rolleston, who had hitherto spared her feelings, and been most indulgent and considerate, felt it was high time to come to an understanding with her as to the course they should both pursue.

"Now Helen," said he, "about the Wardlaws !"

Helen gave a slight shudder. But she said, after a slight hesitation. "Let me know your wishes."

"Oh, mine are, not to be too ungrateful to the father, and not to deceive the son."

"I will not be ungrateful to the father, nor deceive the son," said Helen, firmly.

The General kissed her on the brow, and called her his brave girl. "But," said he, "on the other hand, it must not be published that you have been for eight months on an island alone with a convict. Anything sooner than that. You know the malice of your own sex; if one of the ladies, who kiss you at every visit, gets hold of that, you will be an outcast from society."

Helen blushed and trembled. "Nobody need be told that but Arthur; and I am sure he loves me well enough not to injure me with the world."

"But he would be justified in declining your hand, after such a revelation."

"Quite. And I hope he will decline it, when he knows I love another, however hopelessly."

"You are going to tell Arthur Wardlaw all that?"

"I am."

"Then all I can say is, you are not like other women."

"I have been brought up by a man."

"If I was Arthur Wardlaw, it would be the last word you should ever speak to me."

"If you were Arthur Wardlaw, I should be on that dear island now."

"Well, suppose his love should be greater than his spirit, and——"

"If he does not go back, when he hears of my hopeless love, I don't see how I can. I shall marry him: and try with all my soul to love him. I'll open every door in London to Robert Penfold; except one; my husband's. And that door, while I live, he shall never enter. Oh, my heart; my heart!" She burst out sobbing desperately: and her father laid her head upon his bosom, and sighed deeply, and asked himself how all this would end.

Before they landed, her fortitude seemed to return; and of her own accord she begged her father to telegraph to the Wardlaws.

"Would you not like a day to compose yourself, and prepare for this trying interview?" said he.

"I should: but it is mere weakness. And I must cure myself of weakness, or I shall never clear Robert Penfold. And then, papa, I think of you. If old Mr. Wardlaw heard you had been a day in town, you might suffer in his good opinion. We shall be in London at seven. Ask them at eight. That will be one hour's respite. God help me."

Long before eight o'clock that day, Arthur Wardlaw had passed from a state of sombre misery and remorse to one of joy, exultation,

and unmixed happiness. He no longer regretted his crime, nor the loss of the Proserpine: Helen was alive and well, and attributed not her danger but only her preservation to the Wardlaws.

Wardlaw senior kept his carriage in town, and precisely at eight o'clock they drove up to the door of the hotel.

They followed the servant with bounding hearts, and rushed into the room where the General and Helen stood ready to receive them. Old Wardlaw went to the General with both hands out, and so the General met him, and between these two it was almost an embrace. Arthur ran to Helen with cries of joy and admiration, and kissed her hands again and again, and shed such genuine tears of joy over them that she trembled all over, and was obliged to sit down. He kneeled at her feet, and still imprisoned one hand, and mumbled it, while she turned her head away and held her other hand before her face to hide its real expression, which was a mixture of pity and repugnance. But, as her face was hidden, and her eloquent body quivered, and her hand was not withdrawn, it seemed a sweet picture of feminine affection, to those who had not the key.

At last she was relieved from a most embarrassing situation by old Wardlaw; he cried out on this monopoly, and Helen instantly darted out of her chair and went to him and put up her cheek to him, which he kissed; and then she thanked him warmly for his courage in not despairing of her life, and his goodness in sending out a ship for her.

Now, the fact is, she could not feel grateful; but she knew she ought to be grateful, and she was ashamed to show no feeling at all in return for so much; so she was eloquent, and the old gentleman was naturally very much pleased at first; but he caught an expression of pain on Arthur's face, and then he stopped her. "My dear," said he, "you ought to thank Arthur, not me; it is his love for you which was the cause of my zeal. If you owe me anything, pay it to him, for he deserves it best. He nearly died for you, my sweet girl. No, no, you mustn't hang your head for that, neither. What a fool I am to revive our sorrows! Here we are, the happiest four in England." Then he whispered to her, "Be kind to poor Arthur, that is all I ask. His very life depends on you."

Helen obeyed this order, and went slowly back to Arthur; she sat, cold as ice, on the sofa beside him, and he made love to her. She scarcely heard what he said; she was asking herself how she could end this intolerable

interview, and escape her father's looks, who knew the real state of her heart.

At last she rose and went and whispered to him: "My courage has failed me. Have pity on me and get me away. It is the old man; he kills me."

General Rolleston took the hint, and acted with more tact than one would have given him credit for. He got up and rang the bell for tea; then he said to Helen, "You don't drink tea now, and I see you are excited more than is good for you. You had better go to bed."

"Yes, papa," said Helen.

She took her candle, and as she passed young Wardlaw, she told him, in a low voice, she would be glad to speak to him alone to-morrow.

"At what hour?" said he, eagerly.

"When you like. At one."

And so she retired, leaving him in extacies. This was the first downright assignation she had ever made with him.

They met at one o'clock; he radiant as the sun, and with a rose in his button-hole; she sad and sombre, and with her very skin twitching at the thought of the explanation she had to go through.

He began with amorous commonplaces; she stopped him, gravely. "Arthur," said she, "you and I are alone now, and I have a confession to make. Unfortunately, I must cause you pain—terrible pain. Oh! my heart flinches at the wound I am going to give you; but it is my fate, either to wound you, or to deceive you."

During this preamble, Arthur sat amazed rather than alarmed. He did not interrupt her, though she paused, and would gladly have been interrupted, since an interruption is an assistance in perplexities.

"Arthur, we suffered great hardships on the boat, and you would have lost me but for one person. He saved my life again and again; I saved his upon the island. My constancy was subject to trials—oh, such trials! So great an example of every manly virtue for ever before my eyes! My gratitude and my pity eternally pleading! England and you seemed gone for ever. Make excuses for me if you can. Arthur—I—I have formed an attachment."

In making this strange avowal she hung her head and blushed, and the tears ran down her cheeks. But we suspect they ran for *him*, and not for Arthur.

Arthur turned deadly sick at this tremendous blow, dealt with so soft a hand. At last he

gasped out, "If you marry him you will bury me."

"No, Arthur," said Helen, gently; "I could not marry him, even if you were to permit me. When you know more, you will see that, of us three unhappy ones, you are the least unhappy. But, since this is so, am I wrong to tell you the truth, and leave you to decide whether our engagement ought to continue. Of course, what I have owned to you releases you."

"Releases me! But it does not unbind my heart from yours," cried Arthur in despair.

Then his hysterical nature came out, and he was so near fainting away, that Helen sprinkled water on his temples, and applied eau-de-cologne to his nostrils, and murmured, "Poor, poor Arthur; oh, was I born only to afflict those I esteem?"

He saw her with the tears of pity in her eyes, and he caught her hand, and said, "You were always the soul of honour; keep faith with me, and I will cure you of that unhappy attachment."

"What? do you hold me to my engagement after what I have told you?"

"Cruel Helen! you know I have not the power to hold you."

"I am not cruel; and you have the power. But, oh, think! For your own sake, not mine."

"I have thought; and this attachment to a man you cannot marry is a mere misfortune, yours as well as mine. Give me your esteem until your love comes back, and let our engagement continue."

"It was for you to decide," said Helen, coldly, "and you have decided. There is one condition I must ask you to submit to."

"I submit to it."

"What, before you hear it?"

"Helen, you don't know what a year of misery I have endured, ever since the report came of your death. My happiness is cruelly dashed now; but still it is great happiness by comparison. Make your conditions. You are my queen, as well as my love and my life."

Helen hesitated. It shocked her delicacy to lower the man she had consented to marry.

"Oh, Helen," said Arthur, "anything but secrets between you and me. Go on as you have begun, and let me know the worst at once."

"Can you be very generous, Arthur? generous to him who has caused you so much pain?"

"I'll try," said Arthur, with a groan.

"I would not marry him, unless you gave me up; for I am your betrothed, and you are true to me. I *could* not marry him, even if I

were not pledged to you ; but it so happens, I can do him one great service without injustice to you ; and this service I have vowed to do before I marry. I shall keep that vow, as I keep faith with you. He has been driven from society by a foul slander ; that slander I am to sift and confute. It will be long and difficult ; but I shall do it ; and you could help me if you chose. But that I will not be so cruel as to ask."

Arthur bit his lip with jealous rage ; but he was naturally cunning, and his cunning showed him there was at present but one road to Helen's heart. He quelled his torture as well as he could, and resolved to take that road. He reflected a moment, and then he said,—

"If you succeed in that, will you marry me next day?"

"I will, upon my honour."

"Then, I will help you."

"Arthur, think what you say. Women have loved as unselfishly as this ; but no man, that ever I heard of."

"No man ever did love a woman as I love you. Yes, I would rather help you, though with a sore heart, than hold aloof from you. What have we to do together?"

"Did I not tell you? To clear his character of a foul stigma, and restore him to England, and to the world which he is so fitted to adorn."

"Yes, yes," said Arthur ; "but who is it? Why do I ask, though? He must be a stranger to me."

"No stranger at all," said Helen ; "but one who is almost as unjust to you, as the world has been to him ;" then, fixing her eyes full on him, she said, "Arthur, it is your old friend and tutor, Robert Penfold."

A LITERARY MISS.

ALL interest has passed away from Anna Seward—known by her contemporaries as the Poetess of Lichfield. And no wonder. The laurelled lady lived when the gigantic Johnson was making his Dictionary, and when so much attention was bestowed on words that feeble minds thought they comprehended everything. And Anna Seward's was a feeble mind. She could not resist the Potentate's immense vigour and energy, and, hammered into her shape by him, when she was writing of the weather in a letter she would describe it as of "hybernal coldness," or of "watery gloom," or of "vernal mildness," or of a "severity" that was "fiery" ; and if she

spoke of the sea she always elevated it into the ocean, and said it was "angrily turbulent," or "without a renovating bosom," or she met Naiads on the brink of it, or courted the breezes there, or did fifty other things suitable to the sonnets of her period. Then if she did not get better for a sea-side trip, she wrote that she "found Hygeia sullen," and "indisposed to free a frame too sensible to climatic violence from fierce, stubborn, and hereditary coughs" ; and she said that "Cynthia shed pale beams," or "Phœbus shook fiery tresses," or "Aurora invested the hills and waters with lovely amber" ; and she made to blush become "to hectic," and she called woodcocks "transmigrating gentry of dusky pinions," and she spoke of other "sylvan dainties and plummy beauties" that had been sent to her, and said they had arrived in "taintless preservation." So with this, as a short example, for the Poetess's prose, pœans may be raised that she and the whole Academy to which she belonged have been laid in a sombre cemetery, where so few people trouble the porter for admittance, that there is seldom anything to disturb the rust upon his keys.

But two or three minutes with Anna Seward are worth while still. From her we get the shading for a portrait of Dr. Johnson ; for she was a townswoman of his, and she hated him. To her he was no hero, and she let all the world know it. She implied that he was jealous of her, and she said, when she found so little notice of her in Boswell, that she rejoiced, because she would have been "pained at going down to posterity with the envenomed arrows of the doctor's malevolence sticking about her !" And she wrote of him as a "gloomy and imperious intolerant" ; and she denounced his "awless impoliteness," and the "turbulent fierceness and jealousy of his unbridled passions," his "ruffian asperity," and his "ferocious, reasonless, and unchristian violence." She did not deny his size. She said he was a "literary Colossus" ; but then she said also that "he darkened the world with spleen and envy," that "he possessed illiberal narrowness of mind," and—pith of all!—that she was "sure he *always disliked her, notwithstanding he expressed a coaxing regard!*" How very comical the all-on-one-side rivalry must have been ! It is illustrated by the following, delightfully :—The fantastic Anna (she herself relates it) asked her bulky fellow-townsmen one day what he thought of *Lycidas*. "Madam," he answered, "I would hang a dog if he read it twice !" "What then," simpered Miss Seward, "must become

of me who can say it all by heart!"—and she was dragged roughly down from her pedestal of self-inflation. "Madam!" the doctor growled out at her, "die of a surfeit of bad taste!" Another time she was speaking of Chatterton, and had a similar gruff overturn. She had edited his poems, and written his life, and possibly the "stupendous creature," as she called Johnson, suspected she was only sounding for praise of her own performance. At any rate he cried out impatiently "Pho! pho! child! don't talk to me of the powers of an uneducated stripling!"—and it is easy to imagine the lady's eyes and hands and indignation. But there were times when she had a small taste of revenge. She knew Lucy Porter, the big doctor's step-daughter, even more intimately than she knew the big doctor himself, and she often heard Miss Lucy rate her father "like a school-boy, for soiling her clean white floors with his dirty shoes!" This bold lady was, her neighbour Anna tells us, "of marked vulgarity of address and language," but with a "certain shrewdness and piquant humour;" and she must have been a real good body. She carefully nursed and tended old Mrs. Johnson, the doctor's mother, and, as "the little shop or stall which afforded the old lady subsistence could not be dispensed with, she industriously took her place behind the counter, with a smile and a thank you for even purchasers of a penny battledore. She even refused all engagements for market-days because then more customers were expected, and the old lady would have become too tired attending to them, or might have taken cold." But no wonder her step-father forgot a great part of this when he was under the lash of her shrewish tongue. No wonder he wrote once that her "*hoary virginity* discoloured her transcendent qualities." He must have been writhing under many another scold than those about the dirty shoes, and he knew Lucy would hate to be called an old maid (however elegantly and unintelligibly it might be done), and he took his slap by dubbing her so, and he seemed ungrateful, and—he very much increased Anna Seward's rage. This might have been a burst of real generous feeling with her, though. She saw the shrill Lucy always, in her kind care of the old mother, and her smiles and suavity behind the market-stall; and she might well have thought that more consideration was due to her. She knew, too, of the strange tie between the doctor and this Lucy. She tells us that when they were both young, Lucy inspired him with the grand passion. He was desperate, and she calm; or, as Miss

Seward puts it, "the nymph" (of marked vulgarity of address!) "conceived a personal aversion to him, disgusted by his unsightly form;" and his love-making was summarily pooh-poohed. But the doctor was not the man to be daunted by one dismissal. He followed "the nymph" to Birmingham, whither she had retreated, found her still "coy," and then grew tired of the pursuit of her, and—married her mother! There was, therefore, an under-current, both in the doctor's mind and Lucy's, that gave a deeper stigma to the consciousness of untidy habits, and that was the cause of a saucier looseness of the spinster's tongue. She knew she could have been the wife of the Leviathan of learning, if she had had a mind; he knew she would not let him be her husband, when that had been his earnest desire. And as she could not debar herself a toss of her conscious head, so he could not resist the occasional administration of a dig. It is only human nature this; and the doctor never laid claim to being anything but very human.

Anna Seward knew, also, Johnson's beautiful Quakeress, Mrs. Knowles. The two ladies were together at Dilly's on that famous night when the doctor and she had their long discussion on religious belief. The doctor found the lady so difficult to refute, and was so won upon by the charms of her face and manners, that he had no heart to crush her, as he did everyone else, with his heavy and eloquent tongue. He grew so furiously warm instead, that Boswell was moved to cry, "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before!" He admired her much, and did her the honour to invent a word (words again!) expressly to represent a talent she possessed. The word was *sutile*, meaning sewn or stitched, for the lady was renowned for her remarkable dexterity at her needle, and had executed a portrait, in worsted-work, of the king, which was the talk and wonder of the day. But unfortunately, with the long s of the period, *sutile* was carelessly transcribed by some one *futile*, and things were on the verge of a terrible war! Happily, the dispute was turned aside, and on the wise world wagged. So it did after a scene over another of the Lichfield gossips. This was a Mrs., or, as she was called familiarly, a Moll Cobb, whom Johnson went to see frequently, and who was not thought worthy of his visits. Indeed, the mighty of the town turned up their eyes, and marvelled at it so greatly that one of them sneered one day, "Surely Mrs. Cobb must be a wit, though *we* have not discernment enough to see it!" and

the sneer brought down the Johnson hammer in a minute. "Moll Cobb a wit!" roared out the lexicographer; "Moll Cobb a wit! How should Moll Cobb be a wit? Cobb has read nothing, Cobb knows nothing, and when nothing has been put into the brain, nothing can come out!" The look, the thunder, and the thump of the hand upon the table that must have accompanied this, would have been enough, one would have thought, to have pulverized all Lichfield, and its fine cathedral too; but the stilted coterie of which Anna Seward was the empress was made of less malleable stuff. One of them even thought to sweep away the literary pedestal on which the revolutionary doctor stood. "Then," it was asked, "why is Dr. Johnson so frequently Mrs. Cobb's visitor?" "Why," the big man replied, "I love her! I love her for her impudence! And," he added, still more destructively, "I like the taste of her sweetmeats and her strawberries!" One would have thought the powder would have dropped off his hearers' hair in sheer horror!

Then Anna Seward knew Mrs. Thrale Piozzi. When that lady entered into the second marriage that gave "little Burney" and all London a spasm, she was not deserted by everybody. She slid off into the provinces. She starred it at Lichfield, among other places, and Anna Seward flew to give her poetical greeting. Think of a place at their table whilst they sipped their tea! Cream and cake would have been as nothing compared to the oceans and abysses of well-seasoned Johnsoniana. And of course Anna Seward went over to the Piozzi side entirely. Johnson had said he was "an ugly dog." He was not; he was "handsome, in middle life, with gentle, pleasing, and unaffected manners." Johnson had said he was "without skill." It was not so. He sang with "*transcending* grace and expression." Besides, he was "*tenderly* grateful to *his* *enchanted* wife for the sacrifices she had made for him;" and these sacrifices were at the "instigation of a despotic little deity;" so, could Miss Seward withhold her approbation? She invited a large party to meet the bride and bridegroom, and, with "the aid of the bride's fascinating manners and lively wit," nine "radiant hours were passed" (one, possibly, for every Muse), and the evening was such a success, the only word that occurred to the romantic hostess as fitting to describe it was "Attic." She was Mrs. Piozzi's firmly from this memorable night; and she raved when Baretti published his uncomplimentary book. She called him that

"Italian assassin," and said his abuse of his once fast friend and hostess was "venomed and foul-mouthed railing."

Possibly Anna Seward had more sympathy with Mrs. Piozzi over this second marriage for the reason that she herself had a singer friend too. Hers was a Mr. John Savile, of her own town, and belonging to the cathedral choir there, whom she metamorphosed into Giovanni, to suit the Della Cruscan taste of the coterie, and who played a large part in her daily life. When he died he was honoured with a resting-place in that cathedral where his voice had so often rung from roof to column, and from column to roof again, and Anna Seward wrote to Walter Scott, Esq., (described in a foot-note as a Scottish barrister at Edinburgh) to tell him how overpowering was her grief. "The peace," she moaned, "the gladness, the energy, of my heart and soul have sunk in a dark gulf! A deep sense of desolation has its dwelling in my heart! Existence darkens into night, on which the morning of gladness will break no more!" This, which she herself, very appropriately, calls her "mournful descendant," and which she begs Walter Scott, Esq., to notice, "bears epistolary symbols of mourning,"—by which she meant that it was written on black-edged paper,—did not lessen as time went on, but burst into louder wailing on the anniversary of the day of her despair. "My friend;" she groaned, "the fatal, fatal day is come! Oh! miserable, miserable consciousness! How it frowns away peace and comfort from my heart!" Hitherto she had derived, she said, a "species of consolation from reflecting that on such a day twelve months her loved companion had been with her," but, after the year was out, "these eyes had looked their last!—all was over!—the last gleam of comfort had passed away!" And how old may it be supposed Anna Seward was, when she was this bubbling Niobe? Only fifty-five, and her lost Giovanni only sixty-seven! Certainly her sentiment was a never-ending stream; and as she was so anxious to take out the highest degree in it, we may let her have it.

This Giovanni was never Anna Seward's lover—there is evidence enough for supposing that the literary world would have been convulsed by another *mésalliance* if he had been—but she was not without her followers. One of them, a colonel, was so extraordinary, he deserves a passing mention still. He was attracted by her in early youth, but, in Anna's words, "he did not avow his love in terms inspiring the idea that his passion would

prove unextinguishable,"—he was nothing like vehement enough, in fact,—and he was cut short by a polite refusal. He went away for four years, Anna's "vacant heart," according to her own confession, "being, meanwhile, filled with a vivacious attachment for a General V.," and at the end of that time he returned, declaring he had loved unceasingly, and had come to England purposely to ask Miss Seward again to be his wife. He met with a No, once more, on account of the "active feeling" for the afterwards faithless V.; and on this second denial he gave the thing up, and sensibly, and properly, looked out for and married somebody else. For thirty years all went so well that the handle of Anna's sentiment was never turned on once (that is, on behalf of the colonel, for other persons it had copious and progressive usage), when lo! the gallant lover suddenly confessed to his wife that his passion for his youthful flame had returned, and that he must go and seek her out! Of course, sentiment then was the fashion. Sterne had been journeying, and every one had a Stella, or a Laura, or a Sacharissa, and the colonel's wife, instead of administering a curtain lecture to her husband, or at once placing him under fit restraint, sympathized with him on his irregular avowal, and volunteered to let the beloved Anna know how matters stood. She wrote to her; one of Miss Seward's verbose and florid epistles was called forth in reply; the receipt of which so warmed up the mature yet gushing colonel, that he jumped into a post-chaise, drove furiously to Lichfield, and alighted, to knock impatiently at his Anna's door. Up to Miss Seward flew a servant to tell her of the fervid visitant; and, then! before the invaded lady could recover from her trepidation, up, more alarmedly, flew another, to exclaim that the grey-haired old gentleman had looked up the stairs with an "earnest, melancholy gaze," and then had darted back into his carriage, and, with it and all, had instantly and altogether disappeared! The gallant colonel must have calmed under the shadow of the towers of the grave cathedral. Anyhow, his wife—priceless and singular lady!—wrote to explain that the instant the vacillating hero entered his Anna's house, he "became sensible of his perilous state of feeling, and precipitately fled." And then he died. And then, strangest act of all, his widow and daughters moved to Lichfield, on purpose to be introduced to, and live near Anna, and the curtain falls on the two elderly ladies rushing into each other's arms! Anna relates the whole of this circumstantially to her correspondents, and

adds that the married lady exultingly exclaimed, "At this moment I realize the vision of my life!"

When sentiment had arrived thus far, it was time for reaction to come. As this nineteenth century of ours strengthened, and as the young people strengthened with it, they found Miss Seward's school very wearying, and proceeded at once to slip right out of it. Languishing no longer took, but conquests had to be made by boisterousness instead. Anna saw a Miss Mildred Lawley dance at Buxton, and she said her "steps were skilful, and curiously varied, free, bounding, and exactly responsive to the music, whilst her open face was so joyous she had at once been styled the pride of the room!" And Miss Seward, moreover, felt a "poignant thrill of pensive transport" at this lady's "resistless fascinations." Then, Miss Seward tells us, ladies assumed what was called The Partridge Run, in "compliance with an absurd edict of that fool Fashion," and "ran about as if their legs were tied together, and their whole frame shaking as in an ague-fit!"

But we get a little weary of Anna Seward's letters! In them, as in all others, poor Anna sighed after her old times, when Lady Millar, of the Vase at Bath Easton, crowned her; when Darwin had such "dishonest admiration of her he filched fifty lines of her poetry and published them as his own;" when Coleridge (on this occasion only, probably, like other stars) followed in the doctor's wake, and robbed her of—*half a line*! She was a great queen then. She had the happiness and honour of knowing Hayley, the "Bard of Eartham," (as she was the Poetess of Lichfield,) and she thought, "the galaxy of poetic gems with which he enriched her" in his letters would make her seem to after-generations to have been to him as Stella was to Swift, or Chloe to Prior. Proud distinction! And, alas, poor Anna! Her Hayley, her bard, her dear bard, as she called him, is no more now to after-generations than is she, and few folks care much now for Stella, or Chloe either. She had some laurelling in her day, and that must content her. She read Spencer's *Leonora* to Wilberforce and Erskine; she recited her own odes (O Heaven!) to Darwin and Hayley; she denounced Dante's *Inferno* to the lovers-ladies of Llangollen as a "butcherly gridiron, and intestinal exhibition," and she read them other poems instead; and having learnt this much of her, we will draw the veil down again over her and lay her by. Adieu, Anna, Poetess of Lichfield! A very little is enough of you in this to-day.



[May 9, 1868.]

OPENING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Once a Week.]

THE DUTCH FISHERIES.

I.

HOLLAND, although it does not make so large a mark upon the sea as it once did, enjoys the distinction of having been the cradle of the European fisheries, and of having taught other nations how to fish; and if a mighty herring fleet no longer sails from the shores of the Netherlands, or the great fishery has changed its venue, the fishermen of Holland know their business still. An extensive fishing-boat owner who resides at Scheveningen told me, during a late visit to Holland, that a French-built lugger, fitted with English gear, and manned by a Dutch crew, is the most perfect fishing vessel that can at present be obtained; and he is right, for your true Dutchman, being almost amphibious, makes a splendid sailor.

The Dutch have likewise a high reputation for their fish cookery. One cannot consult the card of a fashionable dinner without noticing that many of the fishes, and particularly the flat fishes, are presented with Dutch sauce. Flat fish are indeed the *spécialité* of the Dutch sea fisheries, eels ranking next, vast numbers being taken in the canals of South Holland, while large quantities are obtained from the numerous lakes of Friesland. An active fishery of a miscellaneous description is likewise carried on in the Zuyder Zee. The fishermen who frequent that water capture in particular a small herring, locally known as pan-fish, and they likewise obtain great supplies of anchovies, or rather sprats as well; but in South Holland the fish chiefly taken are soles, flounders, turbot, &c. At Scheveningen there are about one hundred and forty boats engaged in this kind of fishery, and also in the red-herring fishery—that is, in capturing herrings, which are ultimately smoked. It is interesting to observe the fishing fleet come in at Scheveningen. There being no harbour at that place, the vessels have to sail right upon the sandy beach. The luggers are admirably constructed for that purpose, being flat bottomed as well as blunt bowed, and having, instead of a keel, a large wooden wing at each side, for the purpose of keeping the ship steady. So built, these boats can run quite safely against the shore, although it surprises one not acquainted with the circumstances to see them float right on to the beach with all their sails set. As soon as the vessels take the ground, the crew commence to wade ashore with the produce of the fishery—generally flounders, plaice, and

soles, packed in wicker baskets of tolerable size. The women, as is the case in most fishing-places, are at hand to receive and carry away the produce, and when any very small fish are taken, they fall to these female carriers as a perquisite. The vessels are each fitted with a couple of light trawl nets, which are hauled to the mast-head to be dried, on the ship arriving at the beach. The Dutch fish on the numerous banks of the German Ocean; only, however, for flat fishes, they have done very little of late in the way of local line fishing, partly, no doubt, from the want of mussels for bait, and partly from the custom which has so long prevailed of following after one kind of fish. The Dutch have, however, a winter cod-fishery, to which their busses proceed after knocking off from what is called in Holland the great fishery. There are no shell-fish about this part of the Netherlands, but large quantities are obtained in other places. At the western side of the Texel, I was told there were both oyster and mussel fisheries, and at Bruinisse, in Zealand, there are fifty or sixty boats employed in obtaining these mollusks. I could not learn that any lobsters or crabs were taken at the places I visited—but as there are no rocks in which they can find a fit dwelling-place, crustaceans cannot be expected. Mr. Maas, of Scheveningen, intends to introduce a shore line fishery. I asked him where he would get bait. "Oh," he replied, "I can get thousands of splendid lampreys." Only think of such fine fish being cut up for bait! Would it not pay better to send them to London?

Curious to know what he was capturing, I followed a shell-fisher on the beach at Scheveningen, but he never took a living animal; what he obtained was a few heaps of shells suited for garden walks. The shores of Holland abound in these dead shells, and it is the business of some persons at certain seasons, for want of a better, to collect them, which is accomplished by a man wading in the surf, in the same manner as an English shrimper, with a kind of shovel net, which catches the shells just as they are thrown loose by the waves. These shells are distributed over all parts of the country by means of the canals, and most of the gardens of Holland have walks laid with shells obtained from Scheveningen or Catwyk. Scheveningen is a pleasure town as well as a fishing-place; the drive to it from the Hague, through the wood, is beautiful, and at the sea front of the great hotel there is a beach suitable for bathing; and an occasional grand promenade is held, in order to listen to the music of

a fine band, and see fireworks exhibited from the sea. The place is greatly crowded during the summer season, when the scene is exceedingly picturesque and varied; there is the boat-shore on the one hand, and the active fisher people, busy with the fleet of boats arriving and arrived; whilst, in an opposite direction, may be seen a joyous throng, composed of the gayest of the gay, even royalty itself, from the Hague, being frequently present at the promenade. The inspiring strains of the band render the people gay, and beautiful fireworks light up the scene. The cost of lodging at Scheveningen is very high during the season.

The herring-fishery on the Zuyder Zee has no connection whatever with the great fishery, which will be described by-and-by; it is, as has been stated, a miscellaneous fishery for winter herrings and sprats, which are cured in different ways; also for the universal flounder and the abounding eel, whilst the great fishery is for the herring only. Many of the fishermen stay out at sea in their beautifully-clean half-decked boats during the week, and only come home to their families on the Saturday night, their cargo being taken from time to time, as it accumulates, to the curer. The quaint races of fishermen who dwell on the curious islands of Marken, Urk, and Shokland, leave their homes at midnight on Sunday, and if they find fish, do not return till the following Saturday. There are about twelve hundred boats of all kinds fishing on the Zuyder Zee, and numerous smokeries have been erected for smoking the herrings, and the people are now becoming very proficient in this branch of the fishery business, which was inaugurated by the fishermen of Dieppe during the twelfth century. The Dutch do not esteem the fresh herring as we do in Britain—indeed, the Zuyder Zee herrings are in a measure despised—still the fresh herring fishery is of considerable value, and yields about £40,000 a year to Scheveningen, Catwyk, and Noordwyk, not to speak of what it brings in to Monnickendam, Enkhuizen, Wollenhove, and numerous other little fishing towns or hamlets. I found it exceedingly difficult to procure reliable statistics of the produce of the fisheries carried on in the Zuyder Zee, but was told that the eels which are annually caught may be valued at 70,000 florins, and that the sprat fishery will produce four times that amount of money. As to the fresh herring fishery, the figures, although they were double the amount stated above, would, after all, be modest, compared to the Scottish herring fishery, with its twelve thousand boats, and its fifty thousand

fishermen. The Frieslanders are mighty fishers; two-thirds of their fishing craft are on the Zuyder Zee, and their part of the country, as may be seen from any map, is full of lakes, some of them of large size. The Frisons derive wealth from the waters as well as from their peat grounds, and many of their lakes and fish ponds have been formed out of holes created by carrying away the peat. The Frison people also carry on fishing industries on the islands of Ter Schelling and Ameland, which lie opposite their coast, and which were once united as a part of the land. Then, again, there is a fishery at Hourn; and Hourn is celebrated: it gave to Holland the famous navigator who doubled the Cape which he called after his birth-place; there are about two hundred fishermen there, men quite as industrious as their opposite neighbours, the Frisons. There is no doubt that the Dutch are reviving their fisheries, but it is amusing to hear everywhere of the former greatness of this branch of industry, and to contrast it with what now prevails. The government has abolished close times for sea-fishing, and has ceased to regulate the size of nets, or to interfere in any way with fishing gear. Everyone is left to fish according to his own method. But for all that has been done, England surpasses Holland in this industry. The great whale fishery of Holland, for instance, is only now a memory of the past, although we all know that the Dutch were at one period famous whale hunters in the seas of Spitzbergen. We find the jaws of the whale still yawning at many places in the country, and an occasional ancient mariner will grow young again over his adventures on the Arctic Seas. It is instructive to note that some of the towns in Holland which were at one time famous and wealthy fishing ports are now fading away into ruins. There is Enkhuizen, which long ago sent a fleet of one hundred and fifty mighty vessels to the "great fishery," escorted by a squadron of war-ships, now sending only seven vessels; but the greatness of the place has passed away, and that town at present is but the wreck or shadow of its former self. Most of the fish taken by the Dutch are sent out of Holland—the eels to Billingsgate, the flounders to Belgium, the turbot to London and Paris, and so forth. The fish-markets of the chief towns of Holland are but poorly supplied with what was once the staple article of the country—another illustration of that old proverb which tells us about the scarcity of coals at Newcastle on Tyne.

Holland achieved all its greatness on the

sea by means of the herring fishery, which was actively carried on by the Dutch people, from the time that Beukyls invented the pickling of herrings in the year 1397, till the end of last century. One would suppose the herring in Holland to be an altogether different animal from the fish which bears that name in Great Britain. The Dutch reverence the stork, but they almost worship the herring; it is without question their national fish, and they most lovingly eat it—raw out of the pickle! and some of the people are so fond of it that they devour it, bones, fins and all. Amsterdam is reputed to have been founded on herring bones—and whatever greatness Holland has achieved in commerce has undoubtedly grown from the apprenticeship served by its sons on the waters, in the days when the greatness of the nation arose from out of its fisheries. The now famous pickled herrings were invented by a Netherlander whose tomb has been honoured by the visits of princes and queens, and pickled herrings were once the chief trading commodity of the industrious Dutch, and in this trade the people of Holland have been imitated by the Scotch and English as well as the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes. Although the herring fishery of the Netherlands has fallen off greatly from what it was, it is again reviving, and the shipowners of Holland talk confidently of renewing the ancient glory of their “herring drave,” which at one time was the most gigantic fleet upon the seas. In the meantime, although the trade in herrings be comparatively small, the individual love of the fish is as great as ever. In all towns and cities of that remarkable country there are shops for the sale of this fish, and in these shops there are always to be found numerous persons partaking of that most choice delicacy—a pickled herring. One requires to be among the Dutch when the arrival of the new fish takes place, to understand the universal love of the people for the herring. It is wonderful to note the enthusiasm that is developed the moment it becomes known that the new fish have come to hand. A fast vessel brings in the first fruits of the cure from the ocean fleet, and lo! the people burst into a demonstration. At one time they used to deck the steeple of Vlaardingen Church—Vlaardingen is now the chief herring port—and ring a joyful peal of bells. The curers and shipowners decked their houses with flowers, and persons who sold the fish decorated their signboards in order to let the public know that the newly-cured delicacy had arrived. Then rival curers sent off a sample of

the herrings to the king; and many a rapid race has been run to the Hague in order to have the honour of being first in the field, and so obtain the reward of five hundred guilders which is given on the occasion. There is not now, I believe, so much outward demonstration on these occasions, but the first fruits of the fishery are as valuable as ever, a single herring having often been purchased for a couple of guilders! Herrings are usually served raw in Holland with a sauce of vinegar, cucumber, &c.; they are also dressed with salad, and are likewise eaten *au naturel*. Herrings obtained by the Dutch from Scotland are frequently steeped in milk before being used, in order to take away their harsh taste, but pickled herrings *à la Hollandaise* have such a very piquant taste, that one soon comes to relish them raw as they are. No stranger should leave Holland without making trial of the national dish; it is as delicious in its way as the Scotch kipper herring, or as the exquisite broiled fresh herring of Lochfyne, and almost beats the famous “splitbellies” of the Moray Frith fishing towns.

In Britain here, we delight in the herring fresh and beautiful as it comes dripping from the water, and a really fine fresh herring “new drawn frae the sea,” as the song says, is no contemptible delicacy; but in Holland the delicious fresh herring, as we know it, is all but despised. Fresh herrings are in fact unknown, especially in connection with the “great fishery,” and those taken in the Zuyder Zee, and by the Scheveningen boats, are not thought highly of. It is curious that while the State has ceased to interfere in any way with the herring fishery, the size of the mesh, the mode of fishing, and all other details being left to the honour of the boat owners, it still regulates with jealous care the cure of the fish. The curing laws are carried out as rigorously as ever—the captains are sworn to do their duty in seeing that the herrings are properly cured. Scottish herrings—and it is in Scotland we now find the really “great” fishery for the poor man’s fish—are cured on shore, and in a rather perfunctory manner, the *brand* levelling all ambition; because cure as you will in Scotland, you cannot obtain a higher certificate than the government brand. Dutch herrings, again, are cured on board the vessel that captures them, and there is no question but that their cured herrings are superior to ours, although I think they would be still better if government would let them alone, and let each curer stand or fall by the perfection of his individual cure. It is certain

that a great deal of pains is taken with the manipulation of the herring on board the Netherland busses; and at one time the Dutch mode of cure was kept a profound secret, it being a strict rule that no stranger should be admitted on board the fishery vessels. The herring fishery in Scotland is simply a shore fishery, the boats come to the quay every afternoon with the produce of the morning's fishery, and the eviscerating and pickling is begun the moment the fish are carried ashore, the business being chiefly carried on by women. It is a rule of "the cure" that the herrings must be cured right off; so that when a few thousand crans are taken (a cran is 45 gallons), the scene at the various curing sheds is a very animated one. It would be quite impossible to gut and salt the herrings in the small boats which are used in the Scottish fishery.

The superiority of the Dutch cure is said to be owing to the use of a superior kind of salt, which the boat owners take great pains to procure and to purify still further after they obtain it, and also to the very careful selection and assorting of the fish into different classes, as "full" herrings, "Matjes," &c. Only a portion of the intestines is taken out of the herring by the Dutch; they content themselves with removing the gills and stomach, leaving the crown-gut in the fish. The herrings as fast as they are prepared are thrown into a strong brine, in which they are kept for eighteen hours before being packed in the barrels. It is an imperative rule of the great fishery that all herrings taken on one day must be cured during that day; herrings that cannot be cured on the day they are caught must be thrown overboard, or as an alternative they may be so packed as to be sold for inferior fish. There is a penalty of 300 guilders exigible from the master of the buss in case he should fail to perform his duty according to rules which are laid down for his guidance. As I have said, great pains are taken to procure fine salt. All the fish caught before St. James's Day are cured with Spanish or Portuguese salt; those fish are known as herrings of the *large* salt; the herrings cured after that date are known as herrings of the *fine* salt, only the finest Dutch-made small salt being used. Then it is a rule of the great fishery that barrels made of new and good oak only must be used. A small steamer in attendance on the fleet starts off to Vlaardingen as soon as it can collect a hundred barrels of fish, the "hunters" or "yagers" in attendance on the fishery vessels, follow as rapidly as they can, the first one after the steamer with 120 barrels, the second one with fifty more, &c.,

and the first fish bring the great prices already alluded to. In consequence of the crew having both to fish and to cure, the mass of the herrings taken cannot be dealt with so as to receive the government brand; they lie in salt, therefore, in the vessel, and after arriving at home, are taken out and smoked, but of course only realise an inferior price. The number of boats employed in the great Dutch fishery *last year* was eighty-nine—fifty-four of which number sailed from Vlaardingen, and twelve from North Holland; each boat being manned with a crew of fifteen men and boys, all of whom both fish and cure. What a change! Once upon a time there were thousands of boats engaged in the herring fishery of Holland; now there is only the number I have named, which presents a great contrast to the immense fleet of boats and large number of men employed in Scotland, where is now carried on the largest herring fishery of the world. The herring, so far as commerce is concerned, is the great fish of the age, "it is one of those natural productions," says Lacépède, "which helps to decide the destiny of empires."

LACE.

SOMEbody has said there is nothing new but what has once been old,—and assuredly the caprice of Fashion in our own time has justified the saying. What revivals have we not seen in these days of change. Etruscan jewelry, Roman jewelry, Pompadour skirts, taste for red hair, mediævalism in furniture and architecture; and perhaps if we had the *Journal des Modes* of Nineveh or Babylon in the days of Salmanassar one might discover a precedent for the latest fashion in bonnets out, that which places it on the nose. It is hardly possible to characterise the caprices of that mutable authority Fashion more truly than Voltaire has done in the following vivid lines:

Elle est une déesse inconstante, incommode,
Bizarre dans ses goûts, folle en ses ornements,
Qui parait, fuit, revient et renaît en tout temps :
Protée était son père, et son nom est la Mode.

Why is there not a museum devoted to a collection of articles of the feminine toilette, arranged in chronological order, and beginning with the wives of the Pharaohs—the earliest known period of civilisation? for savages have dressed pretty much alike all over the world. Why should we not see arrayed in goodly series—according to the march of ages—all the little arts and artifices which have supplied

the armoury of beauty with the means of conquest ?

The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbon, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and all the things
That make up all their magazines.

It would be as interesting as a museum of artillery, and excite a good deal more emotion in some quarters. As to which comparison the ladies may retort that woman is not more changeable in the choice of her implements of warfare than man in his, and that when men can make up their minds as to what form of armour-plated ship they prefer to sink each other in, or as to whether the Snider rifle, the Chassepot, or the Zundnadel is the prettiest instrument for taking each others' lives away, then they may begin to direct heavy sarcasms at the fugitive form of the bonnet.

Amid all the revivals in matters of feminine attire the re-adoption of lace strikes us as one of the most elegant and defensible. It is the most subtle, graceful, and aerial of human fabrics, and it is a manufacture in which the delicate fingers of woman have almost a complete monopoly. Lace, at the beginning of this century, had become quite a thing of the past, as obsolete almost as chain-mail and bows and arrows. Ladies are still living who remember with unspeakable feelings of anguish and remorse how they used, when in short clothes, to dress their dolls up in the finest Alençon point. Lace, rotting in old family wardrobes, was given away to servants and dependants, and bestowed upon children for the toilettes of their dolls, as of less value than plain muslin. It was out of fashion. Douglas Jerrold has given us the History of a Feather. If we could but have the History of the sensations of a rare piece of Venice or Alençon point-lace, which might perhaps have been on the neck of Queen Anne, nay, even on the ruff of Queen Elizabeth, when it first found itself out of fashion ; they must almost have equalled the bitterness of spirit of the great diamond of Charles the Bold, picked up on the field of Nancy, and sold by a German Landsknecht as a piece of glass. It was the French Revolution, which has so many sins to answer for, that upset and dethroned the dynasty of fine lace fabrics. Lace fell with the Bourbons and the old order of things, and no foreign nation made a stand in its favour. All over the civilised world the form and fashion of feminine trimmings have long followed the doctrine of passive obedience to the scissors of the dressmakers of the Rue Saint Denis or the Rue de la Paix ; and gauze and the guillotine, India muslin and

Robespierre had a synchronous supremacy in the French capital.

It was however the adoption of the classic style in female dress, the scanty drapery of the Muses and the Graces suiting ill with the old stiff point-laces, but in harmony with the Brutus style of oratory of the *Assemblée Constituante*, and the Plutarchian heroism of Madame Roland, which was the cause of the disappearance of lace from the toilette. Doctor Johnson, had he by prophetic instinct been aware of the association of revolutionary ideas with the decline of lace, would certainly never have declaimed against it in the way he did to Mrs. Piozzi. "A Brussels trimming, madam," he said, "is like bread sauce ; it takes away the glow of colour from the gown, and gives you nothing instead of it ; but sauce was invented to heighten the flavour of our food, and trimming is an ornament to the manteau or it is nothing." Mrs. Palliser, however, who has written a delightful book on the history of lace, observes with proper contempt, "a man whose culinary ideas did not soar higher than bread sauce could scarcely pronounce on point."

But perhaps the temporary eclipse of lace was a judgment passed upon it for the extravagance to which it had enticed both men and women for about three centuries. Ladies were so passionately devoted to it in the beginning of the last century, that they could not rest in their graves without it. Who does not know the lines of Pope about Mrs. Oldfield the actress ?

Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words which poor Narcissa spoke.)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face.
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead :
And, Betty, give these cheeks a little red.

Mrs. Oldfield, indeed, was an enthusiast about lace ; she brought and treasured a fine statuette in ivory by Grinling Gibbons, of the Earl of Strafford, for the beauty alone of its lace Vandyke collar. And previous to her interment in Westminster Abbey she lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber in a very fine Brussels lace hood, a Holland shift with a tucker of double ruffles, and a pair of new kid gloves. Mrs. Oldfield however was not singular in her desires ; in those days it was the prevailing fashion of all fine people to be buried in their best clothes. The Duc de Luynes writes in his Memoirs, "The Curé of Saint Sulpice related to me the fashion in which the Duke of Alva (who died in Paris in 1739) was by his own will interred. A shirt of the finest Holland, trimmed with new point-lace ; a new

coat of Vardez cloth, embroidered in silver ; a new wig ; his cane in the right, his sword in the left of his coffin." At Palermo, in the catacombs of the Capuchin convent, which have the quality of preserving the dead, you may look inside coffins through glass lids, and see grisly mummies with painted faces, robed in the finest of raiment tricked out with lace ; and at Quedlinburg, the shrivelled parchment form of the once beautiful but frail Aurora von Königsmarck, still lies in her coffin, swathed in folds of lace of immense value. According to her last directions no expense of *point d'Angleterre*, Malines, or guipure, was to be spared for the adornment of her worthless body, while the jewels she has about her would form a little fortune.

But even before this the use or abuse of lace had declined, from the extravagance it had reached in the days of William and Mary and Queen Anne, for Postlethwait in his Dictionary of Commerce, published in 1766, writes, "Tis but a few years since England expended upon foreign lace and linen, not less than two millions yearly. As lace in particular is the manufacture of nuns, our British ladies may as well endow monasteries as wear Flanders lace, for these Popish nuns are maintained by Protestant institutions."

Protestant Postlethwait ! Who would have thought that Protestantism would have had a quarrel with foreign lace on religious grounds ? Yet lace has always been largely manufactured by Italian and Spanish nuns, and the elaborate workmanship they put into copes and albs and altar cloths has never been surpassed. English ladies, travelling on the continent not long ago, were well aware of this fact, and used in Italy to be eager in hunting after old church lace in secret corners ; and they would mix up every kind of texture and lace of every age together—*point coupé* of the fifteenth, and Alençon of the eighteenth century. The late Count of Syracuse used to say, "The English ladies buy a scrap of lace as a souvenir of every town they pass through till they reach Naples, then sew it on their dresses, and make a grand toilette of the whole to honour our first ball at Academia Nobile."

But even in 1778 lace, however, was abundantly used, and especially at christenings, as one poor babe found to her cost, for the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Chandos was enveloped in such a mountain of it when she was christened, with George III. and Queen Charlotte standing sponsors, that she fainted ; the duchess, her mother, observed the state of the infant, but would not disturb the majesty

of a royal christening, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury gave back the infant to her nurse, he remarked it was the quietest child he had ever held. The poor babe, indeed, was very quiet, for it died shortly afterwards—of lace.

Perhaps, the times of William and Mary were the most prodigal of all in the wearing of this expensive texture—the taste being probably set by the sovereigns, who acquired it in Flanders, the great lace-producing country. The effigies of William and Mary in Westminster Abbey were adorned with remarkably fine lace ; Queen Mary's tucker and double sleeves being of the finest raised Venice point, and King William was magnificent with a rich lace cravat and ruffles. William III. was, indeed, a terrific consumer of lace, and his lace-bills are something incommensurable ; lace for 24 of his night shirts cost 499*l.* 10*s.*, and he spent on an average more than 2000*l.* a-year in lace. But if we were to go through all the variations of expenditure and fashions of lace of the various sovereigns, we should have to write a disquisition on history. For with what a crowd of associations is not lace connected, and what a mass of obsolete expressions and articles of apparel arises to the memory and to the eye, when we speak of it. Have we not *passemant*, cut-work, drawn-work, crown lace, bone lace, Spanish chain, byas, parchment, pillow, billament, diamond lace, point tresse ? Do we not think of Queen Elizabeth, or the Archduchess Isabella Clara Eugenc, regent of the Low Countries, with their heads jammed tight in the centre of that wonderful circular starched gossamer shield of lace in three folds, called the three-piled ruff. With what denouncing anger did the prelates of the next reign thunder against this monstrous invention. "Fashion," cried King, Bishop of London, James I.'s favourite preacher, "has brought in deep ruffs, and shallow ruffs, thick ruffs, and thin ruffs, double ruffs, and no ruffs. When the Judge of the quick and the dead shall appear, he will not know those who have so defaced the fashion he hath created." And another good bishop, Hall of Exeter, in denouncing the fashions of the times, associated lace wearing with face painting, and cried, "Hear this, ye plaister-faced Jezabels, if ye will not leave off your daubs and your washes, heaven will one day wash them off with fire and brimstone !" But even men, then, Ben Jonson said, thought nothing of "turning four or five hundred acres of land into two or three trunks of apparel." Twenty-five yards of fine lace were required to edge a ruff, without

counting the ground of lace squares or cut-work. After the ruff we have the gorget—the ruff cut away in front and standing up stiff behind, like a screen to the head to prevent draughts, then the falling collar, the Vandyke collar of Charles I., with its geometrical elaborate pattern, the whisks, falling bands, rebatoes, ruffles, &c., about each of which a little treatise might be written. For the apparel proclaims the age as well as the man and the woman.

The dainty use of lace by man is, we imagine, a thing altogether impossible for the future; but woman has taken to it again with ardour, and we imagine the lace display of the products of Brussels and Alençon at the Paris Exhibition in 1867 would have rivalled, if not surpassed, in elegance and magnificence any that might have been made in bygone times. The show of Brussels lace was astonishing; the fine folds of gossamer tissue interwoven with delicate tracery of outlines of roses and carnations, looked as though woven by the tiny fingers of fairies, out of the impalpable hair of the dandelion or filaments of vapour, while the Alençon lace presented a harmony of rich broidery and airiest tissue which was equally wonderful. Brussels lace is too well known in England to detain us; but the Alençon lace, which our Nottingham lace-makers call point of Lincoln, is an ambitious rival, which, in these gaudy days of the second empire, is outrunning its more modest competitor, and is less familiar to us. Both in 1867 and in 1855, there were magnificent robes displayed in the Paris Exhibitions, entirely made of Alençon lace; one of these was valued at £8000. Point d'Alençon is made wholly by hand, worked with the finest of needles on parchment patterns in pieces, afterwards united together by invisible seams. Formerly it required eighteen different hands to complete a single piece of Alençon lace; these are now reduced to twelve,—the *piqueuse*, the *tracuse*, the *réseuse*, the *remplisseuse*, the *fondeuse*, &c., every special workwoman having a name from the portion of the work she performs. The whole design is engraved on a copper plate, then printed off upon pieces of green parchment ten inches long, each numbered in a given order. The pattern is pricked upon the parchment by the *piqueuse*; then comes the *tracuse*, who traces the pattern of the parchment with thread upon a piece of coarse linen stitched to the parchment; next comes the *réseuse*, who makes the ground netting of the lace; then the *flower-worker* takes it in hand, and so on. When the lace is completed on the pattern it

is a work of great delicacy to cut the finished lace off from it with a sharp razor, and none but the head of the fabric is intrusted with this. Then comes the joining together of the pieces. The last operation of all is performed by the *aficoteuse*, who polishes up the flower with an instrument called an *aficot*.

But we would have our readers follow the example of the Court, and patronise our home-made lace, in which Devonshire, formerly called the land of bone-lace and cider, is favourably distinguished. It is a pleasant thing to see the wife of a South Devonshire peasant busy over bobbin-lace at her door in summer-time, and adding a very grateful sum to the slender wages of her husband by the nimble play of her fingers; it has its pictorial aspect, as Cowper has seen:—

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.

In another passage, also, Cowper has a pleasing description of lace-making with the needle, the manufacturer of lace having evidently attracted his simple fancy:—

And here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds and leaves and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispersed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair—
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.

And those who have any sympathy with Cowper's simple tastes and innocent heart will, no doubt, feel a pleasure in spending their lace-money so as to give prolonged existence to the scenes which pleased his eye and fixed his fancy, in wearing Honiton or other home-made lace, which may be found exquisite enough, in spite of the superior elegance of the Brussels, and richer magnificence of the Alençon.

TABLE TALK.

IF the food we eat and the water we drink are adulterated and polluted, at least we might expect to find purity in the air we breathe. But no. Setting aside the vaporous deleterious that are the necessary consequences of our coal and gas consumption, the atmosphere is filled with particles of solid matter, and teems with organisms, vegetable or animal. Mr.

Dancer and Dr. Angus Smith have lately been examining the air of Manchester for the detection of these impurities, and microscopic scrutiny has revealed the existence of large quantities of spores of fungoid matter, particles of vegetable tissue, sometimes partially burnt, filaments of hair, animalculæ, granules of starch, pollen of flowers, and other substances. A rough estimation of the number of germs of organic matter alone in a given volume of air, gave the startling proportion of $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions of spores to about 2500 litres of atmosphere—a quantity that an active man would respire in about 10 hours! Dr. Smith thinks it possible that one class of minute organic bodies which he has found in cow-houses, may constitute the cattle plague poison in its earliest stage. Although these researches refer to the air of Manchester, there is good reason to suppose that the atmospheres of other cities are similarly contaminated.

A HUMANE philosopher proposes to do away with capital punishment and to substitute death by electricity. A lightning stroke kills instantaneously, and without pain, if we may judge from the reports of those persons who have been nearly killed by such inflictions. Franklin was stunned by a powerful shock of electricity, and, when he came to, wondered how it was that he was stretched on the floor: he had felt nothing. An electrician would easily provide the means of administering a death-stroke; and, to say the least, the method would be several removes better than the barbarous one of killing by strangulation at present in vogue—to say nothing of shooting and the guillotine. Certainly if the schemes of some reformers are realised, and we destroy the lives of the condemned in secret, there can be little doubt that we should select the most expeditious and the least troublesome method of slaughter.

I HAVE lately met with two anecdotes, neither of them, as I believe, hackneyed, and both sufficiently authentic to figure in the memoirs of a somewhat grave and matter-of-fact diplomatic personage of the last century. Both, in their way, afford a droll illustration of a notion I rather strongly adhere to; namely, that there is less truth in the maxim “the ruling passion strong in death,” than is generally ascribed to it—at any rate, in its common acceptance. Passion, we should rather say, rarely shows itself in the moment of death, whereas, a prevailing habit of mind, the currents of reflection or fancy in which our

thoughts are accustomed to be carried along, in the majority of instances, occasion the last flashes with which the expiring spirit gleams forth ere it sinks into utter darkness. Now for my instances. The first refers to a certain minister at a foreign court, who was so impressed with the importance of secrecy being observed in all the actions of one in his responsible position, that he would make a mystery of the most innocent and trivial occurrences. Being afflicted with an ulcer in one of his legs, he called in a surgeon to treat it, on whom he charged complete reticence as to the cause of his being summoned; and, shortly after, when a similar ulcer showed itself in the other leg, he had another surgeon sent for, from whom he strictly concealed the fact that his other limb was being treated by a brother in the craft. The result was as might naturally be expected, that the two leeches, for want of consent in their mode of treatment, eventually killed him; although some satirical rogues might suggest that their consent might have proved more rapidly fatal. Be this as it may, each, as it were, gave him a leg-up on the pale horse of Death, and it galloped away with him. Next day, after his discreet lips were sealed once and for ever, a friend called to inquire after his health, and, being shown in to the secretary, was informed that his master was dead, but that his last injunctions were that no one was to know of it.

My second instance is furnished by the last moments of the famous Duke of Ormond, he that fought with King William at the Boyne, was Commander-in-Chief under Anne, when he destroyed the French and Spanish fleets at Vigo, and died in exile, an attainted traitor. Avignon was the spot he chose for his retreat, and there died this great nobleman, whose military talents and high daring were only equalled by the exquisite courtesy of his demeanour; for indeed, he had made of politeness a fine art, and it pervaded every action of his life. It happened that at the moment death began to make his last decisive approach on the stronghold of life, the veteran soldier was in the company of a German Baron, distinguished also, among all his nation, for scrupulous observance of all the amenities of social life. The duke had himself carried to an arm-chair, and, turning to the baron, said: “Pardon me, dear sir, if I make some few unpleasant grimaces in your presence, but my doctor has just informed me I am about to enter into the agonies of death.” To this the baron politely replied: “Pray, my lord duke, do not inconvenience yourself on my

account." If I have not made out my argument, I hope it will be admitted I have made it a peg to hang two good stories on.

IN a recent number of *Once a Week* (No. 17), there appeared a riddle which was said to be insoluble :

When from the ark's capacious round
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs ?

It was said that Archbishop Whately offered £5 to anyone who should solve it, that a German professor wrote a most elaborate answer to it, and that, finally, it was supposed to be unanswerable. Now that you have all given it up in despair, behold the mystery unveiled :—

To him who cons the matter o'er,
A little thought reveals,
He heard it first who went before
Two pair of soles and eels.

A STORY like that of *Foul Play* has necessarily been criticised a good deal in its progress from week to week, and one of the criticisms which it has provoked has been curiously answered. The point against which objection has been taken is, that when Robert Penfold is found guilty, the judge who tries him does not permit him to speak in self-defence. "Prisoner," he says, "I cannot go back to facts: the jury have dealt with them. Judgment can be arrested only on grounds of law. On these you can be heard. But if you have none to offer, you must be silent and submit to your sentence." It has been argued that such a speech shows a complete ignorance of the practice of Courts of Law on the parts of Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault: for, although a prisoner be not entitled to speak to the facts which have been laid before the jury, still in practice he is allowed to say anything he likes: the judge never by any chance interferes with him. The recent Fenian trials give a complete answer to this criticism. Baron Bramwell quickly and warmly put a stop to the oratory of Burke. It is true that the Chief Justice had previously allowed Barrett, before sentence, to make a long speech. The limits of the licence allowed to a convicted prisoner will, of course, largely depend on the temper of the judge. But the case of the author of *Foul Play* is fairly made out if we can mention a single living judge who would act as the one in the story did with regard to a prisoner—stop him from discussing the facts on which the verdict rests. I mention Baron Bramwell.

A CORRESPONDENT: "Attention has been so pointedly turned to the heir of the Imperial Crown of France, by his being sent alone, a boy of twelve years of age, to inspect the fleet at Cherbourg, that you may welcome some few facts about him. The Prince Imperial is very small for his age, with his father's disproportionately short legs, so that he is seen to the greatest advantage on horseback. He has a gentle thoughtful face; his forehead is small, and hair dark chestnut. You would not call him particularly handsome, but his eyes have all the exquisite sweetness which have made his mother one of the loveliest women in Europe. He has not a little grace of deportment added to much boyish frankness, which bespeaks a genial nature. He is not deficient in the sense of humour, and of the sweetness of his disposition there can be no doubt. Any one who has seen him at Fontainebleau playing with his huge dog, will be convinced that fondness for animals is also one of the Prince's characteristics. The greatest attachment has long existed between the young Napoleon and one of his playmates, and an interesting anecdote is told of them when only six or seven years old. Some misunderstanding had arisen in their game, and in the excitement of their juvenile quarrel, the Prince received a blow. But here the child bethought himself of the lessons carefully inculcated by his mother, and turning his earnest and thoughtful eye on his little companion, he said, I cannot return it you, because you are a Frenchman, and I am the Prince Imperial of France. The children were duly separated and put in disgrace; when, next day, his pugnacious friend was brought by his father to apologise for having so far forgotten himself; the Prince on seeing him, threw his arms round his neck, saying, Ah, how unhappy I have been not to have seen you a whole day. There would seem to be a fair prospect of a kind and generous heart developing itself by the side of an admittedly precocious intelligence, in him for whom Napoleon III. has chosen no other title than The child of France."

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ONCE A WEEK

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LV.



ARTHUR WARDLAW was thunderstruck; and, for some time, sat stupidly staring at her. And to this blank gaze succeeded a look of abject terror, which seemed strange to her, and beyond the occasion. But this was not all; for, after glaring at her with scared eyes and ashy cheeks a moment or two, he got up and literally staggered out of the room without a word.

He had been taken by surprise, and, for once, all his arts had failed him.

Helen, whose eyes had never left his face, and had followed his retiring figure, was frightened at the weight of the blow she had struck; and strange thoughts and conjectures filled her mind. Hitherto, she had felt sure Robert Penfold was under a delusion as to Arthur Wardlaw, and that his suspicions were as unjust as they certainly were vague. Yet, now, at the name of Robert Penfold, Arthur turned pale and fled like a guilty thing. This was a coincidence, that confirmed her good opinion of Robert Penfold, and gave her ugly thoughts of Arthur. Still, she was one very slow to condemn a friend, and too generous and candid to condemn on suspicion; so she resolved as far as possible to suspend her unfavourable judgment of Arthur, until she should have asked him why this great emotion, and heard his reply.

Moreover, she was no female detective, but a pure creature bent on clearing innocence. The object of her life, was, not to discover the faults of Arthur Wardlaw, or any other person, but to clear Robert Penfold of a crime. Yet Arthur's strange behaviour was a great shock to her; for here, at the very outset, he had somehow made her feel she must hope for no assistance from *him*. She sighed at this check, and asked herself to whom she should apply first for aid. Robert had told her to see his counsel, his solicitor, his father, and Mr. Undercliff, an Expert, and to sift the whole matter.

Not knowing exactly where to begin, she thought she would, after all, wait a day or two to give Arthur time to recover himself, and decide calmly whether he would co-operate with her or not.

In this trying interval, she set up a diary—for the first time in her life; for she was no egotist: and she noted down what we have just related, only in a very condensed form, and wrote at the margin:—*Mysterious*.

Arthur never came near her for two whole days. This looked grave. On the third day she said to General Rolleston:

"Papa, *you* will help me in the good cause, will you not?"

He replied that he would do what he could, but feared that would be little.

"Will you take me down to Elmtrees, this morning?"

"With all my heart."

He took her down to Elmtrees. On the way she said: "Papa, you must let me get a word with Mr. Wardlaw, alone."

"Oh, certainly. But, of course, you will not say a word to hurt his feelings."

"Oh, papa!"

"Excuse me: but, when a person of your age is absorbed with one idea, she sometimes forgets that other people have any feelings at all."

Helen kissed him meekly, and said that was too true; and she would be upon her guard.

To General Rolleston's surprise, his daughter

no sooner saw old Wardlaw than she went—or seemed to go—into high spirits, and was infinitely agreeable.

But, at last, she got him all to herself, and then she turned suddenly grave, and said :

"Mr. Wardlaw, I want to ask you a question. It is something about Robert Penfold."

Wardlaw shook his head. "That is a painful subject, my dear. But what do you wish to know about that unhappy young man?"

"Can you tell me the name of the counsel who defended him at the trial?"

"No, indeed, I cannot."

"But perhaps you can tell me where I could learn that."

"His father is in our office still; no doubt he could tell you."

Now, for obvious reasons, Helen did not like to go to the office; so she asked faintly if there was nobody else who could tell her.

"I suppose the solicitor could."

"But I don't know who was the solicitor," said Helen, with a sigh.

"Hum!" said the merchant. "Try the bill-broker. I'll give you his address;" and he wrote it down for her.

Helen did not like to be too importunate, and she could not bear to let Wardlaw senior know she loved anybody better than his son: and yet some explanation was necessary: so she told him as calmly as she could that her father and herself were both well acquainted with Robert Penfold, and knew many things to his credit.

"I am glad to hear that," said Wardlaw; "and I can believe it. He bore an excellent character here, till, in an evil hour, a strong temptation came, and he fell."

"What! You think he was guilty?"

"I do. Arthur, I believe, has his doubts still. But he is naturally prejudiced in his friend's favour: and, besides, he was not at the trial; I was."

"Thank you, Mr. Wardlaw," said Helen, coldly; and, within five minutes, she was on her way home.

"Arthur prejudiced in Robert Penfold's favour!" That puzzled her extremely.

She put down the whole conversation while her memory was fresh. She added this comment:—"What darkness I am groping in!"

Next day she went to the bill-broker, and told him Mr. Wardlaw senior had referred her to him for certain information. Wardlaw's name was evidently a passport. Mr. Adams said obsequiously, "Anything in the world I can do, madam?"

"It is about Mr. Robert Penfold. I wish to

know the name of the counsel he had at his trial."

"Robert Penfold! What, the forger?"

"He was accused of that crime," said Helen, turning red.

"Accused, madam! He was convicted. I ought to know; for it was my partner he tried the game on. But I was too sharp for him. I had him arrested before he had time to melt the notes; indicted him, and sent him across the herring pond, in spite of his parson's coat, the rascal."

Helen drew back, as if a serpent had stung her.

"It was you who had him transported!" cried she, turning her eyes on him with horror.

"Of course it was me," said Mr. Adams, firing up; "and I did the country good service. I look upon a forger as worse than a murderer. What is the matter? You are ill."

The poor girl was half-fainting at the sight of the man who had destroyed her Robert, and owned it.

"No, no," she cried, hastily; "let me get away—let me get away from here—you cruel, cruel man."

She tottered to the door, and got to her carriage, she scarcely knew how, without the information she went for.

The bill-broker was no fool; he saw now how the land lay; he followed her down the stairs, and tried to stammer excuses.

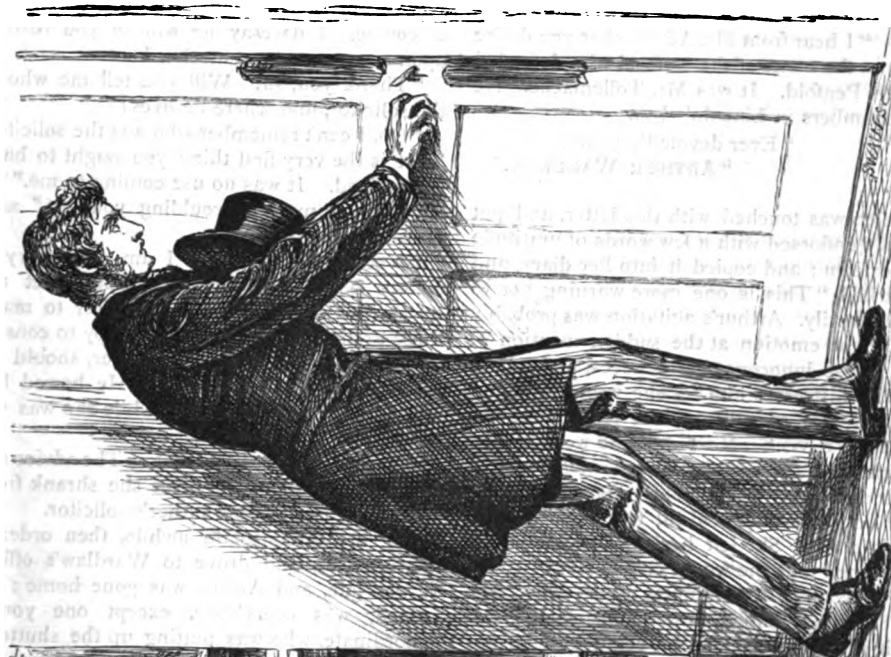
"Charing Cross Hotel," said she, faintly, and hid her face against the cushion to avoid the sight of him.

When she got home, she cried bitterly at her feminine weakness, and her incapacity; and she entered this pitiable failure in her journal with a severity our male readers will hardly, we think, be disposed to imitate; and she added, by way of comment,—"*Is this how I carry out my poor Robert's precept: Be obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman?*"

That night she consulted her father on this difficulty, so slight to any but an inexperienced girl. He told her there must be a report of the trial in the newspapers, and the report would probably mention the counsel; she had better consult a file.

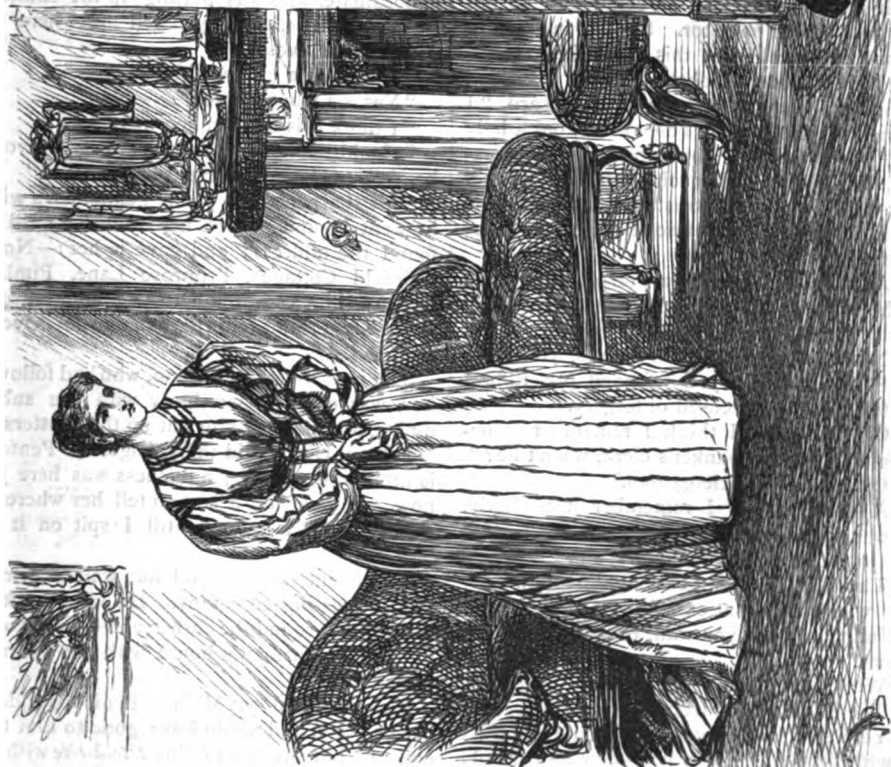
Then the thing was where to find a file. After one or two failures, the British Museum was suggested. She went thither, and could not get in to read without certain formalities. While these were being complied with, she was at a stand-still.

That same evening came a line from Arthur Wardlaw:—



May 16, 1868.

See page 419.



Once a Week.]

"DEAREST HELEN,

"I hear from Mr. Adams that you desire to know the name of the counsel who defended Robert Penfold. It was Mr. Tollemache. He has chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

"Ever devotedly yours,

"ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen was touched with this letter, and put it away endorsed with a few words of gratitude and esteem; and copied it into her diary, and remarked, "This is one more warning not to judge hastily. Arthur's agitation was probably only great emotion at the sudden mention of one, whose innocence he believes, and whose sad fate distresses him." She wrote back and thanked him sweetly, and in terms that encouraged a visit. Next day she went to Mr. Tollemache. A seedy man followed her at a distance. Mr. Tollemache was not at his chambers, nor expected till four o'clock. He was in court. She left her card, and wrote on it in pencil that she would call at four.

She went at ten minutes after four. Mr. Tollemache declined through his clerk to see her if she was a client; he could only be approached by her solicitor. She felt inclined to go away and cry; but this time she remembered she was to be obstinate as a man, and supple as a woman. She wrote on a card, "I am not a client of Mr. Tollemache, but a lady deeply interested in obtaining some information, which Mr. Tollemache can with perfect propriety give me. I trust to his courtesy as a gentleman not to refuse me a short interview."

"Admit the lady," said a sharp, little voice.

She was ushered in, and found Mr. Tollemache standing before the fire.

"Now, madam, what can I do for you?"

"Some years ago you defended Mr. Robert Penfold; he was accused of forgery."

"Oh, was he? I think I remember something about it. A banker's clerk, wasn't he?"

"Oh, no, sir. A clergyman."

"A clergyman? I remember it perfectly. He was convicted."

"Do you think he was guilty, sir?"

"There was a strong case against him."

"I wish to sift that case."

"Indeed. And you want to go through the papers."

"What papers, sir?"

"The brief for the defence."

"Yes," said Helen, boldly; "would you trust me with that, sir. Oh, if you knew how deeply I am interested!" The tears were in her lovely eyes.

"The brief has gone back to the solicitor, of course. I daresay he will let you read it upon a proper representation."

"Thank you, sir. Will you tell me who is the solicitor, and where he lives?"

"Oh, I can't remember who was the solicitor. That is the very first thing you ought to have ascertained. It was no use coming to me."

"Forgive me for troubling you, sir," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

"Not at all, madam; I am only sorry I cannot be of more service. But do let me advise you to employ your solicitor to make these preliminary inquiries. Happy to consult with him, and re-open the matter, should he discover any fresh evidence." He bowed her out, and sat down to a brief while she was yet in sight.

She turned away heart-sick. The advice she had received was good: but she shrank from baring her heart to her father's solicitor.

She sat disconsolate awhile, then ordered another cab, and drove to Wardlaw's office. It was late, and Arthur was gone home; so, indeed, was everybody, except one young subordinate, who was putting up the shutters. "Sir," said she, "can you tell me where old Mr. Penfold lives?"

"Somewhere in the subbubs, miss."

"Yes, sir; but where?"

"I think it is out Pimlico way."

"Could you not give me the street? I would beg you to accept a present if you could."

This sharpened the young gentleman's wits; he went in and groped here and there, till he found the address; and gave it her:—No. 3, Fairfield Cottages, Primrose Lane, Pimlico. She gave him a sovereign, to his infinite surprise and delight; and told the cabman to drive to the hotel.

The next moment the man, who had followed her, was chatting familiarly with the subordinate, and helping him put up the shutters.

"I say, Dick," said the youngster, "Penfold's is up in the market; a duchess was here just now, and gave me a sov. to tell her where he lived. Wait a moment till I spit on it for luck."

The agent however did not wait to witness that interesting ceremony. He went back to his Hansom round the corner, and drove at once to Arthur Wardlaw's house with the information.

Helen noted down Michael Penfold's address in her diary, and would have gone to him that evening, but she was to dine *tête-à-tête* with her father.

Next day she went down to 3 Fairfield Cot-

tages at half-past four. On the way her heart palpitated, for this was a very important interview. Here at least she might hope to find some clue, by following out which she would sooner or later establish Robert's innocence. But then came a fearful thought. "Why had not his father done this already, if it was possible to do it? His father must love him. His father must have heard his own story and tested it in every way. Yet his father remained the servant of a firm, the senior partner of which had told her to her face Robert was guilty."

It was a strange and terrible enigma. Yet she clung to the belief that some new light would come to her from Michael Penfold. Then came bashful fears. "How should she account to Mr. Penfold for the interest she took in his son, she who was affianced to Mr. Penfold's employer." She arrived at 3 Fairfield Cottages with her cheeks burning, and repeating to herself, "Now is the time to be supple as a woman; but obstinate as a man."

She sent the cabman in to inquire for Mr. Penfold; a sharp girl of about thirteen came out to her, and told her Mr. Penfold was not at home.

"Can you tell me when he will be at home?"

"No, miss. He have gone to Scotland. A telegraphum came from Wardlaws' last night, as he was to go to Scotland, first thing this morning; and he went at six o'clock."

"Oh, dear! How unfortunate!"

"Who shall I say called, miss?"

"Thank you, I will write. What time did the telegram come?"

"Between five and six last evening, miss."

She returned to the hotel. Fate seemed to be against her. Baffled at the very threshold! At the hotel she found Arthur Wardlaw's card, and a beautiful bouquet.

She sat down directly, and wrote to him affectionately, and asked him in the postscript if he could send her a report of the trial. She received a reply directly, that he had inquired in the office, for one of the clerks had reports of it; but this clerk was unfortunately out, and had locked up his desk.

Helen sighed. Her feet seemed to be clogged at every step in this inquiry.

Next morning however, a large envelope came for her, and a Mr. Hand wrote to her thus:—

"MADAM,

"Having been requested by Mr. Arthur Wardlaw to send you my extracts of a trial, the

Queen v. Penfold, I herewith forward the same, and would feel obliged by your returning them at your convenience.

"Your obedient servant,
"JAMES HAND."

Helen took the enclosed extracts to her bed-room, and there read them over many times.

In both these reports the case for the Crown was neat, clear, cogent, straightforward, and supported by evidence. The defence was chiefly argument of counsel to prove the improbability of a clergyman and a man of good character passing a forged note. One of the reports stated that Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, a son of the principal witness, had taken the accusation so much to heart that he was now dangerously ill at Oxford. The other report did not contain this, but on the other hand it stated that the prisoner after conviction had endeavoured to lay the blame on Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, but that the judge had stopped him, and said he could only aggravate his offence by endeavouring to cast a slur upon the Wardlaws, who had both shown a manifest desire to shield him; but were powerless for want of evidence.

In both reports the summing up of the judge was moderate in expression, but leaned against the prisoner on every point, and corrected the sophistical reasoning of his counsel very sensibly. Both reports said an Expert was called for the prisoner, whose ingenuity made the court smile, but did not counterbalance the evidence. Helen sat cold as ice with the extracts in her hand.

Not that her sublime faith was shaken. But that poor Robert appeared to have been so calmly and fairly dealt with by everybody. Even Mr. Hennessy, the counsel for the Crown, had opened the case with humane regret, and confined himself to facts, and said nobody would be more pleased than he would, if this evidence could be contradicted, or explained in a manner consistent with the prisoner's innocence.

What a stone she had undertaken to roll—up what a hill!

What was to be her next step? Go to the Museum, which was now open to her, and read more reports? She shrank from that.

"The newspapers are all against him," said she; "and I don't want to be told he is guilty, when I know he is innocent."

She now re-examined the extracts with a view to names, and found the only names mentioned were those of the counsel. The

Expert's name was not given in either. However, she knew that from Robert. She resolved to speak to Mr. Hennessy first, and try and get at the defendant's solicitor through him.

She found him out by the Law Directory, and called at a few minutes past four.

Hennessy was almost the opposite to Tollemache. He was about the size of a gentleman's wardrobe; and, like most enormous men, good-natured. He received her, saw with his practised eye that she was no common person, and, after a slight hesitation on professional grounds, heard her request. He sent for his note-book, found the case in one moment, re-mastered it in another, and told her the solicitor for the Crown in that case was Freshfield.

"Now," said he, "you want to know who was the defendant's solicitor? Jenkins, a stamped envelope. Write your name and address on that."

While she was doing it, he scratched a line to Mr. Freshfield, asking him to send the required information to the enclosed address.

She thanked Mr. Hennessy with the tears in her eyes.

"I dare not ask you whether you think him guilty," she said.

Hennessy shook his head with an air of good-natured rebuke.

"You must not cross-examine counsel," said he; "but, if it will be any comfort to you, I'll say this much, there was just a shadow of doubt, and Tollemache certainly let a chance slip. If I had defended your friend, I would have insisted on a postponement of the trial, until this Arthur Wardlaw" (looking at his note-book) "could be examined, either in court or otherwise, if he was really dying. Is he dead, do you know?"

"No."

"I thought not. Sick witnesses are often at death's door; but I never knew one pass the threshold. Ha! ha! The trial ought to have been postponed till he got well. If a judge refused me a postponement in such a case, I would make him so odious to the jury, that the prisoner would get a verdict in spite of his teeth."

"Then, you think he was badly defended?"

"No; that is saying a great deal more than I could justify. But there are counsel, who trust too much to their powers of reasoning, and underrate a chink in the evidence pro. or con. Practice, and a few back-falls, cure them of that."

Mr. Hennessy uttered this general observation with a certain change of tone, which

showed he thought he had said as much or more than his visitor had any right to expect from him; and she, therefore, left him, repeating her thanks. She went home, pondering on every word he had said, and entered it all in her journal, with the remark, "How strange! the first doubt of Robert's guilt comes to me from the lawyer who caused him to be found guilty. He calls it the shadow of a doubt."

That very evening, Mr. Freshfield had the courtesy to send her by messenger the name and address of the solicitor who had defended Robert Penfold. Lovejoy and James, Lincoln's Inn Fields. She called on them, and sent in her card. She was kept waiting a long time in the outer office, and felt ashamed, and sick at heart, seated among young clerks. At last she was admitted, and told Mr. Lovejoy she and her father, General Rolleston, were much interested in a late client of his, Mr. Robert Penfold, and would he be kind enough to let her see the brief for the defence?

"Are you a relation of the Penfolds, madam?"

"No, sir," said Helen, blushing.

"Humph!" said Lovejoy.

He touched a hand-bell. A clerk appeared.

"Ask Mr. Upton to come to me."

Mr. Upton, the managing clerk, came in due course, and Mr. Lovejoy asked him,—

"Who instructed us in the *Queen v. Penfold*?"

"It was Mr. Michael Penfold, sir."

Mr. Lovejoy then told Helen that she must just get a line from Mr. Michael Penfold, and then the papers should be submitted to her.

"Yes; but, sir," said Helen, "Mr. Penfold is in Scotland."

"Well, but you can write to him."

"No; I don't know in what part of Scotland he is."

"Then you are not very intimate with him?"

"No, sir; my acquaintance is with Mr. Robert Penfold."

"Have you a line from him?"

"I have no *written* authority from him; but will you not take my word that I act by his desire?"

"My dear madam," said the lawyer, "we go by rule. There are certain forms to be observed in these things. I am sure your own good sense will tell you it would be cruel and improper of me to submit those papers without an order from Robert or Michael Penfold. Pray consider this as a delay, not a refusal."

"Yes, sir," said Helen; "but I meet with nothing but delays, and my heart is breaking under them."

The solicitor looked sorry, but would not act irregularly. She went home sighing, and condemned to wait the return of Michael Penfold.

The cab-door was opened for her by a seedy man she fancied she had seen before.

Baffled thus, and crippled in every movement she made, however slight, in favour of Robert Penfold, she was seduced on the other hand into all the innocent pleasures of the town. Her adventure had transpired somehow or other, and all General Rolleston's acquaintances hunted him up; and both father and daughter were courted by people of ton as lions. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about her, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked up somehow on her desolate island. She always wore them; they linked her to that sacred purpose she seemed to be forgetting. Her father drew her with him into the vortex, hiding from her that he embarked in it principally for her sake, and she went down the current with him out of filial duty. Thus unfathomable difficulties thrust her back from her up-hill task: and the world, with soft but powerful hand, drew her away to it. Arthur brought her a choice bouquet, or sent her a choice bouquet every evening, but otherwise did not intrude much upon her; and though she was sure he would assist her, if she asked him, gratitude and delicacy forbade her to call him again to her assistance. She preferred to await the return of Michael Penfold. She had written to him at the office to tell him she had news of his son, and begged him to give her instant notice of his return from Scotland.

Day after day passed, and he did not write to her. She began to chafe, and then to pine. Her father saw, and came to a conclusion that her marriage with Arthur ought to be hastened. He resolved to act quietly but firmly towards that end.

CHAPTER LVI.

UP to this time Helen's sex, and its attributes, had been a great disadvantage to her. She had been stopped on the very threshold of her inquiry by petty difficulties, which a man would have soon surmounted. But one fine day the scale gave a little turn, and she made a little discovery, thanks to her sex. Women, whether it is that they are born to be followed, or are accustomed to be followed, seem to have eyes in the backs of their heads, and instinct to divine when somebody is after them. This

inexperienced girl, who had missed seeing many things our readers have seen, observed in merely passing her window a seedy man in the court-yard of the hotel. Would you believe it, she instantly recognised the man who had opened her cab-door for her in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Quick as lightning it passed through her mind, "Why do I see the same figure in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and at Charing Cross." At various intervals she passed the window; and twice she saw the man again. She pondered, and determined to try a little experiment. Robert Penfold, it may be remembered had mentioned an Expert as one of the persons she was to see. She had looked for his name in the Directory; but Experts were not down in the book. Another fatality! But at last she had found Undercliff, a lithographer, and she fancied that he must be the same person. She did not hope to learn much from him; the newspapers said his evidence had caused a smile. She had a distinct object in visiting him, the nature of which will appear. She ordered a cab and dressed herself. She came down and entered the cab; but instead of telling the man where to drive, she gave him a slip of paper, containing the address of the lithographer. "Drive there," said she, a little mysteriously. The cabman winked, suspecting an intrigue, and went off to the place. There she learned that Mr. Undercliff had moved to Frith Street, Soho, number not known. She told the cabman to drive slowly up and down the street, but could not find the name. At last she observed some lithographs in a window. She let the cabman go all down the street, then stopped him and paid him off. She had no sooner done this than she walked very briskly back and entered the little shop, and inquired for Mr. Undercliff. He was out, and not expected back for an hour. "I will wait," said Helen; and she sat down with her head upon her white hand. A seedy man passed the window rapidly with a busy air; and if his eye shot a glance into the shop, it was so slight and careless that nobody could suspect he was a spy, and had done his work effectually as he flashed by. In that moment the young lady, through the chink of her fingers, which she had opened for that purpose, not only recognised the man, but noticed his face, his hat, his waistcoat, his dirty linen, and the pin in his neck-tie.

"Ah!" said she, and flushed to the brow.

She lifted up her head and became conscious of a formidable old woman, who was standing behind the counter at a side door, eyeing her

with the severest scrutiny. This old woman was tall and thin, and had a fine face, the lower part of which was feminine enough; but the forehead and brows were alarming. Though her hair was silvery, the brows were black and shaggy, and the forehead was divided by a vertical furrow into two temples. Under those shaggy eyebrows shone dark grey eyes that passed for black with most people; and those eyes were fixed on Helen, reading her. Helen's light hazel eyes returned their gaze. She blushed, and still looking, said, "Pray, madam, can I see Mr. Undercliff?"

"My son is out for the day, miss," said the old lady, civilly.

"Oh dear! how unfortunate I am," said Helen with a sigh.

"He comes back to-night. You can see him to-morrow at ten o'clock. A question of handwriting?"

"Not exactly," said Helen; "but he was witness in favour of a person, I know was innocent."

"But he was found guilty," said the other with cool keenness.

"Yes, madam: and he has no friend to clear him, but me: a poor weak girl, baffled and defeated whichever way I turn." She began to cry.

The old woman looked at her crying, with that steady composure which marks her sex on these occasions; and, when she was better, said quietly, "you are not so weak as you think." She added after a while, "if you wish to retain my son, you had better leave a fee."

"With pleasure, madam. What is the fee?"

"One guinea. Of course there is a separate charge for any work he may do for you."

"That is but reasonable, madam." And with this she paid the fee and rose to go.

"Shall I send any one home with you?"

"No, thank you," said Helen. "Why?"

"Because you are followed, and because you are not used to be followed."

"Why how did you find that out?"

"By your face, when a man passed the window, a shabby genteel fellow; he was employed by some gentleman, no doubt. Such faces as yours will be followed in London. If you feel uneasy, miss, I will put on my bonnet and see you home."

Helen was surprised at this act of substantial civility from the Gorgon. "Oh thank you, Mrs. Undercliff," said she. "No, I am not the least afraid. Let them follow me, I am doing nothing that I am ashamed of. Indeed I am glad I am thought worth the trouble of

following. It shows me I am not so thoroughly contemptible. Good-bye: and many thanks. Ten o'clock to-morrow."

And she walked home without looking once behind her till the Hotel was in sight; then she stopped at a shop-window, and in a moment her swift eye embraced the whole landscape. But the shabby genteel man was nowhere in sight.

CHAPTER LVII.

WHEN Joseph Wylie disappeared from the scene, Nancy Rouse made a discovery, which very often follows the dismissal of a suitor; that she was considerably more attached to him than she had thought. The house became dull; the subordinate washerwomen languid: their taciturnity irritated and depressed Nancy by turns.

In the midst of this, Michael Penfold discovered that Helen had come back safe. He came into Nancy's parlour, beaming with satisfaction, and told her of the good news. It gave her immense delight at first. But, when she had got used to her joy on that score, she began to think she had used Joe Wylie very ill. Now that Helen was saved, she could no longer realise that Wylie was so very much to blame.

She even persuaded herself that his disappearance was the act of a justly offended man: and, as he belonged to a class, of whose good sense she had a poor opinion, she was tormented with fears that he would do some desperate act; drown himself, or go to sea; or, worst of all, marry some trollop. She became very anxious and unhappy. Before this misfortune she used to go about singing the first verse of a song, and whistling the next, like any ploughboy; an eccentric performance, but it made the house gay. Now both song and whistle were suspended; and, instead, it was all hard work and hard crying; turn about.

She attached herself to Michael Penfold, because he had known trouble; and was sympathetic: and these two opened their hearts to one another, and formed a friendship that was very honest and touching.

The scene of their conversation and mutual consolation was Nancy's parlour: a little mite of a room she had partitioned off from her business. "For," said she, "a lady I'll be—after my work is done—if it is only in a cupboard." The room had a remarkably large fire-place, which had originally warmed the whole floor; but now was used as a ventilator only. The gas would have been stifling with-

out it. As for lighting a fire in it, that was out of the question.

On a certain evening, soon after Mr. Penfold's return from Scotland, the pair sat over their tea, and the conversation fell on the missing sweetheart. Michael had been thinking it over, and was full of encouragement. He said,

"Miss Rouse, something tells me that if poor Mr. Wylie could only know your heart, he would turn up again directly. What we ought to do is to send somebody to look for him in all the sailors' haunts: some sharp fellow—dear me, what a knocking they keep up next door!"

"Oh, that is always the way when one wants a quiet chat. Drat the woman; I'll have her indicted."

"No, you won't, Miss Rouse: she is a poor soul, and has got no business, except letting lodgings; she is not like you. But I do hope she will be so considerate as not to come quite through the wall."

"Dear heart," said Nancy, "go on, and never mind her noise. Which it is worse than a horgan-grinder."

"Well, then, if you can't find him that way, I say—Advertise."

"Me!" cried Nancy, turning very red. "Do I look like a woman as would advertise for a man?"

"No, ma'am: quite the reverse. But what I mean is, you might put in something not too plain. For instance:—If J. W. will return to N. R. all will be forgotten and forgiven."

"He'd have the upper hand of me for life," said Nancy. "No, no; I won't advertise for the fool. What right had he to run off at the first word? He ought to know my bark is worse than my bite by this time. You can, though."

"Me, bite, ma'am?" said the old gentleman.

"Bite? no: advertise, since you're so fond of it. Come, you sit down and write one; and I'll pay for it, for that matter."

Michael sat down, and drew up the following. "If Mr. Joseph Wylie will call on Michael Penfold, at No. 3, F.C., he will hear of something to his advantage."

"To his advantage?" said Nancy, doubtfully. "Why not tell him the truth?"

"Why, that is the truth, ma'am. Isn't it to his advantage to be reconciled to an honest, virtuous, painstaking lady, that honours him with her affection—and me with her friendship? Besides, it is the common form; and there is nothing like sticking to form."

"Mr. Penfolds," said Nancy, "any one can see you was born a gentleman; and I am a

deal prouder to have you, and your dirty linen, than I should him as pays you your wages: pale eyes—pale hair—pale eyelashes.—I wouldn't trust him to mangle a duster."

"Oh, Miss Rouse! Pray don't disparage my good master to me."

"I can't help it, sir: thought is free, especially in this here compartment. Better speak one's mind than die o' the sulks. So shut your ear, when my music jars. But one every other day is enough: if he won't come back for that, why he must go, and I must look out for another: there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Still, I'll not deny I have a great respect for poor Joe. Oh, Mr. Penfold, what shall I do! Oh! oh! oh!"

"There, there," said Michael, "I'll put this into the *Times* every day."

"You are a good soul, Mr. Penfolds,—Oh—oh—oh!"

When he had finished the advertisement in a clerky hand, and she had finished her cry, she felt comparatively comfortable, and favoured Mr. Penfold with some reflections.

"Dear heart, Mr. Penfolds, how you and I do take to one another to be sure. But so we ought; for we are honest folk, the pair, and has had a hard time. Don't it never strike you rather curious that two thousand pounds was at the bottom of both our troubles, yourn and mine? I might have married Joe and been a happy woman with him; but the devil puts in my head—There you go again hammering! Life ain't worth having next door to that lodging-house. Drat the woman, if she must peck, why don't she go in the churchyard and peck her own grave; which we shall never be quiet till she *is* there: and these here gimcrack houses they won't stand no more pecking at than a soap-sud.—Ay, that's what hurts me, Mr. Penfold: the Lord had given him and me health, and strength, and honesty; our betters had wed for love and wrought for money, as the saying is; but I must go again Nature, that cried 'Come couple;' and must bargain for two thousand pounds. So now I've lost the man, and not got the money; nor never shall: and, if I had, I'd burn—Ah—ah—ah—ah—ah!"

This tirade ended in stifled screams of terror, caused by the sudden appearance of a human hand, in a place and in a manner well adapted to shake the stoutest laundress's nerves.

This hand came through the brickwork of the chimney-place, and there remained a moment or two: then slowly retired, and, as it retired, something was heard to fall upon the shavings and tinsel of the fire-place.

Nancy, by a feminine impulse, put her hands before her face, to hide this supernatural hand; and, when she found courage to withdraw them, and glare at the place, there was no aperture whatever in the brick-work; and, consequently, the hand appeared to have traversed the solid material, both coming and going.

"Oh, Mr. Penfolds," cried Nancy; "I'm a sinful woman; this comes of talking of the devil arter sunset;" and she sat trembling so that the very floor shook.

Mr. Penfold's nerves were not strong. He and Nancy both huddled together for mutual protection, and their faces had not a vestige of colour left in them.

However, after a period of general paralysis, Penfold whispered:—

"I heard it drop something on the shavings."

"Then we shall be all in a blaze o' brimstone," shrieked Nancy, wringing her hands.

And they waited to see.

Then, as no conflagration took place, Mr. Penfold got up, and said he must go and see what it was the hand had dropped.

Nancy, in whom curiosity was beginning to battle with terror, let him go to the fire-place without a word of objection, and then cried out,—

"Don't go anigh it, sir; it will do you a mischief; don't touch it whatever. *Take the tongs.*"

He took the tongs, and presently flung into the middle of the room a small oil-skin packet. This, as it lay on the ground, they both eyed like two deer glowering at a piece of red cloth, and ready to leap back over the moon if it should show signs of biting. But oilskin is not preternatural, nor has tradition connected it, however remotely, with the Enemy of man.

Consequently, a great revulsion took place in Nancy, and she passed from fear to indignation at having been frightened so.

She ran to the fire-place, and putting her head up the chimney, screamed,—"*Heave your dirt where you heave your love, ye Brazen.*"

While she was objurgating her neighbour, whom, with feminine justice, she held responsible for every act done in her house, Penfold undid the packet, and Nancy returned to her seat, with her mind more at ease, to examine the contents.

"Bank-notes!" cried Penfold.

"Ay," said Nancy, incredulously, "they do look like bank-notes, and feel like 'em; but they ain't wrote like them. Bank-notes ain't wrote black like that in the left-hand corner."

Penfold explained.

"Ten pound notes are not, nor fives; but large notes are. These are all fifties."

"Fifty whats?"

"Fifty pounds."

"What, each of them bits of paper worth fifty pounds?"

"Yes. Let us count them; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35,—oh, lord!—40. Why, it is two thousand pounds—just two thousand pounds. It is the very sum that ruined me; it did not belong to me, and its being in the house ruined my poor Robert. And this does not belong to you. Lock all the doors, bar all the windows, and burn them before the police come."

"Wait a bit," said Nancy, "wait a bit."

They sat on each side of the notes; Penfold agitated and terrified, Nancy confounded and perplexed.

THE FUTURE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS hitherto have belied the poetical maxim which promises everlasting joy to the possessors of things beautiful. They who have stocked their portfolios and albums with solar limnings have had the chagrin of seeing their treasured collections grow worthless before their eyes. They have blamed the photographers, too often justly, but as often without good reason. The better class of manipulators have fought hard against the destructive elements; they have used all skill and care to prevent their works from fading; but their best efforts have failed, and pictures that gave them the best hopes of stability have become pale and jaundiced in tone. But while the more conscientious artists have laboured to produce permanent results, their less scrupulous brethren, looking only upon present gains, have disregarded the precautions essential even to such permanency as it has been possible to secure; and, in consequence, the market has been flooded with pictures outwardly beautiful, and apparently lasting, but containing within, the elements of slow, perhaps, but certain destruction. A great stir has from time to time been made about the piracy of engravings by unprincipled photographers; and the holders of copyrights have persistently prosecuted the scapegraces who have violated their rights. I would have let them alone, taking consolation in the reasonable hope that the photographic copies would ultimately become sheets of dirty paper; and that the buyers and framers of them having, like the purchasers of Sam Slick's clocks, got so used to the pictures that they could not do without them, would want the originals to re-

place the faded reproductions and fill the vacant frames. This by the way.

Some may ask, why is it that photographs fade? The causes of fading are manifold. Everybody now knows that an ordinary photograph is composed of a salt of silver, with which a small per-centage of a salt of gold is combined, and that several chemicals are used in its production. Well, if any trace of any of these chemicals remains in the paper, over and above that small portion which enters into the composition of the print, fading is inevitable. The washing away of such traces constitutes one of the photographer's most irksome tasks; it is often left to careless hands. But supposing this primary cause of fading removed, others may exist. The paper upon which the print is mounted may contain some acid or chemical that will decompose the matter of the picture; and the same remark applies to the adhesive substance used in the mounting. The vapours included in a presumably pure atmosphere may be sufficiently pernicious to disturb the chemical equilibrium of the darkened silver, and form a compound of another colour. The first of these dangers may be guarded against; and photographers have lately striven to do battle with the last, by the use of varnishes to shield their prints from contact with the atmosphere. Even then it is doubtful whether permanency is certain, for chemists have asserted that the very matter of the photograph is alone and by itself unstable; and if this be so, all silver-printed sun-pictures will sooner or later fade.

Thus we are brought to ask whether we cannot make the sun paint in media more stable than treacherous chemicals? This has been an engrossing question for years. A photograph in printer's ink, or some pigment as durable, has been a thing hoped for and striven after during a quarter of a century. Thanks to the indomitable perseverance of experimenters, it has been secured, and we have now processes for engraving on metal by the agency of light, and for transferring to the lithographer's stone the works of the photographer's camera. These processes, however, are too elaborate for every day wants, and they fail to reproduce the delicacy of the photograph in its full integrity; they give broad lights and shadows, but no half tints nor gradations of tone. Latterly, Mr. Woodbury has removed this second defect, and impressed photographs upon metal printing-plates, from which copies can be worked which give all the beauty of the originals. But his method is complex, and impracticable for any but small pictures. All

these processes have their special applications; but for general uses—for portraiture and landscape, and for reproducing works of art, the future of photography lies in the newly-perfected method of printing in carbon.

It is a noteworthy fact that the oldest sun-picture in existence, produced by the elder Niepce some time before 1820, and preserved by the curators of the British Museum, is a carbon photograph. It is on a white metal plate, the clean surface of which forms the lights, and dark bitumen, a material early found to be sensitive to light, the shadows. It was, however, in 1839 that the germ of the present carbon process was laid. Mr. Mungo Ponton in that year announced the discovery that a salt known as the bichromate of potash was, when spread upon paper, powerfully affected by the sun's rays; being, in fact, altered from a soluble material of light colour to an insoluble one of dark colour under luminous influence. Very soon after this Becquerel instituted experiments upon this salt in combination with organic matters, such as starch and isinglass, and he found that the mixed substances, like the chromic salt alone, formed a film which was rendered insoluble in water by exposure to light. The next important step was taken by M. Poitevin, who, in 1855, deposited with the Prefect of the Seine a description of his process of mechanical photography. The language of his patent is clear and intelligible, and pretty well describes the method now brought into practical use. "I apply," said he, "various liquid and solid colours to paper, cloth, glass, and other surfaces, by mixing such colours with the compound of a chromate or bichromate and organic matter, and applying the new mixture to the paper or other surface. The photographic impression is produced upon this prepared surface by the action of light passing through a negative photographic picture, or other suitable object or screen, and it is then washed with a sponge and a large quantity of water. The albumen or other organic matter is rendered insoluble at the parts where it has been acted upon by the light, and the design is thus reproduced in the colour which has been employed." To M. Poitevin, then, belongs the honour of producing the first photograph in pigments. But within a few years of his patent several other experimenters independently attained results so nearly like his, and by the same means, that we may fairly say that if he had not worked carbon printing to a practical issue they would have done so.

Now, the fault of M. Poitevin's pictures, and of every other pigment photograph down

to the recent date of perfection of the art, was deficiency of half-tone. In beauty of tint-gra-dation, ordinary photographs had eclipsed every other class of art production, and neither photographers nor the public could tolerate any sacrifice of the delicacy to which they were accustomed. But the pigment photographs gave only shadows like soot, and whites like chalk, with very little between. To secure middle-tints henceforth became the aim of exper-imenters. A little consideration served to show why they had not hitherto been obtained: all portions of a bichromated gelatine surface acted upon by light to the smallest degree, whether through the deep shadows or the half-tones of a photographic negative, are rendered insoluble at that surface, the only difference being that the light penetrates deeper in the shadows, and so forms a thicker layer of in-soluble matter there than in the half tones. When, therefore, an exposed print comes to be placed in the solvent that is to cleanse away the undecomposed parts of the film, the water undermines the thin, insoluble surface that would form the half tones, and washes all trace of it away, leaving only the thick shadowy parts standing. After a deal of discussion and trial, it was found that this evil could be remedied by exposing the film on one side, and washing it on the other. This, however, at first seemed a ticklish operation, and one not likely to be made practical. But practical it has been made; and the credit of reducing it to mechanical simplicity is due to our countryman, Mr. Swan, of Newcastle, one of a firm of noted chemists and photographic material makers in that town. Mr. Swan operates in this wise. He first pre-pares what he calls a *tissue* by uniformly coating paper with gelatine, sugar, and the colouring pigment; this he does on a large scale, by specially contrived machinery. Next he renders the surface sensitive by drawing it through a solution of bi-chromate of potash. Then he exposes beneath the negative in the usual way. The exposure produces no *visible* result; there is nothing but a sheet of shiny black paper, and from this the picture has next to be ex-humed by washing—not the exposed surface, but the under side. To get at this he cements the gelatine face downwards upon another paper by means of india-rubber solution, and allows the cement to dry. The print, now in-carcerated between two papers, is placed in water: the india-rubber prevents the water acting upon the impressed surface of the film; but it soon penetrates the other paper and, softening the gelatine beneath, allows this first paper to be removed, leaving the back of the

film exposed. This is now thoroughly washed, till by degrees the unhardened parts are cleansed away, and the picture comes forth in all its beauty; high lights, delicate middle-tints, and deep shadows, as perfectly retained as in the choicest of silver-printed photographs. But in this state the back of the print is seen, and it is therefore reversed as regards rights and lefts; so it has to be re-transferred to its final mount. This is effected by coating it with liquid gelatine in a pure state, and pressing it upon the paper or card that is to receive it. Now the india-rubber paper is uppermost, and has to be removed: a little benzole performs this office; the spirit dissolves the caoutchouc but leaves the gelatine intact, and when the paper thus released comes away, the picture is finished. These details may make the process seem complicated, but it is not really more so than many to which photographers are well accustomed. It can be commercially worked as freely and as cheaply as ordinary silver-printing: the small additional trouble it in-volves is compensated by the circumstance that no precious metals are required for it.

Of the permanency of pictures thus ob-tained there can be little doubt; the material of them is carbon, one of the most stable pigments known to exist, and the constituent of all the black paints and inks in common use. But it is not necessary that this material alone be used—any colouring matter may be mixed with the gelatine to form the shadows of the print. This constitutes a truly wonderful element in the process, for it allows a drawing to be absolutely reproduced in the very pigment used by the artist. I have seen an Indian-ink drawing copied in Indian ink, and a sepia one in sepia; and better still, a red-chalk sketch duplicated in the chalk used to make it. Photography in its simplest garb is a marvel; but this multiplying of pictures both in form and *in material*, by photogenic action, passes beyond the category of marvels, and becomes almost miraculous.

As yet, not many photographs of this class are in the market; but they will soon come. Mr. Swan, finding his baby outgrowing his powers of attention, has sold his patent for England to a small company, which is pre-paring to inaugurate the new system gracefully by issuing copies of a few of the masterpieces of modern English art. Mr. Ward's Last moments of Charles II., Mr. Poynter's Israel in Egypt, and some works of Millais, Ansdell, Maddox Brown, Linton, and others, are in progress of reproduction; and the impressions from these may be looked for as the pioneers

of an invading army that must ere long drive the existing class of photographs off the field : copyright holders will then have more serious grounds for alarm at the peculations of the pirates. The forthcoming prints will be called autotypes. In the meanwhile the continent has gone a little to windward of us. Mr. Swan some time ago sold rights of working the process to M. Adolphe Braun, of Dornach, and went over to give instructions and make arrangements for its practice on a considerable scale. From M. Braun's establishment five hundred prints have of late daily emanated, and arrangements have probably by this time been completed for trebling this number. This indefatigable artist has worked his camera through the galleries of Italy, Germany, France, and elsewhere, and secured thousands of negatives of treasured old masters' drawings. These he has multiplied in absolute *fac simile*, and now, for a few shillings, we may buy a study by Michael Angelo, a design by Albert Durer, or a sketch by Raphael, so accurately counterfeited, that were original and copy placed side by side the eye could scarcely detect a difference between them. Surely this is the greatest triumph that any reproductive art has yet achieved.

The British Museum authorities have signified their opinion upon the merits of the new method by ordering the drawings under their charge to be copied by it. M. Braun, too, lately in his way typified the relative values of the old and new systems by burning every silver print in his possession.

CAPTAIN CORKER'S WILL.

I.

IN the year 1597 Anna Van den Hove, a native of Antwerp, and a Protestant, was buried alive at Brussels, by order of the Jesuits, with the view to convince her of her errors. Her brother, a miller in Antwerp, secretly disposed of his property, escaped to Rotterdam, crossed the Channel, and landed at Sandwich, where many of his countrymen were already established, having fled from Alva's persecutions. Here, a little way from the town, he bought a piece of ground, the river Stour on one side, and a congenial swamp on the other, making it a highly pleasant spot. He then built a solid foundation of circular form, on which he placed a windmill, and went to work at his old trade.

In 1835, the mill having long disappeared, the foundation (which contained bricks enough

to build a crescent of modern houses) was inhabited by two sea-faring people, John Corker, Esq., post-captain, on half-pay, and Charlotte Bump, widow of Bump, late petty officer in Her Majesty's Navy. Captain Corker was a great heavy-looking man, who had been at sea for fifty years, in every kind of vessel, a thorough seaman, extremely fond of animals, children, and rum, and always talking at the top of his voice. Mrs. Bump was born on board a barge, in the Medway, and had spent most of her early life in a collier, which her father commanded. She could steer, knot and splice, scull a boat, and, report said, that she had been aloft, when the collier was short-handed ; but this she always denied. She was a tall, bony woman, and could lift anything. The interior of this house was arranged strangely enough ; it was divided into two parts by an oak partition ; on either side of the front room were two small cabins—they were called the starboard and port cabins, and were fitted up with bunks, exactly as on board a ship. The room in the centre was the captain's dining and drawing-room ; the sides of it were covered with pictures by the old quartermasters, worked in different coloured worsted, representing men of war, of all sizes ; all under full sail on a wind. The other half of the house was a kitchen ; one end being a cabin where Mrs. Bump slept. The furniture was of the simplest kind ; a few chairs and a table placed against the partition, where there was a sliding-window, so that the captain could have his meals pushed through, see everything that went on in the kitchen, and talk to Mrs. Bump at the same time ; which he did incessantly. To a stranger arriving, the whole conversation between these two appeared to be made up of "Stand by," and "Aye, aye." It would run like this : "Bump, stand by to bring some coals ;" "Aye, aye, sir, coals it is." "Bump, stand by to bring some more rum ;" "Aye, aye, sir, more rum it is ;" and so on. The habits of the house were as regular as clockwork. Every morning at seven Mrs. Bump would knock at the captain's door, and say, "Six bells, sir, and the wind south-west, and fine," or "north-east and squally," as the case might be : breakfast at eight, dinner at one, tea at four, and supper at eight. There were two other things which formed important items in the captain's *ménage*. One was a short piece of rope, with a large knot worked at the end, kept on a nail behind the entrance-door ; the captain would sally out with this and apply it to the shoulders of any beggar who dared to come inside the garden-gate ; he had a mortal aversion to all tramps, particularly, turnpike

sailors ; these, however, he delighted in talking to, in order that he might trip them up in their heart-rending accounts of supposed shipwrecks. The other thing was his order-book ; this was also hung up on the door leading to the kitchen ;—everything was hung on pegs or nails in this strange house. Before going to bed at night, the captain would write in the order-book his wants for the following day ; for instance : “ It is my direction that you buy a goose ; ” “ it is my direction that you buy some more rum,” &c. He was continually digging in the garden, and planting and transplanting marigolds, hollyhocks, and other exotics. The whole house, garden, and furniture belonged to Mrs. Bump, having been presented to her late husband under the following circumstances :—Captain Corker was in command of a frigate on the South American Station. One morning, at sea, Bump, who was a quartermaster, was standing on a carronade-slide conning the ship, the captain was on the deck, just below him. A man called Jones, at work on the crossjack yard, let a marling-spike slip out of his hand ; Bump saw it falling, caught the captain by his coat-collar, and pulled him over the gun with all his force ; they both fell down, one on top of the other. Bump was terrified ; for pulling a post-captain down on his own quarter-deck is no joke. He could only point to the marling-spike as it stuck in the deck, exactly where the captain had been standing. Captain Corker grasped the situation at once : “ Bump,” he said, very quietly, “ you have saved my life ; I’ll give you a house and garden, when we pay off. Jones,” he roared out, “ four dozen, to-morrow morning, for using a marling-spike aloft without a lanyard ” (a mortal offence at sea).

The captain kept both his promises ; when the frigate was paid off, he bought this house, and lived there as a lodger, insisting on paying rent—much against the wishes of the owner. When Bump died, his wife, who was not much troubled with fine feelings, came into Captain Corker’s room, and said : “ Bump has got his anchor at last.” (He had been lingering for some time.) “ What shall I do ? ” “ Do ? ” said the captain ; “ why, hoist the ensign half-mast in the garden, and stand by to fetch an undertaker ” ; and he burst out crying like a child, for he was very much attached to Bump, who had sailed with him in several ships.

When the captain bought the house he was quite staggered at the quantity of formalities to be gone through, and the number of deeds to be consulted. “ Where’s your book of instructions ? ” he said to Mr. Medlar, the Sandwich

attorney. “ What do you go by ? ” imagining that the laws of England were comprised in a volume, like the printed instructions for the navy. Mr. Medlar, who was a little, wiry man, with a snub nose, endeavoured to explain that no volume could contain the laws and statutes of a country ; but the captain was not to be baffled, so he bought a copy of the *Cabinet Lawyer*, and set to work vigorously to master the whole subject. This valuable work soon reduced the poor old man’s brain to a state of semicoma. He would make the most extraordinary jumble of the Articles of War, Naval Instructions, and Common Law. As for the Court of Chancery, he looked upon it as a species of ambulating vessel commanded by a judge, and manned by barristers, which went about the country swallowing up everybody’s property. He got very fond of Mr. Medlar, who would come out of an evening, drink the captain’s rum freely, and listen to his long naval stories. “ Medlar’s not a bad fellow,” he would say ; “ although he has got the tack of his nose triced up, and can smell six-and-eightpence if lying on the Canterbury Road.”

For a man of his quiet simple habits, Captain Corker was very well off, as, in addition to his half-pay (on which he lived), he had 10,000*l.* in the funds. The interest of this money was regularly paid to a very dear friend, a certain Captain Joseph Martin, a poor man with a large family, who, like Bump, had sailed several times with him, and in two ships as his first lieutenant. Captain Corker had only one relation in the world, a nephew, supposed to be out in Canada, whose name he never mentioned ; he had done something to displease his uncle, but no one knew what it was. Now the whole object of the captain’s life was that this 10,000*l.* should, at his death, revert to his friend Martin, and not to his nephew Robert Corker. So one morning, after studying the *Cabinet Lawyer* with the closest attention, he sent for Mr. Medlar to take his instructions for drawing up his will. The little attorney came out accordingly, and after hearing the captain’s wishes, said at once, “ You may write all that on a sheet of note paper, and provided it be properly signed and attested, it will be a perfectly valid will.” The captain got very irate at this, and answered, “ No such thing. You belay all that, and stand by to make out a proper document on parchment, and take care to avoid Gavelkind, as we are moored here in the county of Kent.” He looked upon Gavelkind as a species of tender to the good ship Court of Chancery, and spoke

of it as if it might any day appear at his garden gate, and take away all his property.

Eventually the will was made out and duly signed and attested; it was always kept on a shelf over his bed between the *Cabinet Lawyer* and a family Bible (these two books forming the captain's library). He was constantly reading it, and generally aloud to Mrs. Bump. Nothing would induce him to lock it up. "No, no," he would say, "I like to have it under my own eye." He always put it in his pocket on Sundays when he went to church, where he was a regular attendant, repeating the responses as if he were hailing the maintop in a gale of wind. I may here add, in a parenthesis, that one Sunday, after morning service, one of the churchwardens remonstrated with him on the subject and requested him to moderate his tone. "No such thing," said the old captain; "it's according to law; according to the thirty-nine rubrics," he added, not feeling quite sure if the *Cabinet Lawyer* treated of the subject.

On the longest and shortest days in each year Captain Joseph Martin used to come down from Greenwich, where he and his family lived, and would spend a fortnight with his old friend, who was never so happy as on the eve of these visits, when he would write in the order book, "It is my direction that the port cabin be got ready for Captain Martin, expected by the branch coach from Canterbury to-morrow at 7 P.M.," and would keep Mrs. Bump "standing by" to buy all sorts of eatables in Sandwich, and ask about fifty times a-day, if there was enough rum in the spirit room. The meeting between these two old friends was always most affectionate; both of them had been looking forward to it for weeks beforehand. The same routine was invariably observed on these occasions. As soon as Martin's traps were settled in the port cabin, Captain Corker would make him sit down at the supper table, and producing his will, would read it to him from beginning to end. Martin thanked him over and over again, with the tears in his eyes, for his great kindness and generosity to him and his children, and Captain Corker would look at him with astonishment, and say, "Kindness—generosity! no such thing, it's according to the law of neighbours." After supper these two worthies would sit for hours drinking rum, and talking about old times and old ships, with constant disputes as to the sizes of braces and stays in certain vessels, whether they were 4-inch or 5-inch rope and so forth. Sometimes, after drinking a good deal more rum than was good for them, they would commence all sorts of intricate evolutions, giving their orders to

imaginary sailors at the top of their voices; Bump, on these occasions, was always the officer of the forecastle. She sat in an arm-chair by the kitchen fire, either knitting stockings, or reading the last news from the coal exchange, at the same time paying the greatest attention to the orders given, and always answering the moment she was hailed.

One evening in December, 1840, Mr. Medlar was invited to supper to meet Captain Martin (who had just arrived), and to celebrate the capture of St. Jean d'Acre, which had taken place a few weeks previously. They had a grand carouse, and after drinking a great deal of rum, got to tacking and wearing ships and all sorts of nautical manœuvres. About midnight Captain Corker, who was very drunk, said, "Martin, it is coming on to blow hard, turn the hands up to reef topsails, jiggers off the topsail lifts, away aloft, let go the to'bow-lines," he roared, and fell out of his chair on the floor; he got up with some difficulty, and steadying himself by the back of his chair, said, "I regret to observe that the officer of the forecastle is in an advanced state of intoxication. Martin, you will turn the hands up for punishment to-morrow morning at eight bells; drunkenness," he added, with a hiccup, tapping the *Cabinet Lawyer* in his pocket, "is a crime punishable with four dozen lashes according to law, see the twenty-first of Jacob, chapter 7;" and he staggered off to bed. Captain Martin, who was the soberest of the three, then let Mr. Medlar out, and wished him good-night, but hearing an odd noise in the garden shortly afterwards, he looked out and saw that gentleman rolling about amongst the vegetables, unable to find the gate, which was close under his nose; not knowing exactly what to do, he returned to the house, and, knocking at Captain Corker's cabin door, said, "Here's Medlar, sir, backing and filling in your cabbages, what shall I do?" "Aye, aye," said a very husky voice from the bed; "robbing a garden or orchard, 7th of George the fourteenth, give him a good rope's-ending according to the law of trespass." These directions seemed to Martin hardly to meet the justice of the case; so he consulted with Bump, who eventually took Mr. Medlar by the hand, and led him to his house, which was not very far distant.

On the following morning, Captain Corker said to Martin, "I think I was a sheet or two in the wind last night." Mrs. Bump at once answered from the kitchen, "You carried two turns of weather helm, steering hard." "Aye, aye," said the old man, "a little drop of grog,

now and then, hurts nobody. You know what the song says,

True blue for ever,
Strong grog will never
Stain true blue."

Captain Corker continued leading this sort of life, though his great age began to tell upon him, and he was no longer able to dig in his garden. At Christmas 1844, when Captain Martin came down as usual, he found his old friend much changed, though he was still very cheery, and more than ever occupied with reading his will and comparing it with the *Cabinet Lawyer*. In the following April he was taken ill, and as he refused to take any rum, Bump considered the symptoms very serious, and sent into Sandwich for a doctor, who on arriving shook his head, and said that he feared there was nothing to be done, as people of past eighty were liable to die in spite of the most skilful treatment, and recommended that he should observe the recumbent position. As neither Bump nor the Captain had the least idea what this meant, the latter continued to get up every morning, and pass the day in his arm-chair by the fireside. He contrived to write to Martin, telling him that "He was heaving short," and begged him to come down and see him once more. Captain Martin started immediately after he received this letter. There was only one passenger on the branch coach from Canterbury besides himself, a tall sunburnt man with a long red beard (very uncommon in those days in England). Neither of these two spoke a word during their three hours' journey of thirteen miles! for the branch coach was a thirsty vehicle, and required to stop and drink at every public-house on the road; but when at last the amphibious looking driver (he had on a sou'wester hat and top boots) pulled up with a flourish and a jerk at the coach office at Sandwich, Martin was much astonished at hearing the stranger ask his way to Captain Corker's house. He stated that he was going there himself, and would show him the way. The stranger merely bowed and followed him. They entered the house together, and found the poor old captain seated in an arm-chair by the fire, the *Cabinet Lawyer* in one hand and his will in the other. He was very feeble, and did not appear the least astonished at the stranger's arrival, whom he at once addressed as nephew Robert. "Martin," he said, "this is very kind of you to come. Robert, I am glad to see you once more; let bygones be bygones, I am hove short, and shall get my anchor in a very short time now. Bump, the sun is over the foreyard

hours ago; get Martin some rum. I feel very tired, and think I should like to turn in now." So they helped him into bed; the *Cabinet Lawyer* and the will were put up in their places on the shelf.

Robert Corker returned to the Fleur-de-Lys Hotel (Flower de Louse is the Sandwich translation) where he had left his luggage, and Martin remained to help Bump to sit up, and watch through the night. Captain Corker passed a quiet night; he insisted on getting up in the morning, and being dressed in his Sunday clothes, charging Bump to have him put into his coffin "all standing" as he was; "for," he said, "it will save you trouble, and I know that I shall be away before night." Robert Corker came out during the morning, and sat some time with his uncle. He left about noon, promising to call again in the evening; during his visit, Mrs. Bump, who had taken a great dislike to him, did her best to hear the conversation which went on between him and his uncle, but they spoke in so low a tone, that she could not catch a word. And Martin had, after wishing him good morning on his arrival, walked out into the garden, on purpose to leave the two relations together. About six o'clock Captain Corker took his old friend's hand, and said, "Martin, I have got my anchor; God bless you, my dear old fellow, I hope you won't be—" He never spoke again, his head fell upon his shoulder, and he was dead. Mrs. Bump, who had borne up very well to this moment, went out into the garden, hoisted the ensign half mast, returned to the house, and fell into violent hysterics.

THE DUTCH FISHERIES.

II.

HAVING been told that Dutch salmon was excellent, large in size and delicious in flavour, and knowing that a considerable quantity of that fish is annually sent to London,—indeed Rhine salmon are now sold in Edinburgh in December,—I felt anxious to obtain reliable information about the Dutch salmon fisheries. The Rhine having many mouths in Holland I expected to see salmon everywhere in that country and to find it cheap, but in that I was disappointed. There can be no doubt that the mighty father of waters contains in his liquid bosom a great army of fish. The fish breeding and feeding grounds of a river which has a course of nine hundred miles, and which is supplemented, on its way to the sea, by hundreds of minor streams, must be numerous

and productive, but for all that I was told that Rhine salmon, like the same fish at home, were not at present so plentiful in Holland as they had once been. No wonder. A salmon river and its tributaries, to be thoroughly economised, require, like the Duke of Richmond's Spey, to be under the management of one person, or at any rate to be subject to some one set of laws. But as the Rhine flows through several kingdoms, such an arrangement is obviously impossible. A fish may be bred in some far away tributary, and after passing through the territory of the King of Prussia, may be captured in Holland! What we want, as regards our home fisheries, is that each salmon river should be worked as if it belonged to one individual—then the fish would be properly economised. This is quite practicable with most of the salmon waters of Great Britain and Ireland, but could not be carried out on the continent, where the great salmon rivers flow through several kingdoms.

Although the salmon is now comparatively scarce, I was told in Holland the old story of its having been once so plentiful that apprentices used to bargain against eating it oftener than twice a week. Now, I daresay they never see it except on rare holiday occasions, as it is quite as dear in Holland as it is in London, averaging about 1s. 8d. per pound, and from all I can learn never likely to be cheaper under present circumstances,—1s. 4d. per pound weight being about the price at which salmon is sold to the dealers. The fish is, of course, dearer when bought retail. "Cold salmon for two," in the crack Edinburgh tavern, the Café Royal, with two glasses of whisky and water added, would, with all the necessary table *etceteras* of bread, vinegar, &c., amount to 3s. 10d. In London I have paid even less; but in Amsterdam the same comestibles cost nearly double that amount in what appeared to me to be the swell tavern of that city. The total quantity of salmon taken from the waters of Holland and from the lower Rhine is, of course, very large, great quantities being sent to Paris, Brussels, London, and other populous places. We used a few years ago to get more salmon from the Rhine (Dutch salmon) than we obtained from England and Wales; but now the tables are turning, for while in 1863 there were received at Billingsgate 1227 boxes of Dutch salmon as against 663 boxes of English and Welsh, each box being of the average weight of 112 lbs., in 1867 the quantities were as follows,—1203 boxes of Dutch, and 2405 boxes of English, and it is pleasant to note the change.

The salmon fisheries in Holland appear to be well managed, so far as the taking of the fish is concerned, some of them being fished very systematically. I paid a visit to one on the Maas, a few miles above Rotterdam, easily accessible by means of the steamer to Dordrecht. It is worked by a company of gentlemen in Rotterdam, who rent it from Mr. Van Briennan, and it is situated on a terrace on the right bank of the river—that is, it is worked from the terrace which is fitted up for the purpose. Except during the fence months, which the company are careful to observe, the fishing is worked night and day, the nets being tugged out from the upper end of the terrace by means of a small steamboat, which, sweeping down the river for about a mile, lands the fish at a stage constructed for the purpose, when they are at once carried in a hand net to a large floating iron tank, pierced with the necessary holes for permitting a full supply of water, there to be kept alive till they are required for market. Buyers from Rotterdam and elsewhere come to a plateau on the opposite side of the river, and hold a market every morning. The fish are then killed by the fishers, and carried across to the selling place, where they are sold at so much per fish, the persons buying being quite able to discern the weight and quality of each salmon by looking at it. I was not present at any of the sales, but I was told that they were "Dutch auctions," there being always a few persons to compete.

This salmon fishery, so far as I could judge from a visit of a few hours, is remarkably well conducted; the capture of the fish goes on by night as well as by day, so that about thirty hauls of the nets are obtained every twenty-four hours—there being a cessation from labour at the flow of the tide. A considerable number of salmon are taken at this fishery, as many as seventy having been frequently caught in a day (and night)—a common take, however, being fifty or sixty. During the time of my visit, twelve hauls of the nets were made by hand—the steamer being under repair—with a result of eighteen fish: on that day the total capture was sixty-six fish, which produced a sum of 67*l.* 15*s.*—being a little over one pound sterling per fish; and as the average weight of the Maas salmon is fifteen pounds, the sum I have named gives 1*s.* 4*d.* per pound weight as the price. Upwards of thirty men and half-a-dozen of boys, in addition to an overseer, are employed at this fishery on the Maas, and their wages average about 18*s.* a week each. These men live in a bothy, and only go home on the

Saturdays. None of the persons employed are allowed to drink spirituous liquors, and a plan to provide food for them at a general table was not successful; they now mess individually or in groups at their bothy, as best suits them. The superintendent has a pleasant house to live in, and about double the wage of the men under him. The company weave and dye their own nets in the winter time. Each set of nets is 2000 feet in length, and 33 feet deep, and at the Van Briennan fishery these sets of nets are kept constantly at work night and day, as I have already stated. When the steamboat, engaged in this fishery, is disabled, as happened to be the case during my visit, horses are called into requisition in order to wind in the nets by means of a very powerful wheel windlass. The fishing is by law suspended from November till February, and also during every flow of the tide. An act of parliament regulates the size of the mesh, and prohibits the use of all fixed nets. The Dutch people won't allow the Maas to be called a branch of the Rhine, or their fish to be called Rhine salmon, which the superintendent of the Van Briennan fishery said were inferior fish, but in this he is evidently wrong. *Salmo salar* is always the same fish, although the salmon of some rivers are better than the salmon of others. A Tweed salmon is good, a Frith of Forth salmon is excellent, a Tay salmon is better still, a Severn salmon is superlative, but a Thames salmon is, or rather was— Well, there are no Thames salmon in these days, but it is prophesied that we shall yet again find the venison of the waters in the silent highway. There is a good time coming—we should like to have the date fixed! The total quantity of salmon taken from the waters of Holland and from the lower Rhine is, of course, very large, great quantities of them being sent to Paris, Brussels, London, and other populous places. This season the importation of these fish has kept down the prices of home grown fish. In Edinburgh, salmon in February has ranged as high as 6s. a pound, this year prime cuts could be got for half the money. The Scottish people, however, do not like the Dutch salmon so well as their own fine curded fish; those taken in the estuaries of Holland are too oily and rich, whilst those taken a few hundred miles up the Rhine are rather lean and flavourless to suit the epicures of Scotland. The Dutch salmon look beautiful, and many of them are very heavy, at least four have been brought to market of late, weighing 50 lbs. each; and Mr. Ridpath, of the firm of Forbes, Stuart, & Co., tells us that as much as 7s. 6d.

per pound was obtained during the past winter for some of these Dutch salmon, which we can thus see are far more valuable than sheep!

The Dutch fisher folk are still more quaint and original, and not less superstitious, than the fisher folk of the Scottish North-East Coast. Persons who make a hurried visit to Scheveningen seldom see the fishing hamlet of that place; it is buried inside the dunes, and those who visit Saardam never think about the fisher folk; they take a look at Peter the Great's house, and leave at once for Amsterdam, or some other show place. Monnickendam is a curious example of a Dutch fishing town, and all along the coast of the Zuyder Zee, whilst travelling to Enkhuizen, there are more and more of such quaint places to be seen. Opposite Monnickendam there is the island of Marken, which is wholly occupied by a virtuous fishing and agricultural community of peculiar manners, who live from year to year in great isolation from the rest of the world—in fact, the island is to them a world of itself—the people intermarrying and living only for each other; they have their own peculiar customs, they wear their own peculiar costume, their habits are simple, and, their wants being few, many of them are wealthy for their station in life. Their houses are built on mounds of earth, because the island is occasionally flooded by the waters of the Zuyder Zee; but they enjoy many comforts, and never in their distress ask for charitable assistance, when the angry storm makes a few orphans and widows. As in some Scottish fishery hamlets, fatherless children are provided for by their neighbours. Travellers who go to see Brouk and Monnickendam, should, on no account, fail to visit Marken, which they can do by hiring a sailing-boat at Monnickendam. They will be courteously received; the women are very shy, but not rude; and the primitive houses of the population are well worth seeing, they are so wonderfully clean. The present population of Marken is a little over a thousand. The males are all fishers, and all the females are farmers. The burgomaster is as plain and simple as those he has authority over; his house is perhaps a little grander than the dwelling-places of his neighbours. It is curious to note that the men of Marken, who are exceedingly temperate, and, in consequence, live to a good old age, are better looking than the women; whilst they are magnificent sailors.

There are other islands in the Zuyder Zee, which are occupied by similar communities, where the simple people plod on as if there were no world but their own, where the births,

deaths, and marriages, are celebrated after the peculiar way of a quaint people,—a people who can give a language to the waves, who are able to interpret the mournful sighing of the night winds, and to shape the clouds into tokens of communication. A tolerably extensive acquaintance with both the home and foreign fisher folk, has shown me that they are all alike, whether they gather the harvest of the sea on the shore of Fife or the coast of France. The fisher people of Fittie, at Aberdeen, or of Buckie, near Banff, have their counter-parts in Normandy and Brittany, and the short-coated fishwives of Newhaven, who march so proudly through the streets of Edinburgh, may find their “marrows” about Ostend.

The fishermen in South Holland have not, as a rule, fixed wages, but usually share in the venture at some fixed rate of per centage, as is still the practice in many parts of Britain, where the men are paid by “the deal.” The owner of a fishing-vessel has nothing to do with the crew; his bargain is made with one who becomes master of the ship, and who selects his own men. This captain, for the two voyages of the great fishery, is paid five per cent. of the produce, out of which sum he has to pay himself, and remunerate and feed his crew of twelve persons, men and boys. There are, however, various rules of payment in the Dutch fisheries. Most of the boats are fitted out by speculators, and, at Scheveningen, I found that the outfitter received first of all a fifth of the produce, and that then he came in, besides, for a share equal to that divided among the crew. Although the Dutch fishermen have a reputation for sobriety, piety, and honesty, they think it no wrong to cheat the outfitter!

Boys leave school in summer and go out to the great fishery, some of them thinking, doubtless, that they may be future Van Speyks. These boys grow into capital fishermen; indeed, the juvenile Dutch take naturally to the water and expand into sailors, who can find out foreign parts as if by instinct. But there is a *per contra*; they are very apt to forget their early education—if, therefore, they are perfect fishermen, as is said, at fifteen, they frequently, in learning their art, forget what they are taught at school. The men who attend on the great fishery in the summer go far away in the winter time to distant cod fisheries—the remuneration of a crew being $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and of a master 5 per cent. of the produce.

The Dutch sailors are sober in their habits and very pious; they ask a blessing before

each meal, they take their Bibles with them to sea, and when ashore they may frequently be heard singing their beautiful hymns and psalms. No Dutch fisherman, I was told, would cast his nets upon a Sunday. Nor are they given to profane swearing; and, curiously enough, men who have a bad reputation on shore for their want of sobriety, won't touch gin at sea. The fisherwomen in Holland, as in Scotland, marry very early, and do all the work of buying and selling with great assiduity; they also keep the little purse, and act the part of the man in all dealings with the outer world. They may be seen going along the roads with heavy burdens of fish, which they dispose of in the towns, bringing back such necessities of life as are required at home. I came to the conclusion, from visiting the fishing towns, and after a great deal of inquiry, that the South Holland fisher folk were not so happy and well to do as the fishers who pursue their toil in the Zuyder Zee. The fisherwomen of South Holland have a toil-worn and anxious look, and some of their homes are the reverse of comfortable; they and their children fall ready victims to fever and pestilence, and they live in constant terror of the storm. Many a time and oft the departing boat has not returned, and the women will take their stand upon the dunes questioning the sea for a reason, but the ocean being a home of mystery, time, alas! brings them no reply; the sea does not always give up its dead, and the women live on, too sure from day to day that they are widows. Widowhood among the fisher folk was at one time a greater grief in Holland than it is to-day, because of a law which prevented the poor creatures from marrying till the long period of ten years had elapsed! Some people fancy that the fisher folk, as a class, are dirty, but that is a mistake. There is Newhaven, near Edinburgh, for example—it is outwardly very unsavoury, but the houses within are beautifully clean, and so are the houses of the fisher people of Saardam; those I visited were humble enough, but the furniture was polished, the metal dishes were shining like looking-glasses, and all around there was a wholesome atmosphere of health; and there were not wanting in these homes of the fishermen decided symptoms of the grey mare being the better horse, which is indeed the case. I ascertained that in some of these fishery communities an act of bastardy had never been known, and no one could recollect of a divorce. The same good character can be given to most of our home fishing communities: the chastity of the fisher population

is remarkable. I might extend these notes about the Dutch fisher folk, and the fisher class generally, but I daresay enough has been said to convey to the reader an idea of how much they differ from an ordinary community, and how nearly all fisher communities resemble each other in outward look and inward economy.

TABLE TALK.

THERE is rather a good saying attributed to Marshal Narvaëz, who died the other day. The night before his death he understood his danger, and sent for his confessor. "My son," said the reverend father, "at such a moment as this, it is more than ever imperative to forget anger and to forgive our enemies." "Enemies, my father?" said the dying man, "I have none." "All men have them, my son," the priest insisted. "Even the best of men." "I assure you, my father," was the reply, "I have not had any for a long time past. I have shot them all."

It is wholesome to be made to feel our ignorance. I never felt mine more than when I saw it announced that at the last meeting of the Royal Society, M. Gardiner would read a *Memoir on Undevelopable Uniquadric Homographsics*. A Memoir? That suggests biography. Is it a new animal, whose memoir is to be written? What most astonishes me is the cool way in which this memoir was announced among the *Times* advertisements—in the most conspicuous part of the paper—over the clock, as if all mankind ought to know about it.

SOME vigorous verses have recently been addressed to the flag of the late Confederate States. To the best of my knowledge they have never been published in this country; and even in America they are little known, as it is scarcely prudent there to express enthusiasm for the heroes of the Southern States. They are from the pen of a Roman Catholic priest; and I hope that whatever be our politics, whether our sympathies were with the North or with the South in the late war, we can all in this country do honour to the earnest spirit which breathes in these lines—

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that banner—for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it—fold it—it is best.

For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it :
Furl it—fold it—let it rest.

Take that banner down—'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff, and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.

Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner—furl it sadly,—
Once six millions hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should for ever wave.

Swore that foeman's hand should never
Hearts entwined like theirs dis sever,
And that flag should float for ever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low.

And that banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the dear, cold hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it ;
And—oh, mildly they deplore it,—
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner ; true, 'tis gory,
But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Tho' its folds are in the dust.

For its fame, on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds tho' now we must.

Furl that banner—softly—slowly ;
Touch it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.

Ope it not,—unfurl it never,
Let it droop there, furled for ever,
For its people's hopes are fled.

THE love of practical joking is much less indulged than in the old time before us. The sort of hoaxes Theodore Hook is said to have practised, some of which have been affiliated to him, no doubt, for the sake of some respectable paternity, would not now be admired as by his contemporaries. The last person I have met who gave free vent to the propensity is Vivier, the renowned horn-player ; but his perpetrations in this line were the real exuberances of a wild fantastic humour, and, moreover, seldom derived their risible character from the embarrassment of others. They took the form rather of creating a dreamy wonder at some perplexing and inexplicable phenomenon, and he would indulge these conceits quite in an abstract way,

laying trains that were to result in extraordinary surprises without the hope of himself witnessing their effect, which it was food enough for his humour to imagine. Thus, for instance, he kept a starling for some time in order to teach it to say, "Je suis bien malade;" and when the bird had got its lesson well, and repeated it as soon as any one approached it, he let it have its freedom, his speculation being this: If some one should happen to shoot it, then on going to pick up the wounded bird, it would be sure to say "Je suis bien malade," and so create in some unknown breast an infinite amount of bewildering wonderment, besides realizing an incident so strange and comical, that the gravest person could not represent it to himself without being tickled into laughter.

ALPHONSE KARR wittily said, touching the abolition of capital punishment for murder, "By all means, only let Messieurs, the murderers, give the example, and cease to execute us." Touching another innovation advocated by the same philanthropic school of politicians, viz. the admission of women to the parliamentary suffrage, I am inclined to copy the Frenchman's pithy criticism, in form at least, and say: "By all means, only let Mesdames set the example, and give us men a vote in our own households."

I ASKED a friend of mine who is learned in the origin of social customs, what was the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple as they started on their trip? Says he—giving me for bread a stone (a brilliant, I thought it)—"To indicate that the chances of happiness in matrimony are slippery."

YANKEE ingenuity knows no limit. One of its latest outbursts takes the form of a mechanical cow-milker. The beasts are stalled in a row; a series of indiarubber cups, at the ends of flexible tubes, takes the place of the milkmaids' hands; a number of pumps, one to each cow, are set to work by hand or steam power, and the milk is drawn through the tubes and conveyed into cans placed out of reach of the animals' hoofs. The pumps oscillate to give the natural motion of the calf in sucking, or of the hand in milking. Cleanliness is certain: the speed of the machine is twice that of hand-labour: and, say those who have seen it, the mechanical operation appears to be perfectly agreeable to the animal. If agricultural mechanics goes on as it has begun, the farmers of

the future will have little else to do but tend engines and feed boilers.

ONE of the best known members of the Théâtre Français is about to retire on a pension, after more than twenty years of good service to the society. There are few playgoers who have not seen Augustine Brohan, whether in her earlier impersonation of the *soubrette* of



Molière, or later in the creations of Alfred de Musset and Scribe. Mademoiselle Brohan has been particularly distinguished among her clever associates by her satire and power of repartee, and her last *bon mot* is still passed round from salon to salon in Paris. In her earlier days the great actress of comedy was Madame Allan; a genius who attracted as much in her line as ever Rachel did in tragedy. Augustine Brohan, who, by the way, has always been most unfortunately shortsighted, was naturally jealous of the star, and took her little revenge in showers of jokes at Madame Allan's expense. Some one, unaware of their mutual

dislike, was bewailing Augustine's physical failing in conversation with Madame Allan. "The weak eyes," said she, "of Mademoiselle Brohan are her strongest quality: for, thanks to them, she may be supposed not to see where she hits." By way of a retort, we may recall Augustine's answer to Provost, who was telling her of a discussion which he was engaged in as to the creation of the world. "My dear Provost, I can't enlighten you on that head, for I did not happen to be present. You should ask Madame Allan." It was Augustine Brohan who parodied the motto of the Brohan family—referring to the great Mademoiselle Mars, and to Madame Plessis, still on the stage—

Mars ne puis,
Plessis ne daigne,
Brohan suis.

I remember the conversation turning on the reception of a certain lady, who permitted any amount of evil-speaking at her table. "Mon Dieu!" cried Augustine Brohan, "the fact is, the dinner there is so detestably bad, one would die of hunger if one did not devour one's neighbour more or less."

Mentioning Provost, reminds me that when Rachel was admitted into the Conservatoire she begged Provost, who was then *Sociétaire de la Comédie Française*, to give her private lessons. He could not help saying, when he saw the thin sickly-looking girl, "Go and sell bouquets, my poor child." But a night came when Rachel had her revenge. The house was full, and Rachel had just played Hermione. With what success, the enthusiastic applause, and the mass of flowers thrown at her feet, sufficiently proved. As soon as the curtain was down, the triumphant heroine filled her Greek tunic with her trophies, and, turning to Provost, gracefully fell on her knee, saying, "I have followed your advice, Monsieur Provost; I now sell bouquets. Will you buy one of the poor child?"

ICED muslins for summer!—It has, doubtless, occurred to many a one, while admiring the beautiful effects produced by frost on windows, to imagine how delightful it would be if a sensation of coolness could be produced in the sultry days of summer, by the aspect of those effects, artificially reproduced. The imagination has been realised. It is known that, by means of almost any ordinary salt, reduced to a liquid, and applied with a brush to window-panes, those fairy-like forms of crystalline foliage, may be successfully reproduced; and that, with a little chemical ingenuity, any tone of colour may be given to them, from snowy white to richest purple or coolest green. That

process is well-known; but another step in advance has recently been taken in the same direction, by means of which muslins may be similarly iced for summer wear. The line which separates a pretty experiment from a commercial product is that which may be drawn between results obtained by an original manipulation, which can only be reproduced by a repetition of the same original means, and those results which, once perfected, can be reproduced ad infinitum, by mere mechanical processes. Daguerreotype was only a pretty toy till Mr. Talbot discovered the means of producing the same effects on paper, and a process for multiplying the image when once produced. An analogous method has been discovered by Mr. Bertsch, and practically applied by M. Kuhlman, for multiplying, as from an engraved plate, the exquisite effects of the crystalline foliage just described. The process is simply as follows: The elegant crystalline ramifications being produced in the first instance upon polished metal, instead of glass, a sheet of soft metal, such as lead, is then laid upon the saline crystallisation, and a powerful roller is passed over it, by means of the steady and powerful pressure of which, an exact impress of the foliated ramifications, in every minute detail, is secured. The metallic seal thus obtained is, however, too soft to print from, but an electrotype in copper is readily obtained, by means of which, any number of impressions can be taken, in any tone of icy grays, or pale silvery greens, or any other cool tint. In order to secure continuity of design, without stop or interruption, the first manipulation takes place upon a polished cylinder, by means of which, a continuous pattern, "never ending, still beginning," is imparted to as many thousand yards of any textile fabric as may be required. So that, for the first time in the fanciful story of fashion, iced muslin, for the summer season, may be had in any quantity. O ye nymphs of icy heart, let me see you clothed in the appropriate liveliness of iced muslin.

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BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LVIII.



AT TEN o'clock, Helen returned to Frith Street, and found Mr. Undercliff behind a sort of counter, employed in tracing; a workman was seated at some little distance from him; both bent on their work.

"Mr. Undercliff?" said Helen.

He rose and turned towards her politely: a pale, fair man, with a keen grey eye, and a pleasant voice and manner; "I am Edward Undercliff. You come

by appointment?"

"Yes, sir."

"A question of handwriting?"

"Not entirely, sir. Do you remember giving witness in favour of a young clergyman, Mr. Robert Penfold, who was accused of forgery?"

"I remember the circumstance; but not the details."

"Oh, dear, that is unfortunate," said Helen, with a deep sigh; she often had to sigh now.

"Why, you see," said the Expert, "I am called on such a multitude of trials. However, I take notes of the principal ones. What year was it in?"

"In 1864."

Mr. Undercliff went to a set of drawers arranged chronologically, and found his notes directly. "It was a forged bill, Madam, endorsed and presented by Penfold. I was called to prove that the bill was not in the handwriting of Penfold. Here is my fac-simile

of the Robert Penfold endorsed upon the bill by the prisoner." He handed it her, and she examined it with interest. "And here are fac-similes of genuine writing, by John Wardlaw; and here is a copy of the forged note."

He laid it on the table before her. She started, and eyed it with horror. It was a long time before she could speak. At length she said, "and that wicked piece of paper destroyed Robert Penfold."

"Not that piece of paper, but the original; this is a fac-simile, so far as the writing is concerned. It was not necessary in this case to imitate paper and colour. Stay, here is a sheet on which I have lithographed the three styles; that will enable you to follow my comparison. But perhaps that would not interest you?" Helen had the tact to say it would. Thus encouraged, the Expert showed her that Robert Penfold's writing had nothing in common with the forged note. He added, "I also detected in the forged note habits which were entirely absent from the true writing of John Wardlaw. You will understand there were plenty of undoubted specimens in Court to go by."

"Then, oh, sir," said Helen, "Robert Penfold was not guilty."

"Certainly not, of writing the forged note. I swore that, and I'll swear it again. But, when it came to questions, whether he had passed the note, and whether he knew it was forged, that was quite out of my province."

"I can understand that," said Helen; "but you heard the trial; you are very intelligent, sir, you must have formed some opinion as to whether he was guilty or not."

The Expert shook his head. "Madam," said he, "mine is a profound and difficult art, which aims at certainties. Very early in my career I found that to master that art I must be singleminded, and not allow my ear to influence my eye. By purposely avoiding all reasoning from external circumstances, I have distanced my competitors in expertise; but I sometimes think I have rather weakened my powers of conjecture through disuse. Now, if

my mother had been at the trial, she would give you an opinion of some value on the outside facts. But that is not my line. If you feel sure he was innocent, and want *me* to aid you, you must get hold of the handwriting of every person who was likely to know old Wardlaw's handwriting, and so might have imitated it; all the clerks in his office, to begin with. Nail the forger; that is your only chance."

"What, sir!" said Helen, with surprise, "if you saw the true handwriting of the person who wrote that forged note, should you recognise it?"

"Why not? It is difficult; but I have done it hundreds of times."

"Oh! Is forgery so common?"

"No: but I am in all the cases; and, besides, I do a great deal in a business that requires the same kind of expertise—anonymous letters. I detect assassins of that kind by the score. A gentleman or lady, down in the country, gets a poisoned arrow by the post, or perhaps a shower of them. They are always in disguised handwriting; those who receive them, send them up to me, with writings of all the people they suspect. The disguise is generally more or less superficial; five or six unconscious habits remain below it, and often these undisguised habits are the true characteristics of the writer. And I'll tell you something curious, madam; it is quite common for all the suspected people to be innocent; and then I write back, 'Send me the handwriting of the people you suspect *the least*;' and amongst them I often find the assassin."

"Oh, Mr. Undercliff," said Helen, "you make my heart sick."

"Oh, it is a vile world, for that matter," said the Expert; "and the country no better than the town, for all it looks so sweet with its green fields and purling rills. There they sow anonymous letters like barley; the very girls write anonymous letters, that make my hair stand on end. Yes, it is a vile world."

"Don't you believe him, miss," said Mrs. Undercliff, appearing suddenly. Then, turning to her son, "How can you measure the world? You live in a little one of your own: a world of forgers and anonymous writers; you see so many of these, you fancy they are common as dirt; but they are only common to you, because they all come your way."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said the Expert, doubtfully.

"Yes, that is it, Ned," said the old lady, quietly; then after a pause she said, "I

want you to do your very best for this young lady."

"I always do," said the Artist. "But how can I judge without materials? And she brings me none."

Mrs. Undercliff turned to Helen, and said, "Have you brought him nothing at all, no handwritings—in your bag?"

Then Helen sighed again. "I have no handwriting except Mr. Penfold's; but I have two printed reports of the trial."

"Printed reports," said the Expert, "they are no use to me. Ah! here is an outline I took of the prisoner during the trial. You can read faces: tell the lady whether he was guilty or not;" and he handed the profile to his mother with an ironical look; not that he doubted her proficiency in the rival art of reading faces, but that he doubted the existence of the art.

Mrs. Undercliff took the profile, and, colouring slightly, said to Miss Rolleston, "It is living faces I profess to read: there I can see the movement of the eyes and other things, that my son, here, has not studied." Then she scrutinized the profile. "It is a very handsome face," said she.

The Expert chuckled. "There's a woman's judgment," said he. "Handsome! the fellow I got transported for life down at Exeter was an Adonis, and forged wills, bonds, and powers of attorney by the dozen."

"There's something noble about this face," said Mrs. Undercliff, ignoring the interruption; "and yet something simple. I think him more likely to be a catspaw than a felon." Having delivered this with a certain modest dignity, she laid the profile on the counter before Helen.

The Expert had a wonderful eye and hand; it was a good thing for society he had elected to be gamekeeper, instead of poacher; detector of forgery, instead of forger. No photograph was ever truer than this outline. Helen started, and bowed her head over the sketch to conceal the strong and various emotions that swelled at sight of the portrait of her martyr. In vain; if the eyes were hidden the tender bosom heaved, the graceful body quivered, and the tears fell fast upon the counter.

Mrs. Undercliff was womanly enough, though she looked like the late Lord Thurlow in petticoats; and she instantly aided the girl to hide her beating heart from the man, though that man was her son. She distracted his attention. "Give me all your notes, Ned," said she, "and let me see whether I can make something of them; but first, perhaps Miss Rolleston

will empty her bag on the counter. Go back to your work a moment, for I know you have enough to do."

The Expert was secretly glad to be released from a case in which there were no materials; and so Helen escaped unobserved except by one of her own sex. She saw directly what Mrs. Undercliff had done for her, and lifted her sweet eyes, thick with tears, to thank her. Mrs. Undercliff smiled maternally, and next these two ladies did a stroke of business in the twinkling of an eye, and without a word spoken; whereof anon. Helen being once more composed, Mrs. Undercliff took up the prayerbook, and asked her with some curiosity what could be in that.

"Oh," said Helen, "only some writing of Mr. Penfold. Mr. Undercliff does not want to see that; he is already sure Robert Penfold never wrote that wicked thing."

"Yes, but I should like to see some more of his handwriting for all that," said the Expert, looking suddenly up.

"But it is only in pencil."

"Never mind; you need not fear I shall alter my opinion."

Helen coloured high. "You are right; and I should disgrace my good cause by withholding anything from your inspection. There, sir." And she opened the prayerbook and laid Cooper's dying words before the Expert; he glanced over them with an eye like a bird, and compared them with his notes.

"Yes," said he, "that is Robert Penfold's writing; and I say again, that hand never wrote the forged note."

"Let me see that," said Mrs. Undercliff.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, rather irresolutely, "but you look into the things as well as the writing, and I promised papa——"

"Can't you trust me?" said Mrs. Undercliff, turning suddenly cold and a little suspicious.

"Oh yes, madam: and indeed I have nothing to reproach myself with. But my papa is anxious—However, I am sure you are my friend; and all I ask is that you will never mention to a soul what you read there."

"I promise that," said the elder lady, and instantly bent her black brows upon the writing. And, as she did so, Helen observed her countenance rise, as a face is very apt to do when its owner enters on congenial work.

"You would have made a great mistake to keep this from me," said she, gravely. Then she pondered profoundly; then she turned to her son and said, "Why, Edward, this is the very young lady who was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, and cast on a desolate island. We

have all read about you in the papers, miss: and I felt for you, for one, but, of course, not as I do now I have seen you. You must let me go into this with you."

"Ah, if you would," said Helen. "Oh madam, I have gone through tortures already for want of somebody of my own sex to keep me in countenance. Oh, if you could have seen how I have been received! with what cold looks, and sometimes with impertinent stares before I could even penetrate into the region of those cold looks, and petty formalities. Any miserable straw was excuse enough to stop me on my errand of justice and mercy, and gratitude."

"Gratitude?"

"Oh yes, madam. The papers have only told you that I was shipwrecked and cast away. They don't tell you that Robert Penfold warned me the ship was to be destroyed, and I disbelieved and affronted him in return, and he never reproached me, not even by a look. And we were in a boat with the sailors, all starved—not hungry: starved—and mad with thirst, and yet in his own agony he hid something for me to eat. All his thought, all his fear, was for me. Such things are not done in those great extremities of the poor, vulgar, suffering, body, except by angels, in whom the soul rises above the flesh. And he is such an angel. I have had a knife lifted over me to kill me, madam,—yes: and again it was he who saved me. I owe my life to him on the island over and over again; and in return I have promised to give him back his honour, that he values far more than life, as all such noble spirits do. Ah, my poor martyr, how feebly I plead your cause. Oh help me! pray, pray, help me! All is so dark, and I so weak, so weak." Again the loving eyes streamed; and this time not an eye was dry in the little shop.

The Expert flung down his tracing with something between a groan and a curse. "Who can do that drudgery," he cried, "whilst the poor young lady—Mother, you take it in hand; find me some material, though it is no bigger than a fly's foot, give me but a clue no thicker than a spider's web, and I'll follow it through the whole labyrinth. But you see I'm impotent; there's no basis for me. It is a case for you. It wants a shrewd sagacious body that can read facts and faces; and—I won't jest any more, Miss Rolleston, for you are deeply in earnest.—Well, then, she really is a woman with a wonderful insight into facts and faces. She has got a way of reading them as I read handwriting; and she must have taken

a great fancy to you, for as a rule she never does us the honour to meddle."

"Have you taken a fancy to me, madam?" said Helen, modestly and tenderly, yet half archly.

"That I have," said the other. "Those eyes of yours went straight into my heart last night, or I should not be here this morning. That is partly owing to my own eyes being so dark and yours the loveliest hazel. It is twenty years since eyes like yours have gazed into mine. Diamonds are not half so rare, nor a tenth part so lovely, to my fancy." She turned her head away, melted probably by some tender reminiscence. It was only for a moment. She turned round again, and said quietly, "Yes, Ned, I should like to try what I can do; I think you said these are reports of his trial. I'll begin by reading them."

She read them both very slowly and carefully, and her face grew like a judge's, and Helen watched each shade of expression with deep anxiety.

That powerful countenance showed alacrity and hope at first: then doubt, and difficulty, and at last dejection. Helen's heart turned cold, and for the first time she began to despair. For now, a shrewd person with a plain prejudice in her favour and Robert's, was staggered by the simple facts of the trial.

CHAPTER LIX.

MRS. UNDERCLIFF, having read the reports, avoided Helen's eye—(another bad sign). She turned to Mr. Undercliff, and probably because the perusal of the reports had disappointed her, said almost angrily, "Edward, what did you say to make them laugh at that trial? Both these papers say that 'an Expert was called, whose ingenuity made the court smile, but did not counterbalance the evidence.'"

"Why, that is a falsehood on the face of it," said the Expert, turning red. "I was called simply and solely to prove Penfold did not write the forged note; I proved it to the judge's satisfaction, and he directed the prisoner to be acquitted on that count. Miss Rolleston, the lawyers often do sneer at Experts; but then, four Experts out of five are rank impostors: a set of theorists, who go by arbitrary rules framed in the closet, and not by large and laborious comparison with indisputable documents. These charlatans are not aware that five thousand cramped and tremulous, but genuine, signatures are written every day by honest men, and so they denounce every

cramped or tremulous writing as a forgery. The varieties in a man's writing, caused by his writing with his glove on, or off, with a quill, or a bad steel pen, drunk or sober, calm or agitated, in full daylight or dusk, etc. etc., all this is a dead letter to them, and they have a bias towards suspicion of forgery; and a banker's clerk, with his mere general impression, is better evidence than they are. But I am an artist of a very different stamp. I never reason *a priori*. I compare; and I have no bias. I never will have. The judges know this, and the pains and labour I take to be right, and they treat me with courtesy. At Penfold's trial the matter was easy; I showed the court he had not written the note, and my evidence crushed the indictment so far. How could they have laughed at my testimony? Why, they acted upon it. Those reports are not worth a straw. What journals were they cut out of?"

"I don't know," said Helen.

"Is there nothing on the upper margin to show?"

"No."

"What, not on either of them?"

"No."

"Show them me, please. This is a respectable paper too: the *Daily News*."

"Oh, Mr. Undercliff, how can you know that?"

"I don't *know* it; but I think so, because the type and paper are like that journal; the conductors are fond of clean type; so am I. Why, here is another mis-statement: the judge never said he aggravated his offence by trying to cast a slur upon the Wardlaws. I'll swear the judge never said a syllable of the kind. What he said was, 'you can speak in arrest of judgment on grounds of law, but you must not impugn the verdict with facts.' That was the only time he spoke to the prisoner at all. These reports are not worth a button."

Helen lifted up her hands and eyes in despair. "Where shall I find the truth?" said she. "The world is a quicksand."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Undercliff, "don't you be discouraged: there must be a correct report in some paper or other."

"I am not so sure of that," said Undercliff, "I believe the reporters trundle off to the nearest public house together, and light their pipes with their notes, and settle something or other by memory. Indeed, they have reached a pitch of inaccuracy that could not be attained without co-operation. Independent liars contradict each other: but these chaps follow one another in falsehood, like geese toddling after one another across a common."

"Come, come," said Mrs. Undercliff, "if you can't help us, don't hurt us. We don't want a man to talk yellow jaundice to us. Miss Rolleston must employ somebody to read all the other papers and compare the reports with these."

"I'll employ nobody but myself," said Helen. "I'll go to the British Museum, directly."

"The Museum!" cried Mr. Undercliff, looking up with surprise. "Why, they will be half an hour groping for a copy of the *Times*. No, no, go to Peele's Coffee House." He directed her where to find that place; and she was so eager to do something for Robert, however small, that she took up her bag directly, and put up the prayer-book, and was going to ask for her extracts, when she observed Mr. Undercliff was scrutinising them with great interest, so she thought she would leave them with him; but, on looking more closely, she found that he was examining, not the reports, but the advertisements and miscellanea on the reverse side.

She waited out of politeness, but she coloured and bit her lip. She could not help feeling hurt and indignant. "Any trash is more interesting to people than poor Robert's case," she thought. And, at last, she said bitterly,

"Those *advertisements* seem to interest you, sir; shall I leave *them* with you?"

"If you please," said the Expert, over whose head, bent in dogged scrutiny, this small thunderbolt of feminine wrath passed unconscious.

Helen drove away to Peele's Coffee House.

Mrs. Undercliff pondered over the facts that had been elicited in this conversation; the Expert remained absorbed in the advertisements at the back of Helen's reports.

When he had examined every one of them minutely, he held the entire extracts up to the light and looked through them; then he stuck a double magnifier in his eye, and looked through them with that. Then he took two pieces of card, wrote on them *Re Penfold*, and looked about for his other materials, to put them all neatly together. Lo! the profile of Robert Penfold was gone.

"Now that is too bad," said he. "So much for her dovelike eyes, that you admired so. Miss Innocence has stolen that profile."

"Stolen! she bought it—of me."

"Why, she never said a word."

"No; but she looked a look. She asked me with those sweet imploring eyes, might she have it; and I looked, yes: then she glanced towards you, and put down a note. Here it is."

"Why, you beat the telegraph, you two.

Ten pounds for that thing! I must make it up to her somehow."

"I wish you could. Poor girl, she is a lady every inch. But she is in love with that Penfold. I'm afraid it is a hopeless case."

"I have seen a plainer. But hopeless it is not. However, you work your way, and I'll work mine."

"But you can't; you have no materials."

"No; but I have found a door that may lead to materials."

Having delivered himself thus mysteriously, he shut himself up in obstinate silence, until Helen Rolleston called again, two days afterwards. She brought a bag full of manuscript this time; to wit, copies in her own handwriting of eight reports, the *Queen v. Penfold*. She was in good spirits, and told Mrs. Undercliff that all the reports were somewhat more favourable than the two she had left; and she was beginning to tell Mr. Undercliff he was quite right in his recollection, when he interrupted her and said, "All that is secondary now. Have you any objection to answer me a question?"

She coloured; but said, "Oh, no. Ask me anything you like;" then she blushed deeper.

"How did you become possessed of those two reports you left with me the other day?"

At this question, so different from what she feared, Helen cleared up and smiled, and said, "From a Mr. Hand, a clerk in Mr. Wardlaw's office; they were sent me at my request."

The Expert seemed pleased at this reply; his brow cleared, and he said, "Then I don't mind telling you that those two reports will bring Penfold's case within my province. To speak plainly, Miss Rolleston, your newspaper extracts—*ARE FORGERIES.*"

CHAPTER LX.

"*FORGERIES!*" cried Helen, with innocent horror.

"*RANK FORGERIES,*" repeated the Expert, coolly.

"Forgeries!" cried Helen, "Why how can printed things be that?"

"That is what I should like to know," said the old lady.

"Why, what else can you call them," said the Expert. "They are got up to look like extracts from newspapers. But they were printed as they are, and were never in any journal. Shall I tell you how I found that out?"

"If you please, sir," said Helen.

"Well, then, I looked at the reverse side

and I found seven misprints in one slip, and five in the other. That was a great number to creep into printed slips of that length. The trial part did not show a single erratum. 'Hullo!' said I, to myself; 'why, one side is printed more carefully than the other.' And that was not natural. The printing of advertisements is looked after quite as sharply as any other part in a journal. Why, the advertisers themselves cry out if they are misprinted."

"Oh, how shrewd!" cried Helen.

"Child's play," said the Expert. "Well, from that blot I went on. I looked at the edges, and they were cut too clean. A gentleman with a pair of scissors can't cut slips out of a paper like this. They were cut in the printer's office. Lastly, on holding them to the light, I found they had not been machined upon the plan now adopted by all newspapers; but worked by hand. In one word—forgeries!"

"Oh!" said Helen. "To think I should have handled forgeries, and shown them to you for real. Ah! I'm so glad; for now I have committed the same crime as Robert Penfold; I have uttered a forged document. Take me up and have me put in prison, for I am as guilty as ever he was." Her face shone with rapture at sharing Robert's guilt.

The Expert was a little puzzled by sentiments so high-flown and unpractical.

"I think," said he, "you are hardly aware what a valuable discovery this may prove to you. However, the next step is to get me a specimen of the person's handwriting who furnished you with these. The chances are, he is the writer of the forged note."

Helen uttered an exclamation that was almost a scream. The inference took her quite by surprise. She looked at Mrs. Undercliff.

"He is right, I think," said the old lady.

"Right or wrong," said the Expert, "the next step in the inquiry is to do what I said. But that demands great caution. You must write a short, civil note to Mr. Hand, and just ask him some question. Let me see; ask him what newspapers his extracts are from, and whether he has got any more. He will not tell you the truth; but no matter, we shall get hold of his handwriting."

"But, sir," said Helen, "there is no need for that. Mr. Hand sent me a note along with the extracts."

"The deuce he did. All the better. Any words in it that are in the forged note? Is Penfold in it, or Wardlaw?"

Helen reflected a moment, and then said she thought both those names were in it.

"Fetch me that note," said Undercliff, and his eyes sparkled. He was on a hot scent now.

"And let me study the genuine reports, and compare what they say with the forged ones," said Mrs. Undercliff.

"Oh, what friends I have found at last!" cried Helen.

She thanked them both warmly, and hurried home, for it was getting late.

Next day she brought Hand's letter to Mr. Undercliff, and devoured his countenance while he inspected it keenly, and compared it with the forged note.

The comparison was long and careful, but unsatisfactory. Mr. Undercliff could not conscientiously say whether Hand had written the forged note or not. There were pros and cons.

"We are in deeper water than I thought," said he. "The comparison must be enlarged. You must write as I suggested, and get another note out of Mr. Hand."

"And leave the prayer-book with me," said Mrs. Undercliff.

Helen complied with these instructions, and in due course received a civil line from Mr. Hand to say that the extracts had been sent him from the country by one of his fellow clerks, and he had locked them up, lest Mr. Michael Penfold, who was much respected in the office, should see them. He could not say where they came from; perhaps from some provincial paper. If of any value to Miss Rolleston, she was quite at liberty to keep them. He added there was a coffee-house in the city where she could read all the London papers of that date. This letter, which contained a great many more words than the other, was submitted to Undercliff. It puzzled him so that he set to work, and dissected every curve the writer's pen had made; but he could come to no positive conclusion, and he refused to utter his conjectures.

"We are in a deep water," said he.

Finally, he told his mother he was at a standstill for the present.

"But I am not," said Mrs. Undercliff. She added, after a while, "I think there's felony at the bottom of this."

"Smells like it to me," said the Expert.

"Then I want you to do something very clever for me."

"What is that?"

"I want you to forge something."

"Come! I say."

"Quite innocent, I assure you."

"Well, but it is a bad habit to commence."

"All depends on the object. This is to take in a forger, that is all."

The Expert's eyes sparkled. He had always been sadly discontented with the efforts of forgers, and thought he could do better.

"I'll do it," said he, gaily.

CHAPTER LXI.

GENERAL ROLLESTON and his daughter sat at breakfast in the hotel. General Rolleston was reading the *Times*, and his eye lighted on something that made him start. He looked towards Helen, and his first impulse was to communicate it to her; but, on second thoughts, he preferred to put a question to her first.

"You have never told the Wardlaws what those sailors said?"

"No, papa. I still think they ought to have been told; but you know you positively forbade me."

"Of course I did. Why afflict the old gentleman with such a tale? A couple of common sailors! Who chose to fancy the ship was destroyed."

"Who are better judges of such a thing than sailors?"

"Well, my child, if you think so, I can't help it. All I say, spare the old gentleman such a report. As for Arthur, to tell you the truth, I have mentioned the matter to him."

"Oh, papa! Then why forbid me to tell him? What did he say?"

"He was very much distressed. 'Destroy the ship my Helen was in!' said he: 'if I thought Wylie had done that I'd kill him with my own hand, though I was hanged for it next minute.' I never saw the young fellow fire up so before. But when he came to think calmly over it a little while, he said: 'I hope this slander will never reach my father's ears; it would grieve him deeply. I only laugh at it.'"

"Laugh at it! and yet talk of killing?"

"Oh, people say they laugh at a thing when they are very angry all the time. However, as you are a good girl, and mind what you are told, I'll read you an advertisement that will make you stare. Here is Joseph Wylie, who, you say, wrecked the *Proserpine*, actually invited by Michael Penfold to call on him and hear of something to his advantage."

"Dear me!" said Helen; "how strange. Surely Mr. Penfold cannot know the character of that man. Stop a minute! Advertise for

him? Then nobody knows where he lives? There, papa; you see he is afraid to go near Arthur Wardlaw: he knows he destroyed the ship. What a mystery it all is! And so Mr. Penfold is at home, after all; and not to send me a single line. I never met so much unkindness, and discourtesy, in all my life."

"Ah, my dear," said the General, "you never defied the world before, as you are doing now."

Helen sighed: but, presently recovering her spirit, said she had done without the world on her dear island, and she would not be its slave now.

As she was always as good as her word, she declined an invitation to play the lion, and, dressing herself in plain merino, went down that very evening to Michael Penfold's cottage.

We run thither a little before her to relate briefly what had taken place there.

Nancy Rouse, as may well be imagined, was not the woman to burn two thousand pounds. She locked the notes up; and, after that night, became very reserved on that head, so much so that, at last, Mr. Penfold saw it was an interdicted topic, and dropped it in much wonder.

When Nancy came to think of it in daylight, she could not help suspecting Wylie had some hand in it; and it occurred to her that the old gentleman, who lodged next door, might be an agent of Wylie's, and a spy on her. Wylie must have told him to push the £2000 into her room: but what a strange thing to do! To be sure, he was a sailor, and sailors had been known to make sandwiches of bank-notes and eat them. Still her good sense revolted against this theory, and she was sore puzzled; for, after all, there was the money, and she had seen it come through the wall. One thing appeared certain, Joe had not forgotten her; he was thinking of her as much as ever, or more than ever; so her spirits rose, she began singing and whistling again, and waited cunningly till Joe should reappear and explain his conduct. Hostage for his reappearance she held the £2000. She felt so strong and saucy she was half sorry she had allowed Mr. Penfold to advertise; but, after all, it did not much matter, she could always declare to Joe she had never missed him, for her part, and the advertising was a folly of poor Mr. Penfold's.

Matters were in this condition when the little servant came up one evening to Mr. Penfold and said there was a young lady to see him.

"A young lady for me?" said he.

"O, she won't eat you, while I am by," said

the sharp little girl. "It is a lady, and the same what come before."

"Perhaps she will oblige me with her name," said Michael, timidly.

"I won't show her up till she do," said this mite of a servant, who had been scolded by Nancy for not extracting that information on Helen's last visit.

"Of course, I must receive her," said Michael, half consulting the mite; it belonged to a sex which promptly assumes the control of such gentle creatures as he was.

"Is Miss Rouse in the way?" said he.

The mite laughed, and said,—

"She is only gone down the street. I'll send her in to take care on you."

With this she went off, and in due course led Helen up the stairs. She ran in, and whispered in Michael's ear,—

"It is Miss Helen Rolleston."

Thus they announced a lady at No. 3.

Michael stared with wonder at so great a personage visiting him; and the next moment Helen glided into the room, blushing a little, and even panting inaudibly, but all on her guard. She saw before her a rather stately figure, and a face truly venerable, benignant, and beautiful, though deficient in strength. She cast a devouring glance on him as she curtsied to him; and it instantly flashed across her, "but for you there would be no Robert Penfold." There was an unconscious tenderness in her voice as she spoke to him, for she had to open the interview.

"Mr. Penfold, I fear my visit may surprise you, as you did not write to me. But, when you hear what I am come about, I think you will not be displeased with me for coming."

"Displeased, madam! I am highly honoured by your visit—a lady, who, I understand, is to be married to my worthy employer, Mr. Arthur. Pray be seated, madam."

"Thank you, sir."

Helen began in a low, thrilling voice, to which, however, she gave firmness by a resolute effort of her will.

"I am come to speak to you of one who is very dear to you, and to all who really know him."

"Dear to me? It is my son. The rest are gone. It is Robert."

And he began to tremble.

"Yes, it is Robert," said she, very softly; then, turning her eyes away from him, lest his emotion should overcome her, she said,—

"He has laid me and my father under deep obligations."

She dragged her father in; for it was essential not to show Mr. Penfold she was in love with Robert.

"Obligations to my Robert? Ah, madam, it is very kind of you to say that, and cheer a desolate father's heart with praise of his lost son. But how could a poor unfortunate man in his position serve a lady like you?"

"He defended me against robbers, single-handed."

"Ah," said the old man, glowing with pride, and looking more beautiful than ever, "he was always as brave as a lion."

"That is nothing; he saved my life again, and again, and again."

"God bless him for it! and God bless you for coming and telling me of it. Oh, madam, he was always brave, and gentle, and just, and good; so noble, so unfortunate."

And the old man began to cry.

Helen's bosom heaved, and it cost her a bitter struggle not to throw her arms round the dear old man's neck and cry with him. But she came prepared for a sore trial of her feelings, and she clenched her hands and teeth, and would not give way an inch.

"Tell me how he saved your life, madam."

"He was in the ship, and in the boat with me."

"Ah, madam," said Michael, "that must have been some other Robert Penfold; not my son. He could not come home. His time was not up, you know."

"It was Robert Penfold, son of Michael Penfold."

"Excuse me a moment," said Michael; and he went to a drawer, and brought her a photograph of Robert. "Was it this Robert Penfold?"

The girl took the photograph, and eyed it, and lowered her head over it.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And he was coming home in the ship with you. Is he mad? More trouble! more trouble!"

"Do not alarm yourself," said Helen; "he will not land in England for years,"—here she stifled a sob—"and long ere that we shall have restored him to society."

Michael stared at that, and shook his head.

"Never," said he; "that is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"They all say he is a felon."

"They all *shall* say that he is a martyr."

"And so he is; but how can that ever be proved?"

"I don't know. But I am sure the truth

can always be proved, if people have patience and perseverance."

"My sweet young lady," said Michael sadly, "you don't know the world."

"I am learning it fast, though. It may take me a few years perhaps to make powerful friends, to grope my way amongst forgers, and spies, and wicked, dishonest people of all sorts, but so surely as you sit there, I'll clear Robert Penfold before I die."

The good feeble old man gazed on her with admiration and astonishment.

She subdued her flashing eye, and said with a smile, "And you shall help me. Mr. Penfold, let me ask you a question. I called here before; but you were gone to Edinburgh. Then I wrote to you at the office, begging you to let me know the moment you returned. Now, do not think I am angry; but pray tell me why you would not answer my letter."

Michael Penfold was not burdened with *amour propre*; but who has not got a little of it in some corner of his heart? "Miss Rolleston," said he, "I was born a gentleman, and was a man of fortune once, till false friends ruined me. I am in business now, but still a gentleman: and neither as a gentleman nor as a man of business could I leave a lady's letter unanswered. I never did such a thing in all my life. I never got your letter," he said, quite put out, and his wrath was so like a dove's, that Helen smiled and said, "But I posted it myself. And my address was in it: yet it was not returned."

"Well, madam, it was not delivered, I assure you."

"It was intercepted, then."

He looked at her. She blushed, and said, "Yes, I am getting suspicious; ever since I found I was followed and watched. Excuse me a moment." She went to the window and peered through the curtains. She saw a man walking slowly by; he quickened his pace the moment she opened the curtain.

"Yes," said she, "it was intercepted, and I am watched wherever I go."

Before she could say any more a bustle was heard on the stairs, and in bounced Nancy Rouse, talking as she came. "Excuse me, Mr. Penfolds, but I can't wait no longer with my heart a bursting; it *is*! it *is*! Oh my dear, sweet young lady; the Lord be praised. You really are here alive and well. Kiss you I must and shall; come back from the dead; there—there—there!"

"Nancy! my good, kind Nancy," cried Helen, and returned her embrace warmly.

Then followed a burst of broken explana-

tions; and, at last, Helen made out that Nancy was the landlady, and had left Lambeth long ago.

"But, dear heart," said she, "Mr. Penfolds, I'm properly jealous of you. To think of her coming here to see you, and not me!"

"But I didn't know you were here, Nancy." Then followed a stream of inquiries, and such warm-hearted sympathy with all her dangers and troubles, that Helen was led into revealing the cause of it all.

"Nancy," said she, solemnly, "the ship was wilfully cast away; there was a villain on board that made holes in her on purpose, and sunk her."

Nancy lifted up her hands in astonishment. But Mr. Penfold was far more surprised and agitated.

"For heaven's sake, don't say that!" he cried.

"Why not, sir?" said Helen; "it is the truth; and I have got the testimony of dying men to prove it."

"I am sorry for it. Pray don't let anybody know. Why, Wardlaws would lose the insurance of £160,000."

"Arthur Wardlaw knows it: my father told him."

"And he never told me," said Penfold, with growing surprise.

"Goodness me! what a world it is," cried Nancy. "Why that was murder, and no less. It is a wonder she wasn't drowned, and another friend into the bargain that I had in that very ship. Oh, I wish I had the villain here that done it, I'd tear his eyes out."

Here the mite of a servant bounded in, radiant and giggling, gave Nancy a triumphant glance, and popped out again, holding the door open, through which in slouched a seafaring man, drawn by Penfold's advertisement, and decoyed into Nancy's presence by the imp of a girl, who thought to please her mistress.

Nancy, who for some days had secretly expected this visit, merely gave a little squeak; but Helen uttered a violent scream; and, upon that, Wylie recognised her, and literally staggered back a step or two, and these words fell out of his mouth:

"The sick girl!"

Helen caught them.

"Ay!" cried she; "but she is alive in spite of you: alive to denounce you and to punish you."

She darted forward, and her eyes flashed lightning.

"Look at this man, all of you," she cried. "Look at him well: THIS IS THE WRETCH THAT SCUTTLED THE PROSERPINE!"

THE EVENING STAR.

VENUS, queen of celestial beauties, is just now beaming in her fullest glory in our evening sky ; dimming the lesser luminaries by her surpassing lustre. So bright that even the tired and indifferent labourer passing from his toil, and the callous merchant returning from his daily course of anxious care, must look up and utter ejaculations of delightful surprise. So bright, that the little child, catching her piercing beams through the casement, falls to sleep chanting the simple but philosophical panegyric that children of very large growth, students, and philosophers, have been singing for ages :—

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are !

So bright that the astronomer cannot gaze upon her through his telescopes without shielding his eye from her dazzling radiance. So bright that not even the blinding rays of a noon-day sun can quench her penetrating light ; and yet again so bright as to claim from mortals more homage than an earthly potentate.

This is no figure of speech. When Napoleon was being fêted and flattered by the Directory, and when he was repairing, on one occasion, to the Luxembourg, he was surprised to see the multitude assembled in the Rue de Tournon gazing with rapt attention upon the region of the heavens just above the palace, to the disregard of his august person and brilliant staff. He enquired the cause, and learned that the curious crowd was absorbed with astonishment at a star shining in the day-lit sky ; and his flatterers told him that it was *his* star. It was no other than the planet Venus : but the conqueror of Italy did not discountenance the idea.

Resplendent she is now ; but she will shine more brightly yet. On the 9th of June she comes to that position with respect to the sun and the earth where she gives us her maximum of light. From that date she will rapidly decline, losing her radiance in the twilight, till she sets with the sun on or about July 11th. When she is at her brightest, at the time aforesaid, her neighbour, Mercury, will be tolerably near to her, and an opportunity will occur for comparing their lustres. Then it will be seen that the patron of pick-pockets is no beauty to look at. From his proximity to the sun, receiving four times as much light as Venus, he ought to shine as brightly as she, notwithstanding his smaller size ; but it is a fact that he is very much fainter. The astronomers

know that the least haze or filmy cloud obscures him. Copernicus, dying at the age of seventy, complained in his last moments that he had never succeeded in catching a glimpse of him ; on account, it has been conjectured, of the vapours prevailing near the horizon on the banks of the Vistula, where he lived. An old English writer, perhaps similarly disappointed, stigmatised him as “a squinting lacquey of the sun, who seldom shews his head in these parts, as if he were in debt.” A few years ago, a friend of mine was fortunate enough to catch the two planets together in the field of his telescope, and the faintness of Mercury was surprising. The fact proves that the surfaces have vastly different reflective powers ; while Venus gives off a large share of the sunlight she receives, Mercury must absorb the greater part of that which falls upon him ; and, if he absorbs the heat also, he must be of a temperature to negative all arguments for the possibility of any beings like man dwelling upon him.

From the nearness of Venus to the earth at her epochs of greatest proximity—for she comes nearer to us than any other planet—it might be thought that the astronomers are well acquainted with her constitution and characteristics ; that they would have surveyed and depicted every detail of her surface, and formed some ideas upon her geographical peculiarities. But, in truth, they know very little about her. They have measured her, and found that, in superficial content, she very nearly coincides with the earth, being in actual fact one-tenth less ; and they have determined her mass, which is almost exactly that of the earth. From these data others are easily inferred ; such as her density and the weights of bodies at her surface, both of which elements are very similar to those pertaining to our globe ; so that it is allowable to conceive that both these worlds are formed of somewhat similar component matters. But beyond all this, astronomical curiosity has not found much wherewith to satisfy itself, nor upon which to pride itself. The planet is inscrutable, by reason of her excessive brightness. There may be irregularities on her surface ; mountain may alternate with valley, sea with continent ; cloud belts may encircle her equator, and snowy mantles cover her poles ; but all such features are lost in a flood of light.

When Galileo first turned his telescope upon the evening star, he made one of the grandest confirmatory discoveries that has yet fallen to the lot of any man. He found that the planet was not circular, but crescent-formed, like a young moon. It was but a little fact ; yet the

announcement of it must have sent a thrill through the minds of the philosophers of his day that we can well appreciate. Tradition says that Copernicus was twitted by the Ptolemaics upon the non-appearance of phases in the planets Mercury and Venus, and that the astronomer of Thorn retorted that if ever it should be given to man to distinguish the contour of their discs, such phases would be seen. The story has been discredited; but those who delight in philosophical lore will be loth to relinquish it. The Copernicans awaited anxiously the result of Galileo's scrutiny. One of his correspondents wrote to him for information about Venus's appearance; but the Florentine was chary of communicating his discoveries; he had been too badly used in regard to those he had published: and he replied evasively. But he had looked, or soon did look at Venus, nevertheless, and his admiring eye beheld her lunet form. He sent the news triumphantly to Kepler; but, previous treatment having taught him caution, he concealed the announcement in an anagram, which ran thus:—*Hæc immatura, a me, jam frustra, leguntur. o. y.* Which may be rendered, "These things not ripe [for disclosure] are read, as yet in vain, by me." He said that the motto proclaimed a new phenomenon that fully corroborated the truth of the Copernican system. And so it did, for the letters transposed become:—*Cynthia figuræ æmulatur Mater Amorum*, which, perhaps I need hardly say, denotes that, "The mother of the loves emulates the phases of Cynthia."

Galileo saw no markings on the planet, but some of his telescopic successors believed that they did, and they described the spots as something like those seen on the moon. Their statements, however, were too vague to attract much attention. A diligent Roman, Bianchini by name, however, studied her facial appearances most assiduously during the years 1726-27, using a telescope of the period, 66 feet long. A drawing of it is before me: a strange machine, braced and tied like a lattice girder to keep its unwieldy length from bending: the picture appears in an imposing folio which Bianchini devoted exclusively to his observations on the planet. He saw spots and streaks upon her disc, and charted them down till he made a rough map of her surface, calling the dark parts seas, and giving them names such as *Marco Polo*, *Columbus*, *Vespucci*, and *Galileo*. A tongue-shaped mark he christened the *Promontory of the Academy of Sciences*, and so forth. By watching these spots he tried to determine the time of the planet's rotation on her axis, and satisfied himself that

it was 24 days 8 hours. This period was thought too large, especially as one of the earlier observers had, from his few observations, fixed it at less than 24 hours. By-and-by Herschel, in England, and Schroeter, in Germany, took up the ball: the former could not satisfy himself which of the values was right; the latter was more successful in detecting markings, and decided the rotation time to be 23 hours 21 minutes. Schroeter, too, declared that one of the horns of the crescent was blunted, whilst the other was sharp; the inference from this being that the surface is rugged or mountainous: but Herschel denied the accuracy of this observation, maintaining that the horns were always truly pointed. The German also saw indications which left very little doubt that Venus is surrounded by a tolerably dense atmosphere.

But the observer of all others who paid the *Mater Amorum* the best attentions was De Vico, like Bianchini, a Roman. During the years 1840-41 he made measures and observations of her beauty spots to the number of about ten thousand. He pointed out the possible way in which his fellow citizen had fallen into error; confirmed to some extent Schroeter's assumption of high mountains and deep valleys, and settled the time of rotation to be 23 hours, 21 minutes, 21 $\frac{311}{1000}$ seconds! I give these figures in full just to show the accuracy to which astronomers will push their calculations.

It follows then, from what we do know, that Venus, as a world, is very like our earth in physical constitution; and she might be the abode of men like us, provided they could endure just about twice as much light and heat as we now receive, and a proportionate extreme of cold. Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his *Harmonies of Nature*, has drawn a lively picture of the Venus world, and has painted it as a paradise. But fact dispels fancy. There is a summer and a winter on that globe as on ours: and if De Vico's measures are correct, its seasons are far more extreme than the earth's. From the great inclination of the equator to the plane of the orbit, the alternations of warmth and cold must be excessive in their severity. There may be a living summer of perpetual sunshine wherein the glories of our tropics are outdazzled: but if so there must be a dead winter of intense cold: without a gleam of sunshine to mark the beginning and close of its days; and without a moon to mitigate the darkness of the long dismal night. After all, the beauty of the celestial as of the terrestrial Venus may end at the surface.



Once a Week.]

[May 23, 1888.]

HIT OR MISS, AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

FAMILY SECRETS,

AS TOLD BY THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

THE Registrar-General is in possession of a greater number of family secrets than any other person in the kingdom. His tabulated records of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, continued year by year and relating to every corner of England and Wales, have enabled him to draw conclusions and frame generalisations with a confidence which, to many persons, seems nothing less than presumption; and yet, the more these conclusions and generalisations are studied, the more reliable are they found to be, when interpreted with the proper conditions and limitations.

Let us attend to a few of the matters which this important functionary has to tell us—about the age at which we shall probably marry, the chance we have of being married at all, the probabilities of widowers and widows interfering with the matrimonial market of bachelors and spinsters, the number of years during which husbands and wives will live together in wedded bliss, the probable number of their children, the proportion of those children who will grow up to be men and women, the chance those children will have of being in their turn married, and the probable ages at which parents and children alike will be removed from the land of the living—events which seem, to casual observers, equally beyond the range of ordinary calculation and reasonable estimate.

And first, let us suppose that a thousand infants, comprising the usual proportion of boy-babies and girl-babies, come into the world in this present year, 1868; by what year will just half of them have been swept away, or the total reduced to five hundred? Considering the multiplicity of causes of disease and of accident, the different degrees in which pinching poverty affects different classes of the community, and the varied influence of hereditary malady upon individuals—considering these things, it seems quite impossible to answer such a question. And yet it can be answered, with a degree of approximation almost inexplicable to those who are new to these kinds of inquiry. The Registrar-General would assert pretty confidently that, in about forty-three or forty-four years from the present time, that is, by about the year 1911 or 1912, the thousand will be reduced to five hundred; there will have been five hundred deaths and burials, and the survivors will be men and women about forty-three years of age. How

does he know this? Simply by inferring the future from the past. After tabulating and examining millions of instances, he finds certain ratios maintained, year after year, with singular uniformity. England may become more healthy, as well as more wealthy, after a long period; but the change from year to year is small. The Registrar-General does not *know* that his anticipations will be borne out; but the probability is so irresistibly strong as to establish the fundamental theories and vast operations of life insurance, to the undoubted benefit of the community generally.

Then, about the boys and girls, the relative numbers in which they will give employment to the cot-makers in the first instance and the coffin-makers afterwards. Physicians and physiologists do not know why it is so; but every year's experience in England shows that more boys are born than girls. There seems to have been no exception to this rule as long as we have paid any attention to census matters. And yet (an apparent contradiction) there are always more females than males living in England. How is the balance overturned, and the preponderance changed from the one side to the other? The answer is, that boys are struck down by death more rapidly than girls. It is for medical men to assign causes for this; the fact itself is undisputed. It almost seems like presumption, but it really is not so when regarded simply as an inference from the past, that of every thousand English children born (say) in 1868, about a hundred boys will be carried off within twelve months after birth, whereas the deaths of girls will only range between seventy and eighty.

As the population advances from infancy to the active school age of boys and girls, there is the same power of predicting the probable changes that will take place. Of the thousand little ones, for instance, spoken of in a preceding paragraph, adding those who die during the second year to those who die during the first, there will be just about one quarter of the whole number carried off. Two hundred and fifty little coffins, or thereabouts, will be wanted for those who are cut down before they can be called two-year olds. The real history of infant mortality, and of domestic sorrow consequent upon it, cannot be known without some aid from these dry matters of statistics, as many persons regard them.

Once get over the troubles of childhood, however, and there comes a period of active animal life when the fell destroyer is set a good deal at defiance. If we ask which is the most healthy time of our lives, the period of

existence when the death-rate is the lowest, the Registrar-General tells us that it is between the ages of ten and fifteen—the genuine school period. Out of a thousand boys and girls, distributed in the actually existing ratios between these limits of age, there is, it appears, a likelihood of mourning for only about five during the next twelve months, on an average of all conditions of life. The number would be greater at more-advanced and at less-advanced ages.

Nothing is more curious, in the Registrar-General's tables and inferences, than the experience in regard to marriage and non-marriage, bachelors and spinsters, husbands and wives, widowers and widows, and the chances as to how many of us will ever be married at all. This prosaic functionary can tell us more on the subject than any Zadkiel or Raphael, any fortune-tellers or astrologers, any novel writers, either sensational or sentimental.

Suppose there be a hundred weddings within a given time, in all respects of an average kind as to the ages and conditions of the two hundred persons married, and the part of England where they reside—who can tell how many of those persons will be widowers and widows, and how many will be under age, at the time of marriage? The Registrar-General is the man. He will state that, about twenty-two of them will have been married before, and that about eighteen will be minors—the remaining one hundred and sixty (a few more or less) being bachelors and spinsters of full age. Suppose, again, we look at these eighteen minors, and separate them into youths and maidens; is there an equal number of both? By no means. Our great authority tells us that the maidens marry at earlier ages than the youths; the minor-brides are more than double the number of the minor-bridegrooms. Taking another mode of stating it—of a thousand Englishwomen who marry next year, about a hundred and thirty will be under age; whereas among an equal number of men who enter into wedlock, only about fifty will venture upon the important step under age—account for it how we please, by poverty, or caution, or love of liberty, or on any other ground. Hence the recent flood of fatherly and motherly complaints, in the newspapers and magazines, about the difficulty of getting husbands for the girls; daughters are ready to marry earlier than an equal number of young men are ready to marry them. The number of spinsters waiting to be wedded is indeed a noteworthy feature in modern English society. When a young girl reaches fifteen years of age she begins

to be ranked among the marriageable maidens, whether prudently or not; when a single woman reaches forty-five, she nearly goes off the marriageable list altogether. Now the Registrar-General, judging from his millions of instances, tells us that, of all the women and girls, of all ages and conditions, now living in England, about one-fourth are spinsters between these limits of age, marriageable but unmarried; another fourth, or a little under, comprises married women between the same limits of age. There are, then, five spinsters, between fifteen and forty-five years old, out of every twenty girls and women of all ages, waiting for husbands—if we may use so ungallant a phrase. How the California gold-diggers would welcome this state of things, looking out as they do for wives, and finding them so difficult to obtain!

The makers of wedding rings and bride cakes are, of course, very materially interested in the number of marriages which each year will bring forth. Now it appears that our infallible guide has no more doubt on this matter than on those which have already engaged our attention. We may, it seems, pretty safely rely on this—that for every thousand people amongst us, of both sexes and all ages and conditions, there will within the next twelve months be about eight marriages. When times are prosperous, people marry more readily than when work is slack, money scanty, food dear, and sickness prevalent; but the average preserves itself with surprising regularity. How far this will go towards absorbing the marriageable stock can only be approximately guessed. We are told that—in London, at any rate—of all the people, twenty years old and upwards, fourteen out of every twenty are husbands, wives, widowers, or widows, leaving six bachelors and spinsters; but this is not conclusive, because some of the youths and maidens under twenty, and some of the widowers and widows, may safely be placed on the marriageable list.

Here is something relating to the probable age of marrying that will, to many persons, seem a matter of absorbing interest. How old will you be when you marry? Our wonderful prognosticator tells us that, of every thousand children born, we may pretty safely make this assertion—that about five hundred and seventy will, after successfully fighting through all the troubles of babyhood and young-personhood, become husbands and wives; and moreover, that the average age of all persons on the day of their marriage is about twenty-five. Out of the thousand infants

here supposed, what becomes of the remaining four hundred and thirty? Some of them do not live to a marriageable age; the rest will live to be adults but will remain unmarried—willingly or unwillingly as the case may be. Furthermore, in regard to wedlock, just about one half of the men who marry (leaving bachelors, old and young, unnoticed) do so by the time they are twenty-five; and another fourth of them do so by the age of thirty. Scotchmen are a little later, Irishmen a little earlier, in the average age of marrying; but of Englishmen, three out of four of those who marry at all do so before they are thirty. Of womankind the ratio is of course somewhat different, the average age at wedlock being less.

When old Weller cautioned Sam against widows, he spoke out of the unwelcome experience of his own domestic hearth. If he had consulted the Registrar-General, he would have found that widows do not really occupy the matrimonial market in any very inordinate degree. In a hundred weddings, we are told to expect that about thirteen widowers will lead some blooming bride or other to the altar, whereas the number of widows will be only nine; in other words, the spinsters hold their own against the widows more successfully than the bachelors against the widowers. On the other hand, youths and maidens do not have the billing and cooing, the marrying and giving in marriage so much to themselves as some of them are in the habit of supposing; these figures tell us that eleven out of every hundred, or thereabouts, of those who marry have been married before; they are widowers and widows who make a second venture in the wedding market.

How long will Darby and Joan live together? What is the average period during which a married couple will live on as man and wife, neither one having to mourn the loss of the other? This is one among the matters which the tables of the Registrar-General enable him to discuss with some approach to certainty. He says in substance, "Give me the ages at which they marry, and I will tell you." It need hardly be said that there is a prospect of longer wedded life to those who marry moderately early than to those who marry late, other things being equal. We are told that if a man at twenty-five marry a woman of the same age, they will probably jog on together for about twenty-seven years; they will be about fifty-two when the first of them drops off. Every other grouping of ages would present its own particular figures, if taken (as this is) from averages of many thousand instances.

Then there is another question—how many children will be born to Darby and Joan? If paterfamilias would reckon up the responsibilities which are spread out before him, he may be told that an average English married man has four or five children in all. It is difficult to deal with half a child, and say four and a-half; but in large numbers, the ratio comes out in this form, that a hundred married couples will have about four hundred and fifty children. If Butler has ten, Walker may have only two, and Simmonds none at all; but if an equalising process were gone through, the average would be near about as here stated—not, be it remembered, the children living at any one time, but the whole progeny of the marriage.

And this leads us to consider the gap which once now and then brings mourning into every family. After making all allowance for the variation in age at which death occurs, from the new-born to the centenarian, there are certain averages which may be struck, and which remain wonderfully constant year after year, when no special epidemic or special inclemency of season has to be recorded. We have already noticed the guessings of the Registrar-General as to the number of years which will elapse before just one half of any assignable number of new-born infants will die; the degree of rapidity with which the boy-babies will be carried off as compared with the girl-babies; the number of both sexes that will die in the first year and the second; and the probable death-rate during what may be called the school-age. In furtherance of the same systematic examination, it is interesting to notice in what manner births conquer deaths, leading to a gradual increase of population in all except very special states of society. In a general way the ratio never differs far from three to two—half as many births again as deaths. Years of plenty and of health tell one way, years of scarcity and of epidemics tell another; but, as a sort of average, to every thousand persons now living in England, of all ages and conditions, the nation may pretty fairly expect to rejoice over thirty-three births, or thereabouts, and to mourn over twenty-two deaths, within the next twelve months; after striking a balance, there will be ten or twelve more of us per thousand than there are now. These may or may not seem very large numbers to the reader, depending on the breadth of his imagination; but with a population of twenty millions, which England and Wales have now reached, the totals become formidable—more than four hundred thousand mournings,

funerals, occasions for family sorrow next year; more than six hundred thousand little strangers to be welcomed, be it with hearty sincerity or not. If tears of sorrow and tears of joy are ever to be counted, the Registrar-General could furnish us with some of the data, at any rate, for the counting.

A very strange estimate—strange to those who are new to the subject—is the following. What is the quantity of life which we are at all justified in expecting on an average, or what is the expectation of life, as insurance offices would call it? Among all of us—male and female, young and old, rich and poor, noble and ignoble, healthy and unhealthy, provident and improvident, temperate and intemperate, abstemious and gluttonous, wise and foolish, just in the proportions in which we now make up the totality of society in England—how many more years shall we live, share and share alike? Strange it may appear and bold to attempt an answer, but not at all rash and unreliable if all the conditions be held steadily in view. "About thirty years—a little more or less,"—says the Registrar-General. If the share and share alike fate were in store for us, this functionary would kill us all by about the end of the century; those who overlive that date will about balance those who fail to reach it. Children to be born into the world in the intervening space of time are of course left out of this computation.

All this lore is too valuable to be either pooh-poohed or incautiously used. Let us see exactly what it means. A dense city, like London or Liverpool, may present some of the averages of different value from a sparsely inhabited county like Westmoreland or Northumberland; but an aggregate of the whole kingdom will correct these inequalities. One year may have a little more rain or cold, a little more scarcity and privation, a little more war or pestilence, than the year immediately preceding or following it; and these differences may have some influence on the number of births, marriages, and deaths; but such inequalities have a remarkable tendency to balance and neutralize each other, when vast aggregates of instances are taken into account.

CAPTAIN CORKER'S WILL.

II.

THE funeral of Captain Corker took place a few days afterwards (all expenses attending it had been for years lodged in Medlar's hands). When it was over, and the little party

had returned to the house, Medlar said, "I think that there is hardly any necessity to read our poor old friend's will, we all of us know it by heart; but as Mr. Robert is here, it would, perhaps, be proper to do so." He went into the cabin to fetch it, but on looking on the shelf, it was not in its accustomed place. The *Family Bible* and the *Cabinet Lawyer* were there, but no will. They searched and poked about in every direction, without success.

Robert Corker, who had been sitting in a chair by the window during their search, now got up, and said, very quietly, "I dare say you will find it about somewhere, and as it does not in the least concern me, I need not wait any longer, as I am very anxious to be back in London, and I shall shortly be returning to Canada." He shook hands with them, wished them good-bye, and walked out of the house. Medlar ran after him as he was going through the garden gate, and said, "I think, sir, it would be as well if you were to leave me your address, I may have to write to you; one can never tell." "Very well," he answered, "a line to the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross, will find me for the next fortnight; after that time, I can't say where I shall be. Good-bye."

Medlar returned to the house, and, assisted by Martin and Bump, set to work vigorously to look for the will. They hunted every hole and corner, both that day and the next; but no will appeared. What could have become of it? They had seen it in Captain Corker's hand the night before he died, and it was put back in its place when they helped him to bed. Could he have changed his mind on seeing his nephew arrive, and have put the will in the fire? "No," said Bump; "I should have smelt the parchment." "Of course," said Medlar, "his dying intestate would be tantamount to making a will in favour of his nephew Robert Corker—his only relation; but nothing will ever make me believe that he intended to adopt that course. Had he wished to do so, he never would have believed it possible to have conveyed any money or anything else without having recourse to a document signed and sealed. You remember how he used to say, 'Put it down on parchment in black and white, all ship-shape, according to law.'"

They none of them had the least suspicion of Robert Corker; his whole manner was so quiet, and he appeared too much affected at his uncle's death, and so perfectly disinterested, never asking a single question about his property, or interfering in any way. After the captain's death, he only came to the house twice—once to assist in putting the body in the coffin, and

again on the day of the funeral, and on the former occasion at Captain Martin's own request.

After endless speculation, and fruitless searches, they were obliged to give it up, and come to the conclusion that, at the last moment, the sight of his nephew had caused the captain to change his mind, and in some way destroy the will. His last words to Captain Martin—"I hope you won't be——" seemed to assist this theory. Perhaps he was going to say, "I hope you won't be disappointed." Here Bump reminded them of a constant saying of Captain Corker's,—“Martin, you are not old enough to be shelved; I hope you won't be long unemployed.”

A little boy of the name of Smelt, training for the law in Mr. Medlar's office, when he had heard the whole story, announced his belief that Mr. Robert Corker had taken the will off the shelf and put it in his pocket. “Ah,” said Medlar, “I thought of that. But the will was unusually large, and kept in a stiff leathern case, and Mr. Robert always wore a frock coat buttoned up to his throat; I don't think he could have well concealed it about him without one of us remarking it.” “Well,” said the boy, “but you told us all in the office that Captain Corker used to put the will in his pocket when he went to church.” “Yes, yes,” said Medlar, who was getting rather snappish at the persistence of this youth; “but Captain Corker had a great pocket in his coat made on purpose to hold the will. Captain Corker was a great big man, and his coat, even when buttoned, would flop about all over the place; Mr. Robert is a tall, thin man, and his clothes fit like wax.” This appeared to fix the boy for the moment, and he said no more.

Shortly afterwards he looked up from the deed he was writing out, and said, “Aint there a well in the garden out there at old Mother Bump's?” Mr. Medlar, who was deep in the study of *Taylor on Evidence*, felt very much inclined to hurl that work at Mr. Smelt's head for his continued inquiries; but knowing of old how difficult it was to baffle the youth's thirst for knowledge, he had recourse to subterfuge, and said, “There is a well, but it's dry at present; if you will finish engrossing that deed by 4 o'clock, you shall go over to Walmer to-morrow with Mummery (the head clerk); he is going to serve some writs.” This joyful news at once captivated Mr. Smelt, and he worked away at the deed, without saying a single word.

The next morning, when seated beside Mr. Mummery, on top of the Deal and Sandwich

'bus, he said to that gentleman, “The governor must have been kidding me yesterday when he said that Mother Bump's well was dry; there's no drought now in the month of April, and it has done nothing but rain since February.” Mr. Mummery, whose knowledge of drought was more immediately connected with spirit bottles, gave an evasive answer. He was a mildewy-looking old man, with a nose of that bright vermilion colour used by the Trinity House in painting their light vessels and buoys; indeed, he was partially drunk on this very morning, extra courage being required, as one of the long slips of paper in his pocket was destined for a most irascible old major, who was in the habit of reasoning more by hand than by mouth.

Mr. Medlar did not, however, neglect the boy's idea; he went out and had the well sounded; there was about five feet of water in it, but, after sending a man down to search, they found no will. This appeared to be their last chance; Mr. Medlar returned to his office and wrote to Robert Corker, detailing the whole circumstances of the case, and acquainting him that, as heir-at-law, he was entitled to all his late uncle's property, and offering his own services if required. He got a short note from Robert Corker by return of post, thanking him for his letter, but without any allusion whatever to business.

Captain Martin returned to Greenwich in a sad state; his position was a very serious one. He had a wife and eight children, and nothing in the world but his half-pay (ten and sixpence a day) to live upon; having no interest he had no chance of getting a command. His wife, a clergyman's daughter, from the West of England, who had luckily been brought up almost in poverty, was, on hearing the whole story, much braver than her husband. “We will give up the two maid servants,” she said; “and I will sell all my little ornaments, and Ellen is getting a big girl, now,” (she was their eldest daughter, just fifteen years old) “and can help me to keep the house; I can cook very well; and you shall paint some water-colour drawings and try and sell them, you know you paint ships beautifully. By dint of great care and economy we shall, please God, do famously.” “Yes,” said Captain Martin; “but what shall be done about the boy? He is bent on going into the Navy, and you know I am promised a nomination for him as 1st class volunteer, which he may get any day, now. I can manage to pay for his outfit, but how ever can I allow him 50*l.* a year? which is the regular sum for a youngster

to have, now-a-days." "Could he live upon less than that?" said Mrs. Martin. "Well—yes—he could," said her husband, "if he is appointed to a ship going to some cheap station, but I should like his first ship to be a line-of-battle ship, for many a boy is ruined for life by spending his early years in a brig on the coast of Africa, and if he is sent into a liner he would be sure to go to the Mediterranean, where the living is cheap enough, but there is far greater opportunity for spending money." "Would he get any pay at first going off?" asked Mrs. Martin. "Why not much for the first two years, some 14*l.* a year, out of which 5*l.* would be deducted for the naval instructor," said the captain. "I think we could manage to give him 30*l.* a year, and if the boy were very careful he might manage to live without getting into debt. The best thing we can do is to have him in, and take him into our entire confidence; John is sensible enough for a boy of his age, and will readily understand the case." So they called him in from the little garden behind the house, where he was seated under a tree reading *Peter Simple* for about the sixth time. This amusing work, and a strong desire to get away from school, have, I take it, been the immediate cause of supplying many a hero to Her Majesty's navy. The boy came in to his parents, and after hearing all they had to say to him, promised that he would do his utmost to please them in every way.

A few days afterwards, a long Admiralty letter arrived, addressed to John Corker Martin, Esq., acquainting that gentleman that he was appointed to H.M. ship *Vanguard*, as volunteer of the first class, and requiring him to go down to Portsmouth, and pass an examination on board the *Victory*, previous to joining the first-mentioned ship, a line of battle-ship of eighty guns, just commissioned, and about to proceed to the Mediterranean.

Two days afterwards, Captain Martin and his son started for Portsmouth. The examination was soon got over; for, in those days, boys of thirteen were not expected to be such geniuses as they are now-a-days. Captain Martin found plenty of old friends at Portsmouth; and, what was more important, the commander of the *Vanguard* was one of them, who, after hearing the whole history of his disappointment about the will, promised to take the utmost care of his boy. "And faithfully he kept his promise."

Captain Martin returned to Greenwich in better spirits. A few weeks after this, he was very much astonished one morning at the arrival of Mrs. Bump, who announced in her

odd, abrupt way, that she could not a-bear living at Sandwich any longer, and had sold the old house, and intended establishing herself at Greenwich. "I should like," she said, "to live with you, and do for you as I did for poor Captain Corker; it would not cost you anything. I have got my annuity, you know, according to the law of annuities."

So, after some deliberation, her offer was gratefully accepted. It was an enormous gain to this poor struggling family, to have the voluntary help of a strong, active, good-tempered woman like Bump. She soon made Mrs. Martin leave off cooking, and did that and all the cleaning in the house herself. Her own personal effects were not voluminous, comprising an old sea-chest of clothes, and the gallery of pictures worked in worsted. She got very fond of the children, and taught them all to knot and splice, and other useful accomplishments. One of these was drying a wet mop: the operation consisted in lashing a piece of rope round the handle, putting the head of the mop out of a window, and spinning it round like a catherine-wheel. This branch of science formed an extraordinary attraction to the younger children, and much battling took place over the coveted implement.

The family now contrived to live without getting into debt; but it was a great struggle to get on; and nothing but the most pinching economy enabled them to make two ends meet. Captain Martin had the one terrible incubus on his mind, "should anything happen to himself, his wife would be left with 90*l.* a year to live on, and that only for her life," being the amount of pension allowed to a captain's widow. One stormy night in the month of March, 1846, the family having all retired to bed, except Captain Martin, who sat up brooding over his position, and listening to the wind and rain, for it was blowing a strong equinoctial gale, he was suddenly aroused by the clatter of wheels, and on going to the window, saw, by the light of the gas-lamps, a post-chaise come furiously down the street. To his utter astonishment, it stopped before his own door: the post-boy and horses were covered with mud. The door of the chaise was opened by a hand from the inside, and a little man jumped out, ran up to the door, and knocked. Captain Martin went out into the passage, opened the door, and found himself face to face with Mr. Medlar, who appeared to be in a tremendous state of excitement. "I was over at Rochester, and got this forwarded to me from home," he said, producing a letter. "I was out all day, and did not get it till dark; so I thought I would try

and see you to-night before you went to bed." Captain Martin took the letter from Medlar, and they both went into the little sitting-room together. He held it under the lamp, and read the address—"To Henry Medlar, Esq., Sandwich;" the postmark, Islington. He turned it over, and slowly opened it. It was very short, and ran as follows:—

SIR,—It will be greatly to the advantage of Captain Joseph Martin, if he will cause the body of the late Captain John Corker to be exhumed.

There was no date nor signature. "What can it possibly mean?" said Captain Martin. "I have not the least idea," answered the lawyer. "I have been thinking of it all the way from Rochester, and cannot arrive at any conclusion. At all events, I think we should lose no time in acting on the advice contained in the letter. There will be a good number of formalities to go through, and we shall, I apprehend, have to get permission from the Home Office before we can act in the matter. I will go out and pay the lad for the chaise" (he was a young fellow between sixty and seventy), "and make inquiry about a lodging for the night, as it is very late." At this juncture the door opened, and a voice said: "Mr. Medlar can bunk in the back room; it's all ready for him;" and Bump walked in, clad in a hasty toilet, consisting of a red fisherman's cap, a pea-jacket, and blue serge petticoat. She had a bottle of rum and glasses in her hand, on a tray. This was a fresh surprise for Martin, who had drunk nothing stronger than water since the date of his misfortunes. But Bump "was," as she said herself, "never taken aback." She had seen the chaise arrive, heard Medlar's voice, and that was enough for her.

A few days after this, Martin, Medlar, and Bump, arrived in Sandwich, armed with all the necessary permissions for exhuming the body of the late Captain Corker, the lawyer putting up his two friends in his own house. After consulting with the clergyman of the parish, it was agreed that they should proceed to their business as early as possible on the following morning, in order to avoid the crowd which was sure to congregate on hearing the news.

On the next day, then, at daylight, Captain Martin, Bump, and Medlar, who was accompanied by his two clerks, walked to the churchyard, where they met the rector and some workmen hired for the occasion. The little party stood round the grave, while the latter begun digging the ground up. All curiosity and anxiety seemed to have left Captain Martin

and Mr. Medlar now; they could only think on the one subject—that they were about to see once more the remains of their dear old friend. Not so with Mr. Smelt, who had no associations of the kind to look back to. He stood with his eyes starting almost out of his head, and at every shovelful of earth thrown out of the grave got more intensely excited. Mr. Mummery, whose feelings were shunted to neutral ground, consequent on complete intoxication the night before, assumed a stolid and highly undertaking feature, suitable to the occasion, which, to say the truth, was not difficult, as his nose was of a more polished red than ever, and his eyes, with that dull, fishy look so peculiar to habitual spirit drinkers, were like two bits taken out of a second-hand mackerel. He had, furthermore, embellished his personal appearance by wearing a great rusty-looking cloak, with a rabbit-skin collar; it was a garment of no particular colour, but it looked as if its wardrobe had been a snuff-barrel.

At length, after digging for some time, the coffin appeared, and, with considerable difficulty, they raised it to the surface, and took off the lid. There lay the remains of the old sailor, dressed in his Sunday clothes. Martin and Bump burst out into tears at the sight, and Medlar was deeply affected; the boy Smelt, who had been standing the whole time at the foot of the grave, now changed his position, and came up to the head; after gazing a moment intently at the body, he gave a scream, and thrusting his hand into the inside breast pocket of the coat, drew out the well-known brown-leather case, and handed it to Medlar. Yes; there was no mistake about it now; the mystery was solved, they had found the will. Mr. Medlar opened it; it was perfectly intact; there was the note on the margin, written in pencil, in Captain Corker's great sprawling handwriting, "Gavelkind avoided." There was nothing more to do now but replace the remains of the poor old man in his grave, which they did, Mr. Mummery muttering at the time something about an offence not to bury a body, see *Rex versus Young*. It is impossible to describe Captain Martin's joy at finding himself once more in easy circumstances. He returned to Greenwich with Bump in the highest spirits.

Mr. Medlar had no difficulty in getting the will proved for him, and what with the year's interest due on the 10,000*l.*, a quarter's arrears of Captain Corker's half-pay, and the money found in the house at his death (which Medlar had taken charge of at the time, with

a few other small things), Captain Martin found himself in possession of about 450*l.* ready money. Almost the first thing he did, was to write to his son and tell him of the whole affair, and increase his allowance to 50*l.* a year.

Some ten years after this John Martin, who had got on very well in the navy, was lieutenant of a frigate on the North American Station. She was lying at anchor off Quebec, and he had got two days' leave, and was staying at Sword's Hotel in that city. One morning at breakfast a negro waiter came to him and said, "Massa Martin, sar, gentleman up-stairs, sar, want to see you, sar; him berry ill. I tink him die soon, sar." John Martin was very much astonished and followed the negro up-stairs to a bedroom, where he found a tall, gaunt-looking man lying on a sofa, evidently in the last stage of consumption. He had a Bible in his hand, and he appeared to speak with the greatest difficulty. "I heard your name mentioned by the waiter, sir," he said, "and I think it quite providential that we should have met; I am Robert Corker. I shall die happy now. When my uncle died at Sandwich, I was bent on getting his money. I knew all about the will; the day we put him in the coffin I slipped it into his coat pocket. No one saw me do it, I knew; it did not take a second. I never had a night's rest till I wrote that letter to Mr. Medlar. Will you forgive me, sir? I cannot ask your father; I shall not see him again." John Martin took his proffered hand—he never spoke again, and in a few minutes he was dead.

I have little to add to this story. Captain Martin continued to live in the same house at Greenwich; the faithful Bump with him. There was a little trophy hung on a bracket in his drawing-room, composed of poor old Captain Corker's favourites. His spy-glass, his great silver watch, the order book, family Bible and *Cabinet Lawyer*, and the colt, or piece of rope with the knot worked at the end, with which he used to administer the laws of England to the turnpike sailors and tramps. These objects were held in the greatest veneration by the whole family.

Mr. Medlar remained at Sandwich. Smelt was made head clerk a few years after the discovery of the will, repeated intoxication having lowered the value of Mr. Mummery's services in the legal profession. He soon, however, took service with an undertaker in Canterbury, who, in speaking of him to a client, said, "Lor, sir, he is given to a drop of sperits; but what of that? He makes a lovely

mute. And in the minor walks of our profession, where the corpse and mourners are accommodated in the same conveyance, the meistness of his eye, and his general appearance, give confidence and comfort to the bereaved."

TABLE TALK.

A PARISIAN apothecary is making a little stir just now with a medicinal preparation of tar, known as tar-water, which he has introduced, and which, from the definite quantity of the curative principle that it contains, promises to be very useful to the doctors. There is no quackery in the article: tar-water has been known for more than a century; and the reason of my mentioning the above fact is, that it affords a peg whereon to hang a story illustrative of accidental discoveries. When Bishop Berkeley was on his Rhode Island expedition, his ship was becalmed for several days in mid-ocean, and a terrible epidemic broke out amongst the crew. Some of the sick were placed in the hold of the vessel, and, burning with thirst, a few of them actually drank the bilge-water, which was impregnated with tar. Strange to say, those who drank recovered from the fever. Berkeley, gifted, as Pope said, with "every virtue under heaven," was, of course, far-sighted, and soon saw that the tar was the healing agent; so he drank the water himself, and avoided the contagion. When he returned to Britain, he set about experimenting with his specific, and, having satisfied himself of its real efficacy, published several tracts extolling its virtues. The matter was taken up by the pharmacists; tar-water was subjected to comment and discussion, and febrile patients were subjected to tar-water.

THE modern Sidrophel is not to be gulled with a kite-flown lantern, as was he of Hudi-brastic associations; but there are a few 'cute tricksters who think that he is, and so science, like literature, is not exempt from attempts at forgery. In Baden-Baden, last January, it was reported that a meteorolite had fallen to the earth, and the fragment was picked up and handed to the virtuosi as a genuine stone from the sky. But after a trifling examination these gentry proved beyond doubt that it was nothing more than a cinder from a coal-fire that had been thrown from a window in a red-hot state! This reminds me of a ludicrous incident that befel a physicist who was engaged

some time since in measuring the amount of water evaporated in a day from a given area of surface. The good man placed a vessel containing a carefully measured quantum of the liquid in a secluded spot carefully railed in to prevent interruption to his experiments; but, somehow or other, the evaporation always came out exorbitantly large, and possibly some

learned society might have been treated to an essay on the anomaly, had not the man of science one day discovered the cause in the shape of a little bird that came to regale his thirsty throat from the conveniently disposed vessel. The philosopher turned away a wiser man, and ever after his evaporating dish was covered with a wire cage.



LORD BROUGHAM. From a Photograph by Mr. Maull, of Piccadilly.

LORD BROUGHAM was witty himself as well as the cause of wit in others. Perhaps the most humorous speech ever heard at a wedding-breakfast was made by him, whose memoirs are just now in all the papers. He was asked to return thanks for the bridesmaids. He said something to this effect:—"I am greatly flattered by being asked to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and I have been trying to determine for which of my merits it is that I have been selected for the honour of representing these fair young creatures—whether for my youth, for my innocence, or for my beauty." In the end he took credit to himself, amid merry peals of laughter, for the possession of all three.

AMERICAN ingenuity again! Before me lies the drawing of a curious little mechanism, invented for the sole purpose of stoning cherries or other similar fruit; and this is how it acts: The fruit is placed in a trough or hopper, and, as the machine is worked, rolls into a conical cavity, with a hole at the bottom large enough to let the stone pass through. As soon as the cherry falls into the cavity, a punch descends, and, passing through it, forces the stone down the hole aforesaid into a tray beneath. When the punch is raised again it carries the fruit impaled upon it, but a fork knocks it off and casts it into a basin by the side of the machine. A row of punches all worked by one hand will do the stoning on a wholesale scale.

A CERTAIN Member of Parliament of my acquaintance,—whose principles have always been of the Moderate Liberal description, and who views with horror the lengths into which his Party are now rushing,—was overheard the other day, by his astonished butler, thus soliloquising in his study :—

To rat, or not to rat, that is the question ;—
Whether 'tis safer for a Whig, to suffer
The sting of conscious inconsistency ;
Or to take arms against this nest of madmen,
And, by opposing, leave them ?—To rat,—to vote,
No more ; and, by a vote, to say we've done
With Ireland, and the thousand natural ills
Of Disestablishment,—a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To rat,—to vote ;—
To lose, perchance, our seat !—ay, there's the rub ;
For from that adverse vote what griefs may come,
When we have shuffled off this party mesh,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of Whiggery :
For who would bear the 'whips' and notes of Glyn,
The oppressive Bright, proud Gladstone's contumely,
The sneer from Tory bench, each night's delay,
The seeking after office, and the groans
The patient member meets with when he speaks,
When he himself might their quietus make
In the wrong lobby ? who would measure hear
For which he, voting, acts an endless lie ;
But that the dread of something afterwards,—
The represented 'country,' from whose poll
No renegade returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that will plague us more ?
Thus int'rest doth make puppets of us all ;
And thus the native hue of patriotism
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of 'self' ;
And gentlemen of sturdy truth and honour,
With this regard, their consciences belie,
And lose all sense of freedom.

MR. FROUDE has exhaled a wish to see an English Academy of Letters—a strange wish in these days of dis-establishment and free trade in everything. But granted the forty arm-chairs, by what process are tenants for them to be winnowed out of the herd of aspirants to literary fame, of whose medley compositions he so piteously complains ? Are the citizens of the Republic of Letters to elect their own senate ? If so, each citizen would vote for himself, and thirty-nine mediocrities as a background to his effulgence. Should the readers of the three kingdoms each send in a list of favoured candidates ? The first batch of Academicians would then as surely consist of the contributors to the *London Journal* and its congeners, with, perhaps, a popular preacher or demagogue orator. Say the Sovereign appointed the first forty : might not the result be no broad representation of the literary merit of Great Britain, but a snug coterie—a close

borough, with *Hors nous et nos amis nul n'aura de l'esprit* for a motto ? And the candidate for a vacant arm-chair would have, in soliciting the votes of the academicians, to run the gauntlet of supercilious ignoring of his pretensions, to which, in France, the most popular writers are exposed, when submitting to the like ordeal, and which reduced one of them at last, when asked by one of the decrepit fogies, who invariably find an easy time in such institutions, what his claims were, to exclaim, "Sir, I'm half paralysed, and suffer from chronic asthma."

QUOTH Tom, D'y'e think they'll separate
Those ancient twins, the Church and State,
Attacked by foes both great and small ?
Quoth I, They must together fall :
The Church, abandoned to its fate,
We soon shall see lying in state ;
The State, by cowards left i' the lurch,
Will go feet foremost to the Church.

Now that the exuberance of modern boyhood has taken to overflow into the channels of murder and burglary, ought not our tradesmen, always sublimely indifferent to ethical considerations, to be on the alert with speculative schemes to take advantage of the current ? Shall we not have toy-shops supplying youth with boxes of burglars' tools ? Shall we not have new editions of the *Boy's Own Book* with a special chapter devoted to the art of "cracking cribs," and "teaching the young idea how to shoot" old women who interfere with their boyish sports ? The trade that has instilled this horrible crime-poison into the sap of our youth by periodical doses of Old Bailey and police court literature, has been allowed to flourish unchecked. Why not permit others to turn an honest penny by the result ? Seriously, it is time to look to it and cut out this cancer with the double-edged bistoury of legislative and social reform. When elder folks have made their amusements out of pictures of crime, is it astonishing the youngsters should amuse themselves by turning the pictures into reality ? It is hard to come to such a conclusion, but, if society will not play censor for itself, the odiousness of state censorship is an inferior evil to the licence into which the liberty of printing is thus let to fall.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

It is impossible for the Editor to return rejected manuscripts.

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LXII.



MISS HELEN, how can you say that?" cried Nancy, in utter dismay. "I'll lay my life poor Joe never did no such wickedness."

But Helen waved her off without looking at her, and pointed at Wylie.

"Are you blind? Why does he cringe and cower at sight of me? I tell you he scuttled the Proserpine, and the great auger he did it with, I have seen and handled."

Yes, sir, you destroyed a ship, and the lives of many innocent persons, whose blood now cries to Heaven against you; and if I am alive to tell the cruel tale, it is no thanks to you; for you did your best to kill me, and, what is worse, to kill Robert Penfold, this gentleman's son; for he was on board the ship. You are no better than an assassin."

"I am a man that's down," said Wylie, in a low and broken voice, hanging his head. "Don't hit me any more. I didn't mean to take anybody's life: I took my chance with the rest. Lady, as I'm a man, I have lain in my bed many's the night, crying like a child, with thinking you were dead. And now I am glad you are alive, to be revenged on me. Well, you see, it is your turn now; you have lost me my sweetheart there; she'll never speak to me again after this. Ah, the poor man gets all the blame. You don't ask who tempted me; and, if I was to tell you, you'd hate me worse than ever; so I'll belay. If I'm a sinner, I'm a sufferer: England's too hot to hold me; I've

only to go to sea, and get drowned the quickest way." And with this he vented a deep sigh, and slouched out of the room.

Nancy sank into a seat, and threw her apron over her head, and rocked and sobbed as if her heart would break.

As for Helen Rolleston, she still stood in the middle of the room, burning with excitement.

Then poor old Michael came to her, and said, almost in a whisper: "It is a bad business; he is her sweetheart, and she had the highest opinion of him."

This softened Helen in a great measure. She turned and looked at Nancy, and said: "Oh, dear; what a miserable thing. But I couldn't know that."

After a while, she drew a chair, and sat down by Nancy, and said: "I won't *punish* him, Nancy."

Nancy burst out sobbing a-fresh.

"You *have* punished him," said she, brusquely, "and me too, as never did you no harm. You have driven him out of the country, you have."

At this piece of feminine justice Helen's anger revived. "So, then," said she, "ships are to be destroyed, and ladies and gentlemen murdered, and nobody is to complain, nor say an angry word, if the wretch happens to be paying his addresses to you: that makes up for all the crimes in the world. What! Can an honest woman like you lose all sense of right and wrong for a man? And such a man!"

"Why, he is as well made a fellow as ever I saw," sobbed Nancy.

"Oh, is he?" said Helen, ironically—her views of manly beauty were different, and black eyes a *sine quâ non* with her—"then it is a pity his soul is not made to correspond. I hope by my next visit you will have learned to despise him as you ought. Why, if I loved a man ever so, I'd tear him out of my heart if he committed a crime; ay, though I tore my soul out of my body to do it."

"No, you wouldn't," said Nancy, recovering some of her natural pugnacity; "for we are

all tarred with the same stick, gentle or simple."

"But I assure you I would," said Helen; "and so ought you."

"Well, miss, you begin," cried Nancy, suddenly firing up through her tears. "If the Proserpine was scuttled, which I've your word for it, Miss Helen, and I never knew you tell a lie, why, your sweetheart is more to blame for it than mine."

Helen rose with dignity.

"You are in grief," said she. "I leave you to consider whether you have done well to affront me in your own house." And she was moving to the door with great dignity, when Nancy ran and stopped her.

"Oh, don't leave me so, Miss Helen," she cried; "don't you go to quarrel with me for speaking the truth too plain and rude, as is a plain-spoken body at the best; and in such grief myself, I scarce know what I do say. But, indeed, and in truth, you mustn't go and put it abroad that the ship was scuttled; if you do, you won't hurt Joe Wylie; he'll get a ship, and fly the country. Who you'll hurt will be your own husband, as is to be—Wardlaws."

"Shall I, Mr. Penfold?" asked Helen, disdainfully.

"Well, madam, certainly it might create some unworthy suspicion."

"Suspicion?" cried Nancy. "Don't you think to throw dust in my eyes. What had poor Joe to gain by destroying that there ship, and risking his own life?—you know very well he was bribed to do it. And who bribed him? Who should bribe him, but the man as owned the ship?"

"Miss Rouse," said Mr. Penfold, "I sympathise with your grief, and make great allowance; but I will not sit here and hear my worthy employers blackened with such terrible insinuations. The great house of Wardlaw bribe a sailor to scuttle their own ship, with Miss Rolleston and one hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of gold on board! Monstrous!—monstrous!"

"Then what did Joe Wylie mean?" replied Nancy. "Says he, 'The poor man gets all the blame. If I was to tell you who tempted me,' says he, 'you'd hate me worse.' Then I say, why should she hate him worse? Because it's her sweetheart tempted mine. I stands to that."

This inference, thus worded, struck Helen as so droll, that she turned her head aside to giggle a little. But old Penfold replied loftily:

"Who cares what a Wylie says against a great old mercantile house of London City?"

"Very well, Mr. Penfolds," said Nancy, with one great final sob, and dried her eyes with her apron; and she did it with such an air, they both saw she was not going to shed another tear about the matter. "Very well; you be both against me; then I'll say no more. But I know what I know."

"And what do you know?" inquired Helen.

"Time will show," said Nancy, turning suddenly very dogged. "Time will show."

Nothing more was to be got out of her after that; and Helen, soon after, made her a civil, though stiff little speech; regretted the pain she had inadvertently caused her, and went away, after leaving Mr. Penfold her address.

On her return home, she entered the whole adventure in her diary. She made a separate entry to this effect:

Mysterious.—My letter to Mr. Penfold at the office, intercepted.

Wylie hints that he was bribed by Messrs. Wardlaw.

Nancy Rouse suspects that it was Arthur, and says time will show.

As for me, I can neither see why Wylie should scuttle the ship unless he was bribed by somebody; nor what Arthur or his father could gain by destroying that ship. This is all as dark as that more cruel mystery, which alone I care to solve.

CHAPTER LXIIL

NEXT morning, after a sleepless night, Nancy Rouse said to Mr. Penfold, "Haven't I heard you say as bank-notes could be traced to folk?"

"Certainly, madam," said Michael; "but it is necessary to take the numbers of them."

"Oh! And how do you do that?"

"Why, every note has its own number."

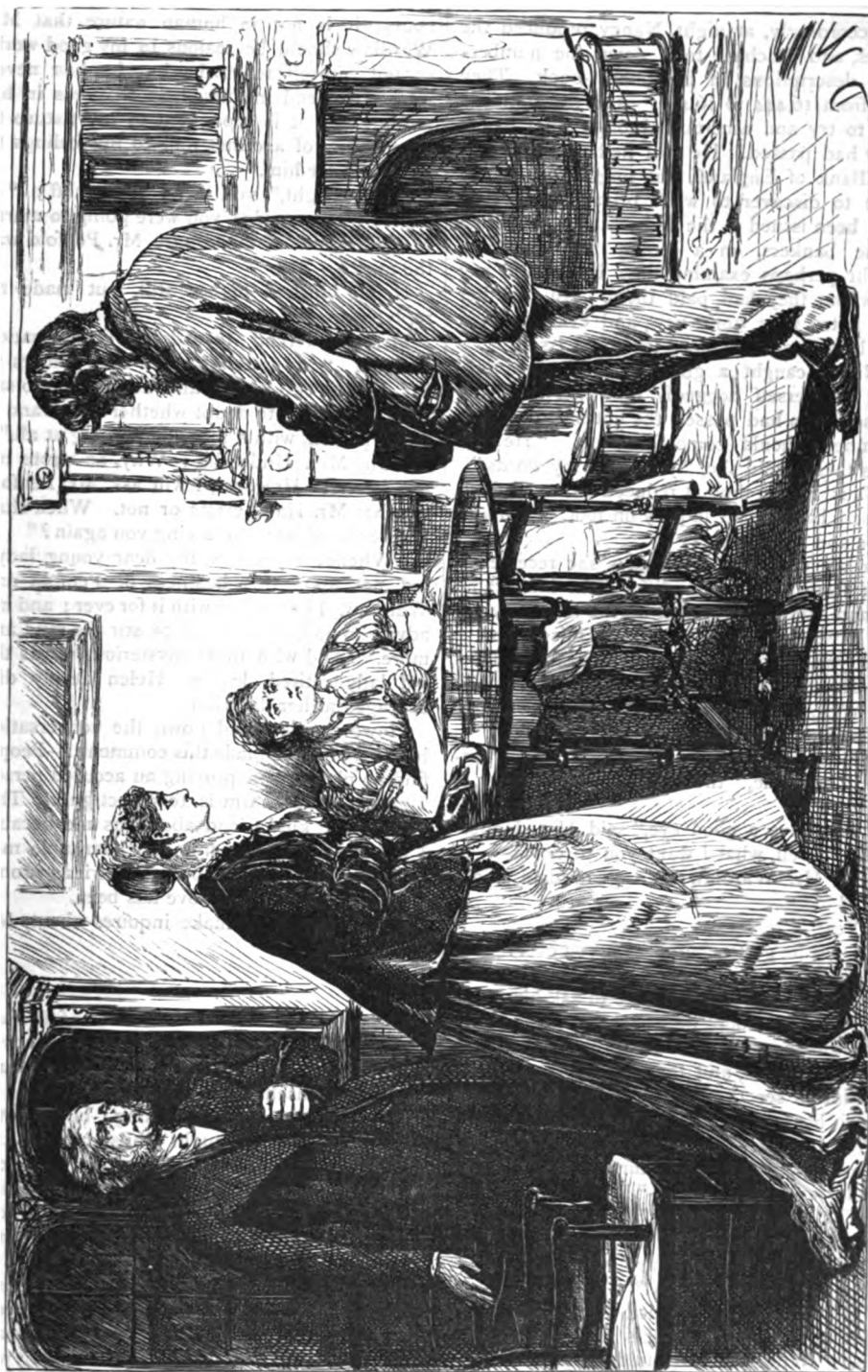
"La! ye don't say so; then them fifties are all numbered, belike."

"Certainly, and if you wish me to take down the numbers, I will do so."

"Well, sir, some other day you shall. I could not bear the sight of them, just yet: for it is them as has been the ruin of poor Joe Wylie, I do think."

Michael could not follow this: but, the question having been raised, he advised her, on grounds of common prudence, not to keep them in the house, without taking down their numbers.

"We will talk about that in the evening," said Nancy.



(May 30, 1866.)

See page 403.

Once a Week.]

Accordingly, at night, Nancy produced the notes, and Michael took down the numbers and descriptions in his pocket-book. They ran from 16,444 to 16,483. And he promised her to try and ascertain through what hands they had passed. He said he had a friend in the Bank of England, who might perhaps be able to discover to what private bank they had been issued in the first instance, and then those bankers, on a strong representation, might perhaps examine their books and say to whom they had paid them. He told her the notes were quite new, and evidently had not been separated since their first issue.

Nancy caught a glimpse of his meaning, and set herself doggedly to watch until the person, who had passed the notes through the chimney, should come for them. "He will miss them," said she, "you mark my words."

Thus Helen, though reduced to a standstill herself, had set an inquiry on foot, which was alive and ramifying.

In the course of a few days she received a visit from Mrs. Undercliff. That lady came in, and laid a prayerbook on the table, saying, "I have brought it you back, miss; and I want you to do something for my satisfaction."

"Oh, certainly," said Helen. "What is it?"

"Well, miss, first examine the book and the writing. Is it all right?"

Helen examined it, and said it was: "Indeed," said she, "the binding looks fresher, if anything."

"You have a good eye," said Mrs. Undercliff. "Well, what I want you to do is—of course Mr. Wardlaw is a good deal about you?"

"Yes."

"Does he go to church with you ever?"

"No."

"But he would, if you were to ask him."

"I have no doubt he would; but why?"

"Manage matters so that he shall go to church with you, and then put the book down for him to see the writing, all in a moment. Watch his face and tell me."

Helen coloured up and said, "No; I can't do that. Why, it would be turning God's temple into a trap. Besides,—"

"The real reason first, if you don't mind," said this horribly shrewd old woman.

"Well, Mr. Arthur Wardlaw is the gentleman I am going to marry."

"Good Heavens!" cried Mrs. Undercliff, taken utterly aback by this most unexpected turn. "Why, you never told me that!"

"No," said Helen, blushing. "I did not think it necessary to go into that. Well, of

course it is not in human nature that Mr. Wardlaw should be zealous in my good work, or put himself forward; but he has never refused to lend me any help that was in his power; and it is repugnant to my nature to suspect him of a crime, and to my feelings to lay a trap for him."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Undercliff; "of course I had no idea you were going to marry Mr. Wardlaw. I made sure Mr. Penfold was the man."

Helen blushed higher still, but made no reply.

Mrs. Undercliff turned the conversation directly. "My son has given many hours to Mr. Hand's two letters, and he told me to say he is beginning to doubt whether Mr. Hand is a real person, with a real handwriting at all."

"Oh, Mrs. Undercliff! Why, he wrote me two letters. However, I will ask Mr. Penfold whether Mr. Hand exists or not. When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again?"

"Whenever you like, my dear young lady; but not upon this business of Penfold and Wardlaw. I have done with it for ever; and my advice to you, miss, is not to stir the mud any more." And with these mysterious words the old lady retired, leaving Helen deeply discouraged at her desertion.

However she noted down the conversation in her diary, and made this comment:—"People find no pleasure in proving an accused person innocent; the charm is, to detect guilt. This day a good, kind friend abandons me because I will not turn aside from my charitable mission to suspect another person who is as wrongfully suspected as he I love has been."

Mem: to see, or make inquiries about, Mr. Hand.

General Rolleston had taken a furnished house in Hanover Square. He now moved into it, and Helen was compelled to busy herself in household arrangements.

She made the house charming; but unfortunately stood in a draught whilst heated, and caught a chill, which a year ago would very likely have gone to her lungs and killed her, but now settled on her limbs in violent neuralgic pains and confined her to her bed for a fortnight.

She suffered severely; but had the consolation of finding she was tenderly beloved. Arthur sent flowers every day and affectionate notes twice a day. And her father was constantly by her bedside.

At last she came down to the drawing-room,

but lay on the sofa, well wrapped up; and received only her most intimate friends. The neuralgia had now settled in her right arm and hand, so that she could not write a letter; and she said to herself, with a sigh, "Oh, how unfit a girl is to do anything great. We always fall ill, just when health and strength are most needed."

Nevertheless, during this period of illness and inaction, circumstances occurred that gave her joy.

Old Wardlaw had long been exerting himself in influential channels to obtain what he called justice for his friend Rolleston; and had received some very encouraging promises; for the General's services were indisputable; and while he was stirring the matter, Helen was unconsciously co-operating by her beauty, and the noise her adventure made in society. At last a gentleman, whose wife was about the queen, promised old Wardlaw one day that, if a fair opportunity should occur, that lady should tell Helen's adventure, and how the gallant old General, when everybody else despaired, had gone out to the Pacific and found his daughter and brought her home. This lady was a courtier of ten years' standing, and waited her opportunity; but, when it did come, she took it, and she soon found that no great tact or skill was necessary on such an occasion as this. She was listened to with ready sympathy, and the very next day some inquiries were made, the result of which was that the Horse-Guards offered Lieutenant-General Rolleston the command of a crack regiment and a full generalship. At the same time, it was intimated to him from another official quarter that a baronetcy was at his service, if he felt disposed to accept it. The tears came into the stout old warrior's eyes, at this sudden sunshine of royal favour, and Helen kissed old Wardlaw of her own accord; and the star of the Wardlaws rose into the ascendant, and for a time Robert Penfold seemed to be quite forgotten.

The very day General Rolleston became Sir Edward, a man and a woman called at the Charing Cross Hotel, and asked for Miss Helen Rolleston.

The answer was, she had left the hotel about ten days.

"Where is she gone, if you please?"

"We don't know."

"Why, hasn't she left her new address?"

"No. The footman came for letters several times."

No information was to be got here, and Mr. Penfold and Nancy Rouse went home greatly disappointed, and puzzled what to do.

At first sight it might appear easy for Mr. Penfold to learn the new address of Miss Rolleston. He had only to ask Arthur Wardlaw. But, to tell the truth, during the last fortnight Nancy Rouse had impressed her views steadily and persistently on his mind, and he had also made a discovery that co-operated with her influence and arguments to undermine his confidence in his employer. What that discovery was we must leave him to relate.

Looking, then, at matters with a less suspicious eye than heretofore, he could not help observing that Arthur Wardlaw never put into the office letter-box a single letter for his sweetheart. "He must write to her," thought Michael: "but I am not to know her address. Suppose after all he did intercept that letter."

And now, like other simple credulous men, whose confidence has been shaken, he was literally brimful of suspicions, some of them reasonable, some of them rather absurd.

He had too little art to conceal his change of mind, and so, very soon after his vain attempt to see Helen Rolleston at the inn, he was bundled off to Scotland on business of the office.

Nancy missed him sorely. She felt quite alone in the world. She managed to get through the day—work helped her; but at night she sat disconsolate and bewildered, and she was now beginning to doubt her own theory. For certainly, if all that money had been Joe Wylie's, he would hardly have left the country without it.

Now, the second evening after Michael's departure, she was seated in his room, brooding, when suddenly she heard a peculiar knocking next door.

She listened a little while, and then stole softly downstairs to her own little room.

Her suspicions were correct. It was the same sort of knocking that had preceded the phenomenon of the hand and bank-notes. She peeped into the kitchen and whispered, "Jenny—Polly—come here."

A stout washerwoman and the mite of a servant came, wondering.

"Now you stand there," said Nancy, "and do as I bid you. Hold your tongues now. I know all about it."

The myrmidons stood silent, but with panting bosoms; for the mysterious knocking now concluded, and a brick in the chimney began to move.

It came out, and immediately a hand, with a

ring on it, came through the aperture and felt about.

The mite stood firm, but the big washer-woman gave signs of agitation that promised to end in a scream.

Nancy put her hand roughly before the woman's mouth. "Hold your tongue, ye great soft—" And without finishing her sentence, she darted to the chimney, and seized the hand with both her own, and pulled it with such violence that the wrist followed it through the masonry, and a muffled roar was heard.

"Hold on to my waist, Polly," she cried. "Jenny, take the poker, and that string, and tie his hand to it while we hold on. Quick! quick! Are ye asleep?"

Thus adjured the mite got the poker against the wall, and tried to tie the wrist to it.

This, however, was not easy: the hand struggled so desperately.

However, pulling is a matter of weight rather than muscle: and the weight of the two women pulling downwards overpowered the violent struggles of the man; and the mite contrived to tie the poker to the wrist, and repeat the ligatures a dozen times in a figure of eight.

Then the owner of the hand, who had hitherto shown violent strength taken at a disadvantage, now showed intelligence. Convinced that skill as well as force were against him, he ceased to struggle, and became quite quiet.

The women contemplated their feat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

When they had feasted a reasonable time on the imprisoned hand, and two of them, true to their sex, had scrutinised a green stone upon one of the fingers to see whether it was real or false, Nancy took them by the shoulders and bundled them good-humouredly out of the room.

She then lowered the gas and came out, and locked the room up, and put the key in her pocket.

"I'll have my supper with you," said she. "Come, Jenny, I'm cook; and you make the kitchen as a body could eat off it, for I expect visitors."

"La, ma'am," said the mite; "he can't get out of the chimbley to visit us through the street door."

"No, girl," said Nancy. "But he can send a hambassador: so show her heyes and plague her art, as the play says, for of all the dirty kitchens give me hers. I never was there but once, and my slipper come off for the muck, a sticking to a body like bird-lime."

There was a knock at Nancy's street door:

the little servant, full of curiosity, was for running to it on the instant. But Nancy checked her.

"Take your time," said she. "It is only a lodging-house keeper."

CHAPTER LXIV.

SIR EDWARD ROLLESTON could not but feel his obligations to the Wardlaws, and, when his daughter got better he spoke warmly on the subject, and asked her to consider seriously whether she had not tried Arthur's affection sufficiently.

"He does not complain to you, I know," said he: "but he feels it very hard, that you should punish him for an act of injustice which has already so deeply afflicted him. He says he believes some fool or villain heard him say that two thousand pounds was to be borrowed between them, and went and imposed on Robert Penfold's credulity; meaning, perhaps, to call again after the note had been cashed, and get Arthur's share of the money."

"But why did not Arthur come forward?"

"He declares he did not know when the trial was till a month after: and his father bears him out: says he was actually delirious, and his life in danger. I myself can testify that he was cut down just in this way, when he heard the Proserpine was lost, and you on board her. Why not give him credit for the same genuine distress at young Penfold's misfortune? Come, Helen, is it fair to afflict and punish this gentleman for the misfortune of another, whom he never speaks of but with affection and pity? He says that if you would marry him at once, he thinks he should feel strong enough to throw himself into the case with you, and would spare neither money nor labour to clear Robert Penfold: but, as it is, he says he feels so wretched, and so tortured with jealousy, that he can't co-operate warmly with you, though his conscience reproaches him every day. Poor young man! His is really a very hard case. For you promised him your hand before you ever saw Robert Penfold."

"I did," said Helen: "but I did not say when. Let me have one year for my good work, before I devote my whole life to Arthur."

"Well, it will be a year wasted. Why postpone your marriage for that?"

"I promised."

"Yes, but he chose to fancy young Wardlaw is his enemy. You might relax that, now Arthur tells you he will co-operate with you as your husband. Now, Helen, tell the truth,

—is it a woman's work? Have you found it so? Will not Arthur do it better than you?"

Helen, weakened already by days of suffering, began to cry, and say, "What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"If you have any doubt, my dear," said Sir Edward; "then think of what I owe to the Wardlaws."

And, with that, he kissed her, and left her in tears; and, soon after, sent Arthur himself up to plead his own cause.

It was a fine summer afternoon; the long French casements, looking on the garden of the square, were open, and the balmy air came in and wooed the beautiful girl's cheek, and just stirred her hair at times.

Arthur Wardlaw came softly in, and gazed at her as she lay; her loveliness filled his heart and soul: he came and knelt by her sofa, and took her hand, and kissed it, and his own eyes glistened with tenderness.

He had one thing in his favour. He loved her.

Her knowledge of this had more than once befriended him, and made her refuse to suspect him of any great ill; it befriended him now. She turned a look of angelic pity on him.

"Poor Arthur!" she said. "You and I are both unhappy."

"But we shall be happy, ere long, I hope," said Arthur.

Helen shook her head.

Then he petted her, and coaxed her, and said he would be her servant, as well as her husband, and no wish of her heart should go ungratified.

"None?" said she, fixing her eyes on him.

"Not one," said he; "upon my honour."

Then he was so soft and persuasive, and alluded so delicately to her plighted faith, that she felt like a poor bird caught in a silken net.

"Sir Edward is very good," said he; "he feels for me."

At that moment, a note was sent up.

"Mr. Wardlaw is here, and has asked me when the marriage is to be. I can't tell him; I look like a fool."

Helen sighed deeply and began to shed those tears that weaken a woman. She glanced despairingly to and fro: and saw no escape. Then, Heaven knows why or wherefore,—probably with no clear design at all but a woman's weak desire to cause a momentary diversion; to put off the inevitable for five minutes,—she said to Arthur: "Please give me that prayer-book. Thank you. It is right you should know this." And she put Cooper's deposition, and Welch's, into his hands.

He devoured them, and started up in great indignation. "It is an abominable slander," said he. "We have lost ten thousand pounds by the wreck of that ship, and Wylie's life was saved by a miracle as well as your own. It is a foul slander. I hurl it from me." And he made his words good by whirling the prayer-book out of window.

Helen uttered a scream. "My mother's prayerbook!" she cried.

"Oh! I beg pardon," said he.

"And well you may," said she. "Ring and send George after it."

"No, I'll go myself," said he. "Pray forgive me: you don't know what a terrible slander they have desecrated your prayer-book with."

He ran out, and was a long time gone. He came back at last, looking terrified.

"I can't find it," said he: "somebody has carried it off. Oh, how unfortunate I am!"

"Not find it!" said Helen. "But it *must* be found."

"Of course it must be found," said Arthur.

"A pretty scandal to go into the hands of Heaven knows who. I shall offer twenty guineas reward for it at once. I'll go down to the *Times* this moment. Was ever anything so unlucky?"

"Yes, go at once," said Helen; "and I'll send the servants into the square. I don't want to say anything unkind, Arthur, but you ought not to have thrown my prayer-book into the public street."

"I know I ought not. I am ashamed of it myself."

"Well, let me *see* the advertisement."

"You shall. I have no doubt we shall recover it."

Next morning the *Times* contained an advertisement offering twenty guineas for a prayer-book lost in Hanover Square, and valuable not in itself, but as a relic of a deceased parent.

In the afternoon, Arthur called to know if anybody had brought the prayer-book back.

Helen shook her head sadly, and said, "No."

He seemed very sorry, and so penitent, that Helen said,—“Do not despair. And if it is gone, why, I must remember you have forgiven me something, and I must forgive you.”

The footman came in.

"If you please, miss, here is a woman wishes to speak to you; says she has brought a prayer-book."

"Oh, show her up at once," cried Helen.

Arthur turned away his head to hide a cynical smile. He had good reasons for thinking it was not the one he had flung out of the window yesterday.

A tall woman came in, wearing a thick veil, that concealed her features.

She entered on her business at once.

"You lost a prayer-book in this square yesterday, madam."

"Yes."

"You offer twenty guineas reward for it."

"Yes."

"Please to look at this one."

Helen examined it, and said with joy it was hers.

Arthur was thunderstruck. He could not believe his senses.

"Let me look at it," said he.

His eyes went at once to the writing. He turned as pale as death, and stood petrified.

The woman took the prayer-book out of his unresisting hand, and said,—

"You'll excuse me, sir; but it is a large reward, and gentlefolks sometimes go from their word when the article is found."

Helen, who was delighted at getting back her book, and rather tickled at Arthur having to pay twenty guineas for losing it, burst out laughing, and said: "Give her the reward, Arthur; I am not going to pay for your misdeeds."

"With all my heart," said Arthur, struggling for composure.

He sat down to draw a cheque.

"What name shall I put?"

"Hum! Edith Heskett."

"Two t's?"

"No, only one."

"There."

"Thank you, sir."

She put the cheque into her purse, and brought the prayer-book to Helen.

"Lock it up at once," said she, in a voice so low that Arthur heard a murmur, but not the words; and she retired, leaving Helen staring with amazement, and Arthur in a cold perspiration.

THE GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Small capital cities cling to primitive customs and habits which have long passed from life in London or Paris. For instance, in London we now hardly know what is meant by the silence of night—the work of thousands can only be done in the dark hours; but in Coburg, where Prince Albert spent his childhood, daily life still begins and ends early. There, as of old, the evening and the morning are one day. People breakfast at seven o'clock, in the evening the theatre is closed so soon that the streets are emptied; if the moon be up the lamps are not lighted; and by ten o'clock the whole town lies as quiet as a little village. The few police that pervade the streets by day are gone home to their beds like the rest of the world, and their place is filled by some dozen feeble old watchmen, who, in huge capes and felt boots, pad their rounds,—a horn in one hand and a swinging lantern in the other. As one clock after another booms out the passing hours, the watchman blows a blast on his horn, and then sings the verse of a hymn to a slow pathetic melody.



HÖR, ihr Herrn, und läßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat zehn geschlagen:
Zehn Gebot' scharft Gott uns ein,
Gib' daß wir gehorsam sein!

Chorus—

Menschenwachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muß wachen, Gott muß schützen:
Herr durch deine Güte und Macht,
Gib' uns eine gute Nacht!

Hört, ihr Herrn, und läßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat elf geschlagen:
Wilt Apostel bleiben treu,
Wilt, Gott, daß kein Abfall sei!

Chorus.

HEAR, my masters, hear me singing,
Ten the minster clock is ringing:
Ten just laws gave God to man—
Friends, obey them all ye can!

Chorus—

Human arms no help can yield ye,
God must watch ye, God must shield ye:
Lord of mercy and of might,
Give us of thy grace Good-night!

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
From the clock Eleven is ringing:
Christ's Eleven were leal and true,
Grant that we their steps pursue!

Chorus.

Hört, ihr Herrn, und laßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat zwölf geschlagen:
Zwölf, daß ist das Ziel der Zeit,
Mensch, bedenk' die Ewigkeit!

Chorus.

Hört, ihr Herrn, und laßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat eins geschlagen:
Ein Gott ist nur in der Welt,
Dem sei Alles heimgestellt!

Chorus.

Hört, ihr Herrn, und laßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat zwei geschlagen:
Zwei Weg' hat der Mensch vor sich—
Herr, den Richter lehre mich!

Chorus.

Hört, ihr Herrn, und laßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat drei geschlagen:
Drei ist Eines, was Göttlich heißt,
Vater, Sohn, und Heil'ger Geist.

Chorus.

Hört, ihr Herrn, und laßt euch sagen,
Uns're Glock' hat vier geschlagen;
Viersach ist das Ackerfeld;
Mensch, wie ist dein Herz gestellt?
Auf! ermuntert eure Sinnen,
Denn es weicht die Nacht von hinnen:
Danket Gott, der uns die Nacht,
Hat so Väterlich bewacht!

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Twelve the minster clock is ringing:
Twelve the hours of every day,
Till the day that lasts for aye.

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
One the minster clock is ringing:
One—one only—God adore,
May He guide us evermore!

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Two the minster clock is ringing:
Man a choice of two roads hath:
O! to choose the narrow path.

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Three the minster clock is ringing:
Three in One the God we boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Chorus.

Hear, my masters, hear me singing,
Four the minster clock is ringing;
Four ways fell the grain, we read;
Man, how grows in thee the seed?
Gentles, wake! refresh'd and cheer'd,
For the night has disappeared;
Thank our God, who while ye slept,
Like a father watch hath kept!

THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

ALL men who do not greatly mistake their powers can now-a-days make their living by Literature. During a quarter of a century, and especially within the last few years, the circle of authorship has lost its exclusiveness, and the domains of literature have been immensely extended. Almost anyone may be an author—at least a writer—now-a-days. Almost any educated man or woman may scribble for the newspapers, or add to the illimitable flood of mediocre novels—and also get paid for so doing; a pittance, indeed, but full value. Circulating libraries, of themselves, take off a goodly edition of a novel; and newspapers, now plentiful as blackberries, afford scope for the scribbling of thousands who wield a goose's quill.

Some men become authors without needing, or seeking, gain. To others, literature is an auxiliary by which they turn their leisure hours to profitable account. To the largest class of all—a class which may be said to have sprung into existence since this nineteenth century began—literature is a profession; they depend

for a livelihood solely upon the pen. We have heard an eminent publisher say that, of all classes of the community, clergymen of the Church of England, and officers of the Indian army and Civil Service, show the greatest aptitude for authorship, furnishing the greatest number of literary amateurs, or non-professionals. They contribute largely to the newspapers and periodical publications—the best of them writing only occasionally, as the spirit moves them; for when, as they sometimes do, they make a regular business of writing, they are frequently beaten by the mere literary hack, who, however deficient in other respects, generally knows, better than they, what is wanted.

The wide field open for literary men makes it an easy thing for a writer of ordinary capacity to gain a livelihood. But he must be industrious even to do this much; and, if he desires to be independent, he must be very prudent in his habits of life. The gains of literature are rarely large; in general, they are exceedingly small. In the less popular departments of literature, genius, even of the very highest kind, will not secure for its possessor an income superior to that of an ordinary shopkeeper. If the man of genius makes as much, he may

consider himself successful. We may deplore this; but it is quite natural. All professions of an agreeable kind, or which possess other than pecuniary advantages, are underpaid compared with the labour involved in their pursuit. Just as landed property is greatly sought after (though it rarely pays two-and-a-half per cent. of interest, and its transfer is costly and incommodious) owing to the amenities of its possession, and the social position which it confers upon the proprietor; even so, hundreds of men are attracted to literature from the nobleness of the profession, from the pleasure which attends its labours, and from the fame or local distinction which it may confer, even though its pecuniary gains are very small. It is seldom that Fortune rewards men both with money and with fame: if she rewards us with one of them, we may be well content.

London is the great head-quarters of the literary world, still more of the literary class. London has so many and so various fields of work for the pen; it supplies the better classes throughout the country, and all the reading-rooms, with newspapers; and newspapers are now so numerous, and the weekly ones so elaborate, that this ephemeral branch of literature of itself supplies a means of livelihood to hundreds of writers in the metropolis. Literary work of all kinds, and in enormous quantity, is wanted; and the man on the spot gets it. But though London is the place to get on in literature, it is a great mistake to suppose, as the metropolitan small-fry are apt to do, that there is no first-class talent in the provinces. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yes, truly. In fact, we should be inclined to say that there is more individuality, and at least equal power, in provincial literary men, than in writers of the same rank in the metropolis. London newspapers must be written by London men; but when we come to the magazines and reviews—always excepting the purely London magazines which have been started lately—it will be found that at least three-fourths of the contributors belong to the provinces. There is a peculiar temptation which besets literary men in London, and which weakens and wastes the natural ability of those who yield to it. They are tempted to multiply their gains by dissipating their intellectual energies. In truth, the very amount of work which offers itself to a good writer in London, by daily drawing off his intellectual forces, and dissipating them upon a ceaseless variety of petty subjects, is unfavourable to that consecutive study and concentration of thought which are necessary for the production of really good works. A

large class of London writers are perpetually skimming the milk before the cream has time to form.

It is easy to be eloquent on the pleasures and essential nobleness of literature; but it is more important to observe that, as we have said, its votaries pay dearly for this, having to sell their labour and talent at a price proportionally low. As long as body and mind are fit for their work, all goes, or ought to go, smoothly. But the most industrious labours seldom suffice to accumulate a surplus. Many—too many—literary men are improvident, living for the hour, or at least not content to lessen the comfort of the present for the sake of escaping future want. But, still, in very many cases, where age and failing health find literary men unprepared with a reserve fund, it is not so much their own fault as a disadvantage of their profession. Nothing is nobler than a man who, with slender pecuniary means, prepares himself for the future by an unflinching self-denial; but *non omnia possumus*, and frail human nature cuts a poor figure when we deal out to it a justice untempered by charity. It is the finest part of our organism, the subtlest force of life, which melts away as the author wields his pen. Intellect and emotion are excited and exhausted; and the slight motion of the fingers leaves their owner as diminished in vitality as if he had persisted to an equally undue extent in the hardest physical labour. Literary work, like all work, is healthy and invigorating when pursued in moderation, and under not unfavourable circumstances; but when these circumstances are wanting, the votary of literature fares worse than any other kind of labourer, and with worried heart and exhausted nerve finds bitterly the truth of the saying of the wise man, that much study is a weariness to the flesh. Happy they who, like the author of *Waverley*, can pursue authorship with £1200 a-year in their pocket from another source! Still happier they who, with the ordinary small gains of authorship, avoid the extravagance to which literary men are prone, and which overmastered even the strong good sense of the gifted Scott. Surely in literature, more than in any other profession, we should be able to say, "To labour, and to be content with that which one hath, is a sweet life."

The literary profession is one in which it is peculiarly difficult to become rich, and very easy to fall into want. The fundamental obstacle in the way of a literary man's becoming rich is, that he cannot multiply the operation of his genius or ability as is done in the world of commerce and trade. A pound-weight

of pressure exerted on one limb of the hydraulic press becomes multiplied in its operation a hundred or a thousand fold simply by extending the surface through which it acts—by making the single square inch in the one limb operate through a hundred or a thousand square inches in the other. Even so is it in most kinds of business. The directing brain of the chief sets scores of hands in motion to carry out his designs. The trader has his ships on the seas, his warehouses on land, filled with subordinates who multiply his power by executing his orders. The manufacturer has his mills, where his projects are carried out by the most skilful appliances of machinery, set in motion and tended by hundreds of factory-workers. The farmer does not dream of digging and working his farm himself; he puts in motion horse-power, and steam, and labourers, multiplying his skill and energy a thousand-fold. The shop-keeper has his dozens of assistants; or, in addition, as is becoming more frequent every year, conjoins under one roof many different but supplementary trades. Publishers, too, can—and some of them do—combine with their special profession the ancillary trades of printing, book-binding, and even wood-engraving. The literary man has no such means of multiplying the fruits of his brain. *He works alone.* His brain may work fast or it may work slow; but he cannot multiply the results of its working by calling in the aid of others. A single commercial project may employ a thousand hands, but the ideas of the thinker may be set down in a few minutes. With the author the mechanical part is nothing; it is not his fingers that flag, but his brain. The movement of the hand can continue infinitely longer than the flow of thought. Almost all the aid that a literary man can receive from others is to write down his sentences, and that aid he has usually no need to ask. He is, compared with other men of business, what the cottar is to the farmer; he has to work his own ground himself, and his profits are proportionally small, yielding a livelihood, but seldom a surplus.

In one of the narrow alleys of this great city, we remember being struck with the sight of a solitary cobbler, sitting in a little unwindowed recess in the wall, which served him for a shop, though it was not six feet square. There he used to sit, a little above the level of the passers-by, shaping, cutting, and sewing, taking in orders, and, for ought we know, delivering his goods in person,—doing the whole shoemaking business himself, with pa-

tient industry and very small profits. When such a poor worker is ill, his stall is shut; there is no cobbling and no pay: when he dies, his stock-in-trade is not enough to pay for his funeral. Saving the dignity of our class, we have often, as we gazed at the poor cobbler, thought that between his trade and ours there was much similarity. Like him, indeed, we happily do not need much shop-room. And our stock-in-trade is in proportion. A writing-desk and some books, most of which we can get from a library; we need no more. And although authors are as fond of stylish living as other people, it makes no difference in the marketable value of their work whether it is written in an attic or in the library of a fashionable club. These are our sole advantages, besides the native nobility of literature—the nobility which attaches to Mind. But do we not pay dearly enough for any prestige that may attach to our profession?

Some years ago, at one of the annual dinners of the Royal Literary Fund, Lord Granville, who presided, while approving the principle of privacy in regard to the existing operations of the fund, suggested that the time had come when it would be well to remove the seal of secrecy from the earlier archives. Such a publication, he said, would amply and notably demonstrate the usefulness of the fund, and also, by showing how many eminent writers of the past had partaken of its aid, would make its benefactions more grateful or less distasteful to other eminent men whose circumstances may point them out as worthy of its support. Probably Lord Granville was right. But it would be a very sad record that would be submitted to the public eye. It would be sad and humiliating to see that so many distinguished writers and thinkers—men who have left their mark on the history of their country—were at one time or other so indigent in their circumstances that they could not win for themselves or for their families their daily bread, and whose scanty pittance had to be eked out by the benefactions of this Royal Fund. Probably too, by such a publication, the painful truth might be made even more plain to us than it is, that literary genius is not incompatible with folly or want of wisdom in ordinary life; and that the very class which more than any other has to teach the world how to think, furnishes as many examples of thoughtlessness and extravagance as any of its own rank in the community. In truth this tendency to extravagance is almost a part of such men's nature—a perilous consequence of the gift of literary genius, of that refinement of nerve and aspi-

ration after all the higher forms of life and enjoyment.

At the same time let us guard against a misconception. There is often want where there has been no improvidence. It is a peculiarity of literature that some of its votaries apply themselves with enthusiasm to labours which do not pay ; living like hermits in order that they may be able to bring forth the fruit of their soul. And those works to which they devote themselves, although unprofitable, may belong to the very highest department of literary genius, or be of the most permanent service to mankind. Goethe never made sixpence by his writings,—neither (to take a very opposite case) did Adam Smith. He would be a worldling indeed who would call such self-sacrifice by no other name than folly. Moreover, old age comes to all ; and when a livelihood depends on one's own single labour, unsupported by the handiwork of others, or by the machinery of business, old age is a formidable foe ; and often stints men of bread before he stints them of breath. Mind is the sole property by which the literary man gains a livelihood ; and every inroad of illness depreciates his stock-in-trade, or temporarily annihilates it. Every trade has a form of disease to which it is more subject than others. Disease fastens most quickly on the part which is most worked. The ploughman and the navvy break down at last under rheumatism, which settles upon the long-worked muscles. With the literary man the weakened point is the brain, and the nerves, which are but an extension of the brain. This it is which so often impoverishes the latter years of authors. Exceptions there are, no doubt, but the prevalence of the rule is painfully evident. What does the history of the last thirty years teach us ? What was the lot of almost all the great authors of the last generation—of Scott, Southey, Moore, Wilson, and many others ? As they reached even the moderate age of sixty, did they not drop off one after another into mental darkness ? Mind was eclipsed before life ; the light of genius disappeared in a drear valley of shadows.

A hard and poorly paid profession, yet fascinating and noble beyond almost any other ! What, in truth, is a great author, a literary genius, but a king of the realms of Mind—of a domain wider than ever monarch subjected to his sway—embracing the Past, dominating the Present, ay, and reaching forward into the Future ? He is a Fountain of Ideas. In works of imagination, the great author is a Creator : he makes in each work a little world :

delighting, instructing, and ennobling (it is to be hoped) his readers, while finding a vent for his own aspirations—for those yearnings after a higher or more exciting life than is to be met with 'in this cribbed, monotonous, everyday existence. In History, the great author sets before us with magical skill a picture of old times, and, it may be, of long-vanished empires and nations. He adds to the life of the Present, by giving to view the life of the Past. In the domain of Science, the great author helps on that grand work committed to us, the mastery of Nature by Man. And the masterly writer in Political Science—in the art of ruling, and of developing the resources of a nation, or of guiding its foreign policy, by discerning its true goal as well as the counter-movements of foreign Powers—what shall we say of him ? It is with such men that all grand acts of national policy originate. The so-called statesmen, the men in office, do no more than adopt and carry out the views propounded long before by the Political Thinker. It is the makers of Public Opinion who truly originate all revolutions in a nation's laws and policy. We say it advisedly : no scheme of imperial policy, no grand legislative act, has ever in our time been originated by Parliament—still less by the minister who carried it into effect and got all the glory. It is the Thinkers in the press who do the grandest part of the nation's work. They originate the new doctrines which ere long become law ; they also convert to their views Public Opinion ; thereafter comes forward a minister to put the new system into the jargon of a bill, for ever afterwards to be associated with his name. The minister reaps what he never sowed. He comes in at the eleventh hour, and cuts down the harvest which has been not only sown but ripened by the comparatively humble Thinker in the press. Adam Smith did more for our commercial legislation than any minister, yet what did he get ? Nothing. Even his great work, of which tens of thousands of copies have since been sold, did not repay to him its expenses. Although the teacher of Turgot and Pitt, and the founder of the entirely new system of commercial legislation which now prevails, he was dead and buried before the value of his services came to be recognised. "A sorry world, my masters !" Yes, truly ; and well may the votaries of literature complain when they see, as they often do, the fruit of their labours appropriated by others, whose first care it is to keep out of view the plucked bird of genius in whose plumes they strut about.

[May 30, 1882.]

AT THE ACADEMY.

[Once a Week.]



THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

EVERY nation looks back to some heroic or magnificent prince, during whose reign it enjoyed unprecedented greatness and prosperity. We have our warlike Arthur, and our Alfred; France points back to the glories of Charlemagne; the Nibelungen Lied chants of the brief glories of the time when Sigfried and Gunther were allied; Norwegian saga circles round its great Harold with the fair hair; Rome had its Numa; Bagdad its Haroun al Raschid; the Jewish rabbis and the Arabs revel in dreams of the splendour of the wise and mighty Solomon; and Abyssinia records the magnificence of its famous queen, the Queen of Sheba.

It is difficult to arrive at any distinct conclusion with regard to Sheba from the sacred writings. The difficulty is due in great measure to the existence of two distinct nations, each with a similar name. In the tenth chapter of Genesis, Cush is represented as the father of Seba (verse 6), and Joktan as begetting Ophir and Sheba (verse 28). The people descended from these are the Sabæans and the Sabians. The Sabians are identical with the Nabathæans. Greek and Latin writers range the Nabathæans with Arabs; but Arabic writers class them with the Babylonians. They are represented at the present day by the Mendaïtes, or Christians of St. John. When Job couples "the companies of Sheba" with "the troops of Teman," he is speaking, not of the Sabians, but of the travelling caravans of the Sabæans; but when it is said that the Sabæans fell on his oxen and asses, the allusion is to the Nabathæans.

The Sabæans, represented as descendants of Joktan, probably at first occupied the south of Arabia, and by a slow process of infiltration, occupied the present Abyssinia, whilst Ophir, a brother people, settled about the modern Harar. David speaks of Sheba as a land of gold and incense. Solomon built a navy of ships at Ezion-geber on the Gulf of Akabah on the Red Sea, for the purpose of bringing gold from Ophir. Sheba was near Ophir; this is rendered probable by the similarity of the produce and merchandize of the two nations. In the time of the kings of Israel it was a great trading people, very wealthy, and of high importance. Whether Sheba was the modern Abyssinia, or was to the south of Arabia at that time, is not so clear. The Sabæans certainly at one time occupied Yemen, and as certainly afterwards possessed Abys-

sinia, not by conquest, but by infiltration. It must not be supposed that the Sabæans and the Arabs are closely allied races; the latter belong to the Ishmaelite branch, the former to Joktan's branch of the great Semitic family.

The Ghez, or learned language of Abyssinia, is the descendant of the ancient Himyarite language of Yemen. "Abyssinia, from a linguistic and an ethnographic point of view, is inseparable from Southern Arabia," as has been remarked by M. Renan. The Greek geographers couple Yemen and Abyssinia together almost invariably, and call the Ἀβαρροί an Arab or a Sabæan race. But it is impossible to decide when the Semitic people passed from Arabia into Africa. The historical literature of Abyssinia does not date from an earlier period than the fourth century of our era; but, as at that date Abyssinia appears as a better organised monarchy, as in a state of higher cultivation than Yemen, it is probable that the nation had been long settled there. In 525, the Nedjaschi, or King of Abyssinia, invaded Yemen, with the help of the Greeks, and held it for fifty years, and endeavoured to propagate Christianity there. Some traces of the Christianity planted there by the Abyssinians still remains, and is alluded to by Mr. Palgrave in his interesting travels through Arabia. The Ghez language confirms decisively the affinity of the Abyssinians with the Himyarites of Yemen. The Ghez possesses peculiarities which exist likewise in Arabic; but its external physiognomy attaches it far more nearly to the Hebrew. A proof of the ancient civilisation of Abyssinia is found in its possession of a national alphabet; Christian missionaries introduced the Greek or Latin characters wherever they found none already existing; but in Abyssinia they discovered one akin to, yet different from, the Phœnician, and evidencing a remote antiquity.

We shall not, probably, be wrong in concluding that the Sheba, from which the queen came to visit Solomon, was Abyssinia; but what we may say with greater certainty is, that if she did not come from the same country as the present Abyssinia, she was at least queen of the people which is now represented by the natives of that land.

"When the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon," we read in 1 Kings, "she came to prove him with hard questions. And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones: and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her

all her questions : there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not. And when the Queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers, and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord ; there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the king, It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it : and behold, the half was not told me : thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. . . And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones : there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon. . . And King Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire whatsoever she asked, besides that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants."

It has been supposed, but without sufficient reason, that the proverbs of Solomon are the answers he gave to questions and riddles proposed by the Queen of Sheba. In Eastern legend, the great queen, as we shall see, attempts to perplex the monarch, proving his wisdom by ingenious tasks, which are, in fact, acted riddles. According to another fable, the doctors of the law, vexed to find that Solomon invariably gave judgment against them, invited him to a trial of wisdom. Some of the questions propounded were these. What is that which is all, and what is that which is nothing? The answer is, God is all; the world uncreated, nothing. Again: What is something, and who is less than nothing? Answer: A believer is something, an unbeliever is less than nothing. Yet again: Who are most numerous, and who are fewest? Answer: Unbelievers are most numerous, true believers are fewest. Once more: What is the most beautiful of things, and what is the ugliest? Answer: The most beautiful of things is a repentant sinner; the most ugly, is a lapsed believer. There does not, however, seem to be much point in these questions and answers.

The Court of Solomon was one day assembled about his ivory throne. There were present men and demons, ginns and birds—these latter flew in a cloud above the monarch's head, cooling him with their wings, and screening the blazing sun from his head.

About the throne were, on one side, twelve thousand gold seats, on which sat elders and prophets; on the other side, on twelve thousand similar seats, sat sages and doctors of the law. On the head of Solomon was a crown of gold, thickly crusted with diamonds; on his hand was a ring, in which were four precious stones of marvellous power. One gave him power over angels, one made him lord over ginns and demons, one gave him authority over all beasts and creeping things, and the fourth assured his suzerainty over birds and fishes. In a pouch by his side, Solomon retained the mystic stone Schamir, which the devil Sackar had told him how to obtain from the Moorhen, and which opened locks, burst chains, broke bars, cut diamonds, and polished the great stones of the temple.

As Solomon sat musing on his throne, a sunbeam suddenly shot through the cloud of fluttering birds above his head, and smote him on the face. The king looked up, full of wrath, and saw at once that there was a gap in the ranks of the birds. The hoopoe was not in her place. "Why do I not see the hoopoe?" asked the monarch, with a frown; "wherefore does she absent herself from her place, and neglect the task imposed upon her? Mount, eagle, on high, and with thy piercing eye look north and south, and east and west, and bring me word whither the hoopoe has strayed." Then the eagle soared high in the blue air, and saw the absentee returning from the southwest as fast as her wings could bear her. A few moments after, the hoopoe fluttered to the steps of the ivory throne, and bowed before Solomon, who regarded her with flashing eye, and threatened her with instant death. "Forget not, prophet of the Most High, that you will have to answer before God if you condemn me unheard," pleaded the hoopoe. "Where have you been?" asked Solomon. "I bring you tidings of a land and a queen of whom you have never yet heard mention made. I come from the kingdom of Sheba, and I have seen the Queen Balkis on a throne of the greatest splendour." "Who told you of that land and queen?" "A hoopoe of Sheba whom I met, and to whom I spoke of you, sire, and of your magnificence. She was astonished to hear what I related, and wondered that the renown of you should not yet have reached Sheba, a vast and opulent country, whose queen commands an army over which are twelve thousand generals. She persuaded me to accompany her, that I might report to you, sire, what I had seen. And as we flew together, she related to me

the history of the kingdom of Sheba." Solomon, hearing this, extended his sceptre to the hoopoe in sign of pardon. The bird touched the end of the golden rod with reverence, and continued her tale.

"Sheba is the name of the king who founded the kingdom; it is also the name of the capital. Sheba was a worshipper of the Sun, Satan having drawn him from the true God, who sends rain from heaven, and covers the earth with plenty, and who reads the thoughts of men's hearts. A succession of kings followed Sheba; the last of the dynasty was Scharabel, a tyrant of such dissolute habits that every husband and father feared him. He had a vizir of such singular beauty that the daughters of the Ginns took pleasure in contemplating him, and frequently transformed themselves into gazelles that they might trot alongside him as he walked, and gaze with admiration on his exquisite beauty. One of these Ginn damsels, Umeira by name, conceived for the vizir a violent passion, and forgetting the great distance which separates the race of Ginns from that of mortals, she appeared to him one day as he was hunting, and offered him her hand, on condition that he would fly with her into her own land, and that he would never ask her origin. The vizir, dazzled by the marvellous beauty of Umeira, gladly yielded, and she transported him to an island in the midst of the ocean, where she married him. At the end of nine months she gave birth to a daughter whom she named Balkis. The vizir, all this while, was ignorant of the nature of his bride, and one day forgot himself so far as to ask her to what race she belonged. No sooner had he asked the fatal question, than, with a wail of sorrow, she vanished for ever from his sight.

"The vizir now left the island, and, regaining his native country, retired with his babe to a valley far from the capital, and there lived in seclusion. As Balkis grew up, her beauty became more striking, and was of such a superhuman nature, that her father became uneasy lest the fame of it should reach the dissolute monster then seated on the throne of Sheba, and that his daughter would be ravished from his arms. He therefore redoubled his precautions to guard Balkis, keeping her much at home, and only allowing her to appear veiled in public. But these precautions were vain. Scharabel was in the habit of travelling about his empire in disguise, and making himself, by this means, personally acquainted with the condition of his estates. On one of these expeditions he appeared, dressed in rags as a mendi-

cant, at the door of the ex-vizir, and obtained a glimpse of Balkis, then thirteen years old, lovely as a houri. She stepped out to give the beggar alms. At the same moment the father hurried towards his daughter. The eyes of the two men met, and mutual recognition ensued. The vizir fell at the feet of his king and entreated pardon, telling him all that had happened; and Scharabel, who had fallen in love at first glance with Balkis, readily pardoned him, restored him to his place as grand vizir, and lodged him in a magnificent palace near Sheba.

"Installed there, the vizir was full of disquiet. His daughter observing this, enquired the cause, and received from her father the answer, 'That he dreaded lest the tyrant should carry her off to his harem. And,' said the unhappy man, 'I had rather see thee dead, Balkis, than in the power of this licentious monster.' 'Do not fear for me, my father,' replied Balkis; 'what you dread shall not take place. Appear cheerful before the king. If he wishes to marry me, then ask him to give me a splendid wedding.' A few days after Scharabel sent to ask the hand of Balkis. The virgin replied that it should be his, if he would solemnise the marriage with great pomp. To this the king agreed, and a magnificent banquet was prepared. After dinner the vizir and all the company retired, leaving Balkis alone with the king. There were, however, present four female slaves, one singing, another harping, a third dancing, and the fourth pouring out wine for the king. Balkis took the goblet and plied her royal lover well, till he fell drunk upon the floor, and then, with a dagger, she stabbed him to the heart. She at once communicated with her father, and bade him send orders throughout the town that all citizens were to bring their daughters before the king, that he might add the comely ones to his already extensive list of wives and concubines. He obeyed her, and the commotion in the town was prodigious. Parents gathered their friends, those who were officers in the army agitated amongst their soldiers, and the whole town rose up in revolt, and rushed furiously to the palace, determined on the death of the tyrant. Then Balkis cut off the head of the king, and showed it to the excited multitude from a window. A cry of joy rang through Sheba; the palace gates were thrown open, and Balkis was unanimously elected queen in the room of the murdered tyrant. From that hour she has governed Sheba with prudence and made the country prosperous. She sits to hear suits and give

judgment on a throne of gold, robed in splendour. All prospers under her wise administration. But, alas, like her predecessors, she too is a worshipper of the sun."

When Solomon had heard the story of the hoopoe, he wrote a letter and sealed it with his ring, gave it to the bird, and bade her carry it immediately to the Queen of Sheba. The hoopoe flew like an arrow, and on the morrow appeared before Balkis and gave her the missive. The queen broke the seal and read:—"Solomon, son of David and servant of God, to Balkis, Queen of Sheba, greeting. In the Name of the merciful and gracious God, peace be to those who walk in His ways. Do what I bid you: submit immediately to my sceptre." The queen, startled at the abrupt and peremptory command, read the letter to her council, and asked their advice. They urged her to follow her own devices, and promised to agree to whatever she thought fit. She then said:—"You know what disasters follow on war. The letter of Solomon is threatening; I will send him a messenger, and propitiate him with gifts. If he accepts them, he is not above other kings; if he rejects them he is a prophet, and we must yield to his sway." She then dressed five hundred boys as girls, and five hundred girls she equipped in boys' clothes. She collected for presents a thousand carpets of gold and silver tissue, a crown adorned with pearls and diamonds, and a great quantity of perfumes. She also placed a pearl, a diamond cut through in a zigzag, and a crystal goblet, in a box, and gave it to her chief ambassador. Finally she wrote a letter to Solomon, telling him that, if he was a prophet, he would be able to distinguish boys from girls in the train of the ambassadors, that he would be able to guess the contents of the box, pierce the pearl, thread the diamond, and fill the goblet with water which came neither from earth nor heaven. The chief nobles of Saba were sent to bear the letter. Before they left she said to them:—"If Solomon receives you with arrogance, fear nothing; pride is a sure token of weakness. If he receives you graciously, be careful—he is a prophet."

The hoopoe, who had watched all these proceedings, and listened to the message and advice, now flew to Solomon, and told him all. The great king immediately ordered his Ginns to make and spread a carpet seven leagues long, leading from his throne towards Sheba. He then surrounded himself with gold and gems, and gathered all his courtiers and officers together, and prepared for the audience.

When the ambassadors of Sheba set their feet on the carpet—the end of which was beyond the range of vision, they were full of astonishment; this astonishment increased and became terror when they passed between ranks of devils, and Ginns, and nobles, and princes, and soldiers, extending for many miles. When the leaders of the embassy reached the foot of the throne, Solomon received them with a gracious smile. Then they presented the letter of the queen. Solomon, without opening it, told them its contents; for it had been read by the hoopoe. They offered the box; and he said that in it were a pearl, a diamond, and a goblet. He next ordered his servants to bring silver ewers before the train of the ambassadors, that they might wash their hands after their journey. Solomon watched intently, and he picked out the boys from the girls at once; for the boys dipped their hands only in the water, whilst the girls tucked up their sleeves to their shoulders and washed arms as well as hands. Then the box was opened, and the pearl produced. Solomon opened his pouch and drew forth Schamir, applied it to the pearl, and a hole was drilled through it immediately.

Next he took the diamond. The hole pierced in it wound about, and a thread inserted in one end would not pass through to the other end. Solomon took a piece of silk, called to him a worm, put one end of the thread in its mouth, and inserted it in the diamond. The worm crawled down the winding passage, and appeared at the other opening with the silk. In gratitude to the little creature Solomon gave it, for its food for ever, the mulberry tree. Then he took the crystal goblet. He summoned to him a huge negro slave, bade him mount a wild horse and gallop it about the plain till it streamed with sweat. Then, with ease, the monarch filled the chalice with water which came neither from earth nor heaven.

Solomon having accomplished these tasks, said to the ambassadors:—"Take back your presents; I do not want them. Tell the queen what you have seen, and bid her submit to my rule." When Balkis had heard the report of her servants, she saw that it was in vain for her to resist. "Solomon," said she, "is a great prophet, and I must myself do him homage." She accordingly hastened to prepare for her journey, and marched to King Solomon at the head of her twelve thousand generals, and all the armies they commanded.

When she was a league from Solomon, the king hit upon a scheme. He called to him a demon, and bade him transport immediately

from Sheba the throne of the queen, and set it beside his own. Asaph, his vizir, said, "Raise your eyes, sire, to heaven, and before you can lower them the throne of Balkis will be here." Asaph knew the ineffable name of God, and, therefore, was able to do what he said. Solomon looked up, and before he looked down Asaph had brought the throne.

As soon as Balkis appeared, Solomon asked her if she recognised the seat. She replied—"It is mine, if it is that which it was." A reply which charmed Solomon, we are told. The queen stepped gracefully towards the king, and bowing, offered two wreaths of flowers, whereof one was natural, the other artificial, asking him which he preferred. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; he who had written treatises on the herbs, "from the cedar to the hyssop," was nearly outwitted. A swarm of bees was fluttering outside a window. Solomon ordered the window to be opened, and the insects flew in and settled immediately on the wreath of natural flowers, not one approaching the artificial wreath. "I will have the wreath the bees have chosen," said the king, triumphantly.

Another legend, and that, no longer Talmudic, or Arab, but mediæval and Christian, connects the Queen of Sheba with the Cross. On her way to the palace was a stream of water, over which was cast a piece of wood. This wood was grown from the seeds which Seth had planted in the mouth of Adam. The tree had grown till it was the noblest of the trees of Lebanon; it surpassed all in the forests of King Hiram, as a king surpasses those who crouch at his feet. Now, when the son of David erected his palace, he cut down this tree to convert it into the main pillar supporting his roof. But all in vain; the column refused to answer the purpose. It was at one time too short; at another too long. Surprised at this resistance, Solomon lowered the walls of his palace to suit the beam; but it at once shot up and pierced the roof, like an arrow driven through a piece of canvas, or a bird escaping from a cage. Solomon, enraged, cast the tree over Cedron, that all might trample on it, as they crossed the brook. But woman's wit surpassed man's wisdom, and the Queen of Sheba, as her foot touched it, recognised its virtue, and, kneeling down, refused to pass over it, prophesying that it would work the ruin of the kingdom, and the destruction of Jerusalem. Solomon, hearing this, ordered the beam to be buried. Some years after he dug pools on the spot, and that which lay above the buried beam became the miraculous Pool of Bethesda. At

the time of the condemnation of Christ it rose to the surface of the water, and was taken by the Jews to be made into the Cross.

The writer remembers to have heard the late Dr. Wolff tell how he had been in Abyssinia, and how he had made the acquaintance of the king of that country. "And," added the quaint doctor, in his foreign pronunciation, "you must know that he is lineally descended from the Queen of Sheba; for Solomon granted her all her desire; and when she returned to her own land she was a mother by him, and her son was the first King of Sheba of the new dynasty."

Another curious story told by the Mussulmen of the Queen of Sheba is, that on one of her legs grew some goat's hair. The Ginns told Solomon that Balkis had very hairy legs, and he consequently wanted to see them and ascertain the fact. He directed the Ginns to build him a palace, and to lay down in front of it a pavement of crystal one hundred cubits square. Upon this pavement he ordered them to pour water, so that it might all appear to be water. Then his ivory throne was, at his command, erected on the pavement, and he took his seat upon it. In order to approach Solomon Queen Balkis raised her petticoats, lest they should be wet in passing through what she supposed to be water of considerable depth. The first step, however, convinced her that the bottom was nearer the surface than she had anticipated, and so she dropped her petticoats, but not before the great king had seen that the Ginns had maligned her, and that the only blemish to her legs was three goat's hairs; and these he was able to remove by a composition of arsenic and lime, which was the first depilatory preparation ever employed.

Such are the principal legends, connected with this great queen, to be found in the Talmud, in the Koran (chap. xxvii.), and among the Arabs to this day. There seems no reason to believe that the claims of the Abyssinian princes to be descended from the Queen of Sheba originated with them. They have heard and have adopted the legends of the famous queen from the Falashes, or native Jews, who form a not inconsiderable community among them.

SOHO ECONOMIES.

AS slatternly, muddy, and shiftless a street market as it would be possible to find in spendthrift London, is this—cast in the irregular space left at the meeting of foggy streets and an avenue of shambles behind Leicester

Square—the metropolitan centre of our French population. The troops of children,—the big-headed babies, rocked in the doorways by nurses who have been prematurely short-coated,—the abundant green refuse in the gutters,—and the large-limbed women chattering against the public-house walls,—are common to most of the poor localities of English cities. The monotony of English poor streets is a sensible part of their gloom. A sad grey cloak covers everything—the walls, the pavement, the shops, and men and women. There are lands where the poverty presents the happiest bits of colour to the artist (I think the richest bit of light and shade and glow of purple and gold I ever saw was a street of rags, and idleness in the sun, at Bayonne), but the sallow children of Lazarus who abide in London are as colourless as London flies in London cobwebs.

It may be bright on any Mayday in Mayfair, in Eastcheap, nay, in the Minorities; and yet a pinch of fog shall be left—enough to cover Soho—and assure the traveller that he is in Frith Street, or Greek Street, or in the Square of decayed greatness, where Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell make jellies by the ton and receive lobsters from Labrador, on their way to India; where good sisters softly tread the corridors of the House of Charity; and whither the great ladies of the West (of a serious turn of mind) repair to make purchases in a bazaar, which is covered with all the proprieties of Mrs. Grundy. The common exterior aspects of Soho do not invite to descriptive detail. The banquet halls are deserted; the ancient broad staircases lead to model lodgings. The neighbourhood is packed with a busy, shabby, thrifty population. The people are not ragged, but they are mostly threadbare. The fight for dear life is sharp; but it is well conducted, and never does the enemy get an advantage of which human foresight might have deprived him. Only the architecture of the houses—with the black walls, iron railings, brass plates, and yellow, twisted blinds—keeps the fact in the observer's mind that he is in London. A long-haired, bearded man trips past, singing freely the Marseillaise (he is on his way from a revolutionary celebration to his bed under the slates). The blue blouse appears. The *Petit Journal* and *Figaro* are selling at the street corner. "Will monsieur have the *New Illustrated World*—just out!" Dapper women, with neat baskets, and daintily hooded—as the grisette of the *Pays Latin* was in the simpler days of the Citizen King—hover over the street stalls, gathering

the little cheap and wholesome luxuries which the cunning Frenchman of the sparest means always commands. In a poor English neighbourhood the coarse cabbages, onions, and lettuce and potatoes, would be the vegetable variety spread before the humble customer. Here, on the kerb-stone, are varieties of salad to which the well-to-do of Russell Square, the commercial eminences of Clapham, the villa population of Richmond, are strangers in their homes. The wife of the poor French working jeweller of Soho, of the pinched refugee, of the German journeyman baker, is provided with a rich variety of winter salads. The baskets are piled with the dandelion, the mallow, the cellar-grown endive, and one corner of the stall is richly purpled with mounds of beetroot. At hand is the humble French greengrocer's shop. The window displays a continental variety of sauces and pastes and English luxuries that are daily necessities to the foreigner. Along the lower part of the window may be found lentils, the leak, garlic, salsify, the nutritious white and red beans, pastes of all kinds, artichokes, and *Romaines*, the cut of which proclaims their direct descent from Norman *potagers*. Along the upper shelves, bottles of tomato from Cannes, sirops, capers, maille mustard, aye, truffles, together with dainty pyramids of button mushrooms, are spread for the daily marketing of the very lowly foreign tradesfolk, who struggle for dear life round about. At hand, are *savarins*, and *petits fours*, and the old familiar paper parcels of *biscuits de Rheims*, gathered in a shop, that in a British neighbourhood of poverty, would be redolent of fatty-cake. While noting the *babas* and the *brioches*, a girl pauses to have a look also. She must have been whisked by magic out of the Faubourg St. Denis; for snowily capped and neatly shod, she carries at the end of a little pole, two flowing white skirts, which she is bearing to their owner in this Parisian manner.

In old Compton Street, cheap life on the Paris plan is carried out in a series of the most unsavoury-looking tenements. Yet the establishments which are French contrast most advantageously with those which have obstinately remained British. The *Caffè Lombardo*, or the Masonic *Café* inscribed *Aux Vrais Amis*, should be examined in contrast with one or two horrible little English coffee-houses which elbow them. The narrow windows of the *café* display a *gigot* of foreign cut, trimmed cutlets, fresh salad, an artichoke or two; to please the eye, the English coffee-house shows two or three dirty eggs, a few cups and saucers, a chop, and the advertisement sheet of an old *Bell's*

Life, with a curtain as dingy as a tramp's skirt for background. The fastidious man might, in a strait, satisfy his appetite pleasantly enough in the Caffè Lombardo,—say with a dish of sardines, an omelette *fines herbes*, and a salad. But should hard Fate lead him into the English coffee-shop, boiled egg and coarse bacon, and stale, crumbling bread, must be his fare. The British coffee-house keeper has passed the sparkling windows of this caffè, every day for years, and has caught the savoury odours stealing from its kitchen; and has only gone back again to boil the egg hard or soft. He has never cared to reach the dignity of an omelette. The dandelion, and the mallow, and the salsify, and the haricots, and the lentils are, he will sneer, stuff for Mounseer, but not for John Bull. A little way off is a very small hotel for very humble lodgers—the *Hôtel du Pavillon*; but its restaurant window is enriched with delicacies. Round the corner is a purveyor of French and German comestibles. He can show you thirty varieties of sausage, and twenty varieties of cheese. In his shop are open tubs of gherkins and olives, and saurkraut. He can give you a shilling's worth of excellent truffled *foie-gras*, and he will count you two or three sardines for lunch or dinner. People come with little baskets, and with a shilling intelligently laid out get a light repast of real dainties. It is positively delightful to see the shabby old foreigners peering and poking about the establishment, which is as thickly larded with the good things of this life as the lively picture in the old *Almanach des Gourmands*. Higher up the street, an establishment is wholly devoted to Italian comestibles and fruits. Herein you may buy tomato paste from Turin, and butter from Milan (fresh every Wednesday), as our thriftless, ignorant, English poor can just manage to buy pickled cabbage. Not far off is the Café de l'Étoile, in Windmill Street, where a fixed-price dinner, including half a bottle of Bordeaux ordinaire, is to be had for two shillings. A dish of beef is to be got, with such tomato sauce as is not obtainable in the best English feeding establishments round about. The British idea of tomato sauce is the flattest, thinnest, most disgraceful conception of a delightful vegetable. The British cook, even he who pretends to cater for people who are willing to pay good prices, has not yet discovered that the finest tomato paste is to be had in pennyworths. The poor, but intelligent, foreign cooks about Soho are alive to the fact, and profit by it. It would be ridiculous to assert that the two-shilling dinner at the Café de l'Étoile is a specimen of artistic excellence;

But compare it with any two-shilling English dinner to be had in London, and it must be accepted as a triumph of mind over manner.

The salad alone shames the British kitchens of the neighbourhood—aye, kitchens planted in very fashionable neighbourhoods indeed. They who provision the French and German poor population of Soho are alive to this, that their customers will not live, contracted as their means may be, like the English or Irish poor. Against the doorway of a petty Soho wine-merchant, is written *Spécialité des Vins des coteaux de Saumur*. Thrust as by a giant's thumb into a corner of a court, is the tiniest of *débits de Tabac*, where the *Bordeaux*, the *sou-tellas*, and the *caporal*, are to be had. Opposite is advertised *bouillon à emporter*—to be carried up to the poor French women and children, who will be comforted for a penny or so. Nothing has been neglected, it would seem, to make a cheap little Paris in the foggiest bit of London. Old Burford's Panorama is turned into a tawdry little French chapel, where poor French ladies kneel with the market-basket at their side. In Leicester Place is a House of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul. There is a hospital open to all foreigners who speak French, and here is a French Refuge; and Lisle Street shows a School of Notre-Dame-de-France. Many a dark Soho parlour is made merry as the workshop of chattering Parisian *blanchisseuses*, to whom poor monsieur carries the shirt that is off, with his prayers that mademoiselle may deign to let him have it back on the morrow. *Modes de Paris* may be seen gaily written up over a place that must have been recently a potato-shed. The young ladies of the washing establishments, the Soho waiters and *restaurateurs*, and working jewellers, and *émigrés*, all meet in the French barber's, who sells *cosmétique* at a prodigious rate, and adjusts the chignons of Soho *dames de comptoir*, by *abonnements*. The economies of Soho show this general result, that ingenious foreigners of the poorest class can contrive to live and to show no rags, and enjoy luxuries, with means which leave the Englishman and Irishman unsatisfied and unkempt. This should be marked—that the Soho foreigners are all temperate.

TABLE TALK.

ONE day, having missed the up-train, I amused myself by a search for local curiosities, and found one, an elderly labourer, whom I asked for a light. He was going to work in the cemetery close at hand, which, from the

inscription over the gateway, I saw was under the management of a Limited Liability Company. It was a very prettily arranged place, giving one the notion that the Limited Company had said to themselves, "The prettier we make it, the more you'll like to be buried here." This plan seemed to have met with astonishing success; for, by my informant's account, the cemetery had been in existence only a year and a half, and, on the testimony of my own eyesight, it was already quite half full of clean, white tombstones, regular as a good set of teeth. "Flourishing concern, this?" I said, interrogatively to the grave-digger. The old fellow, who, having received "the price of a pint," had suddenly become intensely confidential, winked and shook his head. "Not?"

I returned, replying to this pantomime. "No," said he; then, after a pause, as if the secret had been weighing upon his conscience for some time past, and the price of the pint had fetched it out of him, he added, "Them's dummies." Seeing I didn't catch his meaning, he continued, evidently pitying my simplicity: "Dummies to catch the public, them is. There's the railway there in full view. Gents passing sees the name up; then they looks at the tombstones. Flourishing concern that, they says to one another; must be paying well, they says; then they sends to say they'll take so many shares; and praps, arter all," he finished with a grim chuckle, "they comes, and goes into the concern as sleeping partners themselves. So it is;" and off he trudged.



IF there be any who desire to be mummified, or to preserve the mortal remains of their friends or relatives for a century, they can have the embalming process performed for rather less than a talent of silver (£244), the price paid in the days of Herodotus. Professors Seely and Eames, New York chemists, lately submitted to the physicians of that city a subject which they had operated upon by a method of their invention more than a hundred days before, and the body was found to be in a perfect state of preservation; they guarantee their treatment to arrest decay for at least a century. The process consists simply in brushing the body with carbolic acid, and injecting the fluid into the natural cavities and the veins and arteries. Where burial has to be deferred the invention may prove useful, but it is not likely to revive the practice of embalming, though its originators seem to think it may, for they have obtained a patent for it.

PROFESSOR JEVONS has been at the coal question again, and very laudable are his efforts to remove the apathy with which this important subject is at present treated. It appears that 104 millions of tons of coal were raised from our national cellars during the past year; a quantity that, in spite of our woe-fully depressed trade, exceeds by three million tons the amount drawn in the preceding year. If we went on only at this rate, we should be

able to hold out for about 800 years; but since we increase our draught in an enormously widening ratio, having in actual figures augmented our annual consumption by nearly forty million tons in the past ten years, this estimate of possible duration must be greatly lessened; and we are justified in assuming that the effects of our prodigal expenditure will make themselves felt before a century has elapsed. What these effects will be in detail, he must be a prophet who can divine: but it is easy to see that, in general, we shall be reduced from a coal-selling to a coal-buying people. And since coal is our only present source of heat, and since heat is at the bottom of nearly all our arts and manufactures, we shall become dependent upon other nations for the very articles and commodities with which we now supply them; to wit, such as are made or fashioned with the help of fire. As our coal store decreases, up will go the cost of warming and lighting our dwellings; up will go the cost of melting and casting metals, of manufacturing glass, and earthenware, and chemical products, of travelling by water or rail, of mill and factory work, and steam cultivation, and of all the multitudinous necessities and luxuries that we now procure through the agency of heat. Leaving the payment of our enormous debt, when we have spent our national riches, to be arranged for by the political economists, this coal exhaustion question is still one which

affects every man who has property to leave behind him ; for, in calculating the worth of his wealth to posterity, he must certainly take into account the diminution of the value of money which must follow from the causes above hinted at. It is commonly argued that before coal is likely to run short, some substitute for it will be discovered : there is no sign of any such at present.

DUMAS, the younger, was perpetually being worried by applications for his autograph, for epigrams, for, in fact, the smallest contributions to those albums of literary testimonials which it is now so much the fashion to display in both French and English *salons*. One day a fashionable physician at some watering-place brought Dumas his album, and insisted upon a trifle from the Lion, who found himself fairly caught in the toils. Dumas wrote, and the smiling physician, nodding to his admiring friends, looked over the author's shoulder. Following Dumas' pen, he read :

So great is M. T. (the physician's name's) skill, so marvellous his success, that since he has practised in this place, three out of five hospitals have been pulled down as useless, —

The physician, delighted with the flattery, interrupted him, protesting that the compliment was too great, was undeserved, and so forth. Dumas begged to be allowed to finish the sentence, and the permission being gladly given, he continued,

and in their stead it has been found necessary to build two new cemeteries.

Dumas the younger wasn't asked to write in *this* album again.

THE American papers have set afloat a tale, which for violent improbability exceeds all the inventions of sensational writers ; yet its truth is maintained, and the incidents it relates, it is said, arise from the basis of a forthcoming trial. Two friends, one a clergyman, the other a tailor,—strange intimacy between the cloth and its cutter,—fall out, and turn to bitter enemies. They part, and live sundered by miles, the clergyman's parting words to his quondam friend being to the effect that he hoped, in the lapse of a year, he might see him dead, and rejoice over his corpse. Exactly a year runs out, and to the day comes a communication to the vindictive clergyman, informing him that his bitter wish was accomplished. The tailor was dead. Away starts the minister to gloat over the visible fact. He reaches the house of death, finds the

widow weeping beside the coffin which he, wants to open, that he may vent his exultation over the poor, cold remains of his foe. While he is insisting on this brutal satisfaction, the lid of the coffin rises, the pall is thrown aside, the tailor, in the enjoyment of every function and faculty of life, assails the clergyman, and kills him on the spot. He is then huddled into the coffin in the place of the supposed defunct, and finally buried in his stead. The tailor had to wander away from the scene of this act of retribution, but was soon after recognised, and is now to be put on his trial for the murder. Such strange deeds have, from time to time, come to light, engendered out of the singular social condition and personal character of our American cousins, that there is just a bare possibility this strange story may have a foundation of truth. I am reminded by it of a Russian story, I read somewhere, of a murder, at first supposed to have been committed by a dead man. It related that, according to a Russian custom, when anyone dies, the body of the deceased, on the day previous to interment, is brought to a church, where a priest passes the night in prayer for the dead man's soul. The priest in this instance was accompanied by a chorister, and was in the act of repeating the usual orisons, when, to his intense surprise, he beheld the body rise from its coffin, and advance towards him. Rushing to the font, he sprinkled the dead man with holy water, adding all the formulæ of exorcism he was acquainted with ; but in vain. The corpse seized the priest, threw him on the ground, and in the end slew him, a task already half done to his hand, no doubt, by sheer fright. Having given itself this satisfaction, the body again quietly resumed its place in the coffin ; and the young chorister, who had witnessed the whole scene from behind a pillar, whither he had retreated, stole away to recount this extraordinary instance of post-mortem ferocity. For a long time the affair remained an inexplicable mystery, when a malefactor, about to suffer for his misdeeds, making a clean breast of all his crimes, confessed that, having a grudge against the priest, he had entered the church unseen, and taken the place of the corpse, dressing himself in its garments. Having dispatched his enemy, he re-instated the body in its former position, and left the church as he had entered it.

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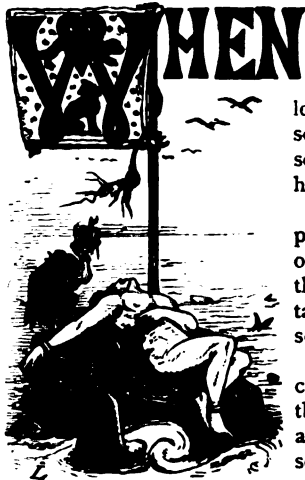
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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LXV.



THE Spring-bok weighed anchor and left the island, a solitary form was seen on telegraph hill.

When she passed eastward, out of sight of that point, a solitary figure was seen on the cliffs.

When her course brought the island dead astern of her, a solitary figure stood on the east

bluff of the island, and was the last object seen from the boat as she left those waters for ever.

What words can tell the sickening sorrow and utter desolation that possessed that yearning bosom!

When the boat that had carried Helen away was out of sight, he came back with uneven steps to the cave, and looked at all the familiar objects with stony eyes, and scarce recognized them, for the sunshine of her presence was there no more. He wandered to and fro in a heavy stupor, broken every now and then by sharp pangs of agony that almost made him scream. And so the poor, bereaved creature wandered about all day. He could not eat, he could not sleep, his misery was more than he could bear. One day of desolation succeeded

another. And what men say so hastily was true for once. "His life was a burden." He dragged it about with him he scarce knew how.

He began to hate all the things he had loved whilst she was there. The beautiful cave, all glorious with pearl, that he had made for her, he could not enter it, the sight killed him and she not there.

He left Paradise Bay altogether at last, and anchored his boat in a nook of Seal Bay. And there he slept in general. But sometimes he would lie down, wherever he happened to be, and sleep as long as he could.

To him to wake was a calamity. And, when he did wake, it was always with a dire sense of reviving misery, and a deep sigh at the dark day he knew awaited him.

His flesh wasted on his bones, and his clothes hung loosely about him. The sorrow of the mind reduced him almost to that miserable condition, in which he had landed on the island.

The dog and the seal were faithful to him: used to lie beside him, and often whimpered; their minds, accustomed to communicate without the aid of speech, found out, Heaven knows how, that he was in grief or in sickness.

These two creatures, perhaps, saved his life, or his reason. They came between his bereaved heart and utter solitude.

Thus passed a month of wretchedness unspeakable.

Then his grief took a less sullen form.

He came back to Paradise Bay, and at sight of it burst into a passion of weeping.

These were his first tears, and inaugurated a grief more tender than ever, but less akin to madness and despair.

Now he used to go about and cry her name aloud, passionately, by night and day.

"Oh, Helen! Helen!"

And next his mind changed in one respect, and he clung to every reminiscence of her.

Every morning he went round her haunts, and kissed every place, where he had seen her put her hand.

Only the cave he could not yet face.

He tried, too. He went to the mouth of it again and again, and looked in ; but go into it and face it, empty of her—he could not.

He prayed often.

One night he saw her in a dream.

She bent a look of angelic pity on him, and said but these words, "Live in my cave," then vanished.

Alone on an island in the vast Pacific, who can escape superstition? It fills the air. He took this communication as a command, and the next night he slept in the cave.

But he entered it in the dark and left it before dawn.

By degrees, however, he plucked up courage and faced it in daylight. But it was a sad trial ; he came out crying bitterly after a few minutes.

Still he persevered, because her image had bade him, and at last one evening he even lighted the lamp, and sat there looking at the glorious walls and roof his hapless love had made.

Getting stronger by degrees, he searched about and found little relics of her, a glove, a needle, a great hat she had made out of some large leaves. All these he wept over and cherished.

But one day he found at the very back of the cave a relic, that made him start as if a viper had stung his loving heart. It was a letter.

He knew it in a moment. It had already caused him many a pang ; but now it almost drove him mad. Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

He recoiled from it and let it lie. He went out of the cave, and cursed his hard fate. But he came back. It was one of those horrible things a man abhors, yet cannot keep away from. He took it up, and dashed it down with rage many times : but it all ended in his lighting the lamp at night, and torturing himself with every word of that loving letter.

And she was going home to the writer of that letter, and he was left prisoner on the island. He cursed his generous folly, and writhed in agony at the thought. He raged with jealousy, so that his very grief was blunted for a time.

He felt as if he must go mad.

Then he prayed—prayed fervently. And at last, worn out with such fierce and contending emotions, he fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake till the sun was high in heaven.

He woke ; and the first thing he saw was the fatal letter lying at his feet in a narrow stream of sunshine that came peering in.

He eyed it with horror. This then was to haunt him by night and day.

He eyed it and eyed it. Then turned his face from it. But could not help eying it again.

And at last certain words in this letter seemed to him to bear an affinity to another piece of writing that had also caused him a great woe. Memory by its subtle links connected these two enemies of his together. He eyed it still more keenly, and that impression became strengthened. He took the letter and looked at it close, and held it at arm's length, and devoured it, and the effect of this keen examination was very remarkable. It seemed to restore the man to energy and to something like hope. His eyes sparkled, and a triumphant ah ! burst from his bosom.

He became once more a man of action. He rose, and bathed, and walked rapidly to and fro upon the sands, working himself up to a daring enterprize. He took his saw into the jungle and cut down a tree of a kind common enough there. It was wonderfully soft, and almost as light as cork. The wood of this tree was literally useless for any other purpose than that to which Penfold destined it. He cut a great many blocks of this wood, and drilled holes in them, and, having hundreds of yards of good line, attached these quasi corks to the gunwale, so as to make a life-boat. This work took him several days, during which time an event occurred that encouraged him.

One morning he saw about a million birds very busy in the bay, and it proved to be a spermaceti whale come ashore.

He went out to her directly with all his tools, for he wanted oil for his enterprize, and the seal oil was exhausted.

When he got near the whale in his boat, he observed a harpoon sticking in the animal's back. He cut steps with his axe in the slippery carcass, and got up to it as well as he could, extracted it by cutting and pulling, and threw it down into his boat, but not till he had taken the precaution to stick a great piece of blubber on the barbed point. He then sawed and hacked under difficulties, being buffeted and bothered with thousands of birds, so eager for slices, that it was as much as he could do to avoid the making of minced fowl ; but true to his gentle creed, he contrived to get three hundredweight of blubber without downright killing any of these greedy competitors,

though he buffeted some of them, and nearly knocked out what little sense they had. He came ashore with his blubber and harpoon, and, when he came to examine the latter, he found that the name of the owner was cut deeply in the steel. Josh. Fullalove, J. Fernandez. This inscription had a great effect on Robert Penfold's mind. It seemed to bring the island of Juan Fernandez, and humanity in general, nearer to him.

He boiled down the blubber, and put a barrel of oil on board his life-boat. He had a ship's lantern to burn it in. He also pitched her bottom as far as he could get at it, and provisioned her for a long voyage; taking care to lash the water-cask and beef-cask to the fore thwart and foremast, in case of rough weather.

When he had done all this, it occurred to him suddenly, that should he ever escape the winds and waves, and get to England, he would then have to encounter difficulties and dangers of another class, and lose the battle by his poverty.

"I play my last stake now," said he. "I will throw no chance away."

He reflected, with great bitterness, on the misery that want of money had already brought on him, and he vowed to reach England rich, or go to the bottom of the Pacific.

This may seem a strange vow for a man to make on an unknown island; but Robert Penfold had a powerful understanding, sharpened by adversity, and his judgment told him truly that he possessed wealth on this island, both directly and indirectly. In the first place knowledge is sometimes wealth, and the knowledge of this island was a thing he could sell to the American merchants on the coast of Chili; and with this view, he put on board his boat specimens of the cassia and other woods, fruit, spices, pitch, guano, pink and red coral, pearl oysters, shells, cochineal, quartz, cotton, &c., &c.

Then he took his chisel and struck all the larger pearls off the shells that lined Helen's cave. The walls and roof yielded nine enormous pearls, thirty large ones, and a great many of the usual size.

He made a pocket inside his waistcoat to hold the pearls safe.

Then he took his spade and dug into the Spanish ship for treasure. But this was terrible work. The sand returned upon the spade and trebled his labour.

The condition, to which time and long submersion had reduced this ship and cargo, was truly remarkable. Nothing to be seen of the

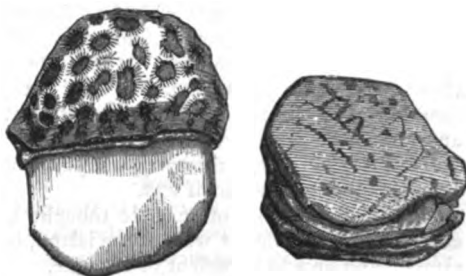
deck but a thin brown streak that mingled with the sand in patches: of the timbers nothing but the uprights, and of those the larger half eaten and dissolved.

He dug five days and found nothing solid.

On the sixth, being now at the bottom of the ship, he struck his spade against something hard and heavy.

On inspection it looked like ore, but of what metal he could not tell; it was as black as a coal. He threw this on one side, and found nothing more; but the next day he turned up some smaller fragments, which he took home and cleaned with lime juice.

They came out bright in places like silver, and the following is a fair representation of their appearance.



One piece was evidently a conglomeration of several silver coins, and the other was a single coin encrusted with some marine growth or other.

This discovery threw light on the other. The piece of black ore, weighing about seven pounds, was in reality silver coin that a century of submersion had reduced to the very appearance it wore before it ever went into the furnace.

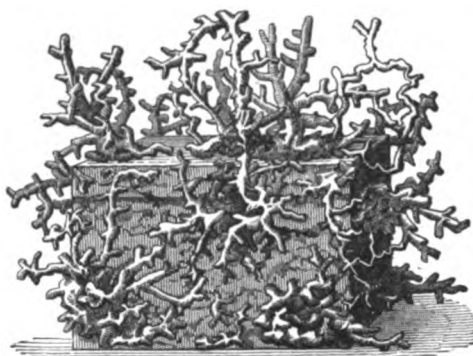
He dug with fresh energy on this discovery, but found nothing more in the ship that day.

Then it occurred to him to carry off a few hundred weight of pink coral.

He got some fine specimens; and, while he was at that work, he fell in with a piece that looked very solid at the root and unnaturally heavy. On a nearer examination this proved to be a foreign substance encrusted with coral. It had twined and twisted and curled over the thing in a most unheard of way. Robert took it home, and by rubbing here and there with lemon juice, at last satisfied himself that this object was a silver box about the size of an octavo volume.

It had no key-hole: had evidently been soldered up for greater security, and Robert was left to conjecture how it had come there.

We subjoin a representation of this curious object.



He connected it at once with the ship, and felt assured that some attempt had been made to save it. There it had lain by the side of the vessel all these years, but falling clear of the sand had been embraced by the growing coral, and was now a curiosity, if not a treasure.

He would not break the coral, but put it on board his life-boat just as it was.

And now he dug no more. He thought he could sell the galleon as well as the island, by sample, and he was impatient to be gone.

He reproached himself, a little unjustly, for allowing a woman to undertake the task of clearing him.

"To what annoyances, and perhaps affronts, have I exposed her," said he. "No, it is a man's business to defend, not to be defended."

To conclude. At high tide one fine afternoon he went on board with Ponto, and, hoisting his foresail only, crossed the bay, ranging along the island till he reached the bluff. He got under this, and by means of his compass and previous observations, set the boat's head exactly on the line the ducks used to take. Then he set his mainsail too, and stretched boldly out across the great Pacific Ocean.

Time seems to wear out everything, even bad luck. It ran strong against Robert Penfold for years: but, when it had struck its worst blow, and parted him and Helen Rolleston, it relaxed, and a tide of good luck set in, which, unfortunately, the broken-hearted man could not appreciate at the time. However, so it was. He wanted oil; and a whale came ashore. He wanted treasure, and the sea gave him a little back of all it had swallowed: and now he wanted fine weather; and the ocean

for days and nights was like peach-coloured glass, dimpled here and there: and soft westerly airs fanned him along by night and day.

To be sure he was on the true Pacific Ocean, at a period when it is really free from storms. Still, even for that latitude, he had wonderful weather for six days, and on the seventh he fell in with a schooner, the skipper and crew of which looked over the bulwarks at him with wonder and cordiality, and, casting out a rope astern, took him in tow.

The skipper had been eyeing him with amazement for some hours through his telescope: but he was a man that had seen a great many strange things, and it was also a point of honour with him never to allow that he was astonished, or taken by surprise, or greatly moved.

"Wal, stranger," said he, "what craft is that?"

"The Helen."

"Where d'ye hail from? not that I am curious."

"From an unknown island."

"Do tell. What, another! Is it any ways nigh?"

"Not within seven hundred miles."

"Je—rusalem! Have you sailed all that in a cockle shell?"

"Yes."

"Why, what are ye? the Wandering Jew afloat, or the ancient mariner? or only a kinder nautilus?"

"I'm a landsman."

"A landsman! then so is Neptune. What is your name, when you are ashore?"

"Robert Penfold. The Reverend Robert Penfold."

"The Reverend—Je—rusalem!"

"May I ask what is your name, sir?"

"Wal, I reckon you may, stranger. I'm Joshua Fullalove from the States, at present located on the island of Juan Fernandez?"

"Joshua Fullalove! That is lucky. I've got something that belongs to you."

He looked about, and found the harpoon, and handed it up in a mighty straightforward simple way.

Joshua stared at him incredulously at first: but afterwards with amazement. He handled the harpoon, and inquired where Robert had fallen in with it. Robert told him.

"You're an honest man," said Fullalove, "you air. Come aboard." He was then pleased to congratulate himself on his strange luck in having drifted across an honest man in the middle of the ocean. "I've heerd," said he, "of an old chap as groped about all his life

with a lantern and couldn't find one. Let's liquor."

He had some celestial mixture or other made, including rum, mint, and snow from the Andes, and then began his interrogatories again, disclaiming curiosity at set intervals.

"Whither bound, honest man?"

"The coast of Chili."

"What for?"

"Trade."

"D'ye buy or sell? Not that it is my business."

"I wish to sell."

"What's the merchandize?"

"Knowledge: and treasure."

Fullalove scratched his head. "Han't ye got a few conundrums to swap for gold dust as well?"

Robert smiled, faintly: the first time this six weeks.

"I have to sell the knowledge of an island, with rich products: and I have to sell the contents of a Spanish treasure ship, that I found buried in the sand of that island."

The Yankee's eyes glistened.

"Wal," said he, "I do business in islands myself. I've leased this Juan Fernandez. But one of them is enough at a time. I'm monarch of all I survey: but then what I survey is a mixallaneous bilin' of Irish and Otaheitans, that it's pison to be monarch of. And now them darned Irish has taken to converting the heathens to superstition and the worship of images, and breaks their heads if they won't: and the heathens are all smiles and sweetness and immorality. No, islands is no bait to me."

"I never asked you," said Robert. "What I do ask you is to land me at Valparaiso. There I'll find a purchaser, and will pay you handsomely for your kindness."

"That is fair," said Fullalove, drily. "What will you pay me?"

"I'll show you," said Robert. He took out of his pocket the smaller conglomeration of Spanish coin, and put it into Fullalove's hand. "That," said he, "is silver coin I dug out of the galleon."

Fullalove inspected it keenly, and trembled slightly. Robert then went lightly over the taffrail and slid down the low rope into his boat. He held up the black mass we have described.

"This is solid silver. I will give it you, and my best thanks, to land me at Valparaiso."

"Heave it aboard," said the Yankee.

Robert steadied himself, and hove it on board. The Yankee caught it, heavy as it

was, and subjected it to some chemical test directly.

"Wal," said he, "that is a bargain. I'll land ye at Valparaiso for this. Jack, lay her head S.S.E. and by E."

Having given this order, he leaned over the taffrail and asked for more samples. Robert showed him the fruits, woods, and shells, and the pink coral; and bade him observe that the boat was ballasted with pearl oysters. He threw him up one, and a bunch of pink coral. He then shinned up the rope again, and the interrogatories recommenced. But this time he was questioned closely as to who he was, and how he came on the island? and the questions were so shrewd and penetrating that his fortitude gave way, and he cried out in anguish, "Man, man! do not torture me so. Oh! do not make me talk of my grief, and my wrongs; they are more than I can bear."

Fullalove forbore directly, and offered him a cigar. He took it, and it soothed him a little; it was long since he had smoked one. His agitation subsided, and a quiet tear or two rolled down his haggard cheek.

The Yankee saw, and kept silence.

But when the cigar was nearly smoked out, he said he was afraid Robert would not find a customer for his island, and what a pity Joshua Fullalove was cool on islands just now.

"Oh!" said Robert, "I know there are enterprising Americans on the coast who will give me money for what I have to sell."

Fullalove was silent a minute, then he got a piece of wood and a knife, and said, with an air of resignation,

"I reckon we'll heve to deal."

Need we say that to deal had been his eager desire from the first.

He now began to whittle a peg, and awaited the attack.

"What will you give me, sir?"

"What, money down? And you got nothing to sell but chances. Why, there's an old cuss about, that knows where the island is as well as you do."

"Then of course, you will treat with him," said Robert, sadly.

"Darned if I do," said the Yankee. "You are in trouble, and he is not, nor never will be till he dies, and then he'll get it hot, I calc'late. He is a thief and stole my harpoon; you are an honest man and brought it back. I reckon I'll deal with you and not with that old cuss; not by a jugfull! But it must be on a percentage. You tell me the bearings of that there island, and I'll work it and pay five per cent. on the gross."

"Would you mind throwing that piece of wood into the sea, Mr. Fullalove?" said Robert.

"Caen't be done, nohow. I caen't deal without whittlin'."

"You mean you can't take an unfair advantage without it. Come, Mr. Fullalove, let us cut this short. I am, as you say, an honest and most unfortunate man. Sir, I was falsely accused of a crime and banished my country. I can prove my innocence now if I can but get home with a great deal of money. So much for *me*. You are a member of the vainest and most generous nation in the world."

"Wal, now that's kinder honey and vinegar mixed," said Fullalove; "pretty good for a Britisher, though."

"You are a man of that nation, which in all the agonies and unparalleled expenses of civil war, smarting, too, under anonymous taunts from England, did yet send over a large sum to relieve the distresses of certain poor Englishmen who were indirect victims of that same calamity. The act, the time, the misery relieved, the taunts overlooked, prove your nation superior to all others in generosity. At least my reading, which is very large, affords no parallel to it either in ancient or modern history. Mr. Fullalove, please to recollect that you are a member of that nation, and that I am very unhappy and helpless, and want money to undo cruel wrongs, but have no heart to chaffer much. Take the island and the treasure, and give me half the profits you make. Is not that fair?"

Fullalove wore a rueful countenance.

"Darn the critter," said he, "he'll take the skin off my bones if I don't mind. Fust Britisher ever I met as had the sense to see *that*. T'was rather handsome, warn't it? Wal, human nature is deep; every man you tackle in business larns ye something. What with picking ye out o' the sea, and you giving me back the harpoon the cuss stole, and your face like a young calf, when you are the cutest fox out, and you giving the great United States their due, I'm no more fit to deal than mashed potatoes. Now I cave: it is only for once. Next time don't you try to palaver me. Draw me a map of our island, Britisher, and mark where the Spaniard lies: I tell *you* I know her name, and the year she was lost in: larned that at Lima one day. Kinder startled me, you did, when you showed me the coin out of her. Wal, there's my hand on half profits, and if I'm keen, I'm squar."

Soon after this he led Robert to his cabin and Robert drew a large map from his models;

and Fullalove, being himself an excellent draughtsman, and provided with proper instruments, aided him to finish it.

The result is communicated below.

Next day they sighted Valparaiso, and hove to outside the port.

All the specimens of insular wealth were put on board the schooner and secreted, for Fullalove's first move was to get a lease of the island from the Chilian government, and it was no part of his plan to trumpet the article he was going to buy.

After a moment's hesitation, he declined to take the seven pounds of silver. He gave as a reason, that having made a bargain which compelled him to go to Valparaiso at once, he did not feel like charging his partner a fancy price for towing his boat thither. At the same time he hinted that, after all this, the next customer would find him a very difficult Yankee to get the better of.

With this understanding, he gave Robert a draft for £80 on account of profits: and this enabled him to take a passage for England with all his belongings.

He arrived at Southampton very soon after the events last related, and thence went to London, fully alive to the danger of his position.

He had a friend in his long beard, but he dared not rely on that alone. Like a mole, he worked at night.

REASON IN ANIMALS.

WHO has not admired the wonderful precocity of chickens and partridges, and other little creatures whose wisdom on the very first day of existence appears equal, if it does not surpass, many of the finest efforts of elaborate reason? The knowledge which they seem to possess of the world into which they have just been introduced, of the food which is agreeable to their palates, and suitable for their digestive organs, their fear of danger, and their confidence of security in circumstances of which they can have no experience, the facility with which they use their legs and their beaks, walk and run, eat and drink—a facility which reason itself could not equal—are quite unintelligible to man, who gains all his knowledge by labour and experience, and is but little indebted to instinct for anything. Indeed, the difficulty which reason experiences in understanding the movements of instinct, would be quite sufficient for sceptical philosophers to deny its existence, were the evidences not as palpable

and undeniable as the thing itself is incomprehensible. There is a little spider called the water-spider, which actually constructs a diving-bell, not only upon the most scientific principles, but in so mysterious and recondite a manner, that natural philosophers have not even yet discovered the secret of its patent. This diving-bell is a little cylinder lined with silk, and fastened with threads on every side to the water-plants. It is open only below, so that the spider has to dive under the water before it can get into it. But when it is in, how can it live unless there be air? It solves this difficulty in a manner that puzzles the philosophers. It carries down, round its body, a bubble of air, and lets it escape at the mouth of the bell; the air ascends to the top of the bell, and displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk. The spider goes on diving with these air bubbles, until it has filled the diving-bell with air; and, being now furnished with an atmosphere, and secure from all molestation from without, it rejoices in the seclusion of its own domestic retirement. But the question is, how does the little animal discover this ingenious and intricate process of house-building, so far beyond the inventive powers of man himself? No doubt it is furnished with an apparatus for carrying the air-bubble, and power to force itself under the water with air-bladders around it. But how it comprehends the manner of using the apparatus, shaping the bell, fastening it, making its opening in the water, instead of in the air, and then filling it with an invisible gas, is a problem difficult of solution.

The industry and ingenuity of mason-bees, mining-bees, carpenter-bees, and wasps—upholsterer, carder, lapidary, and humble-bees, and social wasps—the carpentry of tree-hoppers and saw-flies—the ingenuity of leaf-rolling, nest-building, carpenter and tent-making, and stone-mason caterpillars—the extraordinary architecture of ants of every description, the galleries which they excavate in trees, the towers which they build, the government which they organise, their military establishments, their nurseries, and their “maiden ants,” or females exclusively set apart, like the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, for superintending the nurture and admonition of the young—the almost infinite variety of modes of industry exhibited by worms, moths, and spiders, and many other classes of articulated animals, are all so many illustrations of the wonders of instinct in contradistinction to reason, or intelligence derived from experience.

Instances, however, might be brought forward which inevitably imply that animals possess and evince faculties precisely of the same kind as those of man, differing from him in degree only. From the simple fact that a dog will recognise his master, we may argue that the dog possesses the power of recognition, which to a certain extent involves memory also. The dog will recollect, too, any person who has inflicted on him an injury, and this implies not only recognition, but the association with the person of the ill-treatment suffered at his hand. The following instance of an elephant is to the point:—An officer in the Indian army, who was quarter-master of a brigade, found it needful to put a heavier load than usual on a very large elephant, called the *Paugul*, or fool; but he soon intimated that he was only disposed to take his usual load. The officer, seeing the animal repeatedly shake off the superabundant portion, lost his temper, and threw a tent-pin at the animal's head. Some days after, as the latter was going with others to water, he happened to pass the officer, whom he very deliberately lifted up into a large tamarind tree, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and to get down as well as he could.

It is instinct which impels the swallow to migrate—instinct which, with mysterious finger, points the eye of the helpless flutterer to the luxurious swamps of Africa, where its insect food may be found in plenty, when winter has locked up the forests of its home, and cast to the earth the winged dust of their summer atmosphere. It is instinct too which brings it back unerringly to its native clime; but it is something higher which leads it to the self-same nest in which it reared its former brood, and which teaches it to adjust that nest to new circumstances of exposure or shelter. It is certainly something higher than mere instinct which prompts it to bury alive in a mausoleum of clay, an untitled tenant, or sparrow, which has usurped the occupation of its nest. The following is given on the authority of Cuvier, and derives additional interest from the fact that it first served to draw his attention to natural history as a pursuit. While he was a young man, a pair of swallows built their nest on one of the angles of the casement of his apartment. During their temporary absence, it was taken possession of by a pair of sparrows, who persisted in remaining in it, and resisted every effort of its rightful owners to regain it. After a time, crowds of swallows gathered upon the roof, among whom were recognised the exiled pair, who seemed to be informing their friends of the outrage they had

suffered. The whole assembly was in a state of great commotion, and appeared highly incensed, as was manifested by their movements and cries. Before long, suddenly, and swift as thought, a host of them flew against the nest. Each bore in his bill a small quantity of mud, which he deposited at its entrance, and then gave way for another, who repeated the operation. This was continued till the opening was completely closed up, and the marauders were buried in a living tomb. The labours of this friendly company, however, did not cease here; they immediately collected materials for another nest, which they built just over the entrance to the first. In less than two hours after the act of vengeance had been consummated, the new structure was completed and inhabited.

These deviations from instinctive action, observed so frequently in the history of the lower animals, are at the same time the most entertaining, and the most conclusive on the point of the possession of intellect. A shepherd intrusted a flock of eighty sheep to his dog alone, to be driven home, a distance of seventeen miles. On the road she was delivered of a couple of pups. Notwithstanding this encumbrance, and though still faithful to her maternal instinct, she was not neglectful of her task. By carrying her young a few miles in advance of her flock whilst it was feeding, and then driving it on beyond them, she at length reached the end of her journey, as it turned out, however, at the sacrifice of the lives of her offspring. A wren in the Penrhyn slate quarries used to fly from her nest on the ringing of the bell which gave notice to the workmen that an explosion was to take place. In order to exhibit this phenomenon to strangers who visited the place, the bell was often rung at other times. At first the bird left her nest as before, but after a time paid no attention to the signal, except when she observed that the workmen also went away as they had usually done. A horse came home without his driver, but instead of going directly to the stable, stopped at the house, neighed, and exhibited other indications of great disquietude. This, at first, excited no attention; but as these manifestations continued, and his master did not appear, apprehension was excited, and a person despatched in search of him. He was found two miles off, lying insensible in consequence of a severe blow upon the head which he had received by falling from his cart. By no animal has this sentiment been so remarkably evinced as by the dog. A poor boy was fatally injured and

carried to a hospital. His little dog followed him thither, and being prevented from entering it, lay down at the gate, watching with wishful eyes everyone that went in, as if imploring admittance. Though constantly repulsed by the attendants, he never left the spot by night or day, and died at his post even before his master, "Faithful unto death!"

Several instances are on record where animals have "played the dead man;" an act inevitably implying the possession of something higher than instinctive impulse as its cause. Mr. Blythe relates the story of a fox who personated a defunct carcass when surprised one day in a hen-house, and played the part so well as to suffer himself to be taken by the brush and thrown on a dung-hill, when, carefully opening one eye, and seeing the coast clear, he took to his heels and escaped, leaving his human dupe to speculate on the artistic perfection of the performance. Indeed, this cunning animal has been known to submit to be carried as dead for more than a mile, till at length, getting weary of his uncomfortable position, or *reasoning* that escape was both possible and advisable, he suddenly effected it by a vigorous snap at the hand which held him. Cats have been known to feign death on a grass-plot while swallows were skimming across it, and by this trick succeed in capturing some unfortunate bird which chanced to come too near. Even insects will put on the semblance of death when their lives are in danger. The common snake, I happen to know, will do this on some occasions; at others he will emit so horrible a stench that no one will feel inclined to molest him. The hedgehog rolls himself up, and remains perfectly still when molested. When he thinks the danger is over, he unrolls himself by degrees, and looks about, and if all appears safe, he runs to a secure retreat. The common woodlouse will do the same. I have read somewhere of a cat who captured fish by lowering her tail into a pond until she felt the fish nibbling at it, when she immediately drew it forth, and made a prize of the unlucky adventurer; but considering the number of well-attested instances which do not tax the powers of belief immoderately, we think we may afford to treat that as a mere joke.

Dr. Darwin tells us that there was, not many years ago, an old monkey at Exeter 'Change that had lost all his teeth. Visitors were in the habit of giving him nuts; but the old fellow was unable to crack them. He was furnished with a stone, and would thus break them on the floor of his prison. Crows and rooks have

been known to rise in the air with a mussel in their mouth, and to drop it on a rock in order to break it, so as to enable the bird to feed on its contents. "I have heard of a jackdaw," says Jesse, "who was seen to drop stones in a hole in which there was some water, which it could not reach till the water was raised sufficiently high to enable it to quench its thirst." "I have also known," says the same entertaining naturalist, "a cat, when she was shut up in a room, and wanted to get out, ring the bell and make her escape when the servant answered it." Another cat, in a house where it was the custom to ring a bell before the meals, one day chanced to be shut up at dinner-time. Some hours after, when she was let out, she ran to the room where they used to put her food, but it was not there. Soon after, the people heard a bell ringing, and came to see what was the matter. When the door was opened, what was their surprise to see the cat clinging to the bell-rope. The fact was, that puss wanted her dinner, and having always seen that it came after the ringing of the bell, she *thought* she would ring it herself. Monkeys are very fond of birds' eggs. In some countries where these animals abound, birds, in order to preserve their eggs, will make their nests at the end of the slender branches of trees, so that the monkeys cannot reach them. Woodpeckers will carefully remove the bits of wood which they break off a tree in making a hole in it for their nest—evidently to prevent persons discovering their abode. For the same reason many birds carefully remove the excrements of their young from the neighbourhood of the nest. Man himself could not be more calculating and far-reaching. There is a notorious instance on record of a dog, which, slipping its collar at night, roamed round the adjoining fields and worried the sheep, and afterwards, washing its jaws in a stream, returned home, re-adjusted its collar, and keeping within its kennel, threw off suspicion. Here we have, not only an impulse, but also a multiplication of actions arising from inward power and intelligence, unaccompanied by perception, or the operation of any outward agency. An ourang-outang in Paris, when left alone, always tried to escape, and as he could not reach the lock of the door, he carried a stool to the spot; this, being removed, he took another, and another, and mounting on it, renewed his efforts. Reason alone could have prompted this act; and besides, there must have been a combination of ideas to have enabled it to get the stool to assist itself in opening the lock—to copy what it had seen its keeper do: namely,

to unlock the door, and to move a stool about as he wanted it.

Sense is the doorway of the mind, the vestibule through which pass the pictures of the world. So far as sense opens up, by virtue of its own completeness and activity, a channel for the flux of thought, so far are animals superior to man; but as the mind is the primary, and sense the secondary instrument, so with acuteness of sense in the lower animals, we do not find an equivalent acuteness of reason, and by so much as the senses of man are cultivated, by so much is the mental reasoning faculty robbed of its intrinsic power. It is not the keenness of the sight which gives character and tone to the idea, but rather the power of mind which gives a positive character to the picture. Hence, although sense is the medium of the mind's communications, it is not the instrument of its processes of reason, not the measure of its intrinsic force. The Calmucks can tell, by their sense of smell, whether a fox is in his earth or not. But even this acuteness of sense in man, great as it certainly is, is as nothing compared with that of animals. Camels passing through a desert can scent water at the distance of two or three miles; the mules in South America scent it at the distance of two or three leagues. The carrier-horses of Switzerland hear the fall of an avalanche, and warn their masters by their terror, of the impending danger. Without eyes or apertures of any kind for the admission of light, the polypus will always distinguish the animalcula on which it feeds. Bats will thread their way accurately through innumerable meshes and complicated threads even after their eyes have been put out. So far, the animal takes precedence of the man, sense beginning and ending with its exercise. But, in the animal, the mental exercise, where it is even vivid and striking, is still confined, limited, and subservient to but one end. The dog remembers his master and the members of the family after the lapse of many years, and "it is perhaps owing to the absence of mental sequence, the comparative negation of any connected process of thought, which gives him that tenacity of memory and extraordinary perfection of the senses, according to the old law, that power being checked in one direction, will develop itself in another." It is related of a dog which his master took with him on a journey of upwards of three hundred miles, through a country almost destitute of roads, which occupied three weeks to traverse, the dog lost his master; yet in spite of the vast distance, found his way back to his home.

The dog of a little Savoyard being sold and carried to Rome, was shut up for safety, but it soon succeeded in making its escape, and reached its former home, after a few days, in a most emaciated state. So far we see a beautifully marked resemblance between man and the brute, and it must be but a hollow vanity which shuts the ear against the acceptance of these truths, and seeks to exclude the lower animals from the participation of reason.

The following observations, which we copy *verbatim* from an "Old Curiosity Shop" have reference to animals, and exhibit their at least apparent knowledge of the sciences; also, their professions, occupations, and employments:—Bees are geometricians—their cells are so constructed, as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. So also is the Ant-Lion—his funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments. The Mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the Nine-killer is an arithmetician; so also is the Crow, the Wild Turkey, and some other birds. The Torpedo, the Ray, and the Electric Eel, are electricians. The Nautilus is a navigator—he raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The Beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The Marmot is a civil engineer—he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The White Ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India Ants are horticulturists—they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird *Ploceus Textor*, is a weaver—he weaves a web to make his nest. The *Prinia* is a tailor—he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The Squirrel is a ferryman—with a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, Wolves, Jackals, and many others, are hunters. The Black Bear and Heron are fishermen. The Ants have regular day labourers. The Monkey is a rope dancer. The association of Beavers present us with a model of republicanism. The Bees live under a monarchy. The Indian Antelopes furnish an example of a patriarchal government. Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Wild Horses are said to select their leaders. Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

THE ANGEL ISRAFIL.

An old Jewish Legend.

GOD rested from his work : and all
The angels of orders seven,
With shawms and psalteries musical,
Were singing Heaven over Heaven !

And, shrined in light, the Lord reposed ;
His Thunders slumbering at his foot—
Their wings of rapid lightning closed
Their talons lax—the fierce lips mute !

And lo ! there was a sudden peace
In all the heavens—a solemn lull ;—
Then, like the voice of many seas,
But ravishingly beautiful,—

God's word was heard ; th' angelic bands
Had sank, adoring, where they stood :
" Regard the handcraft of my Hands,
And tell me if my Works be good ! "

They rose. They marked with loving eyes
Their great Creator's glorious plan ;—
And chiefly, in the pensile skies,
One favoured Star—the world of Man !

Those arcs of quivering light they scann'd—
The marvellously balanced seas ;
And, sagely planned, the fruitful land,
Which orb'd and circled into these !

They marked, in Eden's happy shade,
Those miracles of hallowed clay—
The regal creatures he had made
Only a little less than they !

They saw the wondrous living things
That roamed the land, or clove the main,
Or strove to reach the stars on wings—
Which Man shall never rule again !

And seeing these they fell in awe,
Each radiant angel where he stood,
And sang, with harps, of all they saw—
" Oh ! Lord, our God ! Thy works are good ! "

Then rose an angel crowned with rays—
Bright Israfil, to whom was given
The sweetest voice e'er poured in praise—
The sweetest voice, but God's, in Heaven !

Thus spake the angel Israfil—
His sweet face shadowed with his wings—
" Lord, God ! One thing is wanting still
To crown the beauty of these things ! "

The heavens quaked through every sphere ;
But He made answer, " Israfil !
Arise, and speak, and have no fear !
What is it that is wanting still ? "

" O God, Jehovah ! this one thing—
A voice of melody and might
Thro' all the Universe, to sing
Thy power and beauty, day and night ! "



Once a Week.]

June 6, 1888.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



Once a Week.]

[June 6, 1868.

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE SIRE DE JOINVILLE.

WHEN one has once got over the difficulty—no very tremendous one—of reading the old French of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, one finds nothing pleasanter in all historical records than the memoirs of Jean Sire de Joinville, Sénéchal of Champagne. It is the first book of modern Europe in which a human heart is found beating, in which a genial humanity appeals to our sympathies. Six centuries have passed over the world, with their flood of pageantries, splendours, meannesses, and catastrophes. Empires have risen and fallen into nothingness; palaces and cities have been razed to the ground and left no trace, and yet these few pages have floated undamaged across the gulf of time with unimpaired vitality. The Sire de Joinville little thought himself, as he was dictating his simple narrative, that when his fair castle of Joinville, near Chalons sur Marne, was no longer even a ruin, and pines and poplars were growing as steadily over its site as though it had never existed, his little volume would become a national treasure, which will perish only with the history of his country, and that, when the statues of his fathers and himself were crumbled into dust, his spiritual image would be enshrined in history, in characters of ineffaceable interest.

The simplicity and naturalness of the good sire's recital is not surpassed by Robinson Crusoe himself. With the exception of Villehardouin, Joinville was the first lay-man who undertook to give the world any account of great events, of which he himself had been a witness. Before Joinville, cenobites in the cold cells of their monasteries, living apart from the world, inexperienced in human affairs, undertook the business of recording the history of their times in a language which no mortal ever used in ordinary life—monkish Latin muddled up with tags of Virgil and other Latin writers, in most pedantic fashion. But Joinville speaks of the things he saw and suffered with a human voice, and in so natural a manner, that we both see and feel with him.

How human is the account he gives us of his starting for the Crusade with St. Louis. St. Louis had taken the cross, to the great grief of his mother, the noble lady Blanche of Castille, and his councillors; and the Sire de Joinville, Sénéchal of Champagne, being about thirty years of age, took it likewise, with nine knights of his own, and three banners; but he was obliged to mortgage part of his lands to find the money to go with, and provide for himself

and his knights, since not only was ready money not plentiful in days when the great seigneurs got their rents in kind—but you must know that his mother was yet alive, and held part of his lands; and, if God had not come to his assistance, he never could have stayed the six years he did in the Holy Land. Having settled to depart on his voyage, he summoned all his dependents and vassals to his castle, at Easter in the year of grace 1248; and, on the very eve of Easter Sunday, there was a little son born to him, of his wife Alix. And all that week there was farewell feasting and banqueting about the Castle of Joinville, for his brother the Sire de Vaucouleurs and other good men and true, who came to bid him farewell, gave him dinner-parties, one after the other on Easter Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday—singing a good deal, no doubt, and toasting de Joinville's success beyond the sea, a good principality to him, or something of that kind. But, on Friday, which was fast-day, he made an end, and began seriously to set his mind on the grave business before him; and he addressed all his neighbours, and he said: "Seigneurs, I am going beyond the seas, and I do not know if I shall come back. Now, then, look at me; if I have wronged you in anything, I will make it all good again, as is my custom, with all who have anything to ask of me or my people."

And he let his neighbours form a council, and they considered all matters among them, and he did just as they decided without dispute. And one Monseigneur de Bouvaincourt, his cousin-german, whom God assist!—for the Sire de Joinville lived to the ripe age of ninety-five, and, consequently, may be reasonably supposed to have out-lived this cousin-german, and a good many other relatives—Monseigneur de Bouvaincourt took him apart and said: "You are going over sea. Now take care in what fashion you return; for no knight, be he rich or poor, can return without shame if he leaves the humble people—the *menu peuple de notre Seigneur*, with whom he goes, in the hands of the Saracen."

Humane advice this of Monseigneur de Bouvaincourt, and which went to Joinville's heart and dwelt there; and always when in the Holy Land, he recalled his cousin-german's warning. For one of the most painful circumstances of these Crusading expeditions was, that the great seigneurs (starting with full purses and adventurous hearts, for the conquest of the Holy Land, in company with a crowd of dependents, in full expectation of winning great spoil from the Saracens, or getting hold of a

rich principality in Syria, Greece, or the Morea), when affairs went badly with them in eastern countries, got disgusted, and low in pocket, and escaped home as they best could, leaving their poor retainers, their *menu peuple*, behind them, captives, or otherwise to fare as they might. Well, the Sire de Joinville, it is pleasant to know, would not act in this manner, and, moreover, when on his return, six years later, he found that his people had—through advantage taken of his absence—been much harassed both by the king's officers and those of the Count of Champagne (both his superior lords); he made this an excuse for not engaging in a second Crusade—the suffering of his retainers touched him so much.

After the farewell banquets of Easter, the Sire de Joinville speedily put himself and his affairs in order, to go, and Jean Sire d'Aprémont and Comte de Sarrebruck, who lived not very far off, sent to him to say that he was ready to start too for *outremer* with his quota of nine knights; why not go together, and hire one ship between them at Marseilles, for the passage of themselves and knights, and the Sire de Joinville accepted with pleasure, and they sent their baggage on in carts as far as Auxerre, whither they would ride their battle horses, and where they would embark on the Saone, and so drop down that river, and the Rhone, to Marseilles, having their *destriers* led on the banks.

But before the Sire de Joinville went, he must have the staff and scrip delivered to him in due form by a proper priestly authority, with due benedictions; and it seemed to him that the Abbot of Cheminon, the most worthy ecclesiastic of the order of Citeaux, was a sufficient saintly person to do this well for him, so he went to him and took scrip and staff, and then performed a pilgrimage "bare foot and in his shirt," *à pié deschaus et en langes*, to various saints in his neighbourhood, as a fit preparation for the journey, during which tour of pilgrimage he had to pass near his own fair castle, his *biau chastel de Joinville*, and he would not turn aside his eyes to look at it; for at thought of his wife and two infants, one of whom was the little fellow just born to him, the Sire de Joinville felt something uncomfortable in his throat, looked another way, and passed on.

It was August, however, before the Sire de Joinville and the Comte de Sarrebruck embarked at Marseilles, and then their horses were taken on board ship, and they did not sling them on board in those days; but they got them into the hold through a sliding

door in the side of the vessel, which was afterwards caulked up, when they put to sea, as tight, says Joinville, as the bung of a cask; and as soon as all were on board, the captain cried to the sailors, "Are you ready?" "Yes." "Then forward, priests and clerks!" and when they were in their places the captain cried, "Chant ye now, in God's name," and they chanted the *Veni Creator Spiritus* from beginning to end, and when it was over, the captain called to the crew, "Make all sail, in God's name," and they set sail, lost sight of land, and saw nothing but water, and day by day they were borne farther from the land of their birth; and very foolhardy is he, says Joinville, who goes to sea in a state of mortal sin, for you may go to sleep at night, and not know whether you will not be at the bottom of the sea before morning.

Joinville had a simple faith in miracles, for he narrates several in the most innocent manner, and he believed also, of course, in the efficacy of pilgrimages and processions, imagining sudden help from saints, in times of trouble. By the help of three processions on shipboard, round the two masts of their ship, they were delivered of a great mountain, off the coast of Barbary, which kept on rising up in their way, ever and anon, before them, and put them in great danger. And the late king Saint Louis appeared to him in a vision after death, and he had an altar built for him in his chapelle at Joinville, for he gave it as his opinion before an ecclesiastical commission appointed to inquire into the virtues of Saint Louis, with a view to canonization, that the blessed king had reached greater perfection than anything that could be seen in man, and that he was consequently in Paradise, and he was sure his merit was such that our Sire God ought to do miracles for him—*nostre Sire Dieu doit bien fere miracles pour lui*. De Joinville distinguished himself greatly in the Crusade in Egypt, where his daily occupation was to spur with both heels, and charge the Saracens, *piquer des deux et courir sus aux Sarrasins*; but his great service was at the desperate battle of Mansourah, where he seized upon a bridge in the rear of the king, and prevented him from being surrounded. He became desperately ill of a disease something like the plague, when the Crusaders were shut up in their pestilential camp, and gave himself up for lost both on that occasion and afterwards, when he was taken prisoner, and kept on board a galley by the Saracens.

He fell on his knees once and held his throat all ready to be cut by a wild party of

Infidels, who invaded his galley. Gui d' Ibelin, Constable of Cyprus, was by his side, also on his knees, and asked to confess himself to Joinville, no priest being there. Joinville received his confession, and gave him absolution, "according to the power he had of God;" but he naïvely confesses his state of mind was such, that he never remembered a word of what Gui d' Ibelin had told him, and as for his own sins he could not remember a single one. Indeed, the worthy Sénéchal makes no secret of his being in a parlous state of fear on sundry occasions. Notwithstanding all the prowess he displayed when he was in camp and had to defend one of the wooden towers, he reveals quite candidly the terrible state of alarm the Greek fire threw him and his companions into, when this explosive compound came rushing through the air, he says, like a dragon, in masses as big as a cask, with a noise like thunder. Joinville and his knights threw themselves on the ground like our men out of the way of Russian shells in the Crimea, and there lay with elbows on the ground, and hands joined together, praying for mercy, *à Notre Seigneur en qui est toute puissance*.

St. Louis, as is well known, became much attached to Joinville; his cheerful disposition, his bravery and upright good-nature, became thoroughly known to the king amid the perils of their six years' campaign in the East; and he dined almost daily at the king's table in Palestine, and was treated with great familiarity. One of the most charming scenes narrated by Joinville of all his intercourse with the king happened at Acre at this time. The king had called his council together to ask their advice as to whether he should go home or remain in Palestine. Joinville, contrary to almost all the rest, had expressed his opinion that it was the king's duty to remain. He was thinking of the Sire de Bouvaincourt, his cousin-german, and his advice, and the lesser people, still captives in Egypt, and the dishonour to the king if he returned leaving so many of his subjects in bonds behind him. After Joinville had spoken, the king made no sign of approval or the contrary, but broke up the council. Joinville thought he had displeased him, and was very sad. The king never spoke to him even that day at table as he was wont. Assuredly the king was very angry.

"While the king was hearing grace, I went to a grated window in an embrasure by the side of the head of the king's bed, and I leant my arms on the bars of the window, thinking what I should do if the king returned to France.

I thought I would go to Antioch, and stay with the prince there till another army of Crusaders came from Europe to deliver the prisoners, so that I might act up to the counsel of the Sire de Bouvaincourt; and while I was standing thus, the king came and placed his hands on my shoulders and on my head, and I thought it was Monseigneur Philip de Nemours, who had tormented me much that day on account of the advice I had given, and I said, 'Leave me in peace, Monseigneur Philip;' and it happened, turning round my head, that the hand of the king touched my face, and I knew it was the king by the emerald he wore on his finger. 'Keep still,' said he, 'and tell me how you, who are a young man, could venture to advise me to remain, against the counsel of all the great men and sages of France who advise me to go.' 'Sire, I should think your departure to be so bad a step that not in anywise could I counsel you to go.' 'You say,' said the king, 'that I should do ill to go?' 'May God help me, sire, yes,' I replied. 'If I remain, will you remain?' said the king; and I told him 'yes, at my own cost, if necessary.'" The king told Joinville that his advice had pleased him altogether, but desired him not to say so till next council-day.

The Sire de Joinville was a man of very lively spirit and quick speech, yet simple and pious as fitted the times he was born in, and the saintly king who loved him, although his piety was of a far less ascetic and self-sacrificing character than that of the king. He must, too, have been one of the most accomplished men of his time, for he was brought up at the court of Thibault IV., King of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, the celebrated prince-troubadour, who collected about him all the chief masters of the *science gaie* of his time. This Count of Champagne, who was also King of Navarre, was called *le grand Comte Thibault*; also *Henri le Large*, or Henri the Generous; for, says Joinville, *il fut large envers Dieu et envers le siècle*. A pleasant man, this *Large Comte*, King of Navarre, who left behind him, besides, the best poetry of all the Trouvères, quoted by Dante sundry times in his pure writings, and was himself the chief of a Crusade.

The Sire de Joinville first appeared at the Court of St. Louis in company with the magnificent Thibault, and he became a great favourite with the three kings who followed St. Louis; though he draws a very unfavourable contrast between Philip the Fair and his grandfather St. Louis, and gives him a few words of warning. The Sire de Joinville would

be nothing of a hypocrite, and would not try to make himself out more pious than he really was, like many others, to please the king. Thus the king asked him one day which he would prefer, "To have committed a mortal sin, or to have the leprosy." Joinville answered straight at once, priests and bishops standing by, that he would prefer to have committed thirty mortal sins than to have the leprosy; whereupon, afterwards, the king sent for Joinville privately, and begged him for love of God and for love of him, to regard a mortal sin as a worse evil than the leprosy. A similar scene occurred when St. Louis, who washed the feet of the poor many times a year, asked Joinville if he washed the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday. "Never in truth will I wash the feet of the *villains*," cried Joinville, plumply. Then the king again prayed him for the love of God, and for the love of himself, not to disdain the example of Christ. St. Louis, too, taught Joinville to mix water with his wine, and never to swear or mention the name of the devil, and so converted the good Sénéchal to his own practice, that Joinville says he established a rule that if any servitor in his castle of Joinville was reported as using bad language, he was to be sentenced to a buffet in the face to teach him better. So happy was St. Louis to receive at court the worthy Sénéchal of Champagne, the companion in arms of his perils and adventures beyond the sea, that whenever Joinville arrived, the king put on such a face of gladness that all the world was astonished, *il lui faisoit si grande joie que tout le monde s'en émerveillait*.

The Sire de Joinville has in his narrative, moreover, a rare merit—he says as little about himself as possible, and when he does speak of self it is always in the most naïve, modest, and natural way in the world. His memoirs were written, or dictated, when he was a very old man, yet they have all the qualities of youth about them, and are utterly devoid of all malevolence, querulousness, and prolixity. A bright, vivacious, honest, good-hearted old gentleman, he remained apparently up to the last, and as he lived to the age of ninety-five, Nature must have put out all her care to construct a man good, true, and sound, when she made the Sire de Joinville.

A PERIOD OF TRANSITION.

I RATHER envy people who are behind their time, not for dinners and trains, but politically and scientifically. The man who

manages to identify himself with the last century, and honestly believes in its political superiority, may affect a certain melancholy when speaking of the degeneracy of modern times and the approaching break up of his country, but he is utterly unable to conceal the satisfaction which the contemplation of it really affords him. Still greater is the mental contentment of ignorant people who are not aware of their ignorance, but are quietly convinced that all theories which it is too much trouble for them to investigate are fallacious. The man who refers all geological phenomena to the Deluge, is so supremely self-satisfied. One can also easily imagine that it must be a titillating sensation to feel that one is a fine specimen of the few remaining nuggets of a golden age. In like manner, those rarer mortals who are in advance of their time are happy, less so now-a-days, when they are no longer racked, broken on the wheel, or burned as wizards and heretics, but still rejoicing in the obloquy and petty persecution which is afforded them. The few who appreciate and pay them homage, they know to be those alone whose praise is worth having; and there seems to be an indescribable charm in the certainty that posterity will be forced to do them justice.

But the majority of us are neither precious relics nor rising stars, but men of the time in which we live; and it is unfortunate for those whose lot happens to be cast in a period of transition. Of course this term might be applied to every age, change being the great necessity of mortals in general, and Europeans in particular. But we progress—or jib—much more smoothly at some epochs than at others; and by a period of transition, I mean a time when instead of gliding imperceptibly from one fashion to another, men change their habits and reform their abuses with revolutionary suddenness. A time when a generation seems to spring up like the army of Cadmus, without any sympathy for that which went before it; and I say that those whose lives bridge this period of transition, whose youth is spent on one side, and their age on the other, are unlucky. There are some thousands of us in that unenviable condition at present; for the last half-century the manners and customs of the English have been moving with a hop, a step, and a jump, and we whose limbs are stiff may surely be allowed to grumble at the pace, especially as the changes have all been dead against the interests of those born under the old regime. When we were young we had to respect people for being grown up, though they had no other merit; but now that

we are in an adult condition ourselves we inspire the rising generation with no awe at all, meritorious as we are in addition. Fellow victims will understand me ; but I will endeavour, by more definite examples, to make our grievances plain.

One of us was a slave in the Southern States of America, who had long worked after regular hours, and denied himself the pleasure of getting drunk, in order to save up money with which to purchase his freedom ; and in the very year of his accumulating the requisite sum, the great war freed the whole race, so that he had suffered years of sobriety for nothing. Another of us was a prince who had taken infinite pains, and done some unpleasant sort of work, to secure his succession to the throne, and whose little state was absorbed by a larger one just as he was about to grasp the sceptre. He who goes to the wall in a period of transition, is like one who takes a boat and rows for some distance against the stream, thinking to have it with him when he comes back, but who finds that when he turns the tide turns also. Disappointments analogous to those of the slave and the prince have been my daily lot ; not only the main streams, but all the little rivulets up which I have paddled my canoe having proved to be tidal, and begun ebbing at the moment I hoped to take them at the flood. It is not that I look upon the past with superstitious reverence, probably our ancestors were neither much better nor much worse than people are at present. Probably each century is better off in some particulars, and worse off in others ; so I am very content with my own, as far as theory goes, and do not imagine that people are worse or more foolish than they were fifty years ago. Neither have I any great hope for or mistrust of the immediate future ; if the next tenants manage to improve the estate they are very welcome. Only I assert that it is a misfortune to have been born at such a time as to come in for the worst bits of two generations.

Others may decide upon the intrinsic merits of fagging, but the disadvantages of the system, or at least those which are most obvious, lie rather on the side of the little boy than the big one, and it was bad luck to have to light a master's fire, boil his water, lay his breakfast and tea-things, field for him at cricket, &c., &c., receiving thrashings for wages (paid daily) for three long years, supported only under manifold trials by the prospect of enjoying the sweets of tyranny in due turn ; and then to encounter the sweeping besom of reform at the

very moment of emerging into the ranks of the chartered bullies. There is a great deal to be said for the plan of snubbing children and keeping them in the back-ground, which was in vogue when the century itself was young ; their elders could talk at their ease, the boys and girls learned humility and modesty. Likewise there is a great deal to be said for the present fashion of trotting the youngsters out ; it gives them boldness and self-confidence, destroys false shame, and sharpens them up ; while the practice of patience must likewise prove beneficial to their adult auditors. Only it is hard to have been snubbed as a child by adults, and now to be silenced as an adult by the children. No doubt whatever is, is best ; I have no desire to mend the world's affairs, but I *should* have liked an innings at some time.

Then, look at the port-wine matter. He who aimed at being thought manly and social had to learn to drink daily a post-prandial bottle of that generous fluid—generous, because it gave so much ; gout, and that. Think what we suffered, some of us, before our constitutions became inured to more than a pint ; and no sooner had it become necessary to our comfort, than the oidium, tobacco smoking, and a reaction towards sobriety, sent it out of fashion ; and now I constantly dine at houses where it is not produced at all. Ah, Posthumus, there was a time when we too would have slipped away to the drawing-room early ; but the smiles of beauty have no charm for us now,—faith ! we might whistle for them if they had !—the bottle, after a languid circulation, stops, and nothing is left us but to curse American influences, and moan over modern degeneration, which is but a poor solace after all.

The decay of cards at evening parties is another bit of bad luck for the old and cheerful. At an early restless age, when sitting still was little short of actual pain, and any exertion of thought or memory considered a scholastic misery, we groaned over the infliction of having to cut in and make up a rubber. Rarely was there a family evening gathering at which some unfortunate youngster was not torn from the table where a jolly, noisy, round game was going on, and stuck down to play silent whist with fogies who either scolded him or appealed to him pitifully between the deals. "But do you not see, John, I must have held the highest spade, because—" John did not see a bit ; he was listening to the bursts of laughter which arose around the Pope Joan table, and gave up all idea of being able to make out why he should lead this or that as about as hopeless as the comprehension

of subjunctives in Arnold's Exercises. But no human being of ordinary capacity can go on playing whist for long without learning sooner or later to like it, and when the age of giggling began to tone down, we were able to appreciate the resource the game would be to our declining years. But, alas, our age of cards has arrived, and the cards have vanished out of it. For we are in a period of transition,—worse luck, as regards our evening amusements. Cards, it is difficult to imagine why, have gone out of fashion, and no equivalent pastime has relieved them. Photographic albums and zoëtropes only do to conceal yawns; spirit-rapping amused for awhile, but the novelty soon wore off, and now it is as limp as a pricked balloon ball. So that evening-parties are the dullest, heaviest inflictions for all who are past the hey-day of youth, while a few whist tables would make them pass pleasantly. It is all very well for the young folks who meet to flirt, and who can get up carpet dances if the flirting flags; but it is not proper for married folks to flirt, and there is no other amusement provided for them, absolutely none.

The only means of gratifying the taste for the noblest of games painfully acquired in childhood, is to play at a club. But we do not all live in London, and at some of the clubs the stakes are so high that it would be gambling for the smaller incomes to cut in. Besides, that does not meet the difficulty, which is that, having to go into society for the sake of our children, the old means for enabling us to sit patiently while they are love-making have been discontinued. And then some provoking old lady will say, while you are in agonies lest the dancers should bear down upon your gouty toe:—"Is it not pleasant to see the young folks enjoying themselves?" Yes, madam, that is all very well; but I should like the young folks to take a turn at seeing *me* enjoy *myself*, just for a change.

TABLE TALK.

"SAVE us from the May-bugs," Frenchmen are crying. These coleoptera have lately committed such fearful havoc in many districts of France that they constitute a veritable plague. Municipal authorities are paying for their destruction at the rate of about a franc for every twenty-two pounds' weight of the dead insects; and officers have had to be appointed to receive and weigh them and pay the premiums. Recently, at Yvetot alone, 585 francs were thus disbursed in two days: still

the cockchafers came on in undiminished force. The agri- and horti-culturists are at their wits' ends. Then the question comes, what is to be done with the beetles when they are caught? Utilitarianism suggests turning them to some account. So we find that one man is buying them up for manure; another has found that an excellent lubricating grease can be got from them; a third has discovered in them the source of a brilliant yellow dye; but the suggestion of a fourth beats all. This worthy, true to the culinary instincts of his nation, actually proposes to introduce a new dish, and eat the vermin! He offered the delicacy, cunningly served up, at an agricultural banquet, and report says that it would have been greatly relished, *only* the name of its components leaked out, and no one would partake of it.

DEEP murmurs are to be heard, in public and in private, against the unhealthiness of sewing machines. I have been told that I ought not to have advocated the instruction of young women in the use of them, as I did a few weeks ago. It is said, by unprejudiced persons, such as medical men, that the exercise of continually working the treadles of these machines is highly injurious to health. The precise nature of the bad influence could only be published in a medical journal. Supposing the evil really to exist, it becomes a matter of importance to eliminate it: this is to be done by making the machine to work otherwise than by the feet, and the sooner the manufacturers devise some simple self-driving apparatus the better for their credit with the doctors. A French patentee, M. Cazal, has introduced an electro-magnetic motor, but this, with its batteries, wires, and complications, is not likely to become popular. A small gas or hot air engine would do the work well, but the cost of it might be too high. Cheapest and most controllable would be a driving clock impelled by a heavy weight or strong spring; the winding-up being performed by hand. This for domestic machines; in factories, or where they are used in large numbers, a steam engine could be and ought to be employed.

TO SMOKERS. A Berlin physician asserts that he has traced six cases of lead colic and paralysis to the consumption of tobacco that had been kept in leaden boxes. Another chemist has found that when the weed is wrapped in the thin sheet-lead falsely called tin-foil, it becomes impregnated in course of time with acetate of lead.

PASSING down Newcastle Street, Strand, a few days ago, and chancing to look through a gateway, my eyes fell upon what I could only conceive to be the unfinished interior of a Brobdingnagian bee-hive. There were walls and floors, partitions and roofs, and the other appurtenances of a building, all formed of hexagonal cells like those wherewith the apian builders construct their storehouses and homes, only made of clay instead of wax. Curiosity-impelled, I entered upon a closer inspection. A cicerone met me, and explained that those parts of buildings were specimens of a new method of construction introduced by Messrs. Parr and Strong, and intended, if the Fates are not adverse, to supersede brick-building. The cells or tubes in question are about a foot in diameter, and of various lengths, suited to walls of different thickness. They are fitted one on another like bricks, with their open ends forming the two faces of the wall, those ends being closed with concrete so as to leave an air space within. Perfect dryness in the building is thus secured. Great strength with small weight of materials is an obvious consequence of the form of the cellular blocks; and building with them is said to be very rapid, and cheaper than with bricks. The hexagonal diaper that they form on a house-front is an agreeable change from the monotony of brick-work, and gives a Moorish look to the structure. Without a doubt the new system has its virtues; but it is by no means certain that these will enable it to overthrow the old one. Many good inventions fail entirely because they involve too radical changes. Here is a case. An engineering friend of mine invented a really effective joint for uniting lengths of fire-hose much more rapidly than by the established screw-coupling. He showed it to poor Braidwood, who admired it greatly; "but," said the king of firemen, "its introduction would necessitate the destruction of every coupling in the brigade service and in private use; and such a revolution I dare not recommend."

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers to the effect that the Prussian military chemists had succeeded in precipitating the explosive liquid nitro-glycerine in the solid form. This remarkable explosive can certainly be obtained in the solid form, but only by exposing it to a temperature under -45° Fahrenheit, when it becomes an icy crystalline body, which is, perhaps, not so manageable as the liquid. It has been known now for a number of months—I may safely say for the

better part of a twelvemonth—and has received the very appropriate name of Dynamite, on account of the extraordinary amount of explosive power which is stored up in it. It is also called Nobel's Patent Safety Blasting Powder, for its invention is due to Mr. Alfred Nobel, the gentleman who first made the manufacture and use of nitro-glycerine perfectly safe and practicable. Dynamite is a somewhat moist powder, very closely resembling raw beet-root sugar. Its specific gravity is about 1.6, and it is quite inodorous and unchanged in the air, even though the air be very warm. A friend of mine has had it exposed for forty days and nights to a temperature ranging from 180° to 200° Fahrenheit, without any sensible change resulting in its weight, explosiveness, or any other of its chemical and physical properties. Of its perfect safety there is no room for entertaining a doubt; at all events, no person who has used it or seen it used entertains any. If I throw a handful, or even a shovelful of it upon a fire, I may stand close by with impunity, as it will burn away just as simply and harmlessly as a similar quantity of powdered brimstone. Or I may take a Dynamite cartridge, cut it through with a sharp knife, and, holding one of the pieces in the hand, ignite it, and continue to hold it until the fire reaches the end of the paper cartridge case. There is simply rapid combustion, no explosion. Then the reader may understand that heat alone will not explode this Dynamite. Neither will any ordinary percussion, if unassisted. How then, it may be asked, is the substance to be exploded? By the combined influence of the heat of a spark and percussion at the same moment of time. This combination of force is obtained by exploding an extra strong percussion cap, or a small bag of gunpowder, in absolute contact with the Dynamite. To explode the percussion cap it is necessary that it should be fitted tightly upon the end of a gutta-percha fuse. The rapidity and power of an explosion by means of Dynamite are something terrific. It is calculated that the rapidity of the explosion is as great as 20,000 feet per second; and by comparing the mechanical or eruptive work which it does, it is known to possess from five to seven times as much explosive force as gunpowder. This must be the case, when it is known that its power is to that of nitro-glycerine as 76 is to 100. In burning or exploding it yields no smoke; if burned in the open air it yields a light flame very like that from burning spirit of wine. It is not affected by damp, and may be exploded in contact with wet rocks or under

water if well compressed, but it is better then to explode it in waterproof tubing. I recently assisted at some experimental blasting operations with Dynamite upon hard whinstone or trap rock, and was perfectly staggered with some of the results. One of the experiments was with a large mass of the rock, weighing perhaps from ten to fifteen tons. It was broken up into pieces of more suitable size without boring any hole whatever, but simply by exploding a quantity of Dynamite about equal in bulk to one's two fists (perhaps less than that), upon the surface of the mass,—the Dynamite being previously covered with clay. An effect of a most extraordinary character was simultaneously produced. Another mass of whinstone, about one-fifth of the size of the large mass, was lying parallel to it, and about one-and-a-half or two feet from it. The lesser block was broken into several pieces also,—“broken with fright,” as the manager of the quarry graphically put it. If used in bore-holes for blasting solid rocks, Dynamite scarcely needs any tamping or stemming; and it exerts such an enormous amount of eruptive force that fewer bore-holes, and these of less size, are required than for gunpowder. It would almost seem that the days of gunpowder were well nigh numbered, so far as military engineering, and blasting in quarries, mines, tunnels, and railway rock cuttings are concerned. I could mention many equally remarkable things regarding this new blasting powder, but one must suffice. It will shiver to pieces cast-iron, gun-metal, or the toughest teak timber, and will even tear and break wrought-iron. That it will do so, the following fact may be mentioned:—A small tinplate case was partially filled with Dynamite, and underneath it, at a few inches' distance, a piece of half-inch boiler plate was placed. The Dynamite was exploded, and it was afterwards found that the plate was riddled with holes which were due to the passage of fragments of the tinplate through it. I fear that I am becoming sensational, and therefore I must curb my pen. I must, however, inform those who have read the paragraph to which I have referred, that it is not the Prussian military chemists,—if there really be any such persons,—but Mr. Nobel, to whom this invention is due. Indeed, he has already been awarded a gold medal for it by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm.

THERE is something of a sweetening, antiseptic quality in wit which saves a speech or an act, when tintured with it, from the effect of the intrinsic baseness there may be in its

nature. A criminal action may even shine in our eyes with the lustre borrowed from humorous conceit or smart repartee. As, for instance, when Boulter, the celebrated highwayman, coming across a poor fellow in great distress at having his home broken up by an unrelenting creditor, pays off the debt, and immediately after waylays the creditor and gets his money back; there is something so ingenious and humorous in this cheap method of satisfying a charitable impulse, that though it involves a very improper violation of the laws of property, wit and charity together entirely hide the sin. So, a certain nobleman of whom I lately heard, by connecting an act of perfidy and meanness with an ingenious play upon words, got it to pass current, not only with the world, but with the victim. A former mistress had retained some compromising tokens of their *liaison* which the personage in question desired to recover back, as he was about to get married. As a *douceur* for her compliance he promised the lady £1000 a year, and she, having found him always a man of his word, acceded to his wishes. Shortly after she received a morocco leather case, containing a pair of diamond ear-rings, together with the receipted bill, amounting to exactly £2000, and a short note from her former lover begging her to excuse the pun. For the benefit of my Scotch readers, I will perform the surgical operation of dissecting this jest in action by explaining that, on wearing these baubles the lady could boast of having a £1000 a ear, together with the advantage of being able to make a neat, and doubly apt quotation from Macbeth, by calling the treacherous perpetrator of this cruel “sell,” “a juggling fiend,” who kept “the word of promise to the ear,” but broke it “to the hope.”

IF I were asked in what there existed a resemblance between ritualist and spiritualist, besides in sound, I should reply in-vestments.

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FOUL PLAY.*

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER LXVI.



ASKED Arthur Wardlaw why he was so surprised at the prayer-book being brought back. Was it

worth twenty pounds to any one except herself?

Arthur looked keenly at her to see whether she intended more than met the ear, and then said

that he was surprised at the rapid effect of his advertisement, that was all.

"Now you have got the book," said he, "I do hope you will erase that cruel slander on one whom you mean to honour with your hand."

This proposal made Helen blush, and feel very miserable. Of the obnoxious lines some were written by Robert Penfold, and she had so little of his dear handwriting. "I feel you are right, Arthur," said she; "but you must give me time. They shall meet no eye but mine; and on our wedding day—of course—all memorials of one—." Tears completed the sentence.

Arthur Wardlaw, raging with jealousy at the absent Penfold as heretofore Penfold had raged at him, heaved a deep sigh and hurried away, while Helen was locking up the prayer-

book in her desk. By this means he retained Helen's pity.

He went home directly, mounted to his bedroom, unlocked a safe, and plunged his hand into it. His hand encountered a book, he drew it out with a shiver, and gazed at it with terror and amazement.

It was the prayer-book he had picked up in the square and locked up in that safe. Yet that very prayer-book had been restored to Helen before his eyes, and was now locked up in her desk. He sat down with the book in his hand and a great dread came over him.

Hitherto Candour and Credulity only had been opposed to him, but now Cunning had entered the field against him; a master-hand was co-operating with Helen.

Yet, strange to say, she seemed unconscious of that co-operation. Had Robert Penfold found his way home by some strange means? Was he watching over her in secret?

He had the woman he loved watched night and day, but no Robert Penfold was detected.

He puzzled his brain night and day, and at last he conceived a plan of deceit which is common enough in the East, where Lying is one of the fine arts, but was new in this country, we believe, and we hope to Heaven we shall not be the means of importing it.

An old clerk of his father's, now superannuated and pensioned off, had a son upon the stage in a very mean position. Once a year, however, and of course in the dog-days, he had a kind of benefit at his suburban theatre; that is to say, the manager allowed him to sell tickets, and take half the price of them. He persuaded Arthur to take some, and even to go to the theatre for an hour. The man played a little part, of a pompous sneak, with some approach to Nature. He seemed at home.

Arthur found this man out; visited him at his own place. He was very poor, and mingled pomposity with obsequiousness, so that Arthur felt convinced he was to be bought body and soul, what there was of him.

He sounded him accordingly, and the result

* NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—A Drama on this subject has been written by the Authors of the Story.

was that the man agreed to perform a part for him.

Arthur wrote it, and they rehearsed it together. As to the dialogue, that was so constructed, that it could be varied considerably according to the cues, which could be foreseen to a certain extent; but not precisely, since they were to be given by Helen Rolleston, who was not in the secret.

But, whilst this plot was fermenting, other events happened, with rather a contrary tendency, and these will be more intelligible if we go back to Nancy Rouse's cottage, where indeed we have kept Joseph Wylie in an uncomfortable position a very long time.

Mrs. James, from next door, was at last admitted into Nancy's kitchen, and her first word was, "I suppose you know what I'm come about, ma'am."

"Which it is to return me the sass-pan you borrowed, no doubt," was Nancy's ingenuous reply.

"No, ma'am. But I'll send my girl in with it, as soon as she have cleaned it, you may depend."

"Thank ye; I shall be glad to see it again."

"You're not afraid I shall steal it, I hope?"

"La, bless the woman, don't fly out at a body like that. I can't afford to give away my sass-pan."

"Sass-pans is not in my head."

"Nor in your hand, neither."

"I'm come about my lodger; a most respectable gentleman, which he have met with an accident. He did but go to put something away in the chimbley, which he is a curious gent, and has travelled a good deal, and learned the foreign customs, when his hand was caught in the brick-work, somehow, and there he is hard and fast."

"I know nothing about it, Mrs. James," said Nancy. "Do you, girl?"

"No," said the mite, with a countenance of polished granite.

"La, bless me!" said Nancy, with a sudden start. "Why, is she talking about the thief as you and I caught putting his hand through the wall into my room, and made him fast again the policeman comes round?"

"Thief!" cried Mrs. James: "no more a thief than I am. Why, sure you wouldn't ever be so cruel. Oh, dear!—oh, dear! Spite goes a far length. There, take an' kill me, do; and then you'll be easy in your mind. Ah, little my poor father thought as ever I should come down to letting lodgings, and being maltreated this way. I am——"

"Who is a maltreating of ye? Why you're dreaming. Have a drop o' gin."

"With them as takes the police to my lodger? It would choke me."

"Well, have a drop, and we'll see about it."

"You're very kind, ma'am, I'm sure. Heaven knows I need it. Here's wishing you a good husband; and towards burying all unkindness."

"Which you means drounding of it."

"Ah, you're never at a loss for a word, ma'am, and always in good spirits. But your troubles is to come. I'm a widdy. You will let me see what is the matter with my lodger, ma'am?"

"Why not? We'll all go and have a look at him."

Accordingly, the three women and the mite proceeded to the little room; Nancy turned the gas on, and then they inspected the imprisoned hand. Mrs. James screamed with dismay, and Nancy asked her drily whether she was to blame for seizing a hand which had committed a manifest trespass.

"You have got the rest of his body," said she, "but this here hand belongs to me."

"Lord, ma'am, what could he take out of your chimbley, without 'twas a handful of soot? Do pray let me loose him."

"Not till I have said two words to him."

"But how can you? He isn't here to speak to; only a morsel of him."

"I can go into your house and speak to him."

Mrs. James demurred to that; but Nancy stood firm: Mrs. James yielded. Nancy whispered her myrmidons, and, in a few minutes, was standing by the prisoner, a reverend person in dark spectacles, and a grey beard, that created commiseration, or would have done so, but that this stroke of ill-fortune had apparently fallen upon a great philosopher. He had contrived to get a seat under him, and was smoking a pipe with admirable sang froid.

At sight of Nancy, however, he made a slight motion, as if he would not object to follow his imprisoned hand through the party wall. It was only for a moment though; the next, he smoked imperturbably.

"Well, sir," said Nancy, "I hopes you are comfortable."

"Thank ye, miss; yes. I'm at a double sheet anchor."

"Why do you call me miss?"

"I don't know. Because you are so young and pretty."

"That will do. I only wanted to hear the sound of your voice, Joe Wylie." And with

the word she snatched his wig off with one hand, and his beard with the other, and revealed his true features to his astonished landlady.

"There, mum," said she, "I wish you joy of your lodger." She tapped the chimney three times with the poker, and telling Mr. Wylie she had a few words to say to him in private, retired for the present. Mrs. James sat down and mourned the wickedness of mankind, the loss of her lodger (who would now go bodily next door instead of sending his hand), and the better days she had by iteration brought herself to believe she had seen.

Wylie soon entered Nancy's house, and her first question was—"The £2000, how did you get them?"

"No matter how I got them," said Wylie, sulkily. "What have you done with them?"

"Put them away."

"That is all right. I'm blest if I didn't think they were gone for ever."

"I wish they had never come. Ill-gotten money is a curse." Then she taxed him with scuttling the Proserpine, and asked him whether that money had not been the bribe. But Joe was obdurate. "I never split on a friend," said he. "And you have nobody to blame but yourself, you wouldn't splice without £2000. I loved you: and I got it how I could. D'ye think a poor fellow like me can make £2000 in a voyage by hauling on ropes, and tying true lovers' knots in the foretop?"

Nancy had her answer ready: but this remembrance pricked her own conscience and paved the way to a reconciliation.

Nancy had no high flown notions. She loved money, but it must be got without palpable dishonesty; *per contra*, she was not going to denounce her sweetheart, but then again she would not marry him so long as he differed with her about the meaning of the eighth commandment

This led to many arguments, some of them warm, some affectionate, and so we leave Mr. Wylie under the slow but salutary influence of love and unpretending probity.

He continued to lodge next door. Nancy would only receive him as a visitor. "No," said she, "a little snapping and snarling is good for the health: but I don't care to take the bread out of a neighbour's mouth as keeps saying she have seen better days."

CHAPTER LXVII.

HELEN had complained to Arthur, of all people, that she was watched and followed; she even asked him whether that was not

the act of some enemy. Arthur smiled, and said, "Take my word for it, it is only some foolish admirer of your beauty; he wants to know your habits, in hopes of falling in with you; you had better let me go out with you for the next month or so; that sort of thing will soon die away."

As a necessary consequence of this injudicious revelation, Helen was watched with greater skill and subtlety, and upon a plan well calculated to disarm suspicion: a spy watched the door, and by a signal, unintelligible to any but his confederate, whom Helen could not possibly see, set the latter on her track.

They kept this game up unobserved for several days; but learned nothing, for Helen was at a standstill.

At last they got caught, and by a truly feminine stroke of observation.

A showily dressed man peeped into a shop where Helen was buying gloves.

With one glance of her woman's eye she recognised a large breast-pin in the worst possible taste; thence her eye went up and recognised the features of her seedy follower, though he was now dressed up to the nine.

She withdrew her eye directly, completed her purchase, and went home, brooding defence and vengeance.

That evening she dined with a lady, who had a large acquaintance with lawyers, and it so happened that Mr. Tollemache and Mr. Hennessy were both of the party.

Now, when these gentlemen saw Helen in full costume, a queen in form as well as face, coroneted with her island pearls, environed with a halo of romance, and courted by women as well as men, they looked up to her with astonishment, and made up to her in a very different style from that in which they had received her visit. Tollemache she received coldly; he had defended Robert Penfold feebly, and she hated him for it. Hennessy she received graciously, and remembering Robert's precept, to be supple as a woman, bewitched him. He was good-natured, able, and vain. By eleven o'clock she had enlisted him in her service. When she had conquered him, she said, slyly, "But I ought not to speak of these things to you except through a solicitor."

"That is the general rule," said the learned counsel; "but in this case no dark body must come between me and the sun."

In short, he entered into Penfold's case with such well-feigned warmth, to please the beautiful girl, that at last she took him by the horns and consulted.

"I am followed," said she.

"I have no doubt you are ; and on a large scale : if there is room for another I should be glad to join the train."

"Ha! ha! I'll save you the trouble. I'll meet you half way. But, to be serious, I am watched, spied, and followed by some enemy to that good friend, whose sacred cause we have undertaken. Forgive me for saying 'we.'"

"I am too proud of the companionship to let you off. 'We' is the word."

"Then advise me what to do. I want to retaliate. I want to discover who is watching me, and why. Can you advise me? Will you?"

The counsel reflected a moment, and Helen, who watched him, remarked the power that suddenly came into his countenance and brow.

"You must watch the spies. I have influence in Scotland Yard, and will get it done for you. If you went there yourself they would cross-examine you and decline to interfere. I'll go myself for you, and put it in a certain light. An able detective will call on you : give him ten guineas, and let him into your views in confidence : then he will work the public machinery for you."

"Oh, Mr. Hennessy, how can I thank you?"

"By succeeding. I hate to fail : and now your cause is mine."

Next day a man with a hooked nose, a keen black eye, and a solitary foible (Mosaic), called on Helen Rolleston, and told her he was to take her instructions. She told him she was watched, and thought it was done to baffle a mission she had undertaken : but, having got so far, she blushed and hesitated.

"The more you tell me, miss, the more use I can be," said Mr. Burt.

Thus encouraged, and also remembering Mr. Hennessy's advice, she gave Mr. Burt, as coldly as she could, an outline of Robert Penfold's case, and of the exertions she had made, and the small result.

Burt listened keenly, and took a note or two, and, when she had done, he told her something in return.

"Miss Rolleston," said he, "I am the officer that arrested Robert Penfold. It cost me a grinder that he knocked out."

"Oh dear!" said Helen, "how unfortunate! Then I fear I cannot reckon on your services."

"Why not, miss? What, do you think I hold spite against a poor fellow for defending him-

self? Besides, Mr. Penfold wrote me a very proper note : certainly, for a parson, the gent is a very quick bitter ; but he wrote very square ; said he hoped I would allow for the surprise and the agitation of an innocent man, sent me two guineas too, and said he would make it twenty ; but he was poor as well as unfortunate ; that letter has stuck in my gizzard ever since ; can't see the colour of felony in it. Your felon is never in a fault ; and, if he wears a good coat, he isn't given to show fight."

"It was very improper of him to strike you," said Helen, "and very noble of you to forgive it. Make him still more ashamed of it ; lay him under a deep obligation."

"If he is innocent, I'll try and prove it," said the Detective. He then asked her if she had taken notes. She said she had a diary. He begged to see it. She felt inclined to withhold it ; because of the comments ; but, remembering that this was womanish, and that Robert's orders to her were to be manly on such occasions, she produced her diary. Mr. Burt read it very carefully and told her it was a very promising case. "You have done a great deal more than you thought," he said. "*You have netted the fish.*"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"I ! NETTED the fish ! what fish?"

"The man who forged the promissory note."

"Oh Mr. Burt!"

"The same man that forged the newspaper extracts to deceive you, forged the promissory note years ago, and the man who is setting spies on you is the man who forged those extracts ; so we are sure to nail him. He is in the net ; and very much to your credit. Leave the rest to me. I'll tell you more about it to-morrow. You must order your carriage at one o'clock to-morrow, and drive down to Scotland-yard : go into the yard and you will see me ; follow me without a word. When you go back the other spies will be so frightened, they will go off to their employer and so we shall nail him."

Helen complied with these instructions strictly and then returned home, leaving Mr. Burt to work. She had been home about half-an-hour, when the servant brought her up a message saying that a man wanted to speak to her.

"Admit him," said Helen.

"He is dressed very poor, miss."

"Never mind ; send him to me."

She was afraid to reject anybody now, lest she might turn her back on information.

A man presented himself in well worn clothes, with a wash-leather face and close shaven chin; a little of his forehead was also shaven.

"Madam, my name is Hand."

Helen started.

"I have already had the honour of writing to you."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, eying him with fear and aversion.

"Madam, I am come"—(he hesitated) "I am an unfortunate man. Weighed down by remorse for a thoughtless act that has ruined an innocent man, and nearly cost my worthy employer his life, I come to expiate as far as in me lies. But let me be brief, and hurry over the tale of shame. I was a clerk at Wardlaw's office. A bill broker called Adams was talking to me and my fellow clerks, and boasting that nobody could take him in with a feigned signature. Bets were laid; our vanity was irritated by his pretension. It was my fortune to overhear my young master and his friend Robert Penfold speak about a loan of two thousand pounds. In an evil hour I listened to the tempter, and wrote a forged note for that amount. I took it to Mr. Penfold; he presented it to Adams, and it was cashed. I intended, of course, to call next day, and tell Mr. Penfold, and take him to Adams, and restore the money, and get back the note. It was not due for three months. Alas! that very day it fell under suspicion. Mr. Penfold was arrested. My young master was struck down with illness at his friend's guilt, though he never could be quite got to believe it; and I, miserable coward, dared not tell the truth. Ever since that day I have been a miserable man. The other day I came into money, and left Wardlaw's service. But I carry my remorse with me. Madam, I am come to tell the truth. I dare not tell it to Mr. Wardlaw; I think he would kill me. But I will tell it to you, and you can tell it to him; ay, tell it to all the world. Let my shame be as public as his whom I have injured so deeply; but, Heaven knows, unintentionally. I—I—I——"

Mr. Hand sank all in a heap, where he sat, and could say no more.

Helen's flesh crawled at this confession, and at the sight of this reptile, who owned that he had destroyed Robert Penfold in fear and cowardice. For a long time her wrath so overpowered all sense of pity, that she sat trembling; and if eyes could kill, Mr. Hand would not have outlived his confession.

At last she contrived to speak. She turned her head away not to see the wretch, and said, sternly,—

"Are you prepared to make this statement on paper if called on?"

Mr. Hand hesitated, but said "Yes."

"Then write down that Robert Penfold was innocent, and you are ready to prove it whenever you may be called upon."

"Write that down?" said Hand.

"Unless your penitence is feigned, you will."

"Sooner than that should be added to my crime I will avow all."

He then wrote the few lines she required.

"Now your address, that I may know where to find you at a moment's notice."

He then wrote "J. Hand, 11, Warwick Street Pimlico."

Helen then dismissed him, and wept bitterly. In that condition she was found by Arthur Wardlaw, who comforted her, and, on hearing her report of Hand's confession burst out into triumph, and reminded her he had always said Robert Penfold was innocent. "My father," said he, "must yield to this evidence, and we will lay it before the Secretary of State, and get his pardon."

"His pardon! when he is innocent!"

"Oh, that is the form; the only form. The rest must be done by the warm reception of his friends. I, for one, who all these years have maintained his innocence, will be the first to welcome him to my house, an honoured guest. What am I saying? Can I? dare I? ought I? when my wife— Ah! I am more to be pitied than my poor friend is: my friend, my rival. Well, I leave it to you whether he can come into your husband's house."

"Never."

"But, at least, I can send the Springbok out, and bring him home: and that I will do without one day's delay."

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Helen, "you set me an example of unselfishness."

"I do what I can," said Arthur. "I am no saint. I hope for a reward."

Helen sighed. "What shall I do?"

"Have pity on *me*! your faithful lover, and to whom your faith was plighted before ever you saw or knew my unhappy friend. What can I do or suffer more than I have done and suffered for you? My sweet Helen, have pity on me, and be my wife."

"I will; some day."

"Bless you: bless you. One effort more: what day?"

"I can't. I can't. My heart is dead."

"This day fortnight. Let me speak to your father: let him name the day."

As she made no reply, he kissed her hand devotedly, and did speak to her father.

Sir Edward, meaning all for the best, said, "This day fortnight."

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

SAILORS, farmers, old ladies, and the presumptuously weather-wise in general, have a firm belief in the moon as affecting the state of the atmosphere. The faith of the latter classes of believers must be of the superstitious order; it came from a dark age; their fathers indulged it, and they have inherited it. The mariner and the agriculturist, on the other hand, one might suppose to have derived their notions from experience and observation, but it happens that closer observers of meteorological phenomena than they have failed to detect the alleged strongly marked influences; and we are compelled to regard their faith also as traditional. In fact the influence which the moon exerts over the weather is as mythical as its influence over human life—its influence, for example, in determining the hour of death which is supposed to come with the change of tide, or its influence in producing insanity. It must, however, be admitted that the current theory as to the influence of the moon on the weather, has a greater air of antecedent probability than the popular notions as to its other influences.

It is easy to account for such a creed taking root in the minds of half-observant people in superstitious times. The belief in the power of the heavenly bodies to control or affect mundane affairs led to the ascription of certain properties to particular planets. One, bright and beautiful, was supposed to confer these characteristics; another, red and fiery, was associated with a belligerent agency, and so on. The moon was of all the lights of the firmament the most mutable, and the weather being the most changeable of earthly things, the two were connected, or rather the one was held to govern the other. Perhaps men's minds were deemed as capricious as the clouds; so their vagaries were likewise referred to lunar influence. A proof of some such mode of reasoning is afforded by the circumstance that changes of weather are associated with variations of the *aspect* of the moon, mere transitions from one state of illumination to another; as if the gradual passage from first quarter to second quarter, or from that to third,

could of itself upset an existing condition of the atmosphere; or as if the conjunction of the moon with the sun could invert the order of the winds, generate clouds and pour down rains. A moment's reasoning ought to show that the supposed cause and the observed effect have no necessary connection. In our climate the weather may be said to change at least every three days, and the moon changes—to retain the popular term—every seven days; so that the probability of a coincidence of these changes is very great indeed: when it occurs, the moon is sure to be credited with causing it. But a theory of this kind is of no use unless it can be shown to apply in every case; and, moreover, the change must always be in the same direction: to suppose that the moon can turn a fine day to a wet one, and a wet day to a fine morrow indiscriminately, is to make our luminary blow hot and cold with the same mouth, and to reduce the supposition to an absurdity.

If any marked connection existed between the state of the air and the aspect of the moon it must inevitably have forced itself unsought upon the attention of meteorologists. In the weekly return of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, issued by the Registrar-General, a table is given, showing all the meteorological elements for every day of the year, and a column is set apart for noting the changes and positions of the moon. These reports extend backwards nearly a quarter of a century. Here, then, is a repertory of data that ought to reveal at a glance any such connection, and would certainly have done so had it existed. But no constant relation between the moon columns and those containing the instrument readings has ever been traced. Our meteorological observatories furnish continuous and unbroken records of atmospheric variations, extending over long series of years: these afford still more abundant means for testing the validity of the lunar hypothesis. The collation has frequently been made for special points in the inquiry, and certainly *some* connection has been found to obtain between certain positions of the moon in her orbit and certain instrumental averages; but so small are the effects traceable to lunar influence, that they are almost inappreciable among the grosser irregularities that arise from other and as yet unexplained causes.

I will briefly summarise a few of the recent researches in this direction. But first, let us see theoretically what actions the moon can and may exert upon the atmospheric shell of our globe. Two effects must certainly be produced, to some degree, however slight. We see the

powerful agency of the moon in causing the tides of the ocean, and the inference is obvious that the more limpid sea of air around us is subject to the same tidal influence. This is one perturbing cause. Then the moon is a reflector or radiator of the sun's heat. The sun pours its beams upon the moon for an uninterrupted interval fourteen times as long as our day. It follows that the moon becomes considerably, if not intensely, heated; and since it is philosophically improbable that it can retain all the heat it receives, it must radiate it into space and a portion must come to the earth. This is the second perturbing cause.

So far, theory; now to fact. The first action would seem to be a considerable one: seeing the immense power of the moon over the waters, it would be reasonable to suppose that a correspondingly powerful influence would be exerted over the aerial ocean, and that strongly marked atmospheric tides would be the result. Observation, however, shows that such is not the case. The barometer may be called an atmospheric tide gauge: its readings are as soundings of the aerial sea. Some years ago Colonel Sabine instituted a series of barometric observations at St. Helena, to determine the variations of its indications from hour to hour of the lunar day. The greatest differences were found to occur between the times when the moon was on the meridian, and when it was six hours away from the meridian; in other words between atmospheric high tide and low tide. But the average of these differences amounted only to the four hundredth part of an inch on the instrument's scale; a quantity that no weather observer would heed, that none but the best barometers would show, and that can have no perceptible bearing on weather changes. The distance of the moon from the earth varies, as is well known, in consequence of the elliptical form of her orbit: this variation ought also to produce an effect upon the instrument's indications; but Colonel Sabine's analysis showed that it was next to insensible; the mean reading at apogee differing from that at perigee by only the two thousandth part of an inch. Schubler, a German meteorologist, had arrived at similarly negative results some years previously. Hence it appears that the great index of the weather is not sensibly affected by the state of the moon: the conclusion to be drawn with regard to the weather itself is obvious enough.

Direct experiments to ascertain the heat received from the moon have led to little that may be considered as positive evidence. When Melloni concentrated the lunar rays by a

burning-glass, two feet in diameter, a delicate thermometer placed in the focus showed no indication of an increase of temperature: the sun's rays, similarly condensed, melted platinum. Again, when Professor Smyth went to the top of Teneriffe to make astronomical experiments, he measured the moon's heat by a thermo-multiplier, and found that, although the luminary shone forth with a blinding brilliancy, the warmth of its rays was only equal to one-third of that received from a candle fifteen feet distant. The comparisons of long series of thermometric observations with various positions of the moon have, however, led to more conclusive results. Mr. Park Harrison has lately well-nigh exhausted this subject by turning to account every available record of continuous observations. The general conclusion at which he has arrived is, that the thermometer stands about two and a half degrees of Fahrenheit's scale higher at moon's first quarter than at moon's last quarter. It is evident from this that the state of illumination of the moon has no effect on terrestrial temperature, for, if it had, we should have the warmest weather at full moon instead of when the moon is young and her light feeble. The explanation of the anomaly has been briefly alluded to in these pages.* It is dark heat which comes from the moon. The maximum state of her insolation (heating by the sun) is attained when the largest surface has been continuously exposed to the sun for the longest duration of time. This occurs at third quarter, when the half-moon then illuminated has been subjected to solar heating for 265 hours. The warmth which she then gives off cannot, however, reach the earth; it is absorbed by the higher atmosphere; evaporation of the clouds in that region is furthered, and the sky is to some extent cleared. A clear night is colder than a cloudy one, because the earth's heat has an opportunity of passing away into space; and so it follows that the moon, by warming the upper air, cools the earth. Precisely opposite results occur at the period of minimum insolation of the moon, which happens at about first quarter.

Assuming Mr. Harrison's results to be correct deductions from observation—for it must be remarked that, in researches like these, very much depends upon the manner in which the observations are grouped together and treated for the elimination of other disturbing causes—we may expect to find conditions of cloud, wind, and rain depending upon this law

* See ONCE A WEEK, page 86.

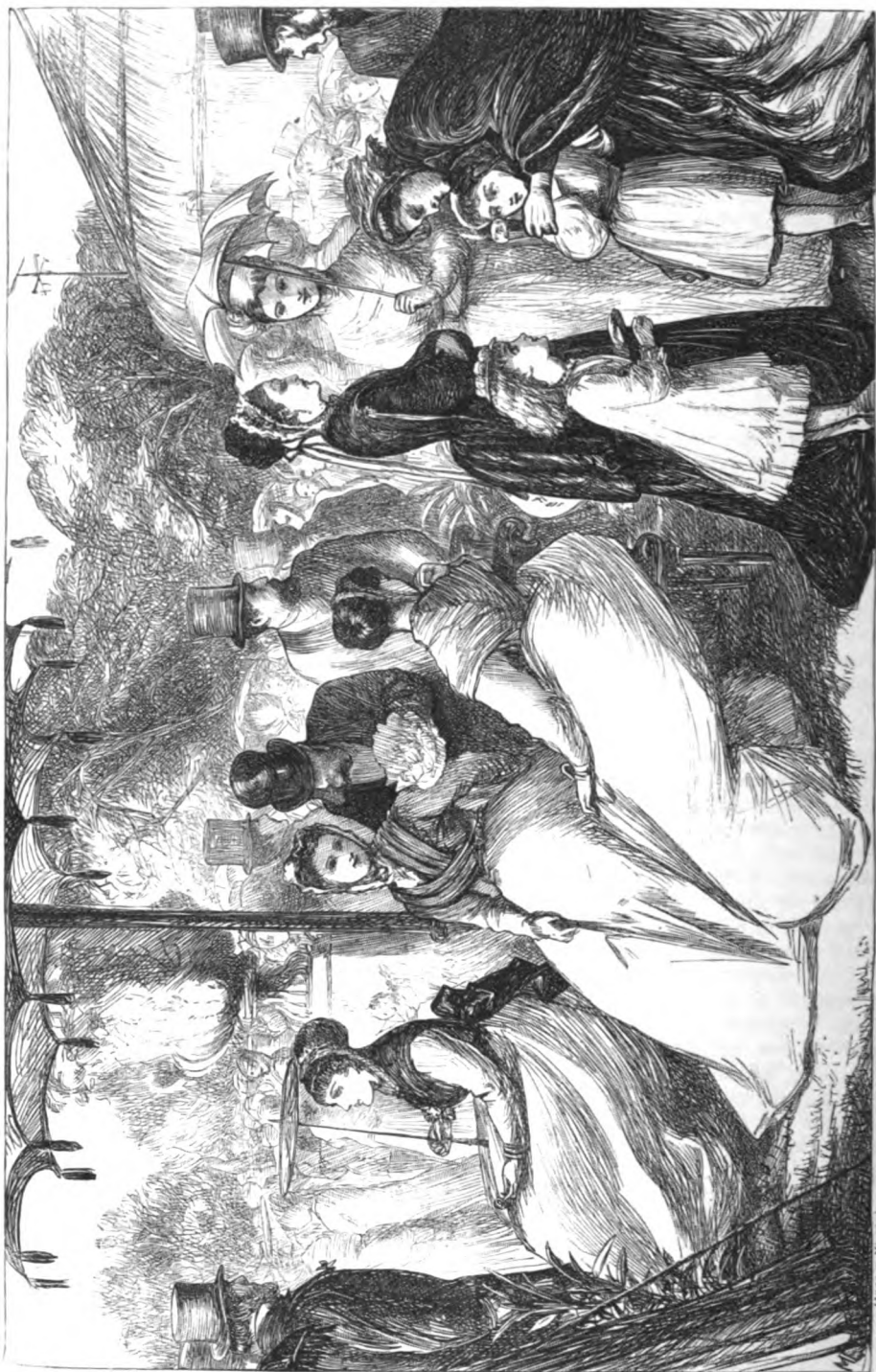
of change of temperature. In particular, we may look for the diminution of cloud alluded to as occurring at about the time of moon's third quarter. So far as I know, no comparisons have yet been made to settle this point, and it is, therefore, an open question. But the state of cloud at the time of *full* moon has been discussed. Herschel has insisted that there is a tendency of the full moon to disperse cloud; Humboldt has said the same thing; and Arago has reiterated the opinion. But a Greenwich observer has thought differently. The Royal Observatory at Greenwich is essentially a moon observatory: the moon is more observed there than at any other kindred establishment in the world, and no chance of securing an observation of her is ever missed. It had struck Mr. Ellis, the observer in question, as the result of years of moon-watching, that this tendency of the moon to disperse cloud was more apparent than real; the possible fact being that the bright full moon lights up and seemingly clears a sky that would, but for its presence, be called cloudy. He therefore collected the Greenwich cloud observations, made every two hours during seven years, and so arranged them as to bring out any such tendency if it existed. His results unmistakably showed that, so far from the time of full moon being the clearest, it is really the most cloudy period of the whole lunation.

The relation of the age of the moon to the direction of the wind was recently made the subject of a searching investigation by Mr. Glaisher. Seven years' unbroken record of the wind, obtained by a self-registering anemometer, were employed in the comparison; and it came out that the duration of what may be called warm winds (*i.e.*, winds from the west side of the N. and S. line) is greater in the first than in the second half of a lunation, in the proportion of about 10 to 9; and that the duration of cold winds (winds from the east side of the N. and S. line) is greater in the second than in the first half of a lunation, in the proportion of about 6 to 5. If the circle of the horizon be divided in the east and west direction, the results show more north than south winds during the waxing, and more south than north winds during the waning moon. The preponderance in every case is very small, and proves the insignificance of the influence producing it. The differences of wind may be a cause, or may be a consequence of the differences of temperature already alluded to, or the two phenomena may be interdependent. At present we can only collect meteorological facts; whether these will ever

be connected to form laws, future, and I fear, distant ages must determine.

When we turn from wind to rain we find the same dim indications of lunar influences. The German, Schubler, before referred to, indeed found that more rainy days occurred at Munich, Stuttgart, and Augsburg, during the first half of a lunation than during the second; but the proportion was only as 6 to 5, and all his observations are liable to the doubt attaching to the definition of a rainy day. Another deduction, which has been borne out by other observers, was that rather more rain falls when the moon is in perigee than in apogee. Then there has prevailed a more or less popular belief that more rain falls at the changes of the moon than on the intermediate days. If such were the case the fact ought surely to manifest itself in the pluvius districts of India. Mr. Hennessey, one of the staff of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey, however, has tabulated thirteen years' records of rainfall at Mussoorie, and finds that the average daily fall at the changes of the moon is really less by about 12 per cent. than the average fall on the intermediate days. So this fallacy is also disproved. Mr. Hennessey's deductions are fully corroborated by Mr. Dines, who has lately communicated to the Meteorological Society the evidence derived from the examination of a register of rainfall kept for more than forty years at Cobham Lodge, in Surrey. He had set down side by side the dates of rainfall, and the position and changes of the moon, and had rigorously compared them to trace out any occult relation. But he is obliged to confess that his collation left him with the decided opinion that the fall of rain is in no way influenced by the position of the moon, or by the moon's age. After the promulgation of such facts as these, who shall dare to say that the weather will alter at the next change of moon?

Having thus reviewed the best evidence that is procurable in the case, I think that there is no alternative but to acquit the moon of the charges brought against her as a disturber of the weather. I have said nothing about lunar halos, coronæ, rainbows, coloured moons, and the like, because I take it for granted that every one knows that those appearances are caused by the vapoury or aqueous condition of the atmosphere. Without a doubt they are legitimate prognostics of change of weather, but the moon in them is not the agent but the thing acted upon; her light revealing a mist, or making manifest a state of atmospheric dryness that, but for her presence in the sky, would pass unobserved.



June 13, 1868.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

Once a Week.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

LET me read the songs of a nation, and let who will read its history. Such would bemy version of that other celebrated saying. Poets, before they write the songs of a people, must read them in its heart: but so read and so written they are its truest history. The mirrored image instead of the verbal description. A series of struggles is the history of the Scots; for national independence; for the predominance of their views of religious truth; for material prosperity; and the story of these struggles their songs tell well. From the time of the Bruce to that of the Stuart, their fierce patriotism flames in them. It is curious to observe how, in the genuine Jacobite lyrics, this spirit takes the place that in the modern ones is given to the Bonnie Prince Charlie sentiment. Their psalms and their hymns show the religious life of the nation in a purity and an elevation which make us forgive and forget the bigotry that has often narrowed and distorted it. And never since (a blessing in form of a curse) labour came on earth, has it walked hand and hand with song as in Scotland.

So far the outward life of the nation: but when the thistle opens its prickly sheath and shows its rich glowing heart,—when we enter the penetralia of the treasury of Scottish song, and see the stores of gaiety, fancy, feeling, passion, and enthusiasm which it contains, we are astonished, and but for the language could scarce believe these to be the songs of the nation we thought so hard and so cold. That “harp of a thousand strings,” the human heart, has no tone with which some Scottish song is not attuned. And there are such multitudes of them. Besides the stars of which we know nothing but that they shine, there might be a long list written merely of the names of the poets whose songs form constellations around the full orb'd light of him who thought that the muse who came to him at the ingle cheek gave him but to reign over a narrow district, when over broad Scotland she crowned him king of song. When we think of them, more and more rush into the memory; as when the shepherd of old (he was a blind ballad singer afterwards), gazing upon the starry firmament, saw æther, as it were, expand itself, and reveal myriads of splendours, so that his heart rejoiced.

Burns's songs to Highland Mary show among his others like statues in a gallery of paintings. No glow of passion tinges them; no colouring of fancy. In them there is nothing of the

magic by which he makes other women live before us. Not at all to us are spoken the few sad, simple words that tell of the pale image that with ever-closed eyes lies in his bosom's core. We can hardly realise to ourselves the happy time when *The Highland Lassie* and *Will you gang to the Indies, my Mary?* were written. Always we feel the shadow of the time when after the simple romantic vow which they made, their right hands holding the Bible, their left dipped in the gurgling Ayr, Robert Burns and Mary Campbell parted, as they thought for a few days, and met no more until they had crossed a deeper, darker river. Face to face they met no more, but surely soul met soul on that night when “one bright planet like another moon,” shone over the stack-yard where the greatest man then in Scotland was “lowly laid,” his large heart full nigh to bursting of love and sorrow. One likes to think of the simple kindly wife coming out again and again, and seeking in love, not in jealousy, to win him from his grief; and of his telling afterwards of how *Mary in Heaven* was written. We cannot wish that Mary Campbell had filled Jean Armour's place; we cannot even fancy a fitter mate for Burns than the erring, forgiving, generous woman who bore his name, and who filled his heart as no other woman ever did. That she did so, every word that he speaks of her shows, from the first, when “it warmed him and charmed him to mention but her name;” to the last, when he speaks of his daughter lying dead in her arms. Nowhere does he show such black despair as in his lament for their separation; nowhere such passionate rapture as in the strains that celebrate their reunion.

The fine fancy in one of the songs which he, with queer pathetic reticence, says were “written in compliment to Mrs. Burns,” (*Of a' the airts the wind can blow,*) has often been repeated in Scottish poetry, and, I suppose, in the poetry of all nations since first winds blew, and men and women loved and parted. There is a very beautiful instance in the old ballad, *Willie's Drowned in Yarrow*:—

O gentle wind that bloweth south,
Frae where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth.

She bids it to entreat him to come to her, to tell him how beautiful the country is now that the birds are singing in the full-leaved trees. Though she does say, “Willie hecht to marry me gin e'er he married ony,” she does not appear to expect that love alone will bring him;

nor does this seem greatly to trouble her. She is one who could give her whole heart and ask little in return. Neglect, ill-usage, desertion, or shame, she seems half prepared for, and might, perhaps, have borne. Anything but what is told, but not by herself, in the last verse. "In the cleaving of a crag she found him, drowned in Yarrow."

Her tender, fragile nature cannot have suffered long before finding the rest of death; but to the pain which that song of Motherwell's, *My heid is like to rend*, gives, there is no such alleviation. Here the bitterness of death is tasted by drops. It is terrible to see the waves, now of the despair that stuns, now of the anguish that rends heart and brain, break over this nature; so fine to feel pain, so strong to suffer it. To see it overwhelmed and wrenched asunder by sheer might of agony.

It's vain to comfort me, Willie;
Sair grief maun hae its will;
But let me rest upon your breast,
To sob and greet my fill. . . .
Aye, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair;
Or it will burst the silken twine
Sae strong in its despair!

And there is a song that comes from a lower depth of woe than this—*Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament*. Think of what a woman must have suffered before she could utter this wish, and this fear:—

Lie still, my babie, sleep awhile,
And when thou wakest sweetly smile;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid!
Alack! I fear thou wilt gae near
Thy father's face and heart to bear.

It is pleasant to turn to a happy mother, and, while, "like a star upon her bosom, lies his beautiful and shining golden head," to hear her sing to her babe,—

My blessing upon thy bonnie sweet lippie,
My blessing upon thy bonnie ee bree;
Thy smiles are so like my blithe soldier laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me.

Pleasant to hear of the ordinary troubles of motherhood, and of their rich recompense.

Wearied is the mither that has a stowrie wean,
A wee stumpit stoucie that canna rin his lane;
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee,
But ae kiss frae his rosy lips gives aye new strength to me.

I forget just now who it was that called *There's kames o' hinny 'twixt my love's lips*, the finest love song that ever was written. One of the finest songs it certainly is. The

picture of the pure and lovely lady, too high for hope, but not too high for love, is perfect.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip or semple lip
Maun touch her lady mou.
Her bonnie ee bree is a holy arch,
Cast by nae earthly han';
And the breath o' Heaven is atween the lips
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

For an ordinary lover to say,—

The morning cloud is tasselt wi' gowd,
Like my love's broidered cap,

instead of at least comparing the cap to the cloud, would be rather hyperbolical; but in this poor nympholept it is simple sooth. Still, the love is manifestly of an exceptional sort, and it will not do to call the song which is its expression, the highest type of the perfection of its class.

The great master singer thought *Yestreen I gat a pint o' wine* his own finest love song, but few will agree with Burns, even for the sake of the two exquisite lines:—

Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine,
The gowden locks o' Anna.

Besides, nothing can make up for the absence of the two little words *me* and *thee*. Over and over again they are in the song which I think the finest, *Ae fond kiss before we sever*. I only wish it had been written of some one else. Of all the bead-roll of Burns's love affairs that with Clarinda is least to my taste. But this is not Clarinda, it is "my Nancy." What began in folly has ended in tears, and the song is steeped in them: broken with sighs, sobs, and woeful farewell kisses.

Where there is so much to admire it is an ungracious thing to find fault; but there is one part of the Scottish anthology which I could gladly see weeded. Women have from of old appointed poets to be their attorneys to speak for them in love cases, but it is not every "great lubberly boy" that ought to attempt to show Rosalind in "a more coming on humour." Not even to every poet is it given. There are songs of Ramsay's, for writing which I think his lassie must have boxed his ears at their next tryst. Yet, after all, I hope she did it "gently and as if she loved him;" not forgetting that he wrote that most beautiful, that only pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*. The very name of pastoral poetry has grown odious to the ear, but shepherd's life in these songs is as fresh and fair as it was in the days when the fugitive Israelite drew water for the flocks of the priest of Midian's daughters. And it has a

deeper interest ; that of hardships endured and of dangers overcome. Even on the sunny brae by the summer shieling we cannot forget that enemy, than wild beasts more dreadful by far, the winter snow. Then, too, instead of the over-worn, vulgarised crook, the pastoral song of the north has the plaid. But if I were to write of the songs that belong to the plaid, that tell of those whom it has sheltered from the cauld blast o' the lea in winter, and from the summer dews at the waukin' o' the fauld, I should never have done.

Scottish song is a flower that blooms not only by the path of shepherds, but also by every common path of life : wherever the sun of love shines.

Muckle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel,

the fisher-girl sings : and the artisan—

I'll row my apron up, and leave the reeky town,
And meet thee, bonnie lassie, when the sun gaes down.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land—from farm, cottage, workshop, coal-pit, hill-side, foot and highway—come songs that echo theirs ; and oh, after reading *Love in Idleness*, the wire-drawn three-volume novel, it is delightful to pore over songs like engraved gems, that tell of love the lightener of toil, love the sweetener of rest.

I wonder what do mistresses who allow no followers think of the beautiful idyls of love in servant life with which Scottish song abounds. The following picture (from *The Yellow-haired Laddie*) is not new to them—

My mistress cries butt the house, "Jenny come ben,
The cheese is to mak' an' the butter's to kirk."
Though butter and cheese an' a' should gang sour,
I'll crack an' I'll kiss wi' my love a half hour ;
It's but a half hour, and we'll mak it three.

And when Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands, what after all was an hour and a half? Besides, there may not be many such half hours to come. Not soldiers, not sailors, are more subject to the pain of parting than servants are,—farm servants especially, on account of the practice of employing a greater number of them in the summer months than in winter. It was when "Martinmas dowre had wound up the year" that *Lucy's flittin* came. But even the shadow of approaching death that rests upon this song is not as terrible as the meeting which, in another of his songs, Laidlaw tells of. A poor girl goes to the hiring fair in the hope that she and her lover may again obtain places together :

He never would see me in ony a place,
At last I gaed up and just smiled in his face ;
I wonder aye yet my heart brak nae in twa,
He just said, "How are ye?" and steppit awa.

It has been of incalculable advantage to the literature of Scotland that her peasants and artisans can write in their mother tongue, instead of having, like those of other countries, to learn the language of books. That this is so may be seen by comparing their Scottish with their English compositions. To men of all ranks, too, the circumstance of having two dialects to choose words from, gives great facility. This, I think, is in part the cause of the wonderful richness, ease and lightness, of the diction of these songs. In the comic ones, especially, the ideas and words are packed as tightly as figs in a drum, and still they run as trippingly off the tongue as nonsense verses. Take, for example, the silly weaver's courtship :

At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing ;
When she sat down he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing ;
Where'er she gaed, baith butt and ben,
The coof would never leave her,
Aye kecklin like a clockin hen ;—
But Jenny dang the weaver.

The descriptions of the suitors in *Jenny's Bawbee* are still better ; and the sweeping generalizations by which in the attempt at counting them Tibby Fowler's wooers are classified, best of all : especially the phrase "twenty head about the door," which might be a study for Wordsworth's celebrated cattle piece, "Forty feeding like one,"—individual characteristics are so swallowed up in those of the species. The old songs are particularly full of these verbal felicities. The modernised versions (except those by Burns) are scarcely ever improvements. *Annie Laurie* has not been marred as much as some others ; but neither has it been mended, though the new version is smoother. "Where bonnie Annie Laurie gied me her promise true" is indeed inferior to "Where me and Annie Laurie made up the promise true." The description of the modern Annie might be that of any pretty blue-eyed girl ; but the old rude lines put before our eyes the deep-bosomed, fine-waisted beauty, with her resplendent eyes, proud bearing, and rich robes sweeping the ground.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel nicht span.
Her waist you weel nicht span,
And she has a rolling e'e :
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

It is rather a remarkable fact that the stern Scots should have the largest and most varied collection of convivial songs of any people, but it is not strange that the literature of a nation of wanderers should be so rich in songs of parting and of home sickness. Cunningham's *Hame! Hame! Hame!* rings in the ears for days after hearing it sung. From many a far-off land these songs come—beautiful exceedingly they are; and even more sad than beautiful; but not so sad, after all, as the songs that tell of the heart-sickness of those that are left behind at home.

Oh, lang, lang is the travel to the bonnie pier of Leith!
Oh, dreich it is to gang on foot wi' the snawdrift in the teeth!

And oh, the cauld wind froze the tear that gathered in my e'e,
When I gaed there to see my love embark for Germanie.

There is another song, *The Lawlands o' Holland*, as drearily desolate—as wild in its despair as was the wintry sea that widowed the woman who made it.

There are songs (Susanna Blamire's *Nabob* for one) that tell of returnings as sad well nigh as any partings. Songs, too, of returnings whose whirl of dizzy rapture would be too much to bear but for the relief of joyful tears. There has been some controversy as to whether *There is nae luck about the House*, were written by William Mickle or by Jean Adams. I incline to the latter opinion, partly, I confess, because I like to think that it is the harvest of the quiet eye of the lonely schoolmistress in the busy seaport town, but chiefly from internal evidence. The lines that relate to the feast that was to be prepared, "for wha can tell how Colin fared when he was far awa'," might have been written either by a man or by a woman; but a man could scarcely have known that the first thought of a woman upon hearing of her husband's return after a long absence, would be to dress herself and her children in their best. Not at all from vanity, but because she knew that having been "lang awa'," and being "baith leal and true," his fancy had painted home, wife, and bairns, in the brightest colours, and she would not that the reality should fall below that picture.

There might be a very interesting book written about the poetesses of Scotland. A Christmas book it ought to be, with pretty pictures. One of Lady Grizzel Cochrane sitting up at night to starch her father's and brother's bands and ruffles; and giving a few touches to *Were nae my heart licht I would dee* while her smoothing-irons were heating.

Another of Lady Ann Bothwell in her little turret chamber consulting her little sister anent the misfortunes with which she should load the wife of *Auld Robin Gray*. And, in sad contrast to these, one of the poor beauty, artist and poet, who wrote *O'er the moors among the heather*, in her tinsel finery, standing with a tambourine at a show-room door; for all her hardships and her wandering life, "the bravest woman that ever steppit in leather shoon."

I have heard that most pathetic song, *The Flowers o' the Forest*, (written by a woman to express the feelings of women,) censured as deficient in passionate grief. But Miss Elliot, whether guided by the art of the critic or the instinct of the poet, was right in putting the lament for the common loss in the mouths of girls too young fully to feel it. The older women are too absorbed in their individual griefs to feel it at all. There is something exceedingly pathetic in the innocent triviality of the details of the threnody which these fresh young voices chant. Like children whose light-heartedness is weighed down by the depressing atmosphere of a house of sickness, they are sorry, and tired of being sorry. Yet silly poor things as they are, still they are of the blood of Robert Bruce, and of Robert Burns. The last verse of the song rises to the very trumpet tone of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers o' the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

LADY CHRISTIAN ACLAND.

DURING the great civil war between Britain and her American colonies, few circumstances attracted more attention at the time than the adventures of Lady Christian Acland (wife of an officer of the 20th Regiment), whose affectionate solicitude for her husband's safety, endurance of hardship, and courage in the face of peril, made her the idol of General Burgoyne's unfortunate army, the theme of praise in the Poet's corner of many an old periodical, and the heroine of a deep though now-forgotten interest. It should be borne in mind that, though figuring in the scenes about to be narrated, she was a woman of delicate form, of gentle nature, and high birth.

A reference to the peerage shows that early

in their youth there were married at Redlynch Park, Somersetshire, in the November of 1770, John Dyke Acland, of Pixton (eldest son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart., of Killerton and Holnicote), and the Lady Christian Henrietta Caroline Fox, fourth daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester. The bridegroom's mother was the heiress of the Dykes of Tetton in the county, and hence his second name. Four years after his marriage, John Dyke Acland, inspired by a desire for military distinction, and undeterred by his domestic ties, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 33rd Regiment, from which he was speedily promoted, for he was major of the 20th (recently Kingsley's) Foot, the veterans of Minden and the Seven Years' war, when he embarked with that corps for Canada in 1776, to assist in the relief of Quebec. Lady Christian accompanied her husband, whose regiment, with ten other corps of Infantry, all so weak that they mustered only some seven thousand bayonets, began the campaign of that year under Lieutenant General Sir Guy Carleton, K.B., and, in common with the troops, she endured the most severe extremities of cold, wet, and hunger, while traversing a vast extent of wild country, till the Americans raised the siege of Quebec, made a precipitate retreat, and, from various posts occupied by them in Canada, were driven over the frontier into the United States. After this, her husband's regiment was stationed in the pleasant little Isle aux Noix at the north end of the beautiful lake Champlain, where they passed the winter.

When, in the spring of 1777, the 20th, under Lieutenant Colonel Lind, was selected to form part of the expedition under General John Burgoyne for the reduction of Ticonderoga, Lady Christian resolved to accompany her husband on board the armed flotilla; but, as a severe engagement was expected, he insisted upon her remaining at the Isle of Nuts till the affair was decided, and they parted with mournful forebodings. After an easy voyage down the lake, the troops landed at Crown Point, whence the march began against the great fortress which had been surprised two years before by Colonels Allen and Arnold, and which the Americans now abandoned without attempting to make a defence. Re-embarking in the gunboats, Acland's regiment sailed further down the lake; and on the afternoon of the 6th July, with the 9th and Scots Fusiliers, landed near Skenesborough, and made a toilsome detour among the hills to outflank a stockaded fort, which the Americans set on fire and

abandoned, with the loss of thirty prisoners. The regiment pursued a portion of the fugitives as far as Castletown, where, at last, the colonists made a stand, and a sharp fight ensued, in which they suffered severely. Major Acland was severely wounded, and Lady Christian, who had been all this time, with the other ladies of the army, at the Isle aux Noix, became so filled with alarm and anxiety, that, despite the arguments of those around her, she resolved to proceed to the front, to rejoin him at all hazards, and become his nurse. No suggestions could console, no arguments restrain her. Amid tempestuous weather, though the season was summer, by the proffer of a large reward, she prevailed upon four boatmen to take her across the lake to a point near the place where her husband lay wounded; and, at the risk of their lives, the faithful Canadians did so. She discovered Major Acland in a poor American log-house, and there tended and nursed him until he was well enough to rejoin the 20th, when the army again advanced. At Fort Edward, a village consisting then of some twenty log-huts on the eastern bank of the Hudson, she purchased, or had constructed under her own eye, a kind of vehicle, which was fashioned by two artillery gunners out of an old tumbril, or ammunition cart; and in this impromptu carriage she resolved to follow throughout the campaign the fortunes of her husband, who could by no entreaties prevail upon her to remain in the rear, or in a place of safety.

The flank companies of Frazer's Brigade, consisting of the Grenadiers and Light Infantry, being now placed under the command of Major Acland, he was employed without intermission on out-post duty, in skirmishing and harassing the rear of the retiring Americans; and so incessant was the perilous work, that his officers and their men had never their uniforms off, but slept in their bivouacs booted and belted.

During a halt at this time, it chanced that a miserable hut or tent of branches, in which Major Acland and his wife had taken shelter for the night, caught fire, and they were both in danger of suffocation. "An orderly sergeant of the Grenadiers," states an old magazine of the time, "with great hazard dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It proved to be the colonel." It happened at the same instant that Lady Acland, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape by creeping out under the

* He was colonel of the Devonshire militia.

back part of the tent, where the first object she saw was the colonel on the other side plunging into the fire in search of her. The sergeant again saved his officer, but not till he was severely burned in his face, and in different parts of his body. Everything they had with them in the tent was consumed."

As our troops advanced, the more wary Americans retreated; the country became a wilderness full of retarding obstructions, and the formation of no less than forty new bridges, with the repair of others, became necessary; while one was formed of logs, two miles in length, to enable the army to cross a morass! Yet on toiled our stubborn British Infantry, in their quaint, old-fashioned regimentals, with square skirts buttoned back, their pipeclayed breeches and black leggings, long queues and kevenhuller hats; while the keen American riflemen, and the treacherous Indian with war-paint, plume, and hunting-shirt, used by turns the tomahawk, the knife, and the bullet, as they hovered on their flanks.

On the 30th July, Burgoyne, who, though a tolerable writer of dramas, was an indifferent general, and who was simply being lured on to his destruction, halted on the banks of the Hudson, in the heart of the revolted provinces, where he was deserted by the Red Indians and many Canadian volunteers. Difficulties surrounded him on every hand, the haversacks of the soldiers were empty, and starvation menaced them daily, till the middle of September, when the river was crossed, and on the 19th and 20th ensued the battle of Stillwater, when Major Acland again led the flank companies into action. Lady Christian remained at a small abandoned hut, which she had discovered in the rear of the field, the terrors of which she could see at a little distance. During the whole engagement, the poor wife in her hut heard the din of the cannonading and the musketry: she had seen the wounded and the dying borne past her, or crawling to the rear. A thousand episodes of horror and affright had been before her. She knew that the post of her husband, as leader of the flank companies, was one of the greatest risk; and, every moment, she had the terrible expectation of seeing him brought in wounded, maimed, it might be a shattered corpse! In the hut she was joined by three other ladies, who, in their intense anxiety, had come up from the rear. These were the wives of Baron Reidesdel, a Hessian officer, of Major Henry Harnage, of the 62nd Foot, and of Lieutenant Thomas Reynell. But the presence of these poor

women only added to her growing terrors, as news was soon brought by the retiring sufferers, that Major Harnage had fallen severely wounded; that Lieutenant Reynell had been shot through the head and killed on the spot. The tears and despair of her companions added to her disquietude and grief; and Lady Christian had the mortification to see, ere long, the hut in which she had taken shelter crowded to the door with wounded and suffering soldiers, sent there by the Staff Surgeons for attendance; and a climax was nearly put to her misery, when two grenadiers of the 20th, the old regiment of Wolfe and of Kingsley, bore in between them one whom she supposed to be her husband, but who proved to be Major Harnage, of the 62nd, severely wounded and covered with blood. He survived, however, to be colonel of the old 104th, in 1782.

Nearly a month was to elapse ere husband and wife saw each other again, for, though wounded, Acland remained at the head of the flank companies. After the action at Stillwater, the armies remained so near each other that the firing occurred daily and nightly; and many were the concerted attacks made upon the out-posts under Acland.

On the 7th October ensued the engagement before the retreat to Saratoga, when 16,000 Americans, under General Horatio Gates, surrounded Burgoyne's little force, consisting of only 3500 men, famine stricken, worn-out with toil, incessant fighting, and being now without horses or baggage. Lady Christian and her three companions, without a tent or hut, and bivouacked on the bare ground, among the sick and wounded, were spectators of that hopeless conflict. Major Acland, at the head of the Grenadiers, covered the left wing of the British. He sustained a fierce attack from a vast column of Americans, whose amplitude of front enabled them to engage the whole line of our Hessian Infantry. The 24th regiment advancing as a support, had, in the end, to give way; and in the dusk of the autumn evening, Lady Christian, who had all day been hovering near the field, exposed to peril and privation, learned that the troops were falling back on every hand; that Brigadier Frazer was expiring of a mortal wound, that Sir Francis Carr Clarke, bart., Burgoyne's favourite aid-de-camp, had been killed by his side, and that her husband had been severely—rumour said mortally—wounded, and taken prisoner by the flushed and exulting Americans! She passed the night among the discomfited troops in the vicinity of that disastrous field.

Next day lady Christian hastened to general Burgoyne and implored him "to afford her such assistance as would enable her to pass over to the enemy's camp, that she might join her wounded husband, and to obtain the permission of general Gates for this purpose." Though her patience, fortitude, and tenderness were not unknown to Burgoyne, he was surprised and perplexed by this proposal at such a time, for the suppliant was in a situation requiring for herself the most tender care; moreover, she had been for many days and nights drenched by the autumnal rains in the open bivouacs, and had frequently been without food and the most common necessities of life; and for a delicate woman, on the eve of becoming a mother, to leave the camp at night, to pass through a hostile district swarming with discontented Indians, Canadian deserters, lawless colonists, and desperadoes of every kind, seemed to him "an effort above human nature." But she was resolved to brave all and to proceed; then touched with admiration by her courage and constancy, Mr. Brudenel, the chaplain, offered to accompany her, together with a female servant and the major's valet, a private soldier of the 20th regiment.

An open boat was procured for her; a little ration of rum and water was given to her in a canteen, and furnished with a letter from General Burgoyne to General Gates, the poor wife set out on her loving pilgrimage. The night was bitterly cold and miserable, and in the dark the little craft was rowed down the Hudson by Mr. Brudenel and the soldier, until they came within hail of the American picquets, where the advanced sentinels threatened to fire upon them if they proceeded further, and, at the same time, roughly refused all permission to land. In moving terms the chaplain urged that he was a man of peace and the bearer of a flag of truce; in vain he told them who his companion was, her situation and her purpose; but apprehensions of treachery made the American officer commanding the outpost obdurate, and he threatened that if they either attempted to land or to row away, he would sink them; so for *seven hours* of a dark night, she remained upon the chill river, in this painful dilemma, till day broke, when she was permitted to come ashore, but in a most deplorable condition. The American officer was touched by her appearance, and instantly conducted her to General Gates, who received her with all the politeness and humanity her merits, rank, and character deserved; and through the lines of the American army, amid thousands of curious

eyes, she was led with respect, to the tent where her husband was lying wounded on a heap of straw.

All her sufferings were rewarded then. Her mind rose superior to all the difficulties and privations which surrounded her, and she nursed him with all that tenderness which seldom fails in producing a happy effect, when ministered by the loving hands of a wife or mother, and she was both now; for amid those turmoils and terrors two children were born to them, John Acland, who succeeded for a brief time to the baronetcy, and Elizabeth Kitty, who died countess of Carnarvon in 1831.

While she and her husband were in the hands of the Americans, Burgoyne's army agreed to lay down their arms at Saratoga, on condition of being sent to Britain and of not serving during the war; but this treaty was violated, and the troops were detained in the United States; thus Acland's corps, the 20th, did not land again in England until the year 1781, when it was ordered by the king to style itself the East Devonshire Regiment.

The wounds and sufferings he had undergone during the American contest, so greatly impaired the constitution of Major Acland, that he died in the October of the year subsequent to the capitulation at Saratoga; but lady Christian survived him, and after thirty years of widowhood, died in 1815, having survived to see the great European struggle that ended on the plains of Waterloo.

TABLE TALK.

ILLUMINATING Gas has many impurities, of which perhaps the most objectionable is sulphur. Some very careful tests have recently been made, by Mr. Valentin, of the Royal College of Chemistry, to ascertain the amount of this noxious substance evolved in the combustion of given quantities of the gas supplied by various companies; and it has followed that the purest samples give as much as from 20 to 30 grains of sulphur for every 100 cubic feet consumed. An ordinary fish-tail jet may be said to burn 5 cubic feet an hour; from this, and an inspection of his gas bills, paterfamilias may compute the quantity of brimstone that he diffuses through the atmosphere of his house in the course of a year. He will find, for instance, that a four-light gaselier lighted during an average of two hours a night all the year round, will, in the course of the twelve-months, yield about half a pound of sulphur, in the form of sulphuric and sulphurous

acids, to vitiate the air he breathes and destroy his household gods. Here is an argument for lamp and candle makers.

WHEN Jupiter Tonans hurls his bolts about our heads, as he has lately done with unusual vigour, we cast our eyes above and around to see if we are in the neighbourhood of a lightning conductor, and if we see one, even at a distance, think ourselves safe. But very erroneous notions are popularly entertained as to the area over which these armatures extend their protecting influence. There have been many instances in which buildings furnished with a conductor at one point, have been struck at another. A powder magazine at Purfleet was thus injured a century ago. The question of the sphere of protection has not received all the attention it deserves, but it has not been utterly neglected. It is generally accepted as an axiom, that the preserving action of a lightning rod extends all around it to a horizontal distance equal to twice the height of the rod above the roof or other object to which it is fixed. So that, if a rod stands 20 feet above a stack of chimneys, it will only cover such buildings as are within 40 feet of it, and on a level with its fixing point. This is little enough to show how small is the protection we are likely to receive from a neighbouring paratonnerre.

THE Horse Show at Islington is always interesting, and presented this year, as usual, a wide range of study in human and equine nature. Beginning at the end of the Derby

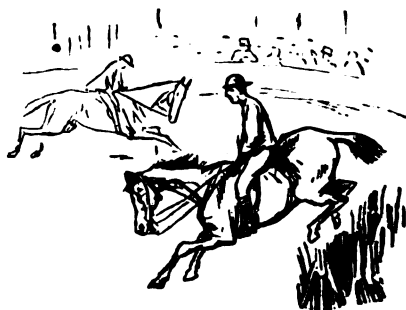


week, town and country people are both represented—though I think the country element prevails generally. The languid London swell, with pale face, and paler gloves, and irreproachable toilet, feels he is scarcely appreciated at the Show, and dawdles away till dinner-time. There are country squires, and M.F.H.'s, and cheery hunting men, standing about in little groups, discussing the exciting events of the past week, and studying the present entries in the catalogue. Close to the ring are to be found tall, hard-featured Yorkshire men, breakers and trainers; and here and there, under the gallery, a pony makes a sensation

by kicking and plunging in his stall, resisting the attempts of visitors to pet him, or examine



his points. Of course there are stable boys and grooms of all sorts—from John, who looks after the garden, and does the pony and chaise, to the severe and solemn-looking person known as his lordship's stud-groom. The park hacks and ladies' horses, and numerous classes of hunters, were the chief objects of interest on the afternoon of the opening day. Some of them took



their gallops, and jumped the hurdles in very good form; others, hot chestnuts mostly, fretted

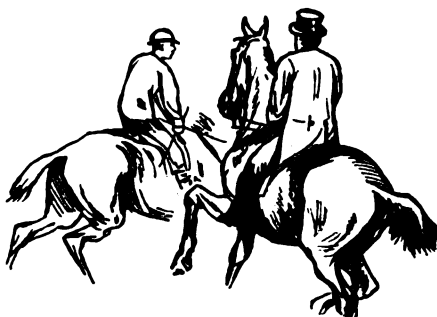


and fidgeted, and a few cunning old *weight carriers* fairly pushed down the fences and

walked over, greatly to the amusement of the spectators. It could not have been all fun, however, to some of the riders. Many of them



looked anxious and nervous, as if anticipating a cropper. Not a few appeared altogether in the wrong place. Certainly the light-weight

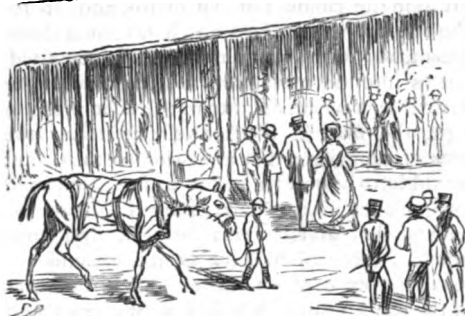


grooms and long-booted vets had the advantage of the gentlemen in trousers and straps on this occasion. By-the-way, talking of vets, why do horse-doctors so often indulge in a



semi-clerical style of dress? I saw one the other day, who, barring the never-to-be-mis-

taken thin legs of the horsey man, might have passed for the curate of the jolly-looking country rector he was talking to! (I heard of this same rector that he never misses the Derby, or a horse show,—though he tells his friends he comes up to take his wife to see the Royal Academy, and do a little shopping.) Altogether, the Horse Show this year seems



to have been a decided success; and the increased accommodation for lady visitors, by the addition of a balcony of reserved seats, made the meet at Islington as pleasant a one as could be desired, *out of the hunting season.*

A FOREIGN paper contains the startling information that a Venetian gondolier has just been delivering a first lecture on Dante. One had heard of these warbling Tom Tugs waking the echoes with the rhymes of Tasso; but to lecture on Dante implies erudition and critical discrimination, which, for a simple gondolier to have attained, is matter of marvel. When shall we hear of a London cabby lecturing on Chaucer, and learnedly commenting on the Canterbury pilgrims in Canterbury Hall?

EVEN at this season of the year, Paris offers attractions to pleasure-seekers too numerous to count. Many, however, have probably become sated, and sigh despairingly for some new excitement. I strongly recommend all such to pay a visit to the Fenian Club, which stands in close proximity to one of the most frequented of the Boulevards, and opens its portals to all comers without exception. They may there make acquaintance with some really notable men—men who have made a stir in the world, and who are now reposing on the laurels they have gained, though at the same time keenly watching the progress of events. Stephens, the

penitent sheep, who has returned to the fold, and Desmond, who, if his own statement be true, fired the barrel in the lane in Clerkenwell, for doing which Michael Barrett has been hanged, will probably be found occupying the posts of honour, surrounded by other less brilliant satellites, who have at no time despaired of their country. Nor can any of these heroes be found fault with for reticence. With easy familiarity they discuss the several affairs which came off under their superintendence, criticise the conduct of the police, and excuse the stupidity of the jury which liberated them. Desmond, who was honourably acquitted, enters into the most minute details as to the second and successful attempt that he made to light the fuze in Clerkenwell, ridiculing the idea of supposing that a mission so important would have been intrusted to an impetuous and excitable man like Michael Barrett. Desmond admits that Barrett was present, and pronounces his alibi to have been false and untenable; but contests that as he was innocent of the exact crime for which he was tried and convicted, his execution is murder, and avers that it will be avenged by systematic assassinations throughout England. Fearing, possibly, that he has not been sufficiently explicit, this patriot will not hesitate to describe the ingenious and novel agencies whereby destruction is to be hurled broadcast. The greatest novelty in this line, and one in comparison with which Greek fire becomes London milk, is the "coal-heaver" (burglars have their Alderman and Bishop). This engine of destruction is in outward appearance an innocent lump of coal, which, mixed with others, can easily find its way into public establishments, private houses, or the holds of ships of every kind. In reality, it is a deadly torpedo, which, on coming in contact with fire, must explode with terrific violence. Another of these patriots helps to wile away the hours by recounting the clever plan by which he escaped too intimate an acquaintance with Calcraft. He, too, was in the lane, and at the moment the explosion took place, passed into a house where proper disguises had been prepared. Shortly afterwards he emerged as if just risen from a sick-bed, night-cap on head, his swollen feet bandaged with flannel, and leaning heavily on the arm of a neighbour, who was searching for a cab to convey him to an hospital. He made his next appearance at a first-class hotel in the West-end of London, ordered expensive apartments, lived luxuriously, and paid liberally; still, his maladies affected his temper so completely that other visitors remonstrated with

the proprietor of the hotel, and after one week's residence he was civilly requested to leave; a carriage was immediately ordered, in which he was conveyed to the railway station, protesting against the indignities offered to him; he there received scrupulous attention from the officials, and, reposing in a saloon, was brought to Dover and carried carefully, though evidently painfully, to the French steamer, before the pitying eyes of the surrounding detectives. Much of this may be exaggerated, but it is impossible to believe that it is not in the main true. At all events an hour's intercourse with the Fenian element which steadily percolates through the gay city of Paris may, without hurting those who venture on it, serve as a novel excitement.

I HAVE often wondered what could be the origin of the term toad-eater, from which we get the now more commonly used toady, and its derived verb toadying. A toad-eater means a flatterer, I believe; but at first I imagine it meant one who put up with the ill-humour, gruffness, and disobliging speeches of another for an interested object. For this species of servility we have in French the expression, *avaler les couleuvres de quelqu'un*,—swallowing a person's snakes,—which is curiously on a parallel with the English phrase, substituting one reptile for another. I venture to conjecture that both figures of rhetoric have a common origin in the fairy tale about the amiable girl who was kind to an old woman whom she met in her walks, and received in reward the gift of dropping pearls as she spoke, while her churlish sister, for her contumelious treatment of the same old party, was judiciously visited with the misfortune of emitting toads and snakes mixed up with her conversation. So, ill-conditioned people who grumble and scold, may be said to drop toads and snakes, and those who endure their tempers and thrive on it are toad-eaters and snake-swallowers.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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FOUL PLAY.

BY

CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

CHAPTER LXIX.



N E X T morning came the first wedding presents from the jubilant bridegroom, who was determined to advance step by step and give no breathing time.

W H E N Helen saw them laid out by her maid she

trembled at the consequences of not giving a plump negative to so brisk a wooer.

The second post brought two letters; one of them from Mrs. Undercliff. The other contained no words, but only a pearl of uncommon size and pear-shaped.

Helen received this at first as another wedding present, and an attempt on Arthur's part to give her a pearl as large as those she had gathered on her dear island. But, looking narrowly at the address, she saw it was not written by Arthur; and, presently, she was struck by the likeness of this pearl in shape to some of her own. She got out her pearls, laid them side by side, and began to be moved exceedingly. She had one of her instincts, and it set every fibre quivering with excitement. It was some time before she could take her

eyes off the pearls, and it was with a trembling hand she opened Mrs. Undercliff's letter.

That missive was not calculated to calm her. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

"A person called here last night and supplied the clue. If you have the courage to know the truth, you have only to come here, and to bring your diary, and all the letters you have received from any person or persons since you landed in England.

"I am yours obediently,
"JANE UNDERCLIFF."

The courage to know the truth!

This mysterious sentence affected Helen considerably. But her faith in Robert was too great to be shaken. She would not wait for the canonical hour at which young ladies go out, but put on her bonnet directly after breakfast.

Early as she was, a visitor came before she could start—Mr. Burt, the detective. She received him in the library.

Mr. Burt looked at her dress and her little bag, and said, "I'm very glad I made bold to call so early."

"You have got information of importance to communicate to me?"

"I think so, miss;" and he took out his notebook. "The person you are watched by is Mr. Arthur Wardlaw."

The girl stared at him.

"Both spies report to him twice a day at his house in Russell Square."

"Be careful, Mr. Burt; this is a serious thing to say, and may have serious consequences."

"Well, miss, you told me you wanted to know the truth."

"Of course I want to know the truth."

"Then the truth is that you are watched by order of Mr. Wardlaw."

Burt continued his report.

"A shabby-like man called on you yesterday."

"Yes; it was Mr. Hand, Mr. Wardlaw's clerk. And oh, Mr. Burt, that wretched creature came and confessed the truth. It was he who forged the note, out of sport, and for a bet, and then was too cowardly to own it."

She then detailed Hand's confession.

"His penitence comes too late," said she, with a deep sigh.

"It hasn't come yet," said Burt, drily. "Of course my lambs followed the man. He went first to his employer, and then he went home. His name is not Hand. He is not a clerk at all, but a little actor at the Corinthian Saloon. Hand is in America; went three months ago. I ascertained that from another quarter."

"Oh, goodness!" cried Helen; "what a wretched world! I can't see my way a yard for stories."

"How should you, miss? It is clear enough, for all that. Mr. Wardlaw hired this actor to pass for Hand, and tell you a lie, that he thought would please you."

Helen put her hand to her brow, and thought; but her candid soul got sadly in the way of her brain.

"Mr. Burt," said she, "will you go with me to Mr. Undercliff, the Expert?"

"With pleasure, ma'am; but let me finish my report. Last night there was something new. Your house was watched by six persons. Two were Wardlaw's, three were Burt's; but the odd man was there on his own hook; and my men could not make him out at all; but they think one of Wardlaw's men knew him; for he went off to Russell Square like the wind, and brought Mr. Wardlaw here in disguise. Now, miss, that is all; and shall I call a cab, and we'll hear Undercliff's tale?"

The cab was called, and they went to Undercliff. On the way Helen brooded; but the detective eyed every man and everything on the road with the utmost keenness.

Edward Undercliff was at work at lithographing. He received Helen cordially, nodded to Burt, and said she could not have a better assistant.

He then laid his fac-simile of the forged note on the table, with John Wardlaw's genuine writing and Penfold's endorsement.

"Look at that, Mr. Burt."

Burt inspected the papers keenly.

"You know, Burt, I swore at Robert Penfold's trial that he never wrote that forged note."

"I remember," said Burt.

"The other day this lady instructed me to

discover, if I could, who did write the forged note. But, unfortunately, the materials she gave me were not sufficient. But, last night, a young man dropped from the clouds, that I made sure was an agent of yours, Miss Rolleston. Under that impression I was rather unguarded, and I let him know how far we had got, and could get no farther. 'I think I can help you,' says this young man, and puts a letter on the table. Well, Mr. Burt, a glance at that letter was enough for me. It was written by the man who forged the note."

"A letter!" said Helen.

"Yes. I'll put the letter by the side of the forged note; and, if you have any eye for writing at all, you'll see at once that one hand wrote the forged note and this letter. I am also prepared to swear that the letters signed Hand, are forgeries by the same person."

He then coolly put upon the table the letter from Arthur Wardlaw that Helen had received on board the *Proserpine*, and was proceeding to point out the many points of resemblance between the letter and the document, when he was interrupted by a scream from Helen.

"Ah!" she cried. "He is here. Only one man in the world could have brought that letter. I left it on the island. Robert is here: he gave you that letter."

"You are right," said the Expert, "and what a fool I must be. I have no eye except for handwriting. He had a beard: and such a beard!"

"It is Robert!" cried Helen in raptures. "He is come just in time."

"In time to be arrested," said Burt. "Why, his time is not out. He'll get into a trouble again."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried Helen, and turned so faint, she had to be laid back on a chair, and salts applied to her nostrils.

She soon came to, and cried and trembled, but prepared to defend her Robert with all a woman's wit.

Burt and Undercliff were conversing in a low voice, and Burt was saying he felt sure Wardlaw's spies had detected Robert Penfold, and that Robert would be arrested and put into prison as a runaway convict.

"Go to Scotland Yard this minute, Mr. Burt," said Helen, eagerly.

"What for?"

"Why, you must take the commission to arrest him. You are our friend."

Burt slapped his thigh with delight.

"That is first-rate, miss," said he; "I'll take the real felon first, you may depend. Now, Mr. Undercliff, write your report, and hand it to

Miss Helen with fac-similes. It will do no harm if you make a declaration to the same effect before a magistrate. You, Miss Rolleston, keep yourself disengaged, and please don't go out. You will very likely hear from me again to-day."

He drove off, and Helen, though still greatly agitated by Robert's danger, and the sense of his presence, now sat down, trembling a little, and compared Arthur's letter with the forged document. The effect of this comparison was irresistible. The Expert, however, asked her for some letter of Arthur's that had never passed through Robert Penfold's hands. She gave him the short note in which he used the very words, Robert Penfold. He said he would make that note the basis of his report.

While he was writing it, Mrs. Undercliff came in, and Helen told her all. She said, "I came to the same conclusion long ago; but when you said he was to be your husband——"

"Ah," said Helen, "we women are poor creatures; we can always find some reason for running away from the truth. Now explain about the prayer-book."

"Well, miss, I felt sure he would steal it, so I made Ned produce a fac-simile. And he did steal it. What you got back was your mother's prayer-book. Of course I took care of that."

"Oh, Mrs. Undercliff," cried Helen, "do let me kiss you."

Then they had a nice little cry together, and, by the time they had done, the report was ready in duplicate.

"I'll declare this before a magistrate," said the Expert, "and then I'll send it you."

At four o'clock of this eventful day, Helen got a message from Burt to say that he had orders to arrest Robert Penfold, and that she must wear a mask and ask Mr. Wardlaw to meet her at old Mr. Penfold's at nine o'clock. But she herself must be there at half-past eight, without fail, and bring Undercliff's declaration and report with her, and the prayer-book, &c.

Accordingly, Helen went down to old Mr. Penfold's at half-past eight, and was received by Nancy Rouse, and ushered into Mr. Penfold's room; that is to say, Nancy held the door open, and on her entering the room, shut it sharply and ran down-stairs.

Helen entered the room; a man rose directly and came to her; but it was not Michael Penfold—it was Robert. A faint scream, a heavenly sigh, and her head was on his shoulder, and her arm round his neck, and both their

hearts panting as they gazed, and then clung to each other, and then gazed again with love unutterable. After awhile they got sufficient composure to sit down hand in hand and compare notes. And Helen showed him their weapons of defence, the prayer-book, the Expert's report, &c.

A discreet tap was heard at the door. It was Nancy Rouse. On being invited to enter, she came in, and said, "Oh, Miss Helen, I've got a penitent outside, which he done it for love of me, and now he'll make a clean breast, and the fault was partly mine. Come in, Joe, and speak for yourself."

On this, Joe Wylie came in, hanging his head piteously.

"She is right, sir," said he; "I'm come to ask your pardon and the lady's. Not as I ever meant you any harm; but to destroy the ship, it was a bad act, and I've never throve since. Nance, she have got the money. I'll give it back to the underwriters; and, if you and the lady will forgive a poor fellow that was tempted with love and money, why I'll stand to the truth for you, though it's a bitter pill."

"I forgive you," said Robert; "and I accept your offer to serve me."

"And so do I," said Helen. "Indeed, it is not us you have wronged. But, oh, I *am* glad, for Nancy's sake, that you repent."

"Miss, I'll go through fire and water for you," said Wylie, lifting up his head.

Here old Michael came in to say that Arthur Wardlaw was at the door, with a policeman.

"Show him in," said Robert.

"Oh no, Robert!" said Helen. "He fills me with horror."

"Show him in," said Robert, gently. "Sit down, all of you."

Now Burt had not told Arthur who was in the house, so he came, rather uneasy in his mind, but still expecting only to see Helen.

Robert Penfold told Helen to face the door, and the rest to sit back; and this arrangement had not been effected one second, when Arthur came in, with a lover's look, and, taking two steps into the room, saw the three men waiting to receive him. At sight of Penfold, he started, and turned pale as ashes; but, recovering himself, said,—

"My dearest Helen, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. You will reconcile me to one, whose worth and innocence I never doubted, and tell him I have had some little hand in clearing him."

His effrontery was received in dead silence. This struck cold to his bones, and, being naturally weak, he got violent. He said,—



See page 529.

"Allow me to send a message to my servant."

He then tore a leaf out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it, "Robert Penfold is here ;

arrest him directly, and take him away," and, enclosing this in an envelope, sent it out to Burt by Nancy.

Helen seated herself quietly, and said,—

"Mr. Wardlaw, when did Mr. Hand go to America?"

Arthur stammered out, "I don't know the exact date."

"Two or three months ago?"

"Yes."

"Then the person you sent to me to tell me that falsehood was not Mr. Hand?"

"I sent nobody."

"Oh, for shame!—for shame! Why have you set spies? Why did you make away with my prayer-book;—or what you thought was my prayer-book? Here *is* my prayer-book, that proves you had the Proserpine destroyed; and I should have lost my life but for another, whom you had done your best to destroy. Look Robert Penfold in the face, if you can."

Arthur's eyes began to waver.

"I can," said he. "I never wronged him. I always lamented his misfortune."

"You were not the cause?"

"Never!—so help me Heaven!"

"Monster!" said Helen, turning away in contempt and horror.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said Arthur, wildly. "You break faith with me for *him*? You insult me for *him*? I must bear anything from you, for I love you; but, at least, I will sweep *him* out of the path."

He ran to the door, opened it, and there was Burt, listening.

"Are you an officer?"

"Yes."

"Then arrest that man this moment: he is Robert Penfold, a convict returned before his time."

Burt came into the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"Well, sir," said Burt to Robert Penfold, "I know you are a quick hitter. Don't let us have a row over it this time. If you have got anything to say, say it quiet and comfortable."

"I will go with you on one condition," said Robert. "You must take the felon as well as the martyr. This is the felon," and he laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder, who cowered under the touch at first, but soon began to act violent indignation.

"Take the ruffian away at once," he cried.

"What, before I hear what he has got to say?"

"Would you listen to him against a merchant of the city of London, a man of unblemished reputation?"

"Well, sir, you see we have got a hint that you were concerned in scuttling a ship: and that is a felony. So I think I'll just hear

what he has got to say. You need not *fear* any man's tongue if you are innocent."

"Sit down, if you please, and examine these documents," said Robert Penfold. "As to the scuttling of the ship, here is the deposition of two seamen, taken on their death bed, and witnessed by Miss Rolleston and myself."

"And that book he tried to steal," said Helen.

Robert continued, "And here is Undercliff's fac-simile of the forged note. Here are specimens of Arthur Wardlaw's handwriting, and here is Undercliff's report."

The Detective ran his eye hastily over the report, which we slightly condense.

On comparing the forged note with genuine specimens of John Wardlaw's handwriting, no less than twelve deviations from his habits of writing strike the eye: and every one of these twelve deviations is a deviation into a habit of Arthur Wardlaw, which is an amount of demonstration rarely attained in cases of forgery.

1. THE CAPITAL L.—Compare in London (forged note) with the same letter in London in Wardlaw's letter.

2. THE CAPITAL D.—Compare this letter in "Date," with the same letter in "Dearest."

3. THE CAPITAL T.—Compare it in "Two" and "Tollemache."

4. The word "To;" see "To pay," in forged note and third line of letter.

5. Small "o" formed with a loop in the up-stroke.

6. The manner of finishing the letter "v."

7. Ditto the letter "w."

8. The imperfect formation of the small "a." This and the looped "o" run through the forged note and Arthur Wardlaw's letter, and are habits entirely foreign to the style of John Wardlaw.

9. See the "th" in connection.

10. Ditto the "of" in connection.

11. The incautious use of the Greek ϵ . John Wardlaw never uses this ϵ . Arthur Wardlaw never uses any other, apparently. The writer of the forged note began right, but at the word Robert Penfold glided insensibly into his Greek ϵ , and maintained it to the end of the forgery. This looks as if he was in the habit of writing those two words.

12. Compare the words Robert Penfold in the forged document with the same words in the letter. The similarity is so striking that, on these two words alone, the writer could be identified beyond a doubt.

£2000, 0, 0

The Forged Note.

London, February 10th / 1864.

Three Months after Date, I promise
to pay Robert Penfold or Order, the Sum
of Two Thousand Pounds, value received.

The genuine handwriting of John Wardlaw.

I promise to pay
One Thousand Pounds

John Wardlaw

John Wardlaw

13. Great pains were taken with the signature, and it is like John Wardlaw's writing on the surface, but go below the surface and it is all Arthur Wardlaw.

The looped o, the small r, the l dropping below the d, the open a, are all Arthur Ward-

law's. The open loop of the final w is a still bolder deviation into A. W.'s own hand. The final flourish is a curious mistake. It is executed with skill and freedom; but the writer has made the lower line the thick one. Yet John Wardlaw never does this.

Dearest Helen

I hear from
Mr Adams that you desire
to know the name of the
Counsel who defended
Robert Penfold.

It was Mr Tollemache,
he has Chambers in Lincoln's
Inn.

Ever devotedly yours,
Arthur Wardlaw

How was the deviation caused? Examine the final flourish in Arthur Wardlaw's signature. It contains one stroke only: but then that stroke is a thick one. He thought he had only to prolong his own stroke and bring it round. He did this extremely well, but missed the deeper characteristic—the thick upper stroke. This is proof of a high character:

and altogether I am quite prepared to testify upon oath that the writer of the letter to Miss Rolleston, who signs himself Arthur Wardlaw, is the person who forged the promissory note.

To enable the reader to follow all this, we reproduce the materials of Mr. Undercliff's

judgment. To these twelve proofs one more was now added.

Arthur Wardlaw rose, and, with his knees knocking together, said: "Don't arrest him, Burt; let him go."

"Don't let *him* go," cried old Penfold. "A villain! I have got the number of the notes from Benson. I can prove he bribed this poor man to destroy the ship. Don't let him go. He has ruined my poor boy."

At this Arthur Wardlaw began to shriek for mercy.

"Oh, Mr. Penfold," said he, "you are a father, and hate me. But think of my father. I'll say anything, do anything. I'll clear Robert Penfold at my own expense. I have lost *her*. She loathes me now. Have mercy on me, and let me leave the country."

He cringed and crawled so that he disarmed anger, and substituted contempt.

"Ay," said Burt. "He don't hit like you, Mr. Penfold; this is a chap that ought to have been in Newgate long ago. But, take my advice; make him clear you on paper and then let him go. I'll go downstairs a while. I mustn't take part in compounding a felony."

"Oh yes, Robert," said Helen; "for his father's sake."

"Very well," said Robert. "Now then, reptile, take the pen, and write in your own hand, if you can."

He took the pen and wrote to dictation:—

"I, Arthur Wardlaw, confess that I forged the promissory note for £2000, and sent it to Robert Penfold, and that £1400 of it was to be for my own use, and to pay my Oxford debts. And I confess that I bribed Wylie to scuttle the ship *Proserpine* in order to cheat the underwriters."

Penfold then turned to Wylie, and asked him the true motive of this fraud.

"Why, the gold was aboard the *Shannon*," said Wylie. "I played hanky-panky with the metals in White's store."

"Put that down," said Penfold. "Now go on."

"Make a clean breast," said Wylie. "I have. Say as how you cooked the *Proserpine's* log, and forged Hiram Hudson's writing."

"And the newspaper extracts you sent me," said Helen, "and the letters from Mr. Hand."

Arthur groaned. "Must I tell all that?" said he.

"Every word, or be indicted," said Robert Penfold, sternly.

He wrote it all down: and then sat staring stupidly.

And the next thing was, he gave a loud shriek, and fell on the floor in a fit.

They sprinkled water over him, and Burt conveyed him home in a cab, advising him to leave the country, at the same time promising him not to exasperate those he had wronged so deeply, but rather to moderate them, if required. Then he gave Burt fifty guineas.

Robert Penfold, at Helen's request, went with her to Mr. Hennessy, and with the proofs of Arthur's guilt and Robert's innocence; and he undertook that the matter should go in proper form before the Secretary of State. But, somehow, it transpired that the *Proserpine* had been scuttled, and several of the underwriters wrote to the Wardlaws to threaten proceedings. Wardlaw senior returned but one answer to these gentlemen:—"Bring your proofs to me at my place of business next Monday at twelve, and let me judge the case, before you go elsewhere."

"That is high and mighty," said one or two; but they conferred and agreed to these terms, so high stood the old merchant's name.

They came; they were received with stiff courtesy. The deposition of Cooper and Welch was produced, and Wylie, kept up to the mark by Nancy, told the truth, and laid his two thousand pounds intact down on the table.

"Now that is off my stomach," said he, "and I'm a man again."

"Ay, and I'll marry you next week," said Nancy.

"Well, gentlemen," said old Wardlaw, "my course seems very clear. I will undo the whole transaction, and return you your money less the premiums, but plus five per cent. interest."

And this he did on the spot, for the firm was richer than ever.

When they were gone, Robert Penfold came in, and said,—

"I hear, sir, you devote this day to repairing the wrongs done by your firm: What can you do for me?"

He laid a copy of Arthur's confession before him.

The old man winced a moment where he sat, and the iron passed through his soul.

It was a long time before he could speak. At last he said,—

"This wrong is irreparable, I fear."

Robert said nothing. Sore as his own heart was, he was not the one to strike a grand old man, struggling so bravely against dishonour.

Wardlaw Senior touched his hand-bell.

"Request Mr. Penfold to step this way."

Michael Penfold came.

"Gentlemen," said the old merchant, "the house of Wardlaw exists no more. It was built on honesty, and cannot survive a fraud. Wardlaw and Son were partners at will. I had decided to dissolve that partnership, wind up the accounts, and put up the shutters. But now, if you like, I will value the effects, and hand the business over to Penfold and Son, on easy terms. Robert Penfold has been accused of forging John Wardlaw's name; to prove this was a calumny, I put Penfold over my door instead of Wardlaw. The City of London will understand that, gentlemen, believe me."

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Robert, "you are a just, a noble——"

He could say no more.

"Ah, sir," said Michael; "if the young gentleman had only been like you."

"Mention his name no more to me. His crime and his punishment have killed me."

"Oh," said Robert, hastily, "he shall not be punished for your sake."

"Not be punished? It is not in your hands to decide. God has punished him. He is insane."

"Good Heavens!"

"Quite mad; quite mad. Gentlemen, I can no longer support this interview. Send me your solicitor's address; the deeds shall be prepared. I wish the new firm success. Probity is the road to it. Good-day."

He wound up the affairs, had his name and Arthur's painted out at his own expense, and directed the painters to paint the Penfolds' in at theirs; went home to Elm Trees, and died in three days. He died lamented and honoured, and Robert Penfold was much affected. He got it into his head that he had killed him with Arthur's confession, putting it before him so suddenly.

"I have forgotten who said 'Vengeance is mine,'" said Robert Penfold.

The merchant priest left the office to be conducted by his father: he used the credit of the new firm to purchase a living in the Vale of Kent; and thither he retired, grateful to Providence, but not easy in his conscience. He now accused himself of having often distrusted God, and seen his fellow creatures in too dark a light. He turned towards religion, and the care of souls.

Past suffering enlightens a man, and makes him tender: and people soon began to walk and drive considerable distances to hear the new vicar. He had a lake with a peninsula,

the shape of which he altered, at a great expense, as soon as he came there.

He wrote to Helen every day, and she to him. Neither could do anything *con amore* till the post came in.

One afternoon, as he was preaching with great unction, he saw a long puritanical face looking up at him with a droll expression of amazement and half irony. The stranger called on him, and began at once.

"Wal, parson, you are a buster, you air. You ginn it us hot, *you* did. I'm darned if I ain't kinder ashamed to talk of this world's goods to a saint upon airth like you. But I never knowed a parson yet as couldn't collar the dollars."

After this preamble he announced that he had got a lease of the island from Chili, dug a lot of silver plate out of the galleon, sold ten tons of choice coral, and a ship load of cassia and cocoa-nuts. He had then disposed of his lease to a Californian Company for a large sum. And his partner's share of net profits came to £17,247 13s. 3½d., which sum he had paid to Michael, for Robert, Penfold in drafts on Baring, at thirty days after sight.

Robert shook his hand, and thanked him sincerely for his ability and probity. He stayed that night at the Vicarage, and by that means fell in with another acquaintance. General Rolleston and his daughter drove down to see the Parsonage. Helen wanted to surprise Robert; and, as often happens, she surprised herself. She made him show her everything; and so he took her on to his peninsula. Lo! the edges of it had been cut and altered, so that it presented a miniature copy of Godsend Island.

As soon as she saw this, Helen turned round with a sudden cry of love,—

"Oh, Robert!" and the lovers were in each other's arms.

"What could any other man ever be to me?"

"And what could any other woman ever be to me?"

They knew that before. But this miniature island made them speak out and say it. The wedding-day was fixed before she left.

Her Majesty pardoned this scholar, hero, and worthy, the crime he had never committed.

Nancy Rouse took the penitent Wylie without the £2000. But old Penfold, who knew the whole story, lent the money at three per cent.; so the Wylies pay a ground rent of £60 a year for a property which, by Mrs. Wylie's industry and judgment, is worth at least £400.

She pays this very cheerfully, and appeals to Joe whether that is not better than the other way.

"Why, Joe," says she, "to a woman like me, that's a-foot all day, 'tis worth sixty pounds a year to be a good sleeper; and I shouldn't be that if I had wronged my neighbour."

Arthur Wardlaw is in a private lunatic asylum, and is taken great care of. In his lucid intervals, he suffers horrible distress of mind; but, though sad to see, these agonies furnish the one hope of his ultimate recovery. When not troubled by these returns of reason, he is contented enough. His favourite employment is to get Mr. Undercliff's fac-similes, and to write love-letters to Helen Rolleston, which are duly deposited in the post-office of *the establishment*. These letters are in the handwriting of Charles I., Paoli, Lord Bacon, Alexander Pope, Lord Chesterfield, Nelson, Lord Shaftesbury, Addison, the late Duke of Wellington, and so on. And, strange to say, the Greek ϵ never appears in any of them. They are admirably like; though, of course, the matter is not always equally consistent with the characters of those personages.

Helen Rolleston married Robert Penfold. On the wedding-day, the presents were laid out, and, amongst them, there was a silver-box encrusted with coral.

Female curiosity demanded that this box should be opened. Helen objected; but her bridesmaids rebelled; the whole company sided with them, and Robert smiled a careless assent.

A blacksmith and carpenter were both en-

listed, and with infinite difficulty the poor box was riven open.

Inside was another box, locked, but with no key. That was opened with comparative ease, and then handed to the bride. It contained nothing but Papal indulgences and rough stones, and fair throats were opened in some disappointment.

A lady, however, of more experience, examined the contents, and said, that, in her opinion, many of them were uncut gems of great price; there were certainly a quantity of jaspers and blood-stones, and others of no value at all. "But look at these two pearl shaped diamonds," said she, "why, they are a little fortune; and, oh!"

The stone that struck this fair creature dumb was a rough ruby as big as a blackbird's egg, and of amazing depth and fire.

"No lady in England," said she, "has a ruby to compare with this."

The information proved correct. The box furnished Helen with diamonds and emeralds of great thickness and quality. But the huge ruby placed her on a level with sovereigns. She wears it now and then in London, but not often. It attracts too much attention, blazing on her fair forehead like a star, and eclipses everything.

Well, what her ruby is amongst stones, she is amongst wives. And he is worthy of her.

Through much injustice, suffering, danger, and trouble, they have passed to health, happiness, and peace, and that entire union of two noble hearts, in loyal friendship and wedded love, which is the truest bliss this earth affords.



A NOVELIST'S TRIALS.

"THE history of mankind," says Feuerbach, "consists of nothing else than a continuous and progressive conquest of limits, which, at a given time, pass for the limits of humanity." If some ingenious person were to write the history of novel-writing, he would trace for us the continuous and hopeless struggle of a large number of very worthy men and women against those limits of humanity that are unchangeable. It is true that occasionally our novel-writers are goaded into disregarding such limits altogether. Variety they must have; and, as every species of the perplexing genus *homo* has been described, they have boldly to invent new species, to which cause we trace the birth of the novel-monster. Will not some one take him up and examine him scientifically? Cannot some one publish a book of plates, with the different varieties of the creature accurately represented? Then we shall have the lily-fingered, red-haired murderess, the superhumanly intelligent and ubiquitous "daftie," the Admirable Crichton with a biceps of a hundred horse-power, all brought together, figured, named, and classified. By this means, links might be furnished to the philosopher for arriving at any possible theory with regard to the origin of man. Out of our book of monsters, we could trace human nature back to the fallen angels of the *Paradise Lost*; out of the same book, we could study its future development, and construct the anatomical skeleton of the glorified man of the fiftieth century.

But all through those efforts of the novelist to produce variety, we observe the despairing consistency with which he recognises the presence of those particular limits which we called unchangeable; it is his manful and hopeless fight with these that we propose to exhibit.

First, the colour of the human eye. A great deal is to be done with the eye by a skilful novelist. A single glance may produce a catastrophe sufficient to plunge twenty or thirty people, during the period of three volumes, into profound misery. The eyes of a heroine are always appealed to, when the English language becomes insufficient to describe the emotions of her heart. Now suppose the reader were about to write a novel—for the sake of the hypothesis, he will consent to occupy the painful position—he would require to have, at the very least, the following persons:—1, the hero; 2, the heroine; 3, the heroine's girl friend; 4, the villain; 5, the

villain's tool; 6, the hero's friend; and 7, the heroine's female enemy. We do not propose to increase his difficulties by burdening him with a stage-full of people; it is sufficient to know that he must give these persons eyes—and eyes which will serve to distinguish them. It is highly improper, for instance, that both hero and heroine should have black eyes; first, because a man always falls in love with eyes of a different colour from his own; and, second, because the mind would associate the conjunction of black eyes with the marriage of first cousins, or some such half-unnatural act. Then the heroine and the heroine's friend must be contrasted by the possession of differently coloured eyes. If the heroine be blonde, with violet eyes, her friend must be a brunette, with hazel eyes. Nor can we permit the villain and the villain's tool to have similar eyes; while the hero's friend must be as unlike the hero as possible. The novelist finds that all the varieties of eye which Nature offers him are black, blue, grey, brown, and green. Violet is not distinctive; but blue, at a pinch, may be divided into light blue and dark blue. Suppose, then, we give the heroine blue eyes; the hero, black; the female enemy, grey; the hero's friend, brown; and the villain's tool, green. Where shall we find eyes for the girl-friend and the villain? Light blue would not be appropriate to a villain; nor, on the other hand, would it in the girl-friend contrast with the blue eyes of the heroine; and blue eyes the heroine *must* have. Perhaps, in despair, our novelist turns his heroine's eyes black, gives the hero blue eyes, and the girl-friend, light blue. But the conjunction is bad. There is a false note somewhere. The novel will not prosper. Then the villain and all the other people are left out in the cold; although the villain might be got rid of by the epithet "louring."

Second, the colour of the hair. Here Nature's limits are even harder; much as the inexperienced reader may doubt it. He observes many kinds and shades of hair; but how to distinguish them in print? A novelist must be constantly referring to the hair of his characters; and he cannot each time introduce a page of critical definition and description. Defined distinctions he finds to consist of black, brown, golden-yellow, red (for an idiot or a murderess only), and grey or white (for elderly and insignificant persons). Further, there must be correspondence between the eyes and hair, which increases the difficulty. The heroine with the blue eyes must possess herself of the yellow hair; the hero naturally gets

black hair ; and an excellent conjunction for a partly idiotic villain's tool is to be found in red hair and green eyes (this suggestion is copyright, if not yet used). Apparently, there is nothing which so frequently angers a novelist as this matter of hair ; and, constantly, he becomes quite incoherent in striving to get rid of the difficulty. He wildly describes the hair as "massive," or "rippling sun-light," or "hyacinthine shadows ;" and then, with a vague consciousness that these hap-hazard dashes only leave blurred lines, he goes back again and again, hopelessly trying to give to the impossible shade a definite character.

Third, physical conformation. No man may be described in a novel as being over seven feet in height—a natural limitation which lady novelists especially seem to regard with abhorrence and rage. When the nobility of a man's nature is meant to be indicated by his height, it seems hard that the novelist should have to stop short at six feet four or five. She generally takes it out in muscle, however. Her six-footer can seize a bull by the horns and hold him ; he can suspend himself for an hour and a half over a cliff by his two fingers ; he could have strangled the serpents of the Laocöon, and eaten them for breakfast. But, if you make your hero tall and strong, he must have no rival. His friend must be pale-faced and consumptive. The villain must be haggard and stooping ; the villain's tool must be short and stumpy. In the matter of physical conformation, it is true, the novelist has great latitude ; because so many elements enter into it, that he can avoid those which suggest uniformity in his characters. And uniformity cannot be tolerated. Let the reader for a moment fancy a novel—or, better still, a play—in which all the men are six feet high, and muscular ; the thing would be a burlesque.

Lastly, temperament and disposition ; on which character is supposed to be chiefly founded. There, also, Nature's limits are very harsh. Occasionally, we find a novelist who devotes a whole book to a subtle, careful, and faithful delineation of the complex nature of some man or woman ; but it is not of such works of genius that we speak here. We are engaged with the ordinary novelist ; who first divides his characters into good and bad, and then proceeds to show us particular exhibitions of their goodness and badness. Now, there is nothing so grateful to most readers as broad distinctions ; they like to know whom to admire and whom to despise in a novel ; and they like to admire and despise thoroughly.

When a novelist, therefore, boldly makes his or her heroine shove her husband into a coal-pit, and then go and marry two or three men indiscriminately, the reader as well as the writer feels safe. There can be no dubiety about the woman's nature. In like manner, when the pallid and interesting seamstress, starving in her garret, refuses the offer of the haughty nobleman, we know that there can be no mistake about her splendid virtue, and we are pleased, and applaud, or shed tears. A good disposition of the temperaments is to make the heroine sanguineous, the hero phlegmatic (most heroes are unintentionally so), the villain melancholic, and some parent, aunt, or other guardian, choleric. But what are we to do with all our other characters—who may be supposed to be waiting for some Pythagorean infusion of soul ? Then, as to the disposition of these people, variety is impossible. Both the hero and heroine may be affectionate ; but only one of them may be allowed to be markedly generous. The villain is, of course, suspicious ; the villain's tool, covetous ; and the heroine's friend, patient. But patience is an insignificant virtue ; and, in any case, how are we to distinguish between the goodness of the hero and the goodness of the hero's friend ? and between the badness of the villain and the badness of the female enemy ? The popular imagination admits of no qualifying shadows in the portrait of an angel ; the devil must be as black as he can be painted. But, on the other hand, we can't have all our good people habitually refusing money from the haughty nobleman ; neither can we have all our bad people plotting in the same manner, in the same language, and for the same purpose. The longer this problem confronts the novelist, the more disgusted he becomes ; until, finally, he bursts away from the trammels of Nature's possibilities, and takes to creating the monsters of which we speak. Nay, so vehement is he sometimes, that he will dare to defy all limits, and conditions, and laws. He will have his heroine with pale golden hair, and large black eyes ; she shall have a physical nature prompting her to the most fearful crimes, and her soul shall be white and unstained ; she shall be dying of consumption, and yet able to leap into a lake and swim ashore.

Looking over the successive generations of those hybrid creatures to whom Mudie's library, from week to week gives birth, one cannot help regarding them as the piteous expression of a strong and indignant force endeavouring to break through the galling limitations of humanity.

ASCOT

ON THE ROAD

WAITING FOR THE CUP

DOWN BY TRAIN



THE LADIES' LAW

THE LADIES' LAW

Once a Week.

June 23, 1888

THE WILD MAN OF VIENNA.

FIRST in antiquity, but only first in the list of second-class hotels in Murray's Handbook, stands that of the Wild Man, one of the most venerable houses in the Austrian Capital, for we find it mentioned in history during the siege of Vienna by Mathias Corvinus in the year 1485.

To this house and to the name it has adopted, is attached a singular tradition unmistakably German in its details, which we obtained from an authentic source, our informant being no other than the present owner of the establishment, to whom we are indebted for the following narrative.

In the year 1444, when Ladislaus, king of Hungary, fell at the unfortunate battle of Varna, overcome by the countless army of Amurat, which entirely routed the Christian forces, there was, among the few who escaped the carnage of that dreadful day, a Lancer, named Georg of the Valley. This young fellow was of prepossessing exterior and by no means wanting in courage, but it would seem he knew how to make use of his feet as well as of his hands, for he contrived, after the encounter which proved fatal to so many of his countrymen, to escape unobserved, and to gain the neighbouring forest, so as, at least for the time, to place his life in safety. So far so well, but even there his position was a very equivocal one; he could not continue in these wild and deserted haunts without certainty of starvation, and he could not venture beyond without risk of discovery and capture. A stranger to the locality, ignorant of the language, how was he to set about finding his way out of the intricacies of this wilderness, and what chance had he of reaching his home even if he met with a fellow-being who was not an enemy?

No wonder that our hero was preoccupied with these embarrassing reflections, and no wonder that faint, weary, and helpless, almost within sight of the gory field strewn with the lifeless bodies of his comrades, he should fall a prey to all the fatal suggestions of despair.

Georg sat down beneath a tree, resting his chin in his hands, and, staring into vacancy, was giving way to the gloomiest thoughts, when a sound fell upon his ear which told him of the approach of human footsteps. His first impulse was to welcome any incident that could bring a change in his miserable prospects; his second, to apprehend some ambush and to mistrust all strangers; he accordingly rose, and stealing cautiously round concealed himself

behind the trunk of the tree which sheltered him, so as to observe the newcomer from behind, as soon as he should have passed; but he was counting without his host, for, as if he had guessed his intention, the stranger, instead of pursuing the path, turned abruptly off and passed by the very spot whither the unfortunate refugee had retreated. Further dissimulation, he now felt, would be worse than useless, so putting a bold face on the circumstance, Georg looked up and saluted the newcomer, albeit not much reassured by his aspect.

He might be about fifty years of age, and the dress he wore was *bizarre*, to say the least of it; it consisted of a tightly fitting black velvet suit, over which was thrown a dark claret-coloured cloak large enough to envelope his whole person, while a broad-brimmed pointed black felt hat shaded his features. He returned the young man's bow with a smile which was meant to be friendly, but scarcely masked the sinister expression of his deep-set eyes.

"You don't seem to be in a very pleasant position, Mr. Soldier," said he. "He who fights and runs away—you know the rest I daresay; but you see it isn't enough to run away, the question is—what are you to do next?"

"True enough, sir stranger," replied Georg, "and that is just what I am considering."

"No doubt you are: and pray what conclusion has your wisdom come to?"

Georg looked up, first because he had no answer to give, and secondly because he was mystified by the tone and language of his new acquaintance.

"One would think," he said at length, "that you had some expedient to offer, by your asking so many questions."

"Well done, well done! evasive but shrewd," said he of the cloak, "and you're not far wrong either, for I could offer you more than one expedient; that is, if you like to hear them."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," said Georg with a sigh; "but perhaps you will explain, that I may know whether you are not making game of a poor devil."

"You've hit it again, my dear fellow," said the stranger; "for, as you say, you are a poor, miserable devil, while on the other hand I am a rich, powerful devil, for to tell you the truth I am *the Devil* himself. Now don't start in that foolish way, when you can see—for I'm sure you are a very sensible young man—that I have come to you in a friendly spirit, and that you have nothing to be afraid of."

"Your speech is fair enough, but what are

your intentions?" said Georg, who was determined to do nothing rashly.

"They depend entirely on yourself. I am ready, if you say the word, not only to ensure your safety, but to start you with luck and money enough to enable you to have a jolly time of it, as long as you are for this world."

Georg felt sorely tempted, and almost forgot his apprehensions in the contemplation of this brilliant prospective: he hesitated; and the Devil, anxious to follow up his advantage, hastened to conclude the matter.

"Then it's a bargain?" he said, extending his open hand.

But the action recalled the young man to his senses; he mechanically withdrew his own.

"There are *two* parties to a bargain," he replied, "and as yet we have only talked of the terms on *one* side; please to go on and tell me what is expected on the *other*."

"Oh dear me," answered Lucifer, with a shrug of indifference, "a mere nothing; just your signature to this little bit of parchment, and you will never hear of me again till you have exhausted all the enjoyments I mean to bestow on you."

"I thought as much," said Georg, contemptuously, and in a tone of bitter disappointment; "then you may just go back whence you came, for no signature of mine will you ever get, I can tell you," and he turned and went away in a rage.

"Now, now, you hot-headed fellow," said the Devil, who had no mind to let his victim escape; "do wait a bit, and don't give me the trouble of running after you this hot day; listen to reason, and see how much more generous I am with you than you deserve. I will make you another proposal rather than leave you in the wretchedness in which I found you. I will undertake to befriend you as before suggested, on the simple condition that for the next three years you will neither wash, nor shave, nor comb, nor cut your hair, nor your nails, nor make any alteration in your dress. How does *that* suit you?"

"That is another matter," said Georg, still somewhat reluctant to enter into any compact, however plausible: "I don't say I will refuse—"

"**DONE!**" said the Devil; and he had scarcely uttered the word, when to Georg's astonishment he found himself at Vienna. Arrived there, he had on the skin of a bear, within which was a pocket where he found a purse filled with gold pieces, and a note to the effect that as long as he continued to observe

the prescribed conditions it would never be empty, however extravagantly he might spend.

It was not long before Georg began to be alarmed at his rash bargain; in vain he tried to reassure himself with the reflection that his penance would be at an end in three years. Three years, under such circumstances, began to assume the proportions of ten, for he soon became so frightful an object that he was shunned by all decent people, while the very street-boys would pelt him with mud, and then run away screaming "the wild man is after us," and ultimately he was known by no other name. He now perceived the object Lucifer had in view. "He thought," said he to himself, "to degrade me until I lost all self-respect, and that then I should give myself up to vice and so become his prey; but I will give him the slip then, and see if I cannot get some good even out of this malicious plot."

Acting upon this wise resolution, Georg hunted about the streets of Vienna till he found a modest, unpretending dwelling adjoining a much frequented inn, which could serve him as a retreat till the term of his probation should be ended. Here he established himself, and under the plea that he was gifted with extraordinary powers of divination, he drew the simple country-folk around him far and near, and soon obtained the reputation of being a wise man or magician; an idea that received considerable support from his extraordinary appearance. Georg gave excellent advice to his clients, and as he assumed a paternal tone, and charged nothing for consultations, he was regarded as the oracle of the country round.

At the end of the first half of the third year, "Master Urian," for so the Devil called himself—appeared unexpectedly, and announced to him the visit of a certain Hans Ponsheimer, who had heard of his fame and was coming from an adjoining town named Lugeck to consult him on the state of his affairs.

"Now," said the Devil, "I must begin by observing, Master Georg, that you have been going on lately in a way that does not suit my book at all, and if you are determined to slip through my fingers I must contrive to make my profit some other way; you will be so good therefore as to attend to my directions, and to follow them implicitly."

Georg nodded his acquiescence.

"What I require of you then," continued the other, "is this; when this burgher makes his appearance you will listen to his story, and when he has come to an end, you will tell him that, implicated as he is, you can

rescue him from his difficulties. He will ask you how, and you will then say that you cannot tell him anything about it until he has promised you one of his three daughters—who, I can tell you, are all very beautiful—in marriage. They are, however, haughty, and self-conscious, and knowing nothing of their father's ruin—for he is on the eve of bankruptcy—they expect to match with princes; so you may guess the airs they will give themselves when they receive the advances of one so repulsive as yourself."

A few days after this interview, the predicted visit took place; Hans Ponsheimer arrived at the inn, and without giving himself time to rest or eat, went straight to the wise man's domicile. All passed as foretold, except that on Georg's making known his conditions, Hans laughed him to scorn, and asked him what he took him for, to suppose that *his* daughters would ever consent to marry such an object as him.

"My dear sir," answered Georg, coolly; "I only take you for what you are—a ruined man, whose credit to-morrow morning will not be worth that," and he snapped his fingers.

"What!" said the merchant, "ruined! Hans Ponsheimer without credit! When you cease to be a bear and become a man, I will believe that, and not before."

"More extraordinary things than either have happened before now," said Georg, quietly. "Are you not expecting in a few days to be called upon for a large sum?" he continued.

The merchant stared: "I am, sir," said he; "but how came you to know this?"

"That is my secret," replied Georg.

"Still, I do not see how that proves my ruin; I have a much larger amount coming in before that is due, so that my risk is amply covered."

"Oh, my good sir, that is just where the shoe pinches; you *think* you will receive that sum—you are relying upon it; but not one penny of it will you ever touch, take my word for it; so if you have your credit at heart, you must look out for some other means of liquidating your debt."

The merchant bounded from his seat, still incredulous.

"It is not, it cannot be true; vile miscreant, you menace me for the sake of forcing me to comply with your designs; but this shall not be." He was interrupted by the arrival of a mounted messenger from Lugeck, who desired to say a word to him in private, without loss of time.

"Your servant may speak before me, Hans Ponsheimer," said Georg, "or if you prefer it I

will be his spokesman; he is come to announce to you the failure of the house we were just speaking of."

The courier stood speechless by, and Ponsheimer, aghast, now turned a deprecating eye on the singular being whose sincerity he had so rudely called in question.

"Hans Ponsheimer," said he, "we will say no more of your rough treatment; more especially out of regard for the close relationship in which we shall soon stand to each other;" the merchant shuddered involuntarily; but this time he restrained all expression of his disgust. "I am willing to release you from all your embarrassments, provided I have your word that one of your daughters shall be my wife."

"I consent," said Hans, and he heaved a deep sigh; "you have my word, the word of Hans Ponsheimer, till this day as good as his bond."

"Then," replied Georg, "I am willing to enter into partnership with you, and I deposit as capital the amount of the debt you have to pay." And he counted out the notes with a readiness and a deliberation which took every one by surprise. Hans, fully sensible of the obligation he had received, and relieved of an enormous weight, stretched out his hand to shake that of his shaggy benefactor; but when he saw the long claws at the ends of his fingers, the thought of the rash promise he had made on behalf of his dainty daughters overcame him, and he trembled in every limb. However, it was impossible to retract, and Ponsheimer was obliged to withdraw, promising his future son-in-law that his bride should be ready in a few days, only requesting a reasonable time to prepare her for the change that was to take place in her lot.

Hans went home broken-hearted, and wondering how he should ever venture to break the matter to his daughters, who, on his approach, came out to welcome him back. They were completely mystified at his downcast looks, and at last coaxed him to tell them the cause of his trouble. Hans related his story briefly but honestly; he disguised nothing, and painted the Wild Man in all his hideousness; then waited anxiously to see how they took the information. The two elder made very short work of it, they declared that nothing should ever induce *them* to accede to so revolting a condition, and fell upon their father with the harshest reproach. The unhappy man sat before them in an attitude of mute despondency. As he raised his eyes they fell on the face of his youngest child, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. She

was his Cordelia, and unable to witness her father's distress, she rose, and throwing her arms round his neck, "Father, dear," she said, "I will marry the Wild Man; my life is yours, I will not forsake you."

Ponsheimer was overcome by this touching proof of his child's generosity and affection. "Trudchen," he exclaimed, "you have always been the joy of my life, and you are my consolation in this trial; heaven, I am convinced, will reward you for this sacrifice."

But Gertrude closed her father's lips with a kiss, and begged he would have no fears for her, as no happiness the world could give, could exceed the satisfaction of feeling she had done her duty.

But the merchant was not at ease with himself, and was still deliberating on the dilemma in which he was placed, when a great commotion was heard in the street, occasioned by a gorgeous pageant which was defiling through the town, to the surprise of all its inhabitants; the cortege had threaded the street in which was Ponsheimer's house, and when he looked out of window he saw a magnificent coach drawn by six richly harnessed horses, and attended by servants in handsome liveries, approaching his house. As soon as it drew up, an elegant cavalier alighted and entered the door. Hans advanced to the stairs, but what was his surprise to find himself in the embrace of a handsome youth, who, in the voice of the Wild Man, called him his future father, and begged to see his destined bride.

Gertrude's astonishment and joy may be imagined, but it did not exceed that of her father; while, as for her heartless and unfilial sisters, no words could describe their rage and despair.

Unable to endure the sight of a happiness which had been within their reach, and which they themselves had refused, they reproached their father for deceiving them, and their sister for taking advantage of them. Lucifer stood by and smiled; his prey awaited him, for that very day one of them hung herself, while the body of the other was found in the river next morning.

Georg of the Valley lived happily with his gentle and beautiful wife, and his respectable father-in-law. Their names are to be found in a title-deed dated 1459, in which the house they occupied at Lugeck is designated under the name of The Black Bear.

On the spot where stood the inn, of which Georg inhabited a portion in the days of his disguise, now stands the imposing hotel, The Wild Man, in the middle of the Kürnthnergasse.

BIRDS.

LET us make holiday upon this paragon of days. No work or books! Better it is for once to see the bees improve the shining hour than to do it ourselves.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found

is the music with which earth and air are ringing. That blackbird in the tall pear tree is drunk with dew! Clearly its deep rich voice is heard amid all the warbling of finches, thrushes, and linnets. Never heard I sweeter song than that which the missel thrush in the top of the yew tree sings to the callow nestlings in the hanging branch below, where, "when the wind blows, their cradle does rock." Through all sounds the cooing of the wood quest, so different as it is in expression from that of the house pigeon. Beyond measure more "tender and true." The wood quest too always leaves off in the middle of a note, not telling all the secrets of her heart.

Many a little bird swells, with its sweet weak fluting, the full chorus of melody which earth sends up to Heaven, and which Heaven's one minstrel echoes back to earth. Far up in the cathedral dome that arches over the bare moor, where no other bird sings, the lark chants *Gloria in Excelsis*. There you may hear its song go up to Heaven. Here in the garden concert it comes down to you. Muscular Christians think the lark the earliest bird because its song begins about the time that they get up; but nervous Christians, who lie awake all night, know that many a bird, whose early rising has never received honourable mention, is astir long before it. I do not mean rooks; they, I have long been convinced, caw in their sleep, they begin at an hour so ridiculously early; but many a small bird's shrill little pipe welcomes the coming day long before the sun's laureate sings at his levee.

It is wrong to be discontented at any time: inexcusable to be so to-day; yet I cannot help feeling it a hardship that I have never heard the nightingale sing in the summer night—only the corncaik,—whom all the sweet influences of the tender gloom, the perfumed air, and the dewy leaves, cannot win from that dreary weary fixed idea of his own,—or the screech owl. From that ruin whose glistening ivy-leaves and blossomed wall-flowers flaunt so gaily in the morning sun, comes at night

the cry that shook Lady Macbeth's strained nerves.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
That gives the stern'st good-night.

The white owl however is a jolly fellow enough. Too jolly. Those late heavy suppers of his keep him snoring in the chimney all night. The jackdaw, another chimney bird, throws down sticks enough into the grates to make a respectable bonfire in spring when he repairs his nest. Sometimes he follows them himself, for choice, just as the summer chintzes and muslin curtains have been put up. I can understand the old rhyme,

Curlew jack, white or black,
Carries fourpence on his back,

for though fourpence (even at the present value of money) would be dear for a curlew, our ancestors may have been glad even of his coarse fishy flavour to vary their salt commons in winter; but why is eight and three halfpence said to be the price of a jackdaw's wig? Too high a price surely for vestry wisdom to have put upon his own head. And if the black coated bird's name be used figuratively for a proscribed priest, as much too low. I am not antiquary enough to settle the question, and besides I want to talk about bats. If they be beasts I wish they would "behave as sich." Not that I have any objection to their flying in the open air, or in their own part of the house. Suppose I do read in bed—Is that any reason why I am to have a flitter mouse fluttering about my candle? But that is not so bad. It is only the trouble of putting the candle outside the door, and he will follow it, for a bat, though he cannot see very well, is not so very much more blind than the naturalists who think that he is so. It is worse to be awakened in the deep noon of night by the wafting of their broad vans near one's face, and to see a couple of them sailing about the room; now high, now low, in the faint shimmering moonlight. Perhaps they are in chase of moths which may have come in along with the sweet night air through the open window. At any rate there they are—a pair of sleep quellers. Two or four, which are they? It is not easy to tell; their shadows upon the ceiling look scarcely more filmy than themselves. At last they depart, or I think they do; but awaking in the grey of morning from a dream of the bats of Surinam, I see my friends of last night hanging, each by a claw, in the curtains over my head. A sight to bring to memory the Ettrick shepherd's query

in the Noctes—"Did you ever sleep three in a bed, and twa of them ghosts?"

This is a morning to stir the pulses of a prisoner. How deafeningly caged birds will sing to-day until extinguishing cloths are thrown over them. Poor sullen, conceited things, there is a cry of pain through their gayest songs.

The only birds which I have seen tolerably happy in confinement are those which have been taught tricks, the practising of which gives some diversion to the dreadful monotony of their lives. Birds delight in mimicry: I have heard a wild blackbird attempt to repeat a whistled tune. Parrots, too, take great pride in their accomplishments. They are the only birds that appear to take any interest in us and our ways; and they are so droll, such determined humorists, that I should think that the having a larger scope for their oddities must go far to make up to them for the free, joyous life which they led in their own far-off land of perpetual summer. Blossom-like and beautiful canaries must show among the bright green leaves in the sunny isles from whence they take their name. Indeed, the crowning perfection of birds is their exquisite adaptation to their surroundings. Think of sea-birds

Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,
Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.
Some seek their food among the finny shoals,
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;
These in recesses of steep crags construct
Their eyries inaccessible, and train
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers.

Just so I have seen them at C——, when I have walked along the path that is between the edge of the cliffs and the high thymy bank that shelters the fields from the sea wind. Below, the waves break or lap unceasingly upon the tall cliffs, in the recesses among whose huge conglomerate blocks (like giant architecture) the sea fowls build. There, too, dwell hawks in the greatest amity, apparently, with the rest.

What joy, love, and pride there is in Izaak Walton's description of the falcon's flight. "She ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fishes are not able to reach to. . . . She makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and the deepest rivers; and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at. Yet

from this height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth."

The heron is not sorry for the discontinuance of the practice of hawking: that is certain. He likes to wear his plume himself; and would not give, no not a frog that was a tadpole yesterday, for the honour of having it worn by Anne of Geierstein herself, in company with that wonderful opal of hers. And, though it is no longer felony to steal herons' eggs, their nests are built at the top of such high trees (straight and branchless almost to the top) that they are seldom stolen. Yet I have known an idle fellow sell them as ducks' eggs to an old woman, who did not discover the trick that had been put upon her until the ugly ducklings had left their shells.

A bird, I think, must be the very happiest thing that breathes—to fly, to sing, and to love; what more could Nature give to her most favoured child? But one thing there is that makes it miserable—snow—that with its cruel white shows it bare to every enemy; that hides its food; that chills it with cold; and that, with its mocking beauty, covers every spray where it might rest. It drives into every thick bush, every ivied tree, every hollow and cranny where birds were wont to take shelter from sharp wind, from drenching rain, and from scourging hail. Then those free commoners of nature are fain to forget their wildness, to flock about our homesteads, and to snatch away the food which we provide for our subjects. A hay-rick affords them both food and shelter. Among the chaff, that flies in clouds from our barns, they seek for food, often finding it and death together under the sieves, out of which, with the help of sticks and pieces of string, the farm lads make traps for them.

At breakfast-tables, in parlours and nurseries, crumbs are saved, which children throw far off for the wilder sorts. (Poor birds; how unnaturally large and distinct the snow makes them look.) But the robins' meal is spread upon the swept window-stool, where they perk up and down, fearlessly meeting the gaze of the little friends that look out at them (with scarlet vests, and round, bright eyes like their own), and only skurrying away as they catch glimpses of the cat lying in wait on the arm-chair behind the window-curtains, and, like Giant Pope in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, biting his nails because he cannot get at them. Terribly birds suffer during a severe winter. You will scarce find one dead; every wild creature hides itself to die, but you will miss their voices when the time of songs and nests comes again.

I remember to have been greatly shocked when I was a child by an ornament which I saw over a cottage chimney-piece. It was a string of birds'-eggs, many yards in length, looped up in festoons; and very proud the active sturdy urchin that had collected them was of the trophy that made me look on him as an incarnation of cruelty. Since then I have seen more pretentious collections, and though I had lost the child's holy ignorance that had made me look with horror on birds'-nesting, I could not care for them. I knew too well how their pretty shapes, their soft tints, their delicate markings, would have looked in the nests from whence they were taken. Even nests with eggs appear to very poor advantage when taken from the thick pleached hedge, the rough bank, the creviced wall, the leafy bough. In these places you must see birds'-eggs and nests if you would know them. See them there and they belong to you more than if you had them in a museum, catalogued and ticketed; for their beauty has sunk deep into your heart, there to be "a joy for ever." A joy? Nay, but many several joys, a distinct delight for every different nest—from the thrush's, the clay cottage floor of which sets off its blue eggs so well, to the goldfinch's, the very flower of nests, exquisitely perfect in shape, made of the gray moss that grows upon the apple trees, in which the goldfinch loves to build, lined with a beautifully wrought texture of hair and wool, and containing four dainty little pearls specked with pale red. The linnet's nest resembles the goldfinch's. It is about as like it, that is, as a delf cup is like a china one of the same pattern. The blackbird's eggs are bluish-white, spotted with black; its nest is made of moss and fibrous roots. The robin lays white eggs, spotted with brownish-red, and it builds its nest in all sorts of holes and corners. I have known one to build year after year in the hole into which went the bolt of a gate that was opened about twenty times a day.

The wren's nest is snug to a proverb. Besides being so completely walled and roofed it is always placed in shelter. When it builds in an ivy wall, it often faces its dwelling with ivy leaves, and by these you may sometimes find it, for even the bird's wonderful instinct does not tell it that they will fade. If you do find it, however, be careful in approaching it, for no bird is so easily made to forsake her nest as the wren. For one complete you will find four unfinished ones. The nest of the wee wee golden crested wren is even more complete than this and larger.

it is for "the king of all birds." And how did he come to be king of all birds, and to wear a golden crown? Well, he won the honour in a competitive examination. The bird that flew highest was to reign; and when the eagle stopped from exhaustion, the wren, who had hidden in his feathers, flew higher still. It is almost as hard to find the nest of a water wagtail as it is to shoot himself, and that is a thing not easily done, so wary is he. I have never found but three; they were all in old disused lime-kilns, and all near water. The wagtail is almost as fond of dabbling as the duck is. A comical chap he is with his pie-bald coat, the little quick twitch that he gives his tail, and his queer gait, for a wagtail does not hop as other small birds do, but steps out foot before foot like a rook, but much quicker. The lark is the youngest apprentice among the bird-masons, the few blades of grass that he puts together on the ground look more like the lair of some small animal than like a nest. But the magpie is grand master of the craft. Once upon a time he undertook to initiate the rook into some of its higher secrets. When the lower part of the nest was made the rook, seeing it to be so far very like his own, said in his solemn conceited way, "I see nothing wonderful in all this, I knew it all before." "Well, if so, be off to do it, you want no teaching," said the magpie, in a rage, and would never after shew him how to roof a nest or put in a doorway, to floor it with clay, or to carpet it with hair and wool. In Ireland, magpies are called Protestant birds, because they only came there in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and because they are chiefly found in the chicken rearing, English peopled parts of the island. I did hear that they are about to petition Parliament against the disendowment of the Irish church, but I hardly believe it. That they are birds of omen is well known, witness the old rhyme:

One for sorrow, two for mirth;
Three for a wedding, four for a birth.

Another bit of folk-lore relates to house-martins, and to old bachelors, whose houses are said to be particularly liable to have their

eaves possessed
By the swift pilgrim's daubed nest.

Much good may it do old bachelors to watch the swallows clinging outside their full nests and feeding their ever hungry young ones. Newly hatched poultry are lovely little things, with their soft bright down, clear eyes, and feet that have never walked in the world's foul hard ways. Young game are still prettier, but

birds that stay in the nest after they are hatched are very far from being beauties. The ugliest bird that ever I saw was in a sky-lark's nest; a young cuckoo. It was an ill-shaped thing, covered with black pen-feathers, that stuck out like the quills of a hedgehog. But its unsightliness was as nothing to the moral ugliness (I can call it nothing else) that was expressed in its evil eyes, its cruel beak, and its dark yawning gullet. It snapped fiercely at my fingers; and the lark, uttering screams of terror, circled wildly above the tuft of grass where this hideous changeling filled up the poor little nest in which its own half-dozen of young ones would have had room enough. When I went there next day I found that she had removed her precious charge from the place where she had been so alarmed for its safety. But it was long before I could feel the same delight as before in hearing the cuckoo's voice. This voice, according to the best authorities, it is lucky to hear for the first time in the open air, from the right hand side, and above all, with money in the pocket.

TABLE TALK.

WHAT has the poor lamplighter done, that he is threatened with banishment from our highways and by-ways? Surely of public servants he is one of the most active and exemplary. Who ever heard of any of his genus committing a crime, or getting into difficulties? or who has ever had to complain of his execution of his duties? Yet it is designed to exterminate him, and to supersede his office by a clockwork attachment to the taps of our street lamps, which shall turn them full on at stated times every night, and shut them nearly off every morning; the gas being kept constantly burning during the day, with a small, blue flame, duly protected against extinction by the wind. The inventor of the plan is a Norwich surgeon, Dr. Thurgar. It was discussed at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, not, however, very favourably, though the advantages of some sort of an automaton lamplighter were fully admitted. The New York papers are just now lauding up an electric invention for the purpose.

THE fallibility of any set rules for criticism is well illustrated in the following anecdote of a great critic. It might be Doctor Johnson; at any rate it was one who eschewed in writing all familiar, vulgar, or trivial expressions. A

young poet called on him to read and obtain his judgment on a poem. A first essay, he said, addressed to his mistress. It began thus :—

Oh House, that dost contain the object of my love,—

"Don't say, Oh, house!" said the critic; "change it for a more elegant and refined word, abode, dwelling, bower." "I feel the force of the objection," humbly replied the young man; "but unfortunately I am alluding to the House of Correction." "In that case, pray go on."

A Low Comedian complained to the author of a piece in which he was sustaining a principal character, that he hadn't got a song. "No song!" exclaims the author. "Why, Mr. Touchstone, I've written you three." "Yes, sir," returns the Droll; "but not one that I can sing." "Well, if you can't sing—" commences the author, dolefully, because the part depended for its success upon these wonderful songs. "I don't say that, sir," says the actor, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet four, proudly; "but I want to sing *Pretty Jane*. Now, sir, you have written for me, *Bobbin' 'Round, Meet me in the Lane, and Behold how brightly, Masaniello*." The author insisted that these were all hits. The actor didn't see them in that light. "Then omit 'em," quoth the author, testily. "No, sir," replies the Droll, always with dignity; "I shall not omit 'em. But all I ask is *Pretty Jane*. Let me introduce *Pretty Jane*." Now this seems a small matter, and so is a square inch of red cloth. But would you allow a square inch of red cloth to be let into your black dress-coat? If very fond of black, would you insist upon a patch of it right in the middle of a sea-piece by Mr. Hook? No. Now as the red cloth to the black coat, and as the daub of black to bright blue or green of the picture, so is the out-of-place song to a carefully constructed and well finished piece. Hence there was a difficulty, and after a squabble the Manager, wonderful to relate, gave his voice with the author, and the obstinate Droll was bound down to sing the three songs already written, and not *Pretty Jane*. "Well, sir," said the sweet-tempered comedian, resigning himself to his fate instead of resigning his position in the company, to the author, "I will sing *Bobbin' 'Round, Meet me in the Lane, and Behold how brightly*; but, I tell you beforehand, that when you hear me give them at night, you won't know them from *Pretty Jane*. Good morning."

A VERY particular old lady possessed a pair of particularly handsome horses, which, being harnessed to a particularly neat carriage, used to take this very particular old lady out for an airing twice a week. Now under these circumstances you'd have imagined that these particularly handsome horses would have retained their flesh, their glossy appearance, and their first-rate condition. Not so: the horses became coarse-looking, rough as to their coats, and, what was of all things most wonderful, that is in a pair of horses with no work to speak of, they became visibly thinner and thinner. So thin, that perhaps they would have disappeared altogether, but that at this particular point, approaching the vanishing point, this particular old lady happened, as they say of children, to take notice. "John," says she to the coachman, "aren't these horses very thin?" "A little, ma'am," says John, taken off his guard. Immediately afterwards he was sorry he had spoken. "Well," says the old lady, using her eye-glass, "it's very curious, John." "Time of year, mum," says John. "Th' osses hoften goes like this 'ere." "Oh, indeed! Ah!" replies the old lady, unconvinced, but with no experience ready at hand. "Aren't they fed regularly?" she asks presently, for she was a pertinacious old lady, and knew to a fraction how many pennies make sixpence. "Yes, 'm," answers John, curtly, and trying to make as if the animals were restive and wanted to plunge, so as to frighten the old lady away. But they didn't enter into the spirit of the thing at all; not they. There they stood, stock still, regardless even of a sly touch from the whip, and looking under their blinkers, perhaps, at their old mistress, as much as to say, "Do ask another question or two, *do*." So she did. "They're exercised, aren't they, John, regularly, when they don't go out with the carriage?" She put this as your classical Latinists put *ne* before a question when, as the exercise books say, you expect the answer Yes. So John took the hint as quickly as if it was a game of "Who touched the book while you were out of the room?" and she was the confederate, and he answers, touching his hat, "Yes, 'm." The particular old lady was particularly puzzled. She was very particular about her horses. John drove the pair into the stables, thinking to himself—but never mind what he thought to himself, that's neither here nor there, so to speak, but what the old lady—whose horses they were—thought, is the point after all. She thought: and she *did*. This is what she *did*. She sent for a young

friend who knew all about horses. The young man undertook to watch the stables, watch the grooms, the coachman, and the horses, and report. He watched : and reported. The horses went out every evening at a certain time, except on the regular two days a week when they were driven in the carriage, and returned every night, with the above exceptions, at a certain time. The clever young man followed them, and witnessed the process of their being harnessed to an omnibus. For eightpence the young man followed them, that is, sat on the box and went to the city and back on a fine May night. Then he made friends with the omnibus driver : they liquored, and the driver became confidential. From this person he found out that the old lady's coachman received five shillings per journey for the use of these horses.

I AM inclined to believe that the superior fertility in the production of plots and stories, which the French, beyond a doubt, exhibit, compared with other nations, has an intimate connection with the abundance of private memoirs which, in France, find their way into print ; furnishing a rich mine of raw material for the dramatist or novelist, in the shape of character and incident, which it only requires a certain amount of technical dexterity and congenial inventiveness to work up into the marketable commodity of drama, tale, or vaudeville. The eagerness with which some memoir writers follow up the game of life, in all its turns and chances, is contagious ; and a course of reading in these amusing, social chronicles, leaves one not only with one's head full of characters, incidents, and motives for plot and counterplot, but with a disposition to regard the world, like Jaques, as a stage, and the men and women merely players. So much of general reflection on this matter : now for a case in point. I have found in the memoirs of Besenval a story which, if it have not already formed the germ of a farce, as I suspect it has, deserves so to do. An eccentric nobleman, of facile intercourse, travels to Paris in a public conveyance, and makes acquaintance, on the road, with a young man of the middle class, who contrives to win the fancy of his travelling companion so completely, that mutual confidences arise, and each unbosoms to the other his life experience, and even his family secrets. The nobleman thus learns that his young friend is about to present himself for the first time in the family of a well-to-do commercial man ; a marriage having been settled by the parents on

both sides between him and the daughter of the house. They reach Paris, alight at a public hotel, and, after prolonging their conversation to a late hour, part ; each to seek his allotted bed-chamber. In the morning, the nobleman, after waiting for his new friend, proceeds to his room, and finds, to his horror and astonishment, that his late travelling companion had, in the night, given him the slip,—he was dead. The nobleman considers it his duty, under the circumstances, to call on the father of the young man's intended bride and inform him of the melancholy termination to her matrimonial prospects. No sooner does he present himself at the house, than he is taken for the anxiously expected future, hurried in, seated to breakfast, and all without having a fair opportunity allowed him to declare his real errand. We may suppose, in fact, his welcome to have been so genial, and his presence to have imparted such apparent happiness, that he was unwilling to turn such bright sunshine into gloom and consternation, rather than impute a deliberate intention to play a practical joke. Comes, at last, the hour of departure. The nobleman rises, desires to speak privately with his host, who wishes to detain him till dinner-time ; and, between the dining-room and the door of exit, the spurious son-in-law solemnly declares that he is very sorry he cannot comply with the invitation ; the fact is that he died last night, and is to be buried at three that afternoon ; and it would be highly impolite and irreverent of him to keep the funereal *cortège* waiting, and disappoint the friends who would assemble to see the last of him. The host returns to his family, laughing uncontrollably at the humour of this soon-to-be new member of his family, and congratulates his wife and daughter on the accession to their circle of one so happily gifted. In the course of the evening, however, having occasion to send a message to his future son-in-law, his messenger is informed that he had died the previous night, and was buried at three that very day. Imagine the horror and the wonder at this grim confirmation of what was supposed to be only an exuberant joke. Imagine the astounding retrospect that he had been convivial with a dead man ; and that his daughter had, with coy side glance, taken measure of a corpse ! Soften what unpleasantness there is in the subject by making the death of the expected future son-in-law simulated, and knock together a little plot of the young lady to escape a distasteful marriage, and have we not here an embryo farce ?

ONCE A WEEK

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THE TRAGEDY AT MERE HALL.

IT WAS a golden afternoon in August, and we were a party of eight on the Mere, of whom I was the eldest, the others being mostly giddy boys and girls. They will none of them ever forget that afternoon, I think, though each of them should live to see three-score years and ten.

When on the Monday we met at Mere Hall, which our friend, Lady Ashleigh, had just taken on a lease, we were all strangers to each other. St. Leger De Maine and I laughed together, this same Thursday afternoon, when we remembered how we had come down from town, three days before, in the same carriage, had read our respective papers, and had never uttered a word, like true Englishmen, during four mortal hours. For here were we, on the Thursday, already intimate friends. Miss Vivien Galway was also in the train, and I, who knew her by sight at London balls, felt rather alarmed when I found her alighting at the Mere Hall station. So fashionable a young lady would, I thought, spoil all our simple pleasures in the country; she turned out to be the life and soul of the fun—until that fun came to a sudden and untimely end.

Our charming hostess had only been at Mere Hall a few days when we arrived; it was all new to her, the people on the estate and in the neighbourhood unknown, the very park itself unexplored. It was a sweet old place, much neglected by reason of the impoverished fortunes of its owner, overgrown with mosses, and its garden choked with weeds, but affording ample accommodation for twice our party, in its endless bedrooms, furnished in faded chintz, and peopled with many generations on its walls. On the strength of certain festivities in the neighbourhood, Lady Ashleigh had bidden us down here, though she was, of course, anything but settled in her new home; but Rosalind, her lovely little daughter, was of an age and of a temperament to enjoy

everything, and for her sake this impromptu party was got up. Rosalind it was who, this afternoon, after luncheon, proposed that we should go down to the Mere, which lay at the further end of the park, and navigate its unknown waters in a certain punt we had remarked among the reeds as we rode by the previous day. There were, besides those I have already named, young Apsley and his sister; Georgey Fynchden, of the Fusileers, a good-looking, impudent, engaging youngster; and Sir Reynald Vavasour, the oldest and soberest of the party, next to myself. All the heads of families had been expressly invited to stay away; it was a party of boys and girls brimming over with good spirits, among whom I felt that I must seem a very slow coach, for I could neither swallow sixpences and bring them out of my boots, as St. Leger De Maine did, nor walk round my own head twenty times without falling flat on the ground, like Georgey Fynchden, nor catch gooseberries in my mouth when they were thrown at me ten yards off, like that expert young Apsley. I could only sketch; and unless I caricatured them all, this mild accomplishment was incapable of bringing any grist of fun to the common mill. Yet they were very long-suffering with me, I am bound to say; and sweet Rosalind, especially, with her pretty little ways, tried to make me feel that I was not a cumbersome appendage to this joyous band. We walked across the park, through green herbage, topped with tall feathery grasses, which became a sheet of tremulous silver, as the sun shimmered along their edges. Then, through a wood of firs, whose branches interlaced against the sky, where white-tailed squirrels were leaping from bough to bough, and the ground was carpeted with the resinous fibre of the trees overhead. At length we came to the edge of the Mere, and here we looked to find the boat, but it was nowhere to be seen. A wild duck or two fluttered up from the bulrushes at our approach, and skimmed along the glassy water, leaving a pearly ripple in their track; there was nothing else in sight.

But the Mere was a mile and a half round, with many a creek and hooded cove, where the boat might have drifted, and now lie unseen. We resolved to walk round, and, if possible, find it. There was a roughish path along the water's edge, now over big pebbles, now through high weeds and brambles, with the wide-armed elms leaning over, here and there, till they touched the water; the steep bank of wood running up almost perpendicularly from it in places. Georgey Fynchden, who was in front, had just propounded some riddle, apropos of the bulrushes, about Moses, (the most prolific character for such *jeux d'esprit* in Sacred Writ) when Vivien Galway, who was next him, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, in a stage whisper, "Good gracious! Look there—under that tree—is it the melancholy Jaques? Come, Rosalind, *you* ought to know; are we going to act *As you like it*? If it isn't Jaques, who is it, sitting by the water's edge, in that attitude? Look, he doesn't even raise his head when he hears us."

We were, in truth, close beneath the fallen trunk on which the man in question was sitting, high up, upon the bank, but just where an opening in the trees gave an uninterrupted view over the greater part of the lake. He had nothing on his head, and his hair, which was of a light-brown colour and abundant, was in the wildest disorder; but we could not see his face, which he kept buried in his hands. He was dressed in a shooting-jacket, and part of a fishing-rod lay beside him on the bank.

"What business has he here?" said Fynchden. "Who is he? I vote we ask him."

But Miss Ashleigh suggested that it was, in all probability, some neighbour, or tenant of her mother's, who had always been accustomed to wander about the place at will, and with whose prescriptive rights Lady Ashleigh would be sorry to interfere without first making inquiries.

"He is a very queer-looking fellow," said De Maine, as we walked on. "I don't half like his look."

A few yards further, we came upon the object of our quest, wedged in among the rushes. An old flat-bottomed boat, which had apparently drifted here—for it was not moored where the weeds had caught it. Was it safe? Was it large enough to hold us all? I declared *not*, but Sir Reynald, the next senior in command, stoutly asserted that it was; and the juniors of course all sided with him. As it was wet and dirty inside, we all gathered armfuls of grass and leaves, and strewed them in the stern of the boat for the ladies to sit on.

Then the three skipped in, and squeezed themselves and their gay striped petticoats into the narrowest possible space; and the four young fellows jumped in after them, Fynchden seizing the long punting pole, and Apsley the one dilapidated oar. From no selfish pusillanimity was it that I hesitated to follow; but really the crazy old tub looked already dangerously full: another human being would, I thought, make "the cup o'erflow." I therefore resisted Miss Ashleigh's kind supplications that I would not desert them, and seating myself on the water's edge, I drew out my sketch-book. "No; I must draw you all. You make such a pretty picture, with all those bright colours; quite a bouquet of flowers floating on the water."

"It is distance lends enchantment, I'm afraid," laughed Rosalind. "You never said anything half so civil until some yards of water divided us."

Then they floated away, and the voices and the laughter grew more and more indistinct. As to drawing them, it was impossible; the punt, propelled by Fynchden's long arms, performed such wonderful evolutions, that I never got it for two seconds together from the same point of view. I had just shut my book in disgust, when I heard a step behind me. The boat was, by this time, nearing a long narrow promontory of rough stones, on the opposite side of the lake. I turned, and found the stranger we had passed a quarter of an hour before, standing close to me. His face, which I now saw for the first time, was deadly pale, and the effect of ghastliness was increased by a recent cut upon the cheek, where the blood was scarcely yet dry. The sweat stood out in great drops upon his forehead, and I observed that his hand trembled nervously, as he spoke.

"Call to them to come back, sir. Tell them not to—not to go out there, will you?"

"Why? Isn't the boat safe?" I exclaimed, starting up. "Does it leak?"

"No—yes—yes, it isn't safe. For God's sake call to them to come back, from that—from that point. Shout to them, sir, won't you?"

And I shouted; for the man's agitation was so great that it conveyed to me some vague sense of imminent danger, though the obvious question rose to my lips immediately I saw the boat's head, in answer to my signals, swing round,

"But if the boat isn't sea-worthy, they had better land on that side, instead of recrossing the lake?"

"Anywhere but there—let them land any-

where but there! Let them recross the lake—let them land anywhere but there!”

“Have you been in the boat yourself, to-day?”

He gave me a terrified stare, like a wild beast brought to bay. “No, I have *not* been in it. No one can say I was in it. I defy them to prove it. I mean,” here he pressed his hand to his head, and moaned, “if there is any—any—anything amiss with the boat, I didn’t do it.”

I now made up my mind that the man was mad, and this conclusion, though not altogether a pleasant one, as we stood together on the water’s edge, (and the man was a head and shoulders taller than I) relieved my anxiety somewhat as to my friends’ peril; they being still some distance from the shore. But any personal apprehension, if I entertained it, was quickly dispelled; for the stranger, almost instantly after this, turned upon his heel, sprang up the bank, and was quickly lost among the trees. I could now hear Fynchden’s voice, shouting, “What’s the row? Do you want to get in?”

“Boat isn’t safe,” I bellowed. “Man says, shore there dangerous. Come back here.”

“Tell him he’s an idiot!” was the reply.

“The punt hasn’t let in a drop of water,” cried De Maine.

Then rose the chorus of girls, “We won’t come back, unless you promise to get in.”

It was the only way to secure their return, so I promised; and three or four minutes later, the old punt, with its cargo of blithe, boisterous, young spirits, ran up on the beach close to where I stood. I told my story very impressively, as I thought.

“Depend on it,” said Fynchden, “the lout was drunk. Did you ask him what business he had in the boat at all?”

They pulled up some boards from the boat’s bottom, to verify their assertion that it had not made a drop of water, when Apsley called out, “Hallo! look what I’ve found. A pocket-book! It must be that mad duffer’s.” He was not scrupulous as to examining it; but there was no name on the first page to indicate its owner. A number of entries—chiefly farm accounts, apparently—were scrawled here and there throughout the book, and the words “*Reuben owes me*,” occurred constantly; only the sum steadily increased until, in the last entry, it reached upwards of seventy pounds.

“There is method in his madness, at least,” laughed De Maine.

They insisted on getting me into the boat, and disposed of me somewhere between Sir

Reynald Vavasour’s legs, where I sat, crunched up, with my knees in my mouth, and my head hanging over the boat’s side, stirring, with the bulrush that I held, the marvels of the little deep, as we lazily clove the water; dragon-flies, and wondrous many-winged insects, forests of tiny pink-eyed weeds, and groves of red-brown water-mosses. Anon, we came to shallower water, and I could see the fine sandy bed of the Mere, starred with green, and violet, and golden pebbles, fitted together, here and there, by the cunning hand of nature, into shapes of tessellated pavement. Tadpoles and minnows darted across from under the awful shadow of the punt as we advanced, but the bigger fish all kept to the deeper and weed-thickened portions of the Mere.

We were now at the lower end of it, and began working our way round by the opposite shore, floating dreamily on, like the Lotos-Eaters, under the cool, green, light of the overhanging, large-leaved boughs. Some one struck up the Canadian Boat Song, and we all joined in chorus, when I broke in upon the harmony by calling out,

“Hallo, Fynchden! look where we are. Turn the boat’s head round; we’re not fifty yards from the very point that fellow warned me against; we may just as well avoid it, you know.”

“Stuff! what danger can there be? I vote, on the contrary, we make straight for it:” and disregarding my sapient voice, on we went. The water, though still translucent, was much deeper, as we neared the stony tongue of land which advanced into the lake some thirty yards beyond the bank on either side. I called out lustily to Fynchden not to propel us any more with his long pole, lest haply he should drive in the boat’s bottom upon some sharp point of rock. We were now not more than five or six yards from the promontory.

Suddenly, there was a piercing cry. It came from Miss Galway, who had been hanging on the boat’s side, and now threw herself back, covering her face with her hands. I stooped forward and looked down into the water. Good God! What was it?—Could it be . . . ? . . . *a face*, livid, distorted, staring up, with horrible wide-open eyes at me, through the clear water from the stony bottom of the lake.

Most of the men, and two of the ladies, had had the same horrible vision. There could be no doubt, no question about it. “Come away! For Heaven’s sake, let us come away!” shrieked Miss Galway: and I saw that, in truth, the first thing to be done was to land

the ladies as speedily as possible. They were all pale and trembling: I thought Miss Galway would have fainted, as I handed her out of the boat; and the scene of terror and dismay natural on such an occasion I need not here detail. "You had better go home at once," I said. "We must—some of us—remain here, and see after this." They turned away in among the trees, clinging to each other like a herd of frightened deer, while we pushed the boat off once again to the spot where we had seen that ghastly sight. There it was: we felt it with the oar; and, though there could not be a doubt that the man was dead, the most urgent matter was to get the body at once out of the water. Fynchden and Apsley threw off their coats and jumped in: we in the boat held the pole and the oar, to which they clung with one hand, while with the other they lifted the body. It was not without some difficulty they succeeded in this, for the body was very heavy: a fact accounted for when we found that the pockets were *filled with large stones*. Life had been extinct some time: he was quite cold. The hands were rigid in the convulsion of their death-agony: the face was awful to behold. Whether or not it had been evil in life, the horror of a sudden and violent death had scared it with an expression which none of us who looked upon it then, I think, will ever forget. He was a short, powerful man; from his dress apparently a well-to-do farmer. Who was he? What was his history? How did he come by his end? We had all one impression. The look stamped on the features did not belong to suicide. Yet the pockets filled with stones showed that this was no accidental death. There had been foul play. Our thoughts flew simultaneously to the man who had warned us from approaching this very spot—the man whose wild demeanour had led me to believe him to be a maniac. We held a brief consultation: then Apsley was dispatched to the keeper's lodge, half-a-mile distant, and Sir Reynald volunteered to return to the Hall, and send off a messenger to the nearest police-station, while the rest of us kept guard over the body. We laid it on the bank, spread a handkerchief over the face, and sat down together in silence.

The August sunset was dropping its great golden flakes upon the Mere: the purple twilight was stealing up from the sombre masses of the park-woods: it was an impressive scene, in the unbroken calm of the summer's evening, contrasting forcibly with our thoughts and feelings as we sat there, beside a murdered man, whose life was unknown to us, whose death was a mystery.

My speculations thereon were interrupted by Fynchden's touching me on the arm. He pointed, without speaking, to the opposite side of the Mere. Under the shadow of the trees I could just dimly perceive a figure running stealthily along: it was too far to identify it with certainty, but I had little doubt that it was that of the man on whom the thoughts of us all were turned at that moment. He disappeared among the trees, and we saw him no more. A quarter of an hour later we were joined by the keeper and several of the labourers on the estate. They at once recognised the dead man as Richard Boyce, the tenant of the Mere Hall farm. He was the elder of two brothers, whose father had rented the farm for many years, and had left the remainder of the lease to this Richard, subject to certain charges in favour of the younger son, Reuben. The latter, who lived with his brother, and nominally helped him, was but a poor creature in his way, who exasperated his brother by his idleness, and did nothing towards their common welfare. Fishing was almost his only occupation, and though better educated than Richard, an indomitable indolence prevented his turning his acquirements to any account. He was generally good-tempered, and bore his brother's brutal jokes and attacks with wonderful patience; but he had been known occasionally to break out, and his violence then was stated to have been very great. He was said to be indebted to his brother in a considerable sum, and Richard had more than once threatened to eject him from the farm. On the other hand, Reuben had denied the justice of this claim, and had declared that it was not in his brother's power, under the stipulations of his father's will, to turn him out of the farm, as long as he chose to remain there. He further alleged that, shortly after his father's death, he had handed over a large sum of money to his brother, for improvements on the farm: and he, in consequence, held himself to be entitled to some share of the profits from the same, not a penny of which had he ever received. It seemed doubtful whether he could bring forward any proof of this, for he was no man of business: some believed it, some did not: one thing was clear—there was bad blood between the brothers. I need not say that in the description of the dead man's brother we at once detected the man we had seen—the man on whom all our suspicions now firmly rested. Everything tended to strengthen these. There was now evidence of a probable motive for the commission of the crime. I got the men to

carry the body to the farm, where it was arranged that some of us should await the arrival of the police, while the others returned to inform Lady Ashleigh of what had passed. Fortunately there was no wife, no child, nor near relation to whom the intelligence had to be broken: a couple of old servants who had known the dead man from boyhood, were the only occupants of the farm. Reuben was absent, they said; had been so since dinner at one o'clock, when there had been high words between the brothers. Something of the quarrel had been overheard. There had been accusation and recrimination: bitter and insulting taunts from Richard had been replied to with more warmth than usual by Reuben. He had been called a beggar, a dependant on his brother's charity: he demanded now to be repaid the money he had given to Richard: then he would go. The quarrel waxed yet more violent, but the servants could not give a very clear account of what passed after this: as indeed, in a loud and angry altercation it is difficult to do. Richard suddenly rose, and went out in the direction of the lake: his brother shortly followed him with his rod: he had not been seen since. A magistrate, resident in the neighbourhood, who was riding by, and heard what had occurred, now appeared, and on the arrival of the head of the police, the coroner was at once communicated with, while a summons was issued for the apprehension of Reuben Boyce, on suspicion of being concerned in the death of his brother.

During all this night, and the next morning, the search for him proved fruitless. In the mean time, the coroner's inquest sat on the body, and returned an open verdict of Found Drowned. And yet, I believe, the fact of Reuben's having absconded left no reasonable doubt on any one's mind of his guilt. In the afternoon, I learnt that he had, at last, been caught hiding in a wood some miles distant. He was faint from want of food, and from evident distress of mind; but he offered no resistance, manifested no surprise, proffered no explanation. He appeared, indeed, to be mentally, as well as physically, thoroughly worn out; the state of cerebral excitement under which he had shown himself to me, having been succeeded by a prostration so complete as to deaden the memory, if not the conscience. I was, of course, present when he was examined, and gave my deposition as to what had passed between the prisoner and myself on the edge of the Mere. He seemed scarcely to hear what I said; shook his head when asked whether he had any questions to

put to me; and, when urged by the magistrate, in the kindest manner, to state if he was innocent, and support that statement by any evidence he could adduce, he only sighed deeply, and murmured that he believed his mind was gone from him: he could remember nothing. It seemed to him that his brain had been on fire: he supposed that he must have been mad.

"That's it," whispered De Maine to me. "He is not such a fool as he looks. You'll see, the man who defends him at the assizes, will pull him through on the score of insanity."

Before committing the prisoner to gaol, the magistrate asked whether any further evidence was forthcoming—the deposition of the two servants having been taken. A policeman here said that there was a labouring man outside, with two boys, his sons, who said that they knew somewhat of the matter; and two intelligent looking lads, of thirteen and eleven, were brought in.

I transcribe what followed as correctly as I can. I noted down the lads' evidence in their own quaint Dorset, at the time, though I will not vouch for it that I made no mistake.

"We a-zeed Maister Boyce, Bill an' me did, when we were i' the wood. We a-zeed en come down to th' pon', an' tiake th' punt, what Maister Reuben fishes in mos' days. Zoo when Maister Reuben come, it wer' a-gone, an' we heard en swear a bit, an' he begun to fish from th' bank, till Maister Boyce 'e come wi' th' punt, an' begun a-callin' en niames, an' villed his pawkets wi' big stuones, an' begun a-peltin' Maister Reuben. Aome het en on's fiace, an' miade en bleed; an', hot-like, he picked en up an' a-drowed en back; but Maister Boyce 'e a-ducked his head, an' zome-how 'e a-vell roight for'ard i' th' water, an' 'cause o' th' stuones in's pawket, I z'pause, 'e never riz no muore. Maister Reuben giv' a girt cry, an' zeemed ztruck all o' a heap. 'E coodden reach en, 'cause in thik pliace th' pon's sa deep, tho' awnly a few yards fro' the bank. We wer' that a-feared, we dussn't stir; an' Maister Reuben, 'e run away like's if 'e wer' foolish, after a while, wi' his hand to's head."

"And why did you give no alarm? Why did you keep all this to yourself until now, pray?"

The magistrate asked this question somewhat severely, and the elder boy—the spokesman—hung his head. The younger one, with a burning cheek, at last took courage and murmured what was unintelligible to me, until it was translated:

"Coz we was anutten what we didn't ought."

The magistrate himself looked puzzled for a moment, until the sergeant of police, with promptitude, explained that the witnesses had been stealing nuts in the Mere Hall woods, and had, therefore, been afraid, at first, to come forward and state what they had seen; until, their young consciences smiting them, when they learnt how Reuben was suspected of murder, they revealed all to their father.

As to the accused, he had been listening to this evidence, meantime, with an expression of face which I shall never forget. With the first words the boy uttered, it seemed as though the cloud began slowly to drift away from his troubled brain. The cheek kindled into a little spot of colour, the deadened light of the eye revived, the breath came short and quick. As the boy spoke, the whole of that scene—the facts of which, I am confident, had completely faded from the memory of the unhappy man, while nothing but the horrible impression of them remained—the whole of that tragic scene returned to him with vivid distinctness; and he burst into tears. He seemed to wish to speak, but it was some minutes before he was sufficiently recovered to do so. At last he said, in a broken voice:

"What you have heard, sir, is the truth. I know it all now: my brain has been troubled. This is how it happened. We had words about money, and other things, *he* and I. He was—well! no matter, sir, I can't say anything against him now; but he swore I had no right to fish in the Mere, and shouldn't use the boat again. When I came down and found it gone, and him in it, I was angry, because I knew I had as good a right to it as him, and that he had taken it to rile me; but I began quietly to fish from the bank, until I saw him at the Point filling his pockets with stones. I guessed what he was after. In a minute or two he shoved in a bit nearer to me (out away in the deep water, however), and began blackguarding me, and pelting me with the stones from his pocket. I kept my patience as long as I could, at last one cut my cheek open; and I picked it up and shied it back. He ducked his head; the stone fell into the boat close to him; and he—there was a plunge, and a yell, and he was gone, sir! My God! I shall never forget it. I couldn't have saved him if I'd tried, for I can't swim; but I don't think—may God forgive me!—that, for the *first* moment I wished it; the next, I would have given anything—anything to have brought him back to life. I had killed him—it seemed to me so—and Cain's brand was upon me. My brain

whirled round—it seemed on fire. I thought I was going mad. I didn't know what I was about, but I ran round the lake, as far away from the spot as possible. My hope, I think, was that the body would never be discovered; for no one ever used the boat but myself—ever went on the lake. I nearly died of horror, therefore, when I saw these gentlemen get into the boat—which had drifted to the opposite bank—and row towards the very spot. *I knew how clear the water was.* I tried, like a miserable fool, to prevent their going there. I scarcely know what I said to this gentleman; it was all of no use. I remember watching the boat after this, and seeing them bring up the body; and I remember nothing more. I believe I ran away into the thickest part of a distant wood, where they found me."

In the manner, not less than the words of the speaker, it was easy to trace the weak, impressionable character of the young farmer, who had received a somewhat unusual amount of education for one of his class, but whose mental fibre, never of the strongest, had given way before the sudden pressure of this catastrophe.

It was scarcely possible for circumstantial evidence to be stronger than it had been in this case; and how easily may one be misled by even far weaker? This was the moral that we all drew from the unlooked-for result of that morning's investigation. This man—round whom a net-work of circumstances was so strongly woven—whose story was so improbable, that, even had his memory been untroubled, the truth, told by him, would never have been believed; this man, whose demeanour, not less than the weight of evidence, seemed so conclusive against him, would assuredly have been tried at the next assizes, and found guilty of Manslaughter, but for the testimony of those two small eye-witnesses to the truth. Alas! how many an innocent man's life may have been sacrificed for want of such!

LEECH IN PARIS.

I REMEMBER a drawing of some gentlemen repairing to Richmond in a barouche, wherein the spectator was associated with the artist in the query, "Who and what are they?" as though there could be one moment's doubt on any mind. They were a coachful of our lively neighbours, so admirably touched to the life, that I have always maintained you could pick out Monsieur who was giver of the im-

pending feast. The barouche was a hired one, if ever hired barouche picked up four French gentlemen from the steamy depths of the old Sablonière Hotel in Leicester Square. The caricature was of the most delicate measure. It was a life study, just tintured with a vivifying exaggeration. The grace of the observant pencil commended the sketch to you as a good-tempered scrap of humour—as the voice, silvered with brogue, of a saucy daughter of Erin, commends her playfulness when you can just feel that there is a claw under the fur. I am not sure that John Leech ever made a finer caricature than that of Monsieur conducting his friends to Richmond; but if he ever surpassed it, assuredly his finest Mossoos are in the little gallery which he threw off with pen and ink upon a sheet of paper, as notes of a trip to Paris, and which I have now the pleasure of presenting to the notice of the British public.

I should be glad to know whether there can be any mistake about our fellow passenger, who has only just passed the Nore, on his return to Boulogne from a little transaction in poultry and eggs in Leadenhall Market. There are only a few strokes of the pen, producing the physiognomy; but his *acte de naissance* is in them unmistakably—the condition of his poor stomach is, alas, too painfully



apparent—and that fluffy, dusty, ancient cloak was bought at the Belle Jardinière, and nowhere else.

Boulogne is a pleasant enough entrance into the Empire which is peace. The types of character upon which the eye at once seizes are novel and abundant, picturesque and grotesque—from the fisherman who waits to see

you land (with his arm undisguisedly round the substantial waist of his beloved *poissarde*), to the dull, round-headed conscript, who seems



to regard the steamer as some marvellous foreign invention of yesterday. No traveller—with eyes—has missed our marshal in the bud, who, on the way to glory, has not yet got beyond the goose-step. His gallant companions-in-arms were in

blouses but a month ago, when they were marching away from their native village, with their bundles slung at their backs, droning a military refrain, as they took a last look at the pig-sty where Alphonsine first confessed her love. A line regiment drawn up will show you two or three hundred copies of this kind of food for powder. It is the common household bread of Mars; but over the leaf is a more highly spiced and dressed dish—some sinewy Norman, who has been plucked from his native apple-orchards to bewitch

the nurses in the Tuileries gardens, and carry despair into the bosoms of the families dwelling in his garrison town. Pray observe the form of his skull: it is not necessary to look at his uniform to find out the country to which his sword is given—or which has somewhat peremptorily requested the use of his sword for seven years. I am inclined to think

he laces—like many of the lancers, and most of the infantry officers. The airs and graces

He, too, once carried the *bâton* of a marshal of France in his knapsack; and now, should

Fortune waft him on her most favouring breezes, he may become a *commissaire*. He is jealous of the jaunty lancer, and grinds his teeth at the approach of that supreme martial fop, the *cent-garde*. There is a barrack air about these *sergents de ville*, which the faithful pencil has caught in a stroke.

When you have passed the muffled ticket-collector in the Paris terminus of the Great Northern Railway, and before you are hustled into the waiting-room, there to fret your half-hour while the luggage is arranged with mathematical precision for that examination farce which is being repeated twice daily until further notice; you not unfrequently light upon two or three gentlemen who have come to meet their friend just arrived from perfidious Albion. It was in April, 1863, that Leech broke upon the happy meeting depicted on the opposite page. The hats mark the epoch; but the heads are of all time. The clothes are as unmistakably French tailoring, as the heads are Gallic. Take the French caricatures of Englishmen and Englishwomen, from the famous British officers of Vernet's youth down to Randon in London, and

of the French cavalry can be best seen, say | Gavarni, and you find only one type, each when the gentlemen of the regiment of *Guides* are issuing from the barracks on the Champ de Mars on Sunday afternoon. The cavalier who is turning his back upon us is in a free-and-easy mood—possibly counting the sous remaining in those preposterously baggy trousers; or watching the ex-soldiers opposite with a little pity, and some malice. The young bourgeois in the rough hat, whom, for some reason which I forget at present, Leech has sketched in close proximity to the dragoon, disdains both the soldier in full bloom, and the ex-soldier in the yellow leaf—I mean the Parisian policeman. You see the Paris policeman is a soldier who has been a failure. He has the Crimean, the English, the Italian medals on his breast; but these represent, upon his municipal uniform, only so many grand opportunities he has had of becoming a hero. | caricaturist having copied his predecessor.



The distinguishing marks are immense fangs protruding from the mouth, a prodigious nose, and shapeless heavy jowl. But you can tell

the date of this meeting of Frenchmen. You are sure that they are the fruit of constant and recent observation, and have no affinity with



the coarse Frenchmen of Gilray and Rowlandson, or the 1835-dandies of George Cruikshank. Again, is there any possibility of mistaking the next two? I have met both day after day, chiefly at the Bourse *cafés*, opposite the Rue Vivienne. The fat man shines in the sun, buys his *Londrès* in packets of four (a man marked off from the common smoker, and a great favourite in the *débit* which he frequents), and airs his tooth-pick on the asphaltum of the Italiens at sundown. He is a vivacious schemer, and the world is going well while he can dine two or three times a week with Bignon. At war with him,—lampooning, and stinging, and torturing him,—dwells a noisy crowd over the water, on the lower slopes of the Montagne Sainte Geneviève. The gentle-

man, who might be improved by an early visit to the hairdresser's, or a quarter of an hour devoted to the cares of the toilette, is leaning out of a studio window, possibly holding a sentimental conference with a *grisette* opposite, as to Sunday's arrangements. Will she go to Robinson's, and dine up a tree? or shall it be *matelotes* at the Porte Maillot? The law-student, who is smoking his pipe, and is as proud of the roughness of his hat as a drum-major is of his plume, is of the Quartier Latin. He is "a wicked tongue;" and is the purveyor of the most horrible stories about "the powers that be," let the powers be what they may. To him, every government official is a *mouchard*. He is the hero of the dance at the *Closerie des Lilas*;

an obstreperous frequenter of the Odéon pit ;
and the darling of several *dames de comptoir*.

Gavarni never drew two closer types of his
own countrymen than these.



It must have been on the Montagne Ste.
Geneviève, where the rag-pickers sort their

rag, and hold their revels over their horrible
camphre, that Leech picked up these two



crones—ancient brides of some fortunate
chiffonniers. I have gone through the duty

of inspecting the Salpêtrière twice ; I have
examined the wards of the Asylum of the

Incurables Femmes—that is, I have taken two degrees in the study of feminine plainness, and I claim, therefore, to be some authority on

French crones. I can affirm that the two here set before the reader are favourable examples of Nature's loveliest work as seen in



the Rue Mouffetard—before that historical street had fallen into the ruthless hands of the Baron Haussmann. The lady with the bandanna tied over her head is a trifle lower in the social scale than her eminence who wears a cap. There are rag-pickers' balls (there is etiquette at the Drapeau Rouge, by your leave,) where ladies in bandanna head-gear are not admitted. The lady with the cap could chaperone a budding *chiffonnière* where her neighbour would not be received. The curé who is passing them is not so much better off than they could be, if their lords would roll less in the gutter, and sleep sober upon their street gatherings.

The young Christian Brother over the two workmen, is my delight. The sketch is an exquisite bit of artistic genius. It is a complete type of the weak, pale, much-enduring race, that glides in couples about the streets—in heavy black robes, summer as well as winter,—teaching the children of the poor, and as poor as the children they teach. Dark stories are told of their seminaries: of these I need not speak. The Brothers are the poorest of the poor servants of the Church, and are brigaded in battalions of white faces, the contemplation of which sickens the heart. The two workmen figured

beside him in their blouses will laugh at the pinched little Brother hastening past: for the *ouvrier*, aiming at what he thinks philosophy, is very irreverent—indeed, an irreclaimable scoffer.



Taken apart, or altogether, these thumb-nail sketches of our inimitable artist are, to my mind, triumphs of his happy genius.

LITTLE WORRIES.

MONTAIGNE declares the smallest and slightest annoyances to be the most piercing; and as small print, says he, most tires the eyes, so do little affairs the most disturb us. "A rout of little ills more offends than one, how great soever. By how much these domestic thorns are numerous and loose, by so much they prick deeper." Speaking for himself, it is the continual trickling drops, he affirms, that work him most vexation. "Ordinary inconveniences are never light." The worry from trifles is like persecution by tormenting insects,—

More to be dreaded these than beasts of prey,
Against whom strength may cope, or skill prevail,
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

Patience itself that should supply the sovereign cure for greater troubles,

Lends little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky,
And swarm about their prey.

It is proposed in this, as in some previous articles, to collect the opinions which have been expressed on this common-place; and we begin with that of Mr. Thackeray, who protests that the great ills of life are nothing—the loss of your fortune he calls a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it and married comfortably afterwards? "It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard." What, he asks in another place, would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman, or any glory, and happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? "All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails." Not one of us, it has been asserted, but would exchange all his little troubles for some heavy one; and so have it over at once. And although the Marquis of Anglesea bore with the most heroic indifference the cutting off of his leg upon that wooden table they still show you at Waterloo, neither uttering a word nor moving a muscle, a shrewd doubt is suggested "whether he would have borne a scalded foot, or the infliction of a tight boot on a bad corn, for six weeks, equally well?"

Although general sympathy may properly be

allowed to overlook all minor tribulations, yet individuals, an ethical authority is of opinion may find it worth while to take them into account; for more mischief than is commonly supposed comes of the supercilious neglect with which small miseries are frequently dismissed. The history of some temperaments is accordingly affirmed to be a long record of vexations, trifling when taken singly, but overwhelming in their accumulation. Cowper himself sensitive enough, playfully taxes his friend Unwin with being exceptionally sensitive to the minor tribulations of life. "Your delicacy makes you groan under that which other men never feel; or feel but lightly. A fly that settles on the tip of the nose is troublesome; and this is a comparison adequate to the most that mankind in general are sensible of upon such tiny occasions. But the flies that pester you always get between your eyelids, where the annoyance is almost insupportable."

Even a naturally happy and thoroughly easy temperament may be perverted into one chronically acidulous by the co-operative association of little worries. We are assured that a permanently soured disposition may infallibly be engendered by the continuous action of linen invariably over-starched, shirt-buttons always neglected, and trains constantly missed.

"Tis trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from trifles springs.

A constant succession of little contemptible worries tends, as Dr. Boyd somewhere says, to foster a querulous, grumbling disposition, such as renders a man a nuisance to himself and to those about him. Real, great misfortunes and trials are recognised as serving to ennoble the character; whereas ever-recurring petty annoyances produce a littleness and irritability of mind. "To meet great misfortunes we gather up our endurance, and pray for divine support and guidance; but as for small blisters—the *insect cares* (as James Montgomery called them)—of daily life, we are very ready to think that they are too little to trouble the Almighty with them, or even to call up our fortitude to face them."

Again and again we read in the life of the late Charles Mathews, that, impatient in trifles he was the most calm and enduring of human beings on all great occasions; and it always seemed to his biographer as if he resented petty annoyances, because they rose from petty sources, but that he bent with humble resignation to great inflictions as believing them to come direct from on high. He is supposed to have misled his medical attend-

ants by his buoyancy when most seriously ill ; for how were they to know that a man so sensitive and restless upon minor matters, could so patiently endure intense suffering ? "They did not know that one was the triumph of nerves—the other of heart."

M. de Tocqueville affirms of himself, in one of his letters, that in moments of great excitement, or of important business, he preserved his composure, but was easily disturbed by the daily worries of life. Not merely

Light human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause—complaining on—
Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet.

Hazlitt conjectures that if we could remember distinctly, we should discover that the two things that have most affected us in the course of our lives have been, one of them of the greatest, and the other of the smallest possible consequence. Letting that pass, however, as too fine a speculation, he is on safe and common ground enough when he insists on the amount of annoyance trifles are capable of inflicting, such as often proves too much for our philosophy and forbearance ; equally with, if not more than matters of the highest moment. Friends, for example, not unfrequently fall out and never meet again for some idle misunderstanding, "some trick not worth an egg," who have stood the shock of serious differences of opinion, and clashing interests in life. Theodore Hook asserts the strongest feelings to be excited, the bitterest pangs inflicted, by a sudden change in the ordinary, the most common, the most trifling incidents of our lives. "To great evils the elastic mind of man expands—it knits itself for imminent dangers—it withstands great calamities ; but, in the more minute changes, intimately connected with its habits and feelings, it fails." Certain it is, moralises Plutarch, that men usually repudiate their wives for great and visible faults ; but he traces at the same time a prodigious amount of marriage *infelicity* to petty points of temper, and those small but frequent discordances of taste and manner which fret the tenor of daily life. One of Captain Marryat's heroes moralises, after *his* sort, on the extent to which life may be embittered by dissension with those you live with, even where there is no very warm attachment. The constant grating together worries and annoys ; and, although, as he says, you may despise the atoms, the aggregate becomes insupportable.

Some men, says Jeremy Taylor, are more vexed with a fly than with a wound ; and

when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he had to contend with a potent enemy. About a large sorrow, it has been well said, there is an excitement which sensibly mitigates its pain : a man may not exactly confess to himself that the notice which he receives after some great bereavement is pleasant ; but the flurry and bustle of receiving condolence, and of making new arrangements, do nevertheless dull the edge of his suffering ; for the pertinacity with which people talk of all the circumstances of a great sorrow, is reasonably alleged as proof that there is some balm in the operation,—just as the poor indemnify themselves for an abscess or a broken limb by the pleasure of showing the place to every one who comes to see them. Whereas, to the petty miseries of daily life there is no set-off of this kind. "They raise no excitement, they give no importance, they furnish no materials for gossip with a friend. Each of them, at the time it inflicts its minute puncture, brings with it the provoking suggestion that it is too paltry a matter for a man to annoy himself about ; and the vexation is only aggravated by the shame which the sufferer feels in thinking over it." A person who, it is added, is sensitive to the petty vexations of daily intercourse will soon accumulate for himself a good fund of misery in this way ; and the assertion is probable enough, that if a man's memory could reach back accurately enough to let him count up all the minutes of mental pain he had endured in his life, he might find that a very small number of them, comparatively, were traceable to causes which could be dignified with the name of sorrow or misfortune ; and that by far the larger proportion would be due to sufferings so petty that he would be ashamed to put them into words.

Among the Aphorisms which Mr. Helps contributed, years ago, to a noteworthy but short-lived periodical, there runs one to this effect : that small mishaps and inconveniences try a man's temper most, because, small as they are, there is nothing on the other side to oppose them : the affections are not called into play—there is no room for that arch-comforter, Vanity, to enter ; and it hardly seems worth while to call up one's powers of endurance for such trifles.

At the same time it is salutary to give heed to the moralists who point out what a waste disproportionate attention to small vexations

really signifies : a moderate vexation is justified ; anything more is waste—which is held to be a more practically effective way of putting the matter than saying it is wrong and wicked, and so on—people attaching such vague notions to what is called wrong, but every one understanding what is meant by thrift and waste. Put it how you will, however, the potent influence of little worries is of extreme practical moment, and universally felt.

One of Charles de Bernard's sententious husbands has this much to tax his wife withal, seemingly perfect as she is to outsiders,—that faults she has, though he confesses them to be light ones ; but then they exist, and pin-pricks befall one oftener than poniard-stabs : "*Ses défauts sont légers, j'en conviens, mais enfin ils existent, et dans l'habitude de la vie les piqures d'épingle reviennent plus souvent que les coups de poignard.*" Here is a fact in human nature, proclaims a self-styled Commonplace Philosopher,—to wit, that you can stand a very disagreeable and painful thing for once, or for a little while ; but that a very small annoyance, going on unceasingly, grows to be insufferable. He instances the annoyance—than which none can be slighter—of having a drop of cold water fall on your bare head. But continue the drop into the stage of continual droppings, by the space of an hour, of a day, and the process becomes one of refined torture.

Mr. Thackeray is earnest and eloquent whenever he touches on the subject of small tyrannies, and long indifference, which he contends that thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine, and die of, and which he declares to be more dreadful to bear than any tortures that men are pleased to cry *Al! Al!* about. To men he assigns the great strokes of misfortune, as they are called ; to women the small miseries. And, for his part, he avows that, so bad are the little ills, so infinitely fiercer and bitterer than are the great, that he would not change his condition—no, not to be Helen, Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Coutts, or the luckiest she in history.

Women, too, are more especially liable to the restraints, and exactions, and pains, and penalties of conventional law ; and of these Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, that the sum total would probably exceed that of all others. For, he holds, that could we add up the trouble, the cost, the jealousies, vexations, misunderstandings, the loss of time, and the loss of pleasure which these conventionalities entail, and could clearly realise the extent to which we are all daily hampered by them, daily en-

slaved by them ; we should, perhaps, come to the conclusion that the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy is worse than any other tyranny we suffer from.

The pith of the whole subject is contained in Byron's assertion, that

Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

It has been well said that in matters of wit forty sixpences are not equal to a sovereign. It is a paradox which we can all understand. And the counter-paradox is not less worthy of acceptance—that, as regards the troubles of life, forty sixpences are far more than a sovereign.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is unquestionably, after Washington Irving, the best prose writer that America has yet produced. His style is admirable, and entirely his own. Many native-born English authors envy him the facility with which he could develop character and paint the finest shade of passion by means of the most simple, but ever appropriate, language. In his playfulness of mood we find always an underlying and concurrent vein of philosophic seriousness ; whilst in his severest and deepest-searching probings of the human heart—laying bare, with masterly analysis, its inmost workings—there is ever found in combination a playful humour, giving life and naturalness to the character depicted and the theme discussed.

His serene and quiet manner was in perfect harmony with his writings. How many modern authors could we thus describe ? In this respect, however, he was most peculiar. In company, apparently listless and heedless, always seeking the darkest and most distant corner of a room ; he was, nevertheless, heeding everything, catching every point, weighing every argument, and silently drawing his own conclusions. Others might carry on the hot debate, caring only to conquer in the argument, or win a hollow victory in the fierce though friendly discussion. But Hawthorne felt that in silence lay his strength, and he always preferred the pen to the tongue as an expositor of his thinking. When he spoke, he spoke with hesitation, and blushed like a timid maiden, as if he were alarmed at hearing the sound of his own voice. When he ventured to break silence, which was far from frequent, he always secured

profound attention; because he never did so unless he had something of worth to say. It might be some old thought illustrated by his exquisite fancy. The light of his genius flung upon the old idea would bring out its various points, angularities, and eccentricities, so that the listener was startled to find how a new vein of thought had been suddenly revealed.

The following letter, written in his happiest vein, and hitherto unpublished, will be read with interest.

"Concord, Mass.

"MY DEAR B—,

"I OWE you much in many ways, but there is one way in which I ought not to be your debtor, and that is in friendly correspondence. The truth is that, at present, I have little heart for anything. We are, as you know, at the beginning of a great war—a war, the issue of which no man can predicate; and I, for one, have no inclination to attempt prophecy. It is not long since the acute ruler of France—the epigrammatic speech-maker—announced to a startled Europe and a delighted country that he had gone to war for an idea—a very NICE, if not an absolutely true idea. But we Yankees have cast him entirely into the shade. We, also, have gone to war, and we seem to have little, or, at least, a very misty idea of what we are fighting for. It depends upon the speaker, and that, again, depends upon the section of the country in which his sympathies are enlisted. The Southern man will say, We fight for state rights, liberty, and independence. The middle and Western statesman will avow that he fights for the Union. Whilst our Northern and Eastern man will swear that, from the beginning, his only idea was liberty to the Blacks, and the annihilation of slavery. All are thoroughly in earnest, and all pray for the blessing of Heaven to rest upon the enterprise. The appeals are so numerous, fervent, and yet so contradictory, that the Great Arbitrator to whom they so piously and solemnly appeal, must be sorely puzzled how to decide. One thing is indisputable; the spirit of our young men is thoroughly aroused. Their enthusiasm is boundless; and the smiles of our fragile and delicate women cheer them on. When I hear their drums beating, and see their banners flying, and witness their steady marching, I declare, were it not for certain silvery monitors hanging by my temples, suggesting prudence, I feel as if I could catch the infection, shoulder a musket, and be off to the war myself!

"Meditating on these matters, I begin to think our custom as to war is a mistake. Why

draw from our young men, in the bloom and hey-day of their youth, the soldiers who are to fight our battles? Had I my way, no man should go to war under fifty years of age. Such men having already had their natural share of worldly pleasures and life's enjoyments. And I don't see how they could make a more creditable or more honourable exit from the world's stage than by becoming food for powder, and gloriously dying in defence of their home and country. Then, I would add a premium in favour of recruits of three score years and upwards; as, virtually, with one foot in the grave, they would not be likely to run away. I apprehend that no people ever built up the skeleton of a warlike history so rapidly as we are doing. What a fine theme for the poet! If you were not a born Britisher, from whose country we expect no help and little sympathy, I would ask you for a martial strain—a song to be sung by our camp-fires, to soothe the feelings, and rouse the energies of our troops; inspiring them to meet like men the great conflict that awaits them, resolved to conquer or to die—if dying, still to conquer. Ten thousand poetasters have tried and tried in vain to give us a rousing

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

If we fight no better than we sing, may the Lord have mercy upon us and upon the nation.

"In the excitement raging everywhere, don't you feel as if you could come and see America in time of war? The room bearing your name is ready; the fire is laid; and here we are prepared to give you welcome. Come and occupy the apartment dedicated to you; come and let us talk over the many pleasant evenings we spent together in dear old England. Come, and I promise that all distracting thoughts and disturbing circumstances shall be banished from us; and although our children are no longer children, I am sure they would unite with the elder folk, and enjoy the opportunity of showing that Yankee hearts never forget kindnesses, and long for the chance to repay them;—not as a cancelling of debt, but to prove how deeply kindly deeds are appreciated by them. We have national foibles;—what nation has not?—we have national peculiarities and whimsical caprices; but we are none the worse for them. We have many sins to answer for, and many short-comings, but ingratitude cannot be reckoned among them. So come, and let us prove that we are, one and all, affectionately your friends.

"Always, &c., &c.,

"NAT. HAWTHORNE."



IN an early number of this volume, I had something to say upon the phenomena of sensitive flames—gas-lights which dance and contort themselves in the presence of musical or other sounds. Well, Mr. Barrett, who has experimented much with these curiosities, has devised a practical use for them in the shape of an apparatus by which slight noises may be telegraphed to any distance. He takes a long slender flame, which, at the faintest noise, jumps down to a short one of fan-like shape. By its side he mounts a metal bar that will so alter its shape by heat, as to bring one end, otherwise free, into contact with a metal rod. From rod and from bar electric wires pass to a battery, and to a bell which may be anywhere within the house or out of it. So long as all is quiet in its neighbourhood, the flame remains erect and rod-like; but upon the least noise it falls down and spreads like a fan. In doing this it meets the metal bar, heats it, and causes it to close the electric circuit, and ring the distant bell. In this way the cry of a child in its cot may be made to announce itself in its parent's room, and the filings and hammering of a burglar to arouse a household. In the principle, too, we may see the germ of a method of registering sounds, a system of *phonography*, in short. Given a range of sensitive flames, each one of which will respond to a certain note of the gamut, and the brilliant cadence of the singer, or the extemporized melodies of the instrumentalist, can be made to score themselves upon a sheet of paper. Music will then have an accessory which will be to it what photography is to art, and the fleeting lights and shades of a sound-picture will be perpetuated for study and repetition, just as those of a light-picture now are.

A FRENCH chemist tells the Academy of Sciences that he believes he has discovered a philosopher's stone in a veritable means of fabricating real diamonds. His process consists in vaporizing molten iron and condensing the vapour in a peculiar manner, when, as he

says, the diamond *ought to be* one of the products of the condensation. Granted that it ought to be: the question is, will it be? The alchemist does not tell us whether he has actually made a jewel; but M. Dumas, the secretary of the Academy, says that the experi-

ment is worth trying. It will begin with vapour, so there is just the possibility of its ending in smoke.

WITH the thermometer reading upwards from 80 in the shade, cool things are delightful to write about and think about, even though they be afar off. So I find pleasure in chronicling the fact that at a certain village in Iowa, U.S., there is a cave wherein the seasons are inverted, and where the cold is so intense during our dog-days, that a man cannot endure it for more than a few minutes. Ice forms in the early part of June and remains till the end of August. On the glorious 4th of July the boys carry trophies in the shape of gigantic icicles into the market. No ice is formed during the remainder of the year. Iowa has a warmer temperature than England: the thermometer rises above 90 in the shade in July.

THE story from the Memoirs of Besenval, told in the last number of *Once a Week*, is by no means new. It will be found in Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, published nearly fifty years ago, under the title of *The Spectre Bridegroom*. The conclusion, however, of Irving's story is of the old orthodox style; the pretended bridegroom takes the place of the dead lover, and becomes the real bridegroom of the lady. You have only to alter names and places, and the stories may be pronounced identical. Nor was Irving the original author. A note states that the "erudite reader, well versed in good-for-nothing lore, will perceive that the above tale must have been suggested to the old Swiss by a little French anecdote, a circumstance said to have taken place at Paris." But these little legends float about in a thousand shapes. Anyone turning over a popular book like Grimm's *Fairy Tales* will be struck by the manifold versions of the same story—versions which are often mentioned and compared in the notes. Irving does not tell us what the circumstance said to have taken place at Paris really was.

ONCE more that riddle about the sound of boots in the ark! It has been sadly puzzling the brains of the professors of riddling, and has given rise to an interminable correspondence.

When from the ark's capacious round,
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

It was suggested in these columns that he first heard the sound of boots in the ark who went before two pair of soles and eels. Most persons accepted this pleasantry as the fittest method of disposing of a very troublesome question. But somebody forthwith wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that he could not be brought to swallow the poor little jest; for he was sure that there were neither soles nor eels in the ark.

To him who cons the matter o'er,
A second thought reveals
That in the ark there never were
Two pairs of soles and eels.

It might have been replied to this writer that he is much too positive, for there were no less than eight souls saved in the ark. But to please him, and to make an end of the matter, suppose we accept a new solution of the marvellous problem. It is suggested in a clever little paper published at Leeds, and called the *Owlet*.

When from the ark went beast and bird,
By two and two in line,
'Twas Noah, walking first, who heard
The High-Lows of the Kine.

SINCE you must have riddles, try another. Benedick swore that he would never marry, and then he married. I had registered a vow never more to propagate riddles which, if there be any truth in the saying of the sage Ulysses that

The herd hath more annoyance from the brize
Than from the tiger,

ought assuredly to be reckoned among the Little Worries that render life intolerable, and that form a subject of discourse a page or two back; yet straightway I snap my fingers at the vow. Riddle me this:—

Lovely I was, and loving, and below'd,
Yet me and mine a tragic fate befel:
Howbeit, in Shakspeare's pages it has proved
To be allied to Comedy as well:
But now my name if you would have me tell,
Let this be answer for the answer sought!—
Already is it told you, though a spell
Holds me incog., and this be telling nought.

But he must be a very Pyramus for love who will discover the name of Thisbe in this tangle of words.

THE seven ages of a politician might be enumerated somewhat as follows. It may be necessary to premise that *Cranbourne Alley* was the name given by the profane to the followers of Lord Salisbury, then Lord Cran-

bourne, when he voted against the Ministerial Reform Bill.

At first the *Tory*,
Pompous and prosing in his elbow-chair ;
And then the doubtful *Dizzyite*, with suffrage,
And firm belief in rates,—sneaking, like lamb,
Quite patiently, to "school."

Then *Cranbourne Alley*,
Sighing for novelty, with woeful back-glance
Made at the Tory benches.

Then the *Liberal*,
Full of strange whims, and reckless as a Rad. ;
Jealous for office, sudden at wrong conclusions ;
Seeking the bubble alteration,
E'en 'gainst his country's welfare.

Then the *Brightite*,—
With fair round periods, with bad logic lined ;
With ayes and noes aye in minority ;—
Full of wise schemes, and wild philosophy :
And so he plays his game.

The sixth age shifts
Into the *Beales* and *Potter Demagogue*,
With banner overhead, and pole in hand ;
His common sense all gone,—the world too small
For his bold flight ;—his once persuasive voice,
Turning tow'rds pot-house politicians, rants
And vapours to a mob.

Last scene of all,
That generally ends this history,
Is second Toryism, or utter lassitude ;—
Sans hope, sans care, sans mind, sans everything.

THERE are some lines of Byron's which ought to be remembered when we think of the fierce struggles of Parliament, and hear and read what sweet things are said of the opposing chiefs :—

All is exploded—be it good or bad.
Reader, remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all ; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deemed him such.
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flowed all free,
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals ? A few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet.

We are so apt to disparage our own times that many persons, no doubt, will deem it absurd to compare the conflicts of Disraeli and Gladstone to those of Pitt and Fox. Certainly, Pitt and Fox had to deal with greater events than living statesmen have to encounter. The

French Revolution is the greatest event of modern times. But I do not believe that there is any great difference either in the intellectual grasp or in the oratorical powers of the statesmen themselves. And when I hear how the rank and file of each political party in the state scoff at the chief opposed to them, I run back to the days of Pitt and Fox, I remember how they denounced each other—how they were exposed to the rage and scorn of opposing parties, and how the end of all was that as the Whig Byron says :—

A few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet,
or, as the Tory Scott put it :—

The mighty chiefs lie side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the note rebound.
The solemn Echo seems to cry—
Here let their solemn discord die.

THE *Lyons Medical Gazette* asserts that clarets called *pure* frequently contain alum in considerable quantity ; and a doctor, writing to the same journal, states that after unsuccessfully treating a whole family for acute stomachic pains, it occurred to him to analyse their wine, when he found alum to the extent of two drachms per bottle in it. When the wine was changed the gastralgia ceased. It seems hardly probable that alum alone would be introduced in such proportion into simple grape juice, and one is led to infer that the liquid was altogether a concoction, of which the mineral salt was a prominent ingredient. If the French wines supplied to natives are thus sophisticated, what are we to expect of the pure and wholesome drinks that flow into our own market ?

IN the next number of *Once a Week* will appear, under the title of *Love the Avenger*, the first instalment of a new tale by the Baroness Blaze de Bury.

The Authors of the articles in *ONCE A WEEK* reserve to themselves the right of translation.



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